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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Reddite quæ sunt Cæsaris, Cæsari; et quæ sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt. 22: 21.

Vol. II.

Toronto, Saturday, Aug 18, 1888

No. 27.

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NOTES.

The German Protestant papers are expressing their astonishment that another distinguished German officer has changed the epaulet for the cassock and retired from the barracks to a convent, Major Ernst von Oer, hitherto tutor to the son of Prince George, the heir presumptive to the throne of Saxony. One of them declares that the man must be a maniac to throw away a promising military career for seclusion in a cell. To this the *Germania* replies, "There ought to be nothing surprising in a military officer giving himself up to the service of the Lord of Hosts and becoming a soldier of Christ. In the Catholic Church we have numerous bishops, priests and members of religious orders who laid down the sword and took up the cross so as to become prominent champions of Christ."

As regards Major von Oer, it is related of him that while yet a captain he on Jan. 19, 1871, took the command of the entire Saxon detachment in the battle of St. Quentin, after all his superiors in command had been put *hors de combat*. The journal from which we cull the foregoing details adds that he was the beau-ideal of an officer and a gentleman, and was almost worshipped by the soldiers. It is believed that the Prince, who has had a man of this stamp for his tutor, is not likely at any time to forsake the Catholic faith, though ruling over a country almost exclusively Protestant.

The death of General Philip H. Sheridan, Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army, removes from the public life of the nation one of its greatest soldiers and strategists, and from the ranks of American Catholic laymen that one who held the highest rank in the service of his country next to the Presidency. It is consoling to know that he died a devout Christian, fortified with the sacraments of the Church. He was a gallant soldier and an upright Catholic. "He was a believer," says the *Standard of Philadelphia*, "in the Catholic faith, and, at least during the latter years of his life, he was a practical Catholic, attending regularly to his duties as a member of the Church. In this he was a marked exception to the many instances

in which men who rise rapidly to positions of high secular honour and distinction forget and neglect their religious obligations, and, while gaining the applause of the world, lose their souls."

May he rest in peace.

The biennial convention of the C.M.B.A., which is held this year in Toronto, is still in session as the REVIEW of this week goes to issue. A report of the proceedings of the Convention will appear later. Before proceeding to the business of the Convention on Tuesday, the delegates marched to St. Michael's Cathedral, where they assisted at a solemn high mass. Very Rev. F. P. Rooney acted as celebrant, Rev. Father Molphy, of Ingersoll as deacon, Rev. Father Brady of Woodstock as sub-deacon, and Rev. Father Hand as master of ceremonies. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Tiernan of London. On the conclusion of the services, the delegates formed in files of two, and marched to the Union Hall, and at once entered into executive session.

Mr. D. J. O'Connor of Stratford, president of the Grand Council, presided. Among those present were Rev. Fathers Crinnon of Brantford, Bayard of Sarma, Master-son, Prescott, Sullivan, Thorold, Bardon, Cayuga; Beland, Ottawa, Murray, Cornwall, McLintee, Oshawa, Messrs. R. J. Latchford, Ottawa and T. P. Tansey, Montreal.

Having stated that a Catholic priest sits among the peers (Lord Petre), and that another priest is heir presumptive to a peerage, a writer in the current number of the *Dublin Review* tells us that "In one year a Catholic (Mr. Townly) won the Derby, a Catholic stood at the head of the yachting interest (Mr. Weld, of Lulworth, whose father's guest George III. had once been); and a Catholic (Lord Denbigh) was unsurpassed at Wimbledon. We have had a Catholic Viceroy of India, and Catholic Governors in Malta, New Zealand and Mauritius, while the Turkish Ambassador of her Majesty to Rustem Pacha, is a Catholic, as is also her Majesty's Minister at Constantinople, Sir William White. Catholic names in position and of position meet us daily and at every turn. In science. Father Perry, S.J., Admiral Sabine and Mr. Proctor, in law: Judges Shea (R.I.P.), Day and Mathew, with Mr. Aspinall, Q. C. (late Recorder of Liverpool), Sir Charles Russell, M.P., and H. R. Bagshaw, Esq., Q.C. Lord Bury has been a member of the Ministry and is a Privy Councillor; Mr. Matthews is a member of the Ministry and is a Privy Councillor; Sir John Lambert is a Privy Councillor, and was publicly thanked by Mr. Gladstone in the House for the aid he had afforded the Liberal party as a statistician, and was subsequently chairman of the Boundary Commission. Sir Arthur Herbert, K.C.B., General Dorman, Col. Butler, and others, represent us in the Army; and in literature as well as in Parliament we have had Mr. Frederick Lucas (brother-in-law of John Bright), and for years editor of *The Tablet*; Miss Braddon, Adelaide Proctor, Father Bridgett, W. Maziere Brady, Lady Herbert of Lea, Lady Fullerton, Lord Arundel of Wardour, Mr. St. George Mivart, Mr. Burnard, and many others."

MONTREAL GOSSIP.

Rain! Rain! In all the rural districts soft summer showers are falling, and nature rejoices. In the city, too, we have had our share—chiefly at night—so that in the early morning the streets are as sweet and fresh as if Montreal were Paris. And the rain is falling upon the just and upon the unjust, upon the thankful and upon the unthankful.

On the 29th July a friend wrote to me from Varennes, saying: "The village is *en fête* to day, the parishioners are carrying the miraculous picture through the streets, and solemn and special prayers are being offered for rain." Very soon afterwards the rain came. Varennes thanked St. Anne and was happy, but a *Star* reporter wanted to know all about it, so he went to see the Archbishop. His Grace, as usual, responded kindly to the well meaning enquiries, and explained that twenty years ago, when Monsignor Desantels was curé of Varennes and Monseigneur Bourget was Bishop of Montreal, the picture of St. Anne in the little way-side chapel at Varennes had been, in obedience to a mandate from Pope Pius IX., crowned with solemn ceremonies. His Grace further explained to the *Star* reporter that this crowning is "a form whereby the miraculous intercession of the saint, represented by the image, is acknowledged." The Archbishop went on to say that twice before the picture had been carried in solemn procession and prayers offered for rain, and that on both occasions the prayer had been granted.

Vive la bonne Sainte Anne!

The Archbishop is to leave next week for his visit (*ad linima*) to Rome. His Grace will be accompanied by his secretary, the Abbé Bruchesi. By the by, I heard a pretty compliment for the learned Abbé recently—from one who knew whereof he spoke, too.

It chanced that at some literary gathering of a certain club or circle, the speakers of the evening were Hon. Mr. Chauveau, Hon. Mr. Chapleau, and the young Abbé Bruchesi. Said the critic—"They all made good speeches, but Mr. Chauveau spoke as if he were in a church, Mr. Chapleau spoke as if he were on the hustings, while Mr. Bruchesi spoke as if he were in the French Academy."

The opening of the Canadian College in Rome is announced for October. The college has been erected under the superintendence of Father William Leclair. How well Father Leclair is known in Montreal, how much he is beloved! It was at Oka that I last saw him; he was superior of the Seminary there, and curé. How gentle he was with the renegade Indians, how forgiving. And how proud of his little band of Catholic Iroquois, who sang mass so well and prayed so devoutly. I think I see him now, praying in the grey dawn of morning, surrounded by the dusky flock to whom he had just given the Bread of Life. May God keep him safe, and bring him back to us once more—if not to his old place at St. Patrick's, at least to Canada.

The news of the "changes" at St. Mary's College, always so anxiously looked for on the feast of St. Ignatius, are by this time pretty generally known to the public. The most important is the appointment of the Rev. Father Hudon, late Provincial, to the position of Father Minister. Father Hudon is, therefore, acting rector during the absence of Rev. Father Turgeon. The Rev. Father Fleck, who for the past year has been assisting Rev. Father Charaux at Sault-au-Récollet, comes to Montreal to take charge of the Union Catholique, which Club last year was directed by Rev. Father Caisse. Father Fleck will be warmly welcomed in old Ville Marie, where he is much beloved. Rev. Father Kenny is left to us for the coming year, but another favourite English preacher, or, more correctly speaking, preacher of English, has been transferred to Guelph. I refer to Rev. Father LaRue. The most startling piece of news in connection with the changes is the immediate foundation of a College at Sault Ste. Marie. This college is to be under the care of the Rev. Father Devlin, S.J., well known some years since in Montreal as a promising lawyer and politician, and later as an eloquent preacher at the "Irish Mass" in the Church of the Gesu.

Sault Ste. Marie is rather a different place to-day from what

it was in 1672. Concerning it at that period, we read in the *Rélations des Jésuites*: "God has continued His mercies to this mission, which in one year numbers more than one hundred and forty-five persons, baptised in a beautiful church built lately in this country, and which attracts the admiration not only of the Indians, but of the French, who regard it as most astonishing, considering that it is more than four hundred leagues back in the forest." I wonder if modern progress will unearth any traces of this church, which, if I mistake not, was by Father Henri Nouel "*bastio plus de quatre cents lieues dans les forests.*"

That relentless foe to humanity, typhoid fever, has caused dire confusion in the peaceful dwelling of the poor Carmelite nuns. One is dead and more are dying—the novitiate is broken up—the stricken novices are at the Hotel Dieu, and the well ones have been sent back to their friends. The monastery has been inspected by His Grace the Archbishop and by the health officers—and the decision arrived at is that the Carmelites must seek a temporary home, whilst their own is being put in order. Poor nuns, the publicity and confusion and general upset, entailed by this visitation of Providence, must be a severe trial for them.

And Notre Dame Street is to be asphalted! A mercy for which all but aurists ought to be sincerely thankful—that is, if there be any means adopted of keeping down the dust. The asphalt on St. James' Street is very delightful to walk and noiseless to drive upon, but as a sort of *memento mori* it is objectionable. Dust we are and to dust we must return, but not from outward application from the flying particles, if you please Mr. St. George.

The Abbé Baile formerly Superior of the Seminary, and the oldest priest of the Archdiocese, died on the 31st July—aged 87 years. The funeral services in the Church of Notre Dame were numerously attended. The vast edifice was filled with members of the various religions communities, the secular clergy, and the general public. During the ceremonies at Notre Dame another requiem mass was sung in the chapel of the Grand Seminary, at the gates of which it was met by the Archbishop and the priests. I cannot give a better account of this part of the funeral ceremonies than by quoting the *Star* of the day: "The organ played and the choir chanted the *Libera* as the remains of Father Baile entered, for a last time the institution over which he had been twenty-five years director, over whose students he was master previous to his becoming superior of the order. The service lasted about twenty minutes; there were present over 800 members of different branches of the clergy, and amongst others were noticed Hon. Gédéon Ouimet, Hon. Judge Jetté, Hon. Judge Mathieu and Col. Audet. After the service the lengthy cortege proceeded to the crypt where, since 1875, all the deceased members of the order were buried. The coffin, then closed, was carried by four priests. On entering that dark labyrinth, with its arches and level tombs, its plain crosses and simple graves, the twilight became more ghastly as the flickering lamps and slender tapers lent a funereal aspect to the scene, like the torches of the *ciceroni* in the catacomb of St. Sebastien. The last and final *De Profundis* was said, and the coffin lowered." Father Baile was a native of Viviers in France, and came to Canada in 1825. He was universally respected and beloved in Montreal. May he rest in peace.

OLD MORTALITY.

SOME AMERICAN CATHOLIC NOVELISTS.

CHRISTIAN REID.

It is a peculiar feature of the literature of the day that many female writers seek to conceal their identity under masculine *noms-de-plume*. And in many cases the disguise is so complete that it is almost with a shock that the public learns that gentle women have thus been masquerading. It is paying rather a dubious compliment to John Strange Winter and Charles Egbert Craddock to say that they have shown themselves familiar with aspects of English garrison life and Tennessee "moon shining" which the fair sex are supposed never to see. Such knowledge cannot be acquired with no loss of femininity. But, on the other hand, a masculine firmness of hand cannot

smother the voice of true womanliness which speaks in every page of the writings of George Eliot and Christian Reid.

The latter has been a favourite with the novel-reading public for over a dozen years, and yet it is safe to say that no reader with any pretensions to discernment has ever supposed Christian Reid to be other than the pen-name of a refined and pure-minded woman.

Not that the writings of Frances Fisher, or Mrs. James N. Tiernan, to be more correct, do not evidence a strength of character and an abundant seriousness which would do credit to any man, but, as in those rooms which know a woman's presence, a thousand and one objects attest that such is the case, so in the works of Christian Reid we constantly find touches which could have been given only by a feminine hand.

In order to make this point clearer, let us consider in a general way her women and her men. The former, types of whom are found in Sybil Bertram, Laura Dorrance, Helen Morley, Marion Lynde and Renée Leigh, are drawn from life. They are genuine women, having all the best characteristics of the sex as well as its weaknesses. But Alan Egerton, Adrian Stanmore, Gaston de Marigny, even Duchesne, are ideal men. They are realities only in the minds of good women, and let us pray that they may continue to have an existence there. For if women could see men as they really are, would it be possible for them to respect, not to say love them?

But we must descend from generalities to particulars, for the object of this article, as of some former ones, is to tell Catholics of what too many of them know little or nothing—of some delightful novels written by a Catholic.

Christian Reid has written a great deal. The orphan daughter of an officer in the service of the Confederate States, she was early obliged to lean on her pen for support. The necessity of being her own breadwinner led her to bring the products of her brain to the best market, and so it happens that the most of her novels, "Valerie Aylmer," "Morton House," and a dozen others, are not distinctively Catholic in tone. But they are all safe and excellent reading, and the above mentioned rank emphatically among the popular novels. The committees of parish or society libraries could not do better than purchase the complete set, whose acquisition would assuredly tend to increase the membership of ladies at least.

But it is of three distinctly Catholic novels that we propose to speak. For the first of these, "Armine," we are indebted to the *Catholic World*, that storehouse of what is best in American Catholic literature. The novel has, moreover, been issued in book form by the Catholic Publication Society Co. of New York. Did it bear the impress of a non-Catholic publisher and a sensational title, such as "The Socialist's Daughter," its success would have doubtless been much greater. And to this title "Armine" would have a better right than Miss O'Meara's "Narka" to that of "The Nihilist" which we dare believe has increased the sale of the novel by one half. For Armine Duchesne is really the daughter of a Socialist, a man of wondrous eloquence and lofty single-mindedness. Infidelity, however, has not broadened his views sufficiently to make him tolerate that his daughter should have different opinions. With him freedom of thought should not be extended to those who do not know how to use it, that is, to those who do not by its means arrive at Socialistic conclusions. So poor Armine, with her slight graceful figure and high-bred face, has to pass through severe trials, in which her chief if not only support is derived from Raoul d'Antignac, a helpless cripple, who while lying on his bed of pain, is able to do stronger battle for the truth than he had done on the field of Mentana. They are not common-place persons, Armine and Raoul; more like angels than man and woman, they seem to be of the few whose presence in this world serves to give us a glimpse of another.

Around these two superior planets circle a number of satellites whose movements will perhaps be more interesting to the average reader. There is the haughtily beautiful Sibyl Bertram and her excellent mother who despairs of comprehending her, handsome, good-humoured Alan Egerton, a wealthy young fellow who studies alternately Socialism and Sibyl Bertram, and is despised by the latter for his want of purpose, and Laura Dorrance, a harmless, gossipy young lady of the period, whose highest pleasures are driving in the Bois or shopping in the Magasin du Louvre. All these and many others less worthy of special mention does the writer place in the kaleidoscope, and the result is a series of charming pictures. Marmaduke Talford,

an Epicurean of the most modern type, whose philosophy of life has condensed all his vague ideas into a corrosive sublimate of selfishness, is well set off against the Vicomte de Marigny, in whose bosom there burns "the heart of a Crusader," but whose well disciplined brain can grapple with all the social and religious problems of this modern age. He is, moreover, the ideal of a Breton noble, the personification of a true gentleman.

And it must not be imagined that this story is without an interesting plot. Although there is much serious talk concerning important questions of society and religion, yet the charm of the novel is constantly felt. The beauty of such a character as Armine Duchesne cannot be contemplated but with pleasure. In fact, it exerts a fascination on the reader which holds him bound as with a spell, even after he has finished the last page.

We cannot refrain from laying before the readers of the REVIEW one of the many noble passages in this beautiful book. Christian Reid shows herself a satirist of much power when she speaks of "Society which keeps up a bowing acquaintance with God, and which goes to church (in a new toilette) on Sunday with a comfortable sense of performing a vague duty, and at the same time passing an hour so in an agreeable manner, hearing some good music and probably some novel doctrine, which can afterwards be discussed with much individual freedom of opinion."

"A Child of Mary" was first given to the public in the pages of the *Avs Maria*. It is the most popular of Christian Reid's later books, though inferior in merit to "Armine." Popularity is not the best criterion of merit, but surely the more popular story is the better, in a relative sense at least. That is, it is better for the appetite which craves food of this kind and will have it whether it be poisonous or wholesome. The "Child of Mary" is Renée Leigh, half French, half American and Catholic, whom fate brings to a thoroughly Protestant village of the Southern States to live with her Protestant cousins, Helen, Herbert and Margaret. The first likes Renée till the defection of her lover causes jealousy; the second loves her; and the third hates her, in a mild fashion, because of her religion. Simple materials and simple plot! But that which is simple most often pleases, and, as a proof, all are pleased who read "A Child of Mary."

The *Avs Maria* had also the honour of introducing to the world "Fairy Gold," which has not yet, so far as we are aware, appeared in book form. The first scene is a convent school, the time, the last day of the school term. Three girls, Marion Lynde, Helen Morley and Claire Alford, who are to leave forever the walls which are so dear to them, are endeavouring to forecast their future. Claire desires only to succeed in her art, painting; Helen is satisfied with the prospect of a smooth and happy home life; but Marion is ambitious, and desirous of making a great and wealthy marriage.

The scene changes to Helen Morley's home, whither Marion Lynde has accompanied her on a visit. Without thought of anything but the gratification of her own vanity, the latter draws Paul Rathborne, Helen's lover, away from his allegiance, only to reject with scorn his offer of marriage. His anger, his failure again to win Helen's love, and his successful revenge on Marion—successful only for a time—give the novel strong dramatic interest. Marion's rejection of the man she loves because he will not stoop to obtain wealth, and her subsequent misery, are drawn with vivid distinctness. She is at length led to see that wealth and position are not the highest goods, and her ultimate abandonment of her former selfish principles is rewarded with what the reader will probably regard as too great a share of worldly happiness.

It is to be hoped that Mrs. Tiernan will continue to favour those Catholic readers who are now beginning to appreciate her with many more such stories from her facile pen.

DAVID RONAYNE.

Hon. Mr. Sullivan, Premier and Attorney General of Prince Edward Island, and Mrs. Sullivan, who returned to the Island on Saturday evening last after a visit to Great Britain and the Continent, had the honour of a presentation to the Pope on the 7th July. His Holiness received them most kindly, and held a long conversation with Mrs. Sullivan, whose mother he remembered during his ministrations as a priest. The family of Pecci, of which His Holiness is a member, belonged to Sienna, the birth-place of Mrs. Sullivan's mother.

IN IRELAND.

II.

CLONMEL, Ireland, July 13.—The readers of the REVIEW, except those of them who happen to be of Irish birth or parentage, perhaps never heard of Clonmel in the course of their lives, and yet an author who is popular in America, though dead a century, was born and spent his manhood here. I allude to the writer of "Tristram Shandy" and "The Sentimental Journey"—books now ranked among the English classics. Here, indeed, Laurence Sterne began his career, and the house in which he was born is still standing. Recent writers attribute much of the exuberance of spirit which Sterne exhibits in his works to the fact that he grew up as a boy among a people noted all the world over for their intelligence, wit, and keen sense of satire and humour.

For of all places I have ever visited I think this town abounds in people of high spirits, cheerful disposition, and large intelligence. I do not mean, of course, the lower classes, nor the higher, but rather the middle. There are splendid schools here—public, religious, and private—and the percentage of illiteracy is said to be smaller in and around Clonmel than in any district of proportionate population in the south of Ireland.

I had a very pleasant conversation with a teacher in one of the public or national schools, in the course of which he spoke of the ready wit of the boys and girls, and gave me some illustrations.

One day, not long ago, he told me he had occasion to give the boys' juvenile class a line on the blackboard, which was to be the title of a composition in prose or verse. He selected the name of a famous character in Irish history, spelling it as it is pronounced here and often written, making the title read thus:

"BRIAN BORU, KING OF MUNSTER."

In the course of a half-hour he gathered up the work of the boys for the purpose of reading them aloud, as is the custom, and awarding first, second, and third prizes, consisting of books, pencil-cases, knives, etc. One of the first compositions he came to ran in this way:

Brian Boru, king of Munster,
Raised his gun and shot a youngster.

The reading of this knocked all discipline out of the school, and even the teacher was compelled to join in the laughter elicited.

When quiet was restored he went on with his reading, and all was quiet and orderly until he struck this:

Brian Boru,
King of Munster,
Got hard up
And pawned his ulster.

This knocked the school out again, and after reading a few more of the same kind he was compelled to close the exercise in order to demonstrate his authority.

The town is built on both sides of the Suir, in Waterford and Tipperary, and is 104 miles from Dublin. It has a handsome Protestant church, which stands in the centre of a Catholic graveyard; two large Catholic parish churches, both very handsome, and a Franciscan friary. Besides these, it has Wesleyan, Lutheran, Presbyterian, Baptist, and Quaker meeting-houses. The latter denomination is largely represented here, and many of the leading store-keepers, flour millers, and manufacturers belong to that sect. It has a splendid mechanics' institute, an art gallery, botanical gardens, two convents, two lunatic asylums, a poor-house, a public dispensary, a great brewery, and two very fair newspapers, the *Chronicle* and *Free Press*. Boats of fifty tons' burden ply between here and Waterford, and a large business is done in grain and dairy products.

The town is one of the oldest in Ireland. In 1260 it became the seat of the Franciscan friary, which is still in existence. It grew in importance until 1641, when it declared for the Catholic party, historians say, and was gallantly defended by Hugh O'Neill against Cromwell, but after a long siege was compelled to surrender. The town was completely demolished and was never again

fortified; but the ruins of the old walls are still standing, and a new west gate marks the spot where the old one stood in Cromwell's time.

It was here that Bianconi established his headquarters and organized a system of mail service which penetrated into the provinces of Connaught and Leinster, using as his means of communication light jaunting cars. There are as many romances connected with Bianconi's mail cars as there are with Ben Halliday's Overland Pony Express. Highwaymen frequently not only stole whatever treasure the cars carried, but the cars, horse, driver, and all.

There is one very sad feature about the town, and one that struck me before I had been here a day. I have never seen so many silent factories. There are great buildings along the quays, immense structures on the back streets, buildings rising to six stories in height in the rear of private houses, all vacant. They tell me here that previous to the union the linen and woolen factories of Clonmel gave employment to 15,000 or 20,000 people. The entire population of the town now does not amount to over 10,000. It was one of the busiest towns in the three kingdoms; now, as far as manufactories are concerned, it is one of the dullest.

CLONMEL, Ireland, July 14.—I told you in a previous letter that we had covered a large section of the counties of Tipperary and Waterford within three days, but I did not tell you of the places we visited. A ride of about a twenty-mile circuit to the west, southwest and northwest of Clonmel has given us an opportunity of seeing the principal places of interest.

Among the handsomest estates and most elegant residences to the west are those of the Bagwells, at Marlefield, and of "the right honourable the earl of Donoughmore," Knocklofty. These estates are miles upon miles in extent. Farther out is the home of "the Moores of Barn," an old Irish family, which went over to the Cromwellian side in time to save itself. We visited a quaint little place called Clougheen, which has won more or less fame in connection with one of the most comical of Ireland's comic songs. I have heard the tune whistled by the drivers and others we happened to run across, and it was so pleasant to the ear that I took the liberty of asking what the name was. Its title, it seems, is "Paddy Carey." I suppose it is familiar enough to the Irish residents of Toronto, but to me it was new, and in response to my request, accompanied by a sixpenny silver piece, we succeeded in getting a peasant lad to sing it for us by the roadside. I can only remember the first verse, which ran something like this:

Oh, 'twas in the town uv nate Clougheen
That Sargeant Snap met Paddy Carey.
He had a brogue so sweet and clean,
Was brisk as a bee an' light as a fairy.

His brawny shoulders four feet wide,
His cheeks like thumpin' red petadies,
His eye was bright, his step was light,
An' Pat was loved be all the ladies.
Young and old,
Short and tall,
Thick and thin,
An' great and small,
From ould Pouleslough to Kilinaule,
There's none comes up with Paddy Carey.

In the course of the song, which has thirteen verses and a different chorus to each verse, it was learned that Mr. Carey attracted the attention of a recruiting sargeant named Snap, who got him to drink a little too much and took advantage of Pat's condition in order to "slip him the shilling"—in other words, to enlist him in her majesty's service. The closing verse tells how neatly Paddy gave the sargeant the slip after waking up from his stupor by carrying him into the mountains and leaving him there to find his way back to the barracks at Clonmel, where, being unable to give a satisfactory account of himself, he was tried by "court martial," and received fifty lashes.

The fact that this peasant boy could sing in pretty distinct English need not surprise you. In Tipperary Irish is very

seldom heard, except in the most remote districts. In the towns it is practically a dead language. The old tongue is spoken very considerably in the hills of the County Waterford and in the Counties of Cork and Kerry, as well as throughout Connaught, but you seldom hear it elsewhere. It is scarcely spoken at all in Leinster or Ulster. There is more or less brogue throughout all Ireland, but considering it in the light of a peculiar accent it is not nearly so disagreeable, and is certainly more intelligible to the American, than the dialect one hears in London, Cornwall, Wales, and Northern Scotland. English only, of course, is taught in the schools, and I have yet to see the first man, woman or child here who could not speak that language, while a great many of the educated people are familiar with the Gaelic.

The ruins that tower above the plains on the Rock of Cashel are the finest I ever beheld. The rock itself is of limestone formation, rising about three hundred feet above the plain. On this is the ruin of St. Patrick's Cathedral and other enormous structures, as well as a round tower ninety feet in height. The cathedral was built in the thirteenth century, and it is still in a fair condition. It must have been a structure of wonderful beauty. It was here that the celebrated Brian Boru received Henry II. of England, and it was here, also, that Edward Bruce made his headquarters. The town of Cashel itself is a place of great antiquity and well worthy of a visit.

We enjoyed our trips to Thurles, the towns of Tipperary, Nenagh, Fethard, and other places round about very much, and we leave this section of Ireland well pleased with all we have seen, with one exception—the poverty of the people. On this subject, however, enough is being written by others.

We leave to-night for Dublin and the north.

IN LIMERICK.

LIMERICK, July 15, night.—I think I mentioned in my last, dated Clonmel, that we would leave for Dublin this evening, but circumstances have conspired to alter our course somewhat. Our party looks upon Dublin as one of the large cities of the world, and it was not to encounter the rush and bustle and noise of a metropolis that we came to Ireland, but rather to seek the quieter and remoter places, to view the beautiful landscapes, to enjoy the delicious air, and to feast upon the picturesque and romantic scenery that abounds throughout this charming island. So we decided to postpone our trip to Dublin for the present.

And here we are, on the banks of the noble Shannon, in historic Limerick—a city that was six centuries old when Christopher Columbus discovered America, and the only town in Ireland that succeeded in checking the triumphant campaign of King Billy of glorious memory.

Did you ever hear an Irishman sing, "Och, Limerick is Beautiful?" If you never did you have missed a treat. I remember a son of the Emerald Isle who used to sing it over on the west side (Chicago) when I was a schoolboy, and I also remember how I used to drink in the melody of the tune and how I enjoyed the rich flavour of the brogue. I had forgotten it. I don't suppose anything in the world would have recalled that old song to my mind save the sight of Limerick itself, and the Shannon rolling on toward the sea not many hundred yards away. But it comes back to me now, as dreams of childhood come floating towards us in the silent watches of the night, when our faces are turned towards the wall.

Limerick is indeed beautiful, and what is more it is the only town in the South of Ireland where there appears to be anything like a spirit of enterprise. Perhaps I had better make myself understood plainer than this. I mean to say that it is the only town in the south of Ireland where the people seem to be hopeful; where they are putting their shoulders to the wheel; where they are earnestly trying to make the very best of a very bad prospect. These Limerick people are full of nerve. They always were. In ancient times they drove out the Danish invaders time and again. They were then, as they are now, a maritime people. They were as much at home on the water as they are now. They have got the dash and spirit in them that I expected to find, remembering, as everybody must remember, who has read Macauley's "History of England," that they were the bravest of the brave in William's time.

From all I have seen in Limerick within the space of a few hours, I think it one of the best cities in Ireland. The two leading Catholic churches here—the Cathedral and the

Redemptionist Fathers,—are magnificent specimens of structure. Indeed, I can say, with other travellers, that the public, religious, commercial and private buildings are all beyond what we might expect to find in a provincial town.

Limerick is situated on both sides of the Shannon and on what is known as the King's Island. On the other side is the County Clare, which sent Daniel O'Connell to parliament.

The people of Clare have emigrated in great numbers. The people of Limerick have not. There is a certain sturdiness of character about these Limerick people which has prevented the landlord from going too far. While thousands of the people have left, the proportion, I understand, from Limerick is much smaller than from any county in the south of Ireland.

CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.

Brother Arnold Frewen, the Superior of the Christian Brothers of St. Anne's parish, Montreal, arrived in Dublin on July 18, setting foot on Irish soil for the first time after an exile of 39 years.

Rev. Abbe Aguste Taschereau, son of Mr. Justice Taschereau, of the Supreme Court, and cousin of His Eminence, Cardinal Taschereau, said his first mass last Sunday at his native place, Riviere du Loup. Rev. Abbe Bourassa, of Laval University, preached an eloquent sermon on the occasion. The *neo-presbyter* was lately ordained at Rome.

A large pilgrimage from Ottawa, numbering seven hundred persons, arrived in Montreal on Tuesday en route to Ste. Anne de Beaupré. The pilgrimage was under the charge of the Rev. Fathers McGovern and Holland, of the Archbishop's palace of Ottawa. Contingents from Aylmer, Almonte, Arnprior, Renfrew, Pembroke and Buckingham joined the pilgrimage.

A pastoral letter from Archbishop Fabre was read on Sunday last in all the churches of his diocese, to the effect that His Holiness the Pope desired his sacerdotal jubilee to be crowned by a mass for the souls in purgatory. The following orders are issued: That the last Sunday of September next a solemn mass for the dead be sung in all the churches and chapels of this diocese where public offices are held or masses sung. In chapels where there is only a low mass it shall be the mass for the dead. All priests at low masses may that day say requiem masses. You shall read from the pulpit the Encyclical letter of His Holiness that I send you with these presents, and you will exhort the faithful to participate in the plenary indulgence accorded, etc. I have the honour to be, dear fellow-labourers, yours devotedly in our Lord." The conditions of the letter are that each one of the faithful must visit his parochial church that day and receive the sacraments and pray in the intention of the sovereign pontiff.

Miss Bertha Von Zuben, in religion Sister Mary Alphonsus, died on Tuesday, the 7th inst., at the Convent of the Precious Blood, this city. She was a native of Switzerland, and was born in 1854; entered the noviciate of the Precious Blood Order some years ago, and took the solemn vows of religion on the 25th March, 1886. Previous to her death which was caused by consumption, she received the last Sacraments of the Church with the most edifying dispositions. Her funeral took place on the 9th inst. from the convent on St. Joseph St., a solemn Requiem Mass being celebrated by Very Rev. F. P. Rooney, Administrator. There were present, also, Very Rev. C. Vincent, C.S.B., Provincial, Rev. D. Cushing, C.S.B., Superior of St. Michael's College, Rev. Fathers Hours, Chalandard, and Murray. R. I. P.

The news of the death, after a few days' illness, of Miss Hester Campbell, eldest daughter of Sir Alexander Campbell, Lieutenant Governor of Ontario, at Inverlaken, Switzerland, on the 21st ult., will be received with great regret. The deceased was well known in Ottawa society. She resided there until three or four years ago, when she went to Europe to reside with her mother. Sir Alexander and his younger daughter, Miss Marjorie, the young hostess of Government House, Toronto, were at her death bed. The remains, it is believed, will be interred in Switzerland. Miss Campbell was a Catholic, having left the Protestant church some time ago.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Published Every Thursday

Offices. Bon Accord Building, 84 Church-street, Toronto

Terms: \$2.00 per annum, payable strictly in advance. Advertisements, unexceptionable in character and limited in number, will be taken at the rate of \$2 per line per annum 10 cents per line for ordinary insertions. Club rates: 10 copies, \$15.
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Remittances by P.O. Order or draft should be made payable to the Editor

LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

St. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 25th Dec., 1886.

GENTLEMEN,—

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

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, March 17, 1887

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. CANNERY
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUG 18, 1888.

There is another Burchard in the field. "I am an anti-Romanist," writes "Bishop" Vincent, "and therefore a Republican."

The annual Retreat of the clergy of the Archdiocese will begin Monday, the 20th inst., at St. Michael's College. It will be conducted by Rev. Father Connolly, S.J., of Montreal.

Mr. L. W. Reilly, late of the *N.Y. Catholic Review*, is preparing an article on the late Archbishop Lynch for one of the Catholic magazines. Its appearance will be awaited with interest not only by Canadian Catholics, but by the late prelate's friends and admirers everywhere.

The *Mail's* Montreal correspondent wants the people of Canada to believe that the French-Canadian people are a nation of fools. The *True Witness* suggests that the correspondent try one of them on a horse trade and see. Of course a horse-trade is not a religious test, but it will settle the question whether the *habitant* is the born idiot the *Mail* would have us believe him.

"The throng of pilgrims at St. Anne de Beaupre is, this year," writes a correspondent, "greater than ever, and the miracles wrought at the shrine, which are of daily, almost hourly occurrence, are of the most striking character." The possession of such a holy spot is to Canada a priceless boon, and it is to be regretted that the Catholics of Ontario do not realize it as they should. Why should we not have a pilgrimage from Toronto to St. Anne's as from other cities and towns of Canada?

In the multitude of letters which have made their way to light regarding the recent Orange trouble we notice that the main points alleged have not been refuted. A religious house habited by young boys and tender women was attacked and injured by an Orange crowd. That the "True Blues" or the "False Reds" held lodge meeting that night, and therefore should be held excused, is outside the question. We don't suppose the True Blues wreck convents in their official capacity. The participation of their members and sympathizers in such an outrage is all the information ordinary people need.

As might have been expected, charge and counter-charge are in the orders of the day since the senseless attack made on St. Nicholas Home by a drunken (or worse) crowd of Orange sympathizers a week ago. Someone who has the tact not to sign his name ascribes all the trouble to the Wm. O'Brien episode of a year or so ago. He moralizes, "Every one knows the amount of slumbering party rancour which that visit aroused to activity." Whose fault is that? Who is to blame if Canada is cursed with a slumbering volcano? We don't attempt to defend or apologise for O'Brien's visit. We believe it was a mistake, and, what is, we say it staidly, of more importance, it was deemed a mistake by some of the clearest heads in Canada. But the "slumbering rancour" is no mistake. It is here, and seeks only a chance, the merest occasion, of declaring itself in open hostility. In a country such as this Canada of ours, we have no room for the "rancours" of the old land. House-room and heart-room for the interests of the old land's glorious cause, but no room of any kind for the quarrels and deviltries brought into that cause's discussion by the greatest misfortune Ireland ever met—the Orange body. Ireland's enemies have money, some brains, and more experience, and they would be the greatest fools on earth if they did not work the Orange element for all its worth to show the world that "those Irish" are a race of brigands, a tribe of cut-throats, whom only England's strong hand can prevent falling on and devouring one another. The Orangemen of Ireland begin to see the game, but it would be hoping for too much to expect their Canadian fellows to see it for a generation or two yet.

"On the whole," says the *Montreal Gazette*, in speaking of the fate of John Mandeville, "after reading the evidence at the inquest, we no longer wonder at the verdict. No one with any human feeling can read of the treatment to which Mr. Mandeville was subjected, without indignation, and although other questions are now keeping Mr. Mandeville's fate in the background, we are mistaken if it does not prove one of the most telling points in the struggle with the Balfour regime."

There is a good deal of homely good sense in the comments of the same journal upon the series of articles contributed by the Rev. Father Howley, of St. John's, Newfoundland, to the *Telegram* of that city, in which he gives his experiences and impressions of the old Canadian provinces and the North-west. He was much struck with the increase of the French element in the population of Ontario and Manitoba, and apparently rejoices in the prospect that in a future, more or less near, that element will have the preponderance in the Dominion. "It seems to us a mistake," says the *Gazette*, "on the part of either

natives or outsiders, who are well-disposed towards the French-speaking element, to regard it as a rival of the English-speaking section of our people, or to glory in the forecast of its ultimate preponderance. . . . Let our French-Canadian fellow citizens continue to increase and multiply. Let them go forth and fill and cultivate all our unoccupied regions, vying with the sturdy Englishman, the shrewd and thrifty Scot, and the industrious, bold-hearted Irishman for the conquest of natural obstacles and the development of natural resources. Our young nationality needs their united efforts, and the more they spread themselves, and the better they become acquainted with each other, the more hopeful is the outlook of the Dominion. But we want no dominant element; no ascendancy of race or creed, no perpetuation of old world feuds. We are all Canadians, and as such the land belongs to us all."

The appointment of Mr. Justice Day, an eminent English Catholic, to a place upon the Commission appointed to examine into the charges made against members of the Irish party, was one of the most sternly resisted of the many unwelcome features of the whole measure. Though both are known to be politically hostile to Home Rule, Sir James Hannen and Mr. Justice Smith were agreed to without a challenge. Mr. Justice Day, on the other hand, was most reluctantly accepted. It was objected by the Liberal and Irish members that he had not shown on the bench that independent judgment and impartiality in matters of Irish crime which would entitle him to a seat on this Commission. During the discussion in the House it came out that he had denounced as "imported criminals" the unfortunate Irishmen who have been driven in ignorance and poverty from their homes in Ireland to learn lessons of crime in English slums, and that Mr. Adams, an Irish barrister who sat with him on the Belfast Commission, had written Mr. John Morley that during Judge Day's sojourn in Belfast, his nightly entertainment was to denounce the men whom he has been selected to try.

"He is a man," wrote Mr. Adams, "of the seventeenth century in his views; a Tory of the old Highfliter and non-juror type. He nightly railed against Parnell and his friends. He regards them as infidels and Reds, who have led astray the Catholic nation. He abhors their utterances and acts. He believes them guilty of any crime."

We observe that one English Catholic paper, the *Weekly Register* of London, and a tried friend of the Irish, has a good word to say for the Judge notwithstanding. "Of his personal uprightness," says the *Register*, "there could be no question. A singularly unambitious man, Sir John Day did not seek a place on the Commission, and his only difficulty in resigning it would be his reluctance to embarrass his friends or to appear to admit that he would be incapable of acting uprightly. That the Government blundered in appointing Sir John a Commissioner, when it might have known, by a little inquiry, that he would be obnoxious to one of the parties to the suit, we cannot doubt; but we are equally sure that his probity as a judge will rise superior to his partisanship as a politician."

Rev. Duncan Morrison, of Owen Sound, a Presbyterian divine, had an article in Saturday's *Empire* on "A Wonderful Hymn and its Author," being "sundry comments" on Cardinal Newman and that most beautiful of English hymns, "Lead, Kindly Light." Mr. Morrison's "comments" are not unkindly; he betrays a sympathy with his subject (at strange variance with another Presbyterian

divine who undertook to point out Cardinal Newman's "errors" some time ago), and were it not for the Calvinistic fetters that bind him, we would be inclined to hope for a happy issue to his studies by reason of that sympathy. No man who reads Newman in a reverential spirit, and is honest in his invocation of that "Kindly Light," can find rest in any other than the One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Faith, and that faith for the sake of which the recluse of Edgbaston parted with all that was dearest in this life, that he might be partaker of life everlasting. It is a pleasure to note in a Presbyterian clergyman a disposition to do justice to a dignitary of the Church, and one, too, who has in his time come in for more than his share of hard names and opprobrious epithets at the hands of Protestant writers. Yet who is there that, knowing Cardinal Newman, can help loving him? "Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music—subtile, sweet, mournful?" Thus wrote one of the foremost of English men of letters, but lately dead, the outcome of whose life was diametrically opposite to that of Newman's. It is not surprising, then, that Mr. Morrison should have fallen under the spell, and, at the risk of incurring suspicion among his brethren of looking askance at Rome, have had the courage to speak out his mind. Listen to his judgment of the Parochial Sermons, sermons preached, it is true, in an Anglican pulpit, but containing the germ which developed into the fulness and beauty of Catholic truth:—"I have never seen anything finer of the kind than those sermons. . . . In spirituality of tone, in solemn beauty, in touching tenderness—in his marvellous insight into divine truth, and his honest dealing with the thoughts—yea, the very fountain of thought which he stirs—bringing all into view those special aspects of truth which he would bring to bear on those thoughts—he is, in my humble judgment, unsurpassed." This is not a mere literary tribute; it is an acknowledgment of the preacher's "marvellous insight into" and "honest dealing" with "divine truth," and this being so, "it is not strange [Mr. Morrison's own words] that he should at length throw up his living and go over to the Church of Rome." How, we would like to ask, can words like these be reconciled with service in a Church which sends missionaries to "convert Roman Catholics" in the "benighted Province of Quebec"? If Mr. Morrison believes that Cardinal Newman dealt honestly with that divine truth into which he had so marvellous an insight, and that in consequence it is not strange he should have submitted to the Catholic Church, it is clear his place is not amongst Presbyterians. Bearing in mind the hysterical hatred of the Catholic Church with which no inconsiderable body of the Presbyterian clergy seem to be imbued, it must have required some courage on Mr. Morrison's part thus publicly to give utterance to convictions which may bring him to trial before his Assembly. The worst Catholics can wish him is that he may receive the light of faith, and, receiving it, may have the courage to embrace it.

After what we have said it may seem ungracious to pick holes in Mr. Morrison's well-meant article, but we would remind him that Cardinal Newman is not the "supreme dignitary" of the Church in the British Islands; that he did not become "the great spirit of the Tractarian Movement" after he had become a Catholic, but on the con-

trary then ceased all connection with it; that Froude and Hurrell were not two distinct individuals, but one and the same (Richard Hurrell Froude was his full name); and that it is a doubtful compliment to Cardinal Newman to class him with Calvin and Arius and Knox as "the great leaders of men." Would Mr. Morrison care to identify himself with Arius?

LEO XIII. AND IRELAND.

THE CONDEMNATION OF BOYCOTTING AND THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN EXPLICITLY CONDEMNED—THE POPE'S UNALTERED AND UNALTERABLE LOVE FOR IRELAND.

"LETTER OF OUR MOST HOLY LORD, LEO XIII., BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE POPE, TO THE BISHOPS OF IRELAND:—
"To Our Venerable Brethren, Bishops of Ireland,
LEO XIII., POPE.

"VENERABLE BRETHREN, HEALTH AND APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION,—From this supreme dignity of the Apostolic office, We have frequently directed Our solicitude and Our thoughts to your Catholic people; and Our feelings have been more than once recorded in published documents, from which all may clearly learn what are Our dispositions towards Ireland. They are sufficiently attested by the provisions which, under Our direction, the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda made in former years respecting Ireland, and also by the letters which, on more than one occasion, We addressed to our Venerable Brother, Cardinal McCabe, Archbishop of Dublin. Once again, they have been attested by the address which We recently delivered to a not inconsiderable number of Catholics belonging to your nation, from whom We received, not only congratulations and heartfelt wishes for our preservation, but also expressions of gratitude on account of Our benevolent dispositions clearly discerned by them, towards the Irish people. Furthermore, within these past few months, when it was resolved to build a church in this city in honour of St. Patrick, the great apostle of the Irish, We most warmly encouraged the undertaking, and We shall substantially aid it within the limits of our resources.

"Now, this Our parental affection remaining, as it does, unaltered, We cannot disguise that tidings which have recently come to us from Ireland have deeply pained and grieved Us. We have learned that an untoward excitement has suddenly arisen because the Sacred Congregation, whose office it is to vindicate the authority of the Church against those who resist it, has decreed that those weapons of warfare known as Boycotting and the Plan of Campaign, which had begun to be employed by many, may not lawfully be used. And what is more to be deplored, there are not a few who have come forward and summoned the people to excited meetings, where inconsiderate and dangerous opinions are set in circulation, the authority of the Decree not being spared. For not only is the real scope of the Decree grievously perverted by means of forced interpretations, but furthermore, it is even denied that obedience is due to the Decree, as if it was not the true and proper office of the Church to decide what is right and what is wrong in human actions.

"Such manner of acting is but little in harmony with the profession of the Christian religion, which assuredly brings in its train the virtues of moderation, respect, and obedience to legitimate authority. Besides, in a good cause, it is not fitting to seem in some sense to imitate those who in the pursuit of an unlawful end seek to attain it by disorderly effort.

"Such line of action, too, is the more painful to Us, inasmuch as we had carefully enquired into the case, so that we might obtain full and reliable knowledge of the state of your affairs, and of the cause of popular discontent. Our sources of information are trustworthy: We investigated the matter in personal interview with yourselves; further, last year We sent you as legate a man of tried prudence and discretion, with the commission to use the greatest diligence in ascertaining the truth, and to make a faithful report to Us. For this very act of watchful care the thanks of the Irish people have been publicly given to Us. Can it therefore be asserted without rashness that We have given judgment in a case with which We were

not sufficiently acquainted—the more so as We have condemned things which fair-minded men, not mixed up in your struggle, and thus bringing a calmer judgment in the consideration of the case, unite in condemning?

"There is also a suspicion not less unjust to Us—namely, that the cause of Ireland appeals but feebly to Us, and that the present condition of her people gives us little care. Now, on the contrary, We yield to no one in the intensity of our feeling for the condition of the Irish people, and we have no more earnest desire than to see them at length in the enjoyment of that peace and prosperity which they have so well deserved. We have never opposed their struggling for a better state of things, but can it be regarded as admissible that in the carrying on of that struggle a way should be thrown open which might lead to evil deeds? Rather, indeed, for the very reason that under the influence of passion and political partisanship, things lawful and unlawful are found mingled in the same cause, it has been Our constant effort to mark off what was right from what was wrong, and to withhold Catholics from everything not sanctioned by the Christian rule of morals.

"On this account We gave the Irish people timely counsels, to be mindful of their obligations to Catholics, and to take part in nothing at variance with natural right or forbidden by the divine law. Hence the recent Decree ought not to have come upon them unexpectedly; all the more as you yourselves, Venerable Brethren, assembled in Dublin in the year 1881, bade the clergy and people to beware of everything contrary to public order or to charity—such as refusing to discharge just obligations; preventing others from discharging theirs; inflicting injury on any one either in person or in property; violently resisting the law or those engaged in the discharge of public duties; joining in secret societies; and the like. These injunctions, most just in themselves, and given most seasonably, were praised and approved by Us.

"Nevertheless, as the people were being carried away by ever-increasing vehemence in the pursuit of the objects of their desires, and as there were not wanting those who daily fanned the flame, We perceived that something more definite was needed than the general precepts of justice and charity which We had previously given. Our duty forbade Us to suffer that so many Catholics, whose salvation must be Our first care, should pursue a hazardous and unsafe course leading rather to disorder than to the relief of distress.

"Let matters, then, be viewed in their true light, and let Ireland read in this Decree Our love for herself, and Our desire to promote the prosperity she hopes for; since nothing is so harmful to a cause, however just, as recourse to violence and injustice in its defence.

"These instructions which We address to you, venerable brethren, you will convey to the Irish people. We feel confident that, united in due conformity of views and of purpose, and sustained not only by your own, but also by our authority, you will accomplish much—and chiefly this, that the true estimate of things shall not continue to be obscured by passion, and most especially that those who have urged on the people to excitement may come to regret the rashness with which they have acted. Since there are many who seem to seek out means of escaping from even the plainest obligations, take all necessary steps that no room be left for doubt as to the force of this decree. Let it be understood by all that the entire method of action, whose employment we have forbidden, is forbidden as altogether unlawful.

"Let your people seek to advance their lawful interests by lawful means, and most especially, as is becoming to Christians, without prejudice to justice or to obedience to the Apostolic See, virtues in which Ireland has at all times found comfort and strength.

"In the meantime, venerable brethren, as a pledge of heavenly favours, and in testimony of our affection, We, most lovingly in the Lord, bestow on you, and on the clergy and people of Ireland, the Apostolic Benediction.

"Given at St. Peter's, Rome, the 24th day of June, in the year 1888, the eleventh year of Our Pontificate."

GOVERNESS.

A young lady, Catholic, of superior education, with thorough knowledge of French and German, desires to take a situation as Governess in good Catholic family. Can furnish best references.

Address T. K.,

Catholic Weekly Review Office.

ENCYCLICAL LETTER OF OUR HOLY FATHER,

BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE

POPE LEO XIII.

ON

HUMAN LIBERTY.

III.

There are, indeed, some adherents of *liberalism* who do not subscribe to these opinions, which we have seen to be so fearful in their enormity, and tending to produce the most terrible evils. Indeed, many, compelled by the force of truth, do not hesitate to admit that such a liberty is vicious and simple license, when it is intemperate in its claims, to the neglect of truth and justice; and therefore they would have liberty ruled and directed by right reason, and consequently subject to the natural law and to the Divine eternal law. And here they think they may stop, and hold that no man is bound by any law of God, except such as can be known by natural reason.

In this they are plainly inconsistent; for if, as they must admit, as no one can rightly deny, the will of the Divine Legislator is to be obeyed, because every man is under the power of God and tends towards Him as his end, it follows that no one can assign limits to His legislative authority without failing in the obedience which is due. Indeed, if the human mind be so presumptuous as to define what are God's rights and its own duties, its reverence for the Divine law will be apparent rather than real, and its own judgment will prevail over the authority and providence of God.

Man must therefore take his rule of life from the eternal law; and from every one of those laws which God, in His infinite wisdom and power, has been pleased to enact, and to make known to us in a manner so sure as to leave no room for doubt. And the more so, because laws of this kind have the same origin and author as the eternal law, and are absolutely in accordance with right reason, and perfect the natural law; and they constitute the government of God, Who graciously guides and directs both the intellect and the will of man lest they fall into error. Let, then, a holy and inviolable union prevail where disunion is neither seemly nor possible; and in all things, according to the dictates of right reason, let God be dutifully and obediently served.

There are others, somewhat more moderate though not more consistent, who affirm that the morality of individuals is to be guided by the Divine law, but not the morality of the State, so that in public affairs the commands of God may be passed over, and may be disregarded in the framing of laws. Hence follows that fatal theory of the separation of Church and State. But the absurdity of such a position is manifest. Nature herself proclaims the necessity of providing in the State the means and opportunities whereby the community may be enabled to live, as it should, according to the laws of God; for He is the source of all goodness and justice, and it is absolutely repugnant to maintain that such laws can be totaly dis-

regarded, or rendered abortive by contrary enactments. Besides, those who are in authority owe it to the commonwealth not only to provide for the external well-being and administration of the State, but still more to consult for the welfare of men's souls by the wisdom of their legislation. But, for the increase of such benefits, nothing more suitable can be conceived than the laws which have God for their author; and, therefore, they who in their government take no account of these laws, abuse political power by causing it to deviate from its proper end and from what nature prescribes. And what is of more importance, and what We have more than once pointed out, although the civil authority has not the same approximate end as the spiritual, nor proceeds on the same lines, nevertheless in the exercise of their several powers they must occasionally meet. For their subjects are the same, and not unfrequently they deal with the same objects, though in different ways. Whenever this occurs, since a state of conflict is absurd and manifestly repugnant to the most wise ordinance of God, there must necessarily exist some order or mode of procedure to remove the occasions of difference and contention, and to secure harmony in all things. This harmony has not been inaptly compared to that which exists between the body and the soul, for the well-being of both, the separation of which brings harm chiefly to the body, since it extinguishes its very life.

To make this more evident, the growth of liberty ascribed to our age must be considered in its various details. And, first, let us examine that liberty in individuals which is so opposed to the virtue of religion, namely, the *liberty of worship*, as it is called, which rests on this principle, that every man is free to profess as he chooses any religion or none. But, assuredly, of all the duties which man has to fulfil, that without doubt is the chief and the holiest whereby he is bid to worship God with devotion and piety; which follows of necessity from the truth, that we are ever in the power of God, and are ever guided by His will and providence, and, having come forth from Him, must return to Him. Add to this, that no true virtue can exist without religion: for moral virtue is concerned with those things which lead to God, as man's supreme and ultimate good; and therefore religion, which (as St. Thomas says) "performs those actions which are directly and immediately ordered to the Divine honour," rules and governs all virtues. And, if it be asked, which of the many conflicting religions it is necessary to embrace, reason and the natural law unhesitatingly answer, that one which God commands and which men can without difficulty recognize for themselves by certain exterior signs whereby Divine Providence has ordered that it should be distinguished, because, in a matter of such moment, the most terrible loss would be the consequence of any error. Wherefore, with a freedom such as we have described, to man is given the power to pervert or abandon with impunity the most sacred of duties, and to exchange the unchangeable good for evil; which, as we have said, is not liberty, but the degradation of liberty, and the subject subjection of the soul to sin.

(Concluded in our next.)

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 Ottawa, February, 1888

SAULT Ste. MARIE CANAL

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the under-
 signed and endorsed "Tenders for the Sault
 Ste. Marie Canal" will be received at this office
 until the arrival of the eastern and western
 mails on TUESDAY, the 23rd day of October,
 next, for the formation and construction of a
 Canal on the Canadian side of the river, through
 the Island of St. Mary.

The works will be lot in two sections, one of
 which will embrace the formation of the canal
 through the island; the construction of locks,
 &c. The other, the deepening and widening of
 the channel-way at both ends of the canal; con-
 struction of piers, &c.

A map of the locality, together with plans and
 specifications of the works, can be seen at this
 office on and after TUESDAY, the 9th day of
 October next, where printed forms of tender can
 also be obtained. A like class of information,
 relative to the works, can be seen at the office of
 the Local Officer in the Town of Sault Ste. Marie,
 Ont.

Intending contractors are requested to bear in
 mind that tenders will not be considered unless
 made strictly in accordance with the printed
 forms and be accompanied by a letter stating
 that the person or persons tendering have care-
 fully examined the locality and the nature of
 the material found in the trial pits.

In the case of firms, there must be attached the
 actual signatures of the full name, the nature of
 the occupation and residence of each member of
 the same; and further, a bank deposit receipt for
 the sum of \$30,000 must accompany the tender
 for the canal and locks; and a bank deposit re-
 ceipt for the sum of \$7,500 must accompany the
 tender for the deepening and widening of the
 channel-way at both ends, piers, &c.

The respective deposit receipts—cheques will
 not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the
 Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be
 forfeited if the party tendering declines entering
 into contract for the works, at the rates and on
 the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The deposit receipt thus sent in will be return-
 ed to the respective parties whose tenders are
 not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself
 to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

A. P. BRADLEY,
 Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
 Ottawa, 8th August, 1888.

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 tinued under the present management; and un-
 der the personal superintendence of Mr. Doherty no
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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the under-
 signed and endorsed "Tender for Hot-
 water Heating Apparatus, Drill Hall, Hamilton,
 Ont.," will be received at this office until Thurs-
 day, 23rd instant, for the erection and comple-
 tion of a Hot-water Heating Apparatus, at the
 Drill Hall, Hamilton, Ont.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the
 Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the
 office of Mr. C. W. Mallin, Hamilton, Ont., on
 and after Thursday, 9th instant.

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

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

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

By order,

A. GOBELLE,
 Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
 Ottawa, August 8th, 1888.

ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the under-
 signed and endorsed "Tender for the St. Law-
 rence Canals," will be received at this office un-
 til the arrival of the eastern and western mails
 on TUE-DAY, the 25th day of September next,
 for the construction of two locks and the deep-
 ening and enlargement of the upper entrance of
 the Galops Canal. And for the deepening and
 enlargement of the summit level of the Cornwall
 Canal. The construction of a new lock at each
 of the three interior lock stations on the Corn-
 wall Canal between the Town of Cornwall and
 Maple Grove; the deepening and widening the
 channel way of the canal; construction of
 bridges, &c.

A map of each of the localities together with
 plans and specifications of the respective works,
 can be seen on and after TUESDAY, the 11th
 day of September next, at this office for all the
 works, and for the respective works at the fol-
 lowing mentioned places:—

For the works at Galops at the Lock-keeper's
 house, Galops. For deepening the summit level
 of the Cornwall Canal, at Dickenson's Landing;
 one for the new locks, &c., at lock-stations Nos.
 18, 19 and 20, at the town of Cornwall. Printed
 forms of tender can be obtained for the respective
 works at the places mention'd.

In the case of firms there must be attached the
 actual signatures of the full name, the nature of
 the occupation and residence of each member of
 the same, and further, a bank deposit receipt for
 the sum of \$8,000 must accompany the tender for
 the Galops Canal Works, and a bank deposit
 receipt for the sum of \$2,000 for each section
 of the works on the summit level of the Cornwall
 Canal; and for each of the lock sections on the
 Cornwall Canal a bank deposit receipt for the
 sum of \$1,000.

The respective deposit receipts—cheques will
 not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the
 Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be
 forfeited if the party tendering declines enter-
 ing into contract for the works at the rates and on
 the terms stated in the offer submitted. The
 deposit receipts thus sent in will be returned to
 the respective parties whose tenders are not
 accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself
 to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

A. P. BRADLEY,
 Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
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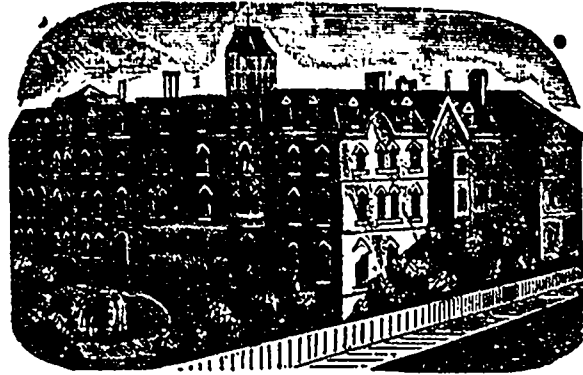
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