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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. III

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Notes.

According to *Punch*, speculation is at an end as to who shall be the next Pope. "There can no longer be any doubt of it," it says, "the next Pope must be Mr. Stead of the *P. M. G.* What title will he assume? Pope Linus was the immediate successor of St. Peter, so Mr. Stead, on the strength of his "Letters from the Vatican," might appropriately style himself Pope Penny-a-Linus."

Speaking of *Punch*, it is noticeable how many exquisitely delicate little Catholic touches one comes upon from time to time in its columns. The reason of it is simple. Its clever editor, Mr. Burnand, happens to be a staunch Catholic. Take, for instance, the following tender paragraph which appears over the well known initials, F. C. B., in a late number—a few simple words in kindly memory of the late Mr. Frederick Clay, the composer, and a Catholic, if we mistake not, like Mr. Burnand:

"Poor dear Freddy Clay! No common Clay! Gone from us last week after seven years of suffering. His disposition was as sweet as were his melodies. He had collected about him a band of devoted friends, nothing false or discordant ever fell from his lips, or from his pen, he never made an enemy, and lived in harmony with all who knew him, for all who knew him loved him. I know him well. *Requiescat.*"

THE REVIEW published in a late number the views of Father Edward, the Chancellor of the archdiocese of Montreal, upon the question of annexation. In the course of his statement he said, "There is not an archbishop, bishop, or priest in all the Province of Quebec in favour of annexing Canada to the United States and I do not believe the idea is even thought of by my fussy-countrymen—the French-Canadians of Quebec." We commend these words to our

excellent contemporary the *New York Freeman's Journal*, which publishes almost every week some flap-doodle and spread eagles about the Catholic sentiment in this country being strong for annexation. We are glad that others of our American contemporaries take the true view of the Canadian position. "In the matter of education or freedom of conscience," says the *Catholic Columbian*, "the Catholics of Canada enjoy a religious liberty that leaves nothing to be desired. From that point of view what could they gain by avouring annexation?"

"Whilst it would be unfair," says the *Church News* of Washington, speaking of the street assault upon Archbishop Walsh, "to hold Protestantism responsible for such outrages against decency, we cannot forget that the teaching of a certain class of individuals who, for the sake of notoriety are constantly abusing the Pope and the Church, is responsible for thus turning men into brutes and for bringing disgrace upon an entire community. If they would denounce lawlessness and mob rule, in place of repeating what they know to be false concerning the Church, scenes like that at Toronto would be unheard of. We have a few of these unprincipled libelers in the United States. Fortunately, the majority of our non-Catholic people are fair-minded and too deeply attached to the principles of religious liberty to give them any more encouragement than to occasionally purchase a copy of their infamous publications."

The verdict in the Cronin case looks like a failure of justice. The public of America are plainly disappointed. The finding of the jury is at once inconsistent and illogical. Each of the defendants was charged with conspiracy to murder. The penalty of that crime is death. If they were innocent of the charge, they deserved acquittal. If guilty, they deserved the gallows. The same justice should have been meted out to them as was meted out to the Chicago Anarchists. Murder clubs like the Clan na-Gael and the Anarchists are not to be handled too nicely. "A secret political organization," says the *New York Herald*, "that seeks to import into this country fouds of foreign origin; that asserts jurisdiction over the lives of American citizens; that holds assassination among the penalties which it assumes to inflict upon any person it may choose to punish; that does not hesitate to issue an edict for the 'removal' of any one it may consider an offender; that selects and sends forth the assassins to do the damnable business—such an organization is a foe to civilized government and society to be stamped out of existence. When its members or emissaries resort to assassination they deserve the just fate of assassins—death on the gibbet."

THE ANGEL'S STORY.

By Adelaide Proctor.

Through the blue and frosty heavens
Christmas stars were shining bright;
Glistening lamps throughout the City
Almost matched their gleaming light;
While the winter snow was lying,
And the winter winds were sighing
Long ago, one Christmas night.

While from every tower and steeple
Pleading bells were sounding clear
(Never with such tones of gladness
Save when Christmas time is near)
Many a one that night was merry
Who had toiled through all the year.

That night saw old wrongs forgiven
Friends, long parted, reconciled:
Voices all unused to laughter,
Mourning eyes that rarely smiled,
Trembling hearts that feared the morrow
From their anxious thoughts beguiled.

Rich and poor felt love and blessing
From the gracious season fall;
Joy and plenty in the cottage
Peace and feasting in the hall;
And, the voices of the children
Ringing clear above it all!

Yet one house was dim and darkened;
Gloom and sickness and despair,
Dwelling in the gilded chambers,
Creeping up the marble stair.
Even still the voice of mourning—
For a child lay dying there.

Silken curtains fell around him
Velvet carpets hushed the tread
Many costly toys were lying
All unheeded by his bed,
And his tangled golden ringlets
Were on downy pillows spread.

The skill of that mighty City
To save one little life was vain—
One little thread from being broken,
Nay his very mother's pain,
And the mighty love within her
Could not give him health again.

So she knelt there still beside him,
She alone with strength to smile,
Promising that he should suffer
No more in a little while,
Murmuring tender song and story
Weary hours to beguile.

Suddenly an unseen Presence
Checked those constant moaning cries,
Stilled the little heart's quick fluttering,
Raised those blue and wondering eyes,
Fixed on some mysterious vision
With a startled sweet surprise.

For a radiant angel hovered,
Smiling o'er the little bed
White his raiment, from his shoulders
Snowy dove-like pinions spread,
And a star like smile was shining
In a Glory round his head.

While with tender love, the angel,
Leaning o'er the little nest
In his arms the sick child folding,
Laid him gently on his breast,
Sobs and wailings told the mother
That her darling was at rest.

So the angel, slowly rising,
Spread his wings, and through the air
Bore the child, and, while he held him
To his heart with loving care,
Placed a branch of crimson roses
Tenderly beside him there.

While the child thus clinging, floated
Towards the mansions of the Blest
Gazing from his shining guardian
To the flowers upon his breast,
Thus the angel spake, still smiling
On the little heavenly guest.

"Know dear little one, that Heaven
Does no earthly thing disdain,
Man's poor joys find there an echo
Just as surely as his pain:
Love, on earth so feebly striving,
Lives divine in Heaven again.

"Once in that great town below us
In a poor and narrow street
Dwelt a little sickly orphan;
Gentle aid or pity sweet
Never in life's rugged pathway
Guided his poor tottering feet.

"All the striving anxious forthought,
That should only come with age;
Weighed upon his baby spirit
Showed him soon life's sternest page;
Grim want was his nurse, and sorrow
Was his only heritage.

"All too weak for childish pastimes,
Drearly the hours sped;
On his hands so small and trembling
Leaning his poor aching head,
On through dark and painful hours
Lying sleepless on his bed.

"Dreaming strange and longing fancies
Of cool forests far away;
And of rosy happy children,
Laughing merrily at play,
Coming home through green lands, bearing
Trailing boughs of blooming May.

"Scarce a glimpse of azure heaven
Gleamed above that narrow street,
And the sultry air of summer
(That you call so warm and sweet),
Fevered the poor orphan, dwelling
In the crowded alley's heat.

"One bright day with feeble footsteps
Slowly forth he tried to crawl
Through the crowded city pathways
Till he reached a garden wall,
Where mid princely halls and mansions
Stood the lordliest of all.

"There were trees with giant branches
Velvet glades whose shadows hid;
There were sparkling fountains glancing,
Flowers, which in luxuriant pride
Even wafted breaths of perfume
To the child who stood outside.

"He against the gate of iron
Pressed his wan and wistful face,
Gazing with an awe-struck pleasure
At the glories of the place;
Never had his brightest day dream
Shone with half such wondrous grace.

"You were playing in the garden,
Throwing blossoms in the air,
Laughing when the petals floated
Downwards on your golden hair;
And the fond eyes watching o'er you
Told a House's Hope was there.

"When your servants tired of seeing
Such a face of want and woe,
Turning to the ragged orphan,
Gave him coin and bade him go,
Down his cheeks so thin and wasted
Bitter tears began to flow.

"But that look of childish sorrow
On your tender child heart fell
And you plucked the reddest roses
From the tree you loved so well
Passed them through the storm cold
grating
Gently bidding him "Farewell!"

Dazzled by the fragrant treasure
And the gentle voice he heard,
In the poor forlorn boy's spirit,
Joy, the sleeping Seraph stirred;
In his hand he took the flowers,
In his heart the loving word.

"So he crept to his poor garret;
Poor no more, but rich and bright—
For the holy dreams of childhood—
Love, and Rest, and Hope and Light—
Floated round the orphan's pillow
Through the starry summer night.

"Day dawned, yet the visions lasted,
All too weak to rise he lay;
Did he dream that none spoke harshly,—
All were strangely kind that day?
Surely then his treasured roses
Must have charmed all ills away,

"And he smiled, though they were fading
One by one their leaves were shed;
Such bright things could never perish,
They would bloom again he said.
When the next day's sun had risen
Child and flowers both were dead!

"Know dear little one! our Father
Will no gentle deed disdain;
Love on the cold earth beginning
Lives divine in Heaven again,
While the angel hearts that beat there
Still all tender thoughts retain."

So the angel ceased and gently
O'er his little burthen lean't,
While the child gazed from the shining
Loving eyes that o'er him bent
To the blooming roses by him
Wondering what that mystery meant.

Thus the radiant angel answered,
And with tender meaning smiled:
"Ere your childlike loving spirit
Sin and the hard world defiled,
God has given me leave to seek you—
I was once that little child!"

In the churchyard of that city
Rose a tomb of marble rare,
Decked, as soon as Spring awakened,
With the buds and blossoms fair,
And a humble grave beside it,—
No one knew who rested there.

THREE CHRISTMAS ANGELS.

When God created man He com-
manded His angels to visit him on
earth and guide him in his ways, so
that he might have a foretaste of the
bliss of the life to come. But man
sought after sensual joys in the place
of those in heaven, and growing greedy
of worldly fruits, began to quarrel with
his neighbors for the possession of
them; and the guardian angels wept
among themselves. But when the
strong oppressed the weak and took
from them by force the product of their
toil, Justice rose up sorrowing, and,
leaving earth, flew back to heaven.
And when the weak overcame the
strong with treachery and deceit, and
got from them by cunning what they
feared to take by force, Truth rose up
sorrowing, and, leaving earth, flew
back to heaven. And when the in-
jured went forth to slay their injurers,
and crimsoned the plain with their
brothers' blood, Peace rose up sorrow-
ing, and, leaving earth, flew back
to heaven.

Thus each bad act scared some good
angel from the world, until Forgiveness,
the most beautiful of all, alone
remained behind. And when she
heard Anger and Revenge whispering
dark deeds in men's ears, and counsel
them to repeat what had been done to
them, she rose up sorrowing and
said:

"I will not leave the earth. While
my sister angels were here I might
have rested in my Father's bosom, for
man needed me not; but now that they
have fled, I will seek to make man
listen to my voice, telling him that
as he cherished forgiveness here, so
that forgiveness will cherish him here-
after."

At that moment a new and most
beautiful star blazed in the heavens,
It was the star of Bethlehem. Point-

ing to it Forgiveness said, "Behold, the light of the world. It shines as a promise that I will over dwell upon the earth." And Peace and Love, repenting, flow back, and have never since left the earth. So the loveliest angel of heaven came home to the world on the first Christmas morning.

THE NATIVITY.

Primal night had repossessed
Her empire in the fields of Space;
Calm lay the kine on earth's dark breast,
The earth lay calm in heaven's embrace,
That hour, where shepherds kept their flocks,
From God a glory sudden fell;
The splendor smote the trees and rocks,
And lay, like dew, along the dell.
God's angel close beside them stood;
"Fear naught," that Angel said; and then;
"Behold, I bring you tidings good;
The Saviour, Christ, is born to men."
And straightway round him myriads sang
Again that anthem, and again,
Till all the hollow valley rang,
"Glory to God, and peace to men."

Thus in the violet-scented grove—
The may breeze murmuring softly by them—
The children sang. Who Mary love
The long year through have Christmas nigh them!
—AUBREY DE VERE.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN POLAND.

It is Christmas eve in the Polish country. The meal is over. The household is gathered around the Christmas tree. Quaint carols of the olden time are sung by all, young and old.

In the morning the men have been abroad shooting game for the dinner of the following day, or catching fish under the ice for the only meal that is partaken of on Christmas Eve. The ladies have been arranging the presents, concealing them in bags, stockings, corners of the chimney and in every piece of furniture.

When the first star of evening appears the bell is rung to gather every one in the dining-room. The family and the servants mingle together. All are in holiday guise—the picturesque garb of the provinces—the masters in their kotoos and jupans, the servants in livery and peasant attire.

The heads of the household go around to all the assemblages and break a wafer with them. The wafers have been blessed for the occasion. Wishes of "Merry Christmas" and "Dolly's Age" are interchanged. What is Dolly's Age? In centuries past there lived in Cracow and old lady, generally known as Aunt Dusia (Dolly). She reached the age of 120 and was famous for having danced at ninety, and never having lost her temper. So everybody hopes that everybody else may live to be as old and as jolly as Aunt Dolly.

By this ceremony all quarrels are allayed. If any members of the family have been at odds, they kiss and make friends.

Under the table is a bundle of straw and a bundle of hay in memory of the babe Christ's stall. The meal begins with a soup known as "Nothing Soup." It is made of milk and almonds, and gets its name from its lightness. Then follow eight or nine dishes of fish. Each fish is different. The dishes are accompanied with cakes made of flour and poppy. The meal, garnished with abundance of sweets, is more odd than eatable.

After dinner is over and the carols have been sung, the search for presents begins. With screaming and shrieking and uproarious laughter the handkerchiefs, stuffs for dresses, bon-boneries, toys, and little jewels are unearthed. Each present bears the name of the person for whom it is destined. And sometimes love-matches spring from the fun.

After the excitement you hear a ring at the bell. Three or four ragamuffins are introduced, carrying a theatre of marionnettes, brilliantly illuminated with gilded wax candles and representing the Nativity.

Sometimes there are other scenes representing episodes of patriotism or love. The dialogue is often witty and brisk, interspersed with quaint old songs alluding to the Nativity, and making the funniest confusion of race and epochs.

Midnight strikes. All leave the house, wrapped in furs; they get in the sleighs and start for the church. The pastoral Mass is celebrated with the finest music that the community can afford. Good nights are exchanged, and so to bed. This is Christmas Eve as I knew it in Poland.—*Madame Helena Modjeska.*

THE SEASON OF GIFTS.

The season of gifts is almost here. Anxious people are beginning to wonder *what* they shall give the expectant. And it is this anxiety, this feeling that much is expected, that spoils the serenity of the season.

Somebody recently told a story of a rich man whose life was burdened by the fear that Christmas Eve would pass without his having found a suitable gift for his nephew. Late on that day it was discovered that he had secured a silver bootjack, set with brilliants! He knew that his nephew already possessed all manner of things; he felt that much was expected of him, and he wanted to live up to those expectations. The consequence was, a gift which in its ostentation and uselessness represented truly his condition of mind. The bootjack neither pleased him that gave nor him that received it.

Christmas finds too many unfortunates in the state of mind of the purchaser of the bootjack. If simplicity were the fashion—if people were civilized enough to be simple—the artist would, as Emerson says, give the work of his brush, the author, of his pen, and even the little child something made by his own hands. But it will take many years and many Ruskins to make simplicity possible.

Many of us, who do not want to be ostentatious even if we could afford it, are puzzled as to what to give our friends; and perhaps somewhat overburdened by feelings of gratitude to them, and a fear that our means of showing it may not be adequate. Any cheap attempt at competition is always as vulgar as is the spirit of competition in giving. When gifts come to be measured, they undergo a process the reverse of that which changed the bread in St. Elizabeth's apron into roses;—the roses of gratification, which should idealize the smallest gift, turn to ugly objects in the garnish light.

We are always safe in giving books. Everybody not absolutely imbecile has some favourite book. It is easy to find out what it is. A book outlasts a life, and to how many good impulses does it give new energy! It is a gift which will always live and never fail to recall the giver. It is a compliment to one's good taste to get a good book from a friend. We know that he has bestowed some thought on us and on our taste. Other gifts, however beautiful, disappear in time; other gifts, however useful, leave but little impress on life; but a good book influences our whole lifetime.

Let us give books, then, by all means. They need not have costly bindings, but let them have bindings that will not have a look of having been born for festive occasions. The "show book," made especially for sale at periods of gift giving, is better than a bootjack set with brilliants, and yet is not what most people would like to receive. Give them an old favourite or a new favourite of your own—but the "old are best"—and you may be sure that your gift will brighten, not only Christmas Day, but the whole year.—*M. N. Egan in Ave Marie.*

"It were indeed a pity," says the *News* of London, England., "if his recent labours had tried the health of Cardinal Manning, but at the Federation meeting recently he certainly did not look over well. There seemed to be a feeling of weariness upon him, and though he tried to shake it off when he rose to speak, he was not wholly successful. Not so old as Cardinal Newman, Dr. Manning is still an old man, and his work has been the work of the better half of a century. His colleague at Birmingham is really his only contemporary in the clerical world of this country, for our English church veterans seem youthful beside these veterans. Cardinal Manning has been, and is, the man and the priest; Cardinal Newman the student and the priest."

THE OPENING OF ST. PAUL'S NEW CHURCH.

The beautiful new church of St. Paul's, on Power St., in this city, will be opened to-morrow, Sunday the 22nd inst. at 11 a.m. The ceremonies of the dedication will be con-

ducted by Archbishop Walsh and His Lordship Bishop O'Mahony; and His Grace the Archbishop will preach on the occasion. The admission will be by ticket. We reprint from *The Review* of the 16th October, 1887, the following description of this beautiful edifice:

The new church of St. Paul's is on the symbolic cruciform plan and consists of a vast nave, and spreading aisles and transepts, apsidal chancel and side chapels, lofty campanile, and roomy sacristies. The basement, extending under the whole area of the church proper, will contain a spacious cryptical church, sub-sacristy efficient steam heating apparatus, &c.

The cryptical church, an important adjunct, will be

used for week day services, for the giving of religious instruction, to the children and for the meeting of confraternities, &c.

The principal facade, a view of which we give herewith, shows the great nave front with its bold and graceful triplet arcades, the lower arcade being of the Ionic order and the upper, of the Corinthian. The aisle fronts, or wings of the facade, correspond in style, and the whole group is supported by the lofty campanile on the left, so truly Italian in character and giving picturesque variety to the *Italo-classic* front, altogether forming a noble architectural composition, the beauties of which are considerably emphasized by the rich and varied marbles filling the discs and spandrels, their beauty and interest culminating in the great sacred monogram formed of scarlet and *ver antique* marbles and set on a dove-colored marble ground surrounded by a band of rich ruby-red, the whole filling the great disc which, with its surrounding mouldings in dressed Ohio stone, forms the central feature of the great pediment or gable of the nave.

The first, or lower arcade, with its stately columns and delicately moulded arches, forms in its deep recesses the setting for the main entrances to the grand central vestibule, or *narthex*, and the windows which light it, while the upper one frames in the great central niche and the stately windows lighting the front portion of the church proper. The niche will contain a colossal statue of St. Paul, under whose invocation the church will be dedicated to the worship and glory of God. Large statues of our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, and the Apostles, etc., will crown the pedestals finishing the apex and sides of the great pediments or gables, except the upper pedestal of front gable, which will finish with a large and beautiful cross of carved stone.

Entering through the great vestibule, the vast church, with its swelling vaults and arches, unfolds itself, long rows of stately Ionic columns, connected by rounded arches, are varied by groups of similar columned arches in the transepts and chapels which, as one proceeds up the aisles, suggest the varied and charming effects of sylvan scenery. The spl-

end and majesty effect is enhanced by the lighting of the church which comes through finely proportioned windows corresponding in position with the great arched openings, and which will be filled with richly-colored figured and jewelled stained glass of a design in harmony with the architecture of

the church and illustrative of the chief events in the life of Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, the Apostles, etc., and giving to the interior the mellowed hues and rainbows tint of the 'dim religious light' of the glorious churches of the past. Then with the rich marble altars of varied line and design, with communion rail and pulpit in keeping, and with the church frescoed in the highest style of art by noted Italian artists the whole effect will be of a class unique of its kind on this continent, and, like all works of high art, its study will be an education in itself and a lasting source of pleasure to the community at large.

To add to the greater comfort and

health of the congregation the church will be heated and ventilated in the most approved modern manner, and the lighting for the evening service will be by means of the usual gasoliers, combined with the latest improved mode of incandescent electric burners, giving a softened, steady light and pleasing effect.

The following are the general external dimensions of the church. Total length, 171 feet, width across nave and aisle, 70 feet, width across the transept, 100 feet; height of campanile, 129 feet. The seating accommodation will, in the upper or chief church, be for about 1250 persons, and for 1000 in the lower, but both churches will, when needed, have capacity for a considerably larger number. The cost of the church, when completely finished and equipped, will exceed \$100,000.

This splendid structure has been designed and the plans, &c., prepared by Mr. Joseph Connolly, R.C.A., the well known church architect, and under whose superintendence the works have been carried out.

THE PROPAGANDA.

The following letter from the pen of Mr. Stead, editor of the *Fall Mall Gazette*, under date of November 16, will be read with interest by Catholics and Protestants on both sides of the Atlantic.

It was my good fortune to be taken over the College of the Propaganda by Monsignor Jacobini. He is young, being not much over 40, and in the full prime of life. For eight years now he has been secretary of the Propaganda that is to say he has held a position corresponding to that of secretary of all our Protestant missionary societies put together. Over him is Cardinal Simeoni, a grave, earnest and laborious prelate, who toils at his post as an English judge of the old school does at the bench. He is Prefect of the Propaganda, the Pope's *alter ego* in all that concerns the missionary side of the Church. After him Monsignor Jacobini is the most important pivot of the congregation.



ST. PAUL'S NEW CHURCH, TORONTO

Our Protestant missionary societies are hardly a hundred years old. The College of the Propaganda was founded in 1622 by Gregory XV., and has been working ever since. On its shelves are archives recording an activity that has never ceased, and which it is devoutly to be hoped will never cease. Great volumes of letters bound in parchment stand side by side, bearing eloquent but silent witness to the self-denying labours of hundreds of thousands of devoted men and women who have gone forth to labor and to die in *partibus infidelium*. Their handwriting is faint and faded now, but with how fiery a zeal were the pens guided which traced these characters!

The museum of the Propaganda is interesting enough, but for lack of space it is impossible to display its treasures. There is an invaluable collection of ancient codices, rare and curious MSS., a collection which is the product of the industry of the emissaries of the college in every part of the world. There is a collection of 23,000 coins of all degrees of value heaped upon chests as so much bullion. Here, also, is the famous map of the world on which Pope Alexander VI., in olden times, drew the dividing line allocating one-half of the Western Hemisphere to Portugal and the other half to Spain. The great chart occupies the central position in the large room, flanked by trophies of arms collected from the troops of the Mahdi, and idols from the further East. It is an interesting memorial of the role played by the Popes in the old days, of the intrepidity with which they acted upon such scanty information as they possessed, and their utter inability to foresee or to control events. On the northern continent thus summarily parcelled out, all on this side to Spain, all on that side to Portugal, not one road remains in possession of either power to day. The whole has passed into the ownership of English-speaking men.

Another curiosity of the museum is the original map of Marco Polo, which Monsignor Jacobini recently sent to London for exhibition. In those days Rome was the storeroom of the knowledge of the world, a kind of British Association for the advancement of science in germ. The collection of birds and insects are much crowded, and are interesting chiefly because of the attention which they show to have been paid by the Catholic missionaries to the natural history of the countries in which they lived. If our missionary societies are wise, they will establish *en permanence* a missionary museum on a large scale in London, and before doing so they had better send a delegate to Monsignor Jacobini to inspect the collection at the Propaganda.

From the museum we passed through the various offices where the business of the Propaganda is performed. Under the Propaganda are all the English-speaking countries. Russia is especially taken under the care of the Vatican, and its affairs are not under Cardinal Simeoni. But England, Ireland, Scotland, America and the colonies are all in *partibus infidelium*. So, in fact, are all the best parts of the world.

The work is divided into two portions, the East and the West. All those of the Oriental robe are under the charge of Mgr. Persico. Down the corridor on the opposite side to Mgr. Persico's room are the offices of the Minutante, or press writers, as we should say. Everywhere there was too little accommodation. The affairs of Greece and the United States of America have only one office between them. I looked with natural curiosity at the room where sit the permanent officials charged with the control of the department of Great Britain and Ireland. As usual, they are Italians. In the whole Propaganda there is not one Englishman or American.

After visiting the Hall of the Congregation, where as we should say, the committee of management holds its meetings under the presidency of Cardinal Simeoni—the average attendance is about twelve—and where the papers nominating all the English, Irish and American bishops are signed, we went in succession through the college and the church, and then visited the printing office of the Propaganda. One room was set apart for producing in very handsome style, the new edition of the works of St. Thomas Aquinas, who is at present in the highest favour with the Pope. Here are printed all publications of the Propaganda. They cast their own type, bind their own books, and do almost everything

except make their own paper. The "comps" at the Propaganda set type in as many languages as those who are employed for our Bible Society. As a sample of their resources, they have produced the Lord's Prayer in 250 different languages, in 180 different characters. Necessarily the Propaganda is one of the most polyglot places in the world. Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost was nothing to the college in the Piazza di Spagna.

There are 120 students resident in the college, and some 300 more attend the lectures. Between them they are said to speak seventy different languages.

When Mgr. Jacobini gives a reception you begin to realize something of the mischief that was done by the confusion of tongues. It is about time that English began to supersede all other tongues as the common language of the world. Although they talk all languages, correspondence is carried on only in four, namely, English, French, Latin, and German. On an average, about fifty letters are received and answered daily, and the office boy, who has the run of the waste paper basket, ought to possess one of the finest collections of foreign postage stamps extant.

I left the Propaganda with the conviction that, so far as vast portions of the world are concerned, the Catholic Church is an enormous, an incalculable power for good. Whatever men may think about their doctrines as to the life beyond the grave, the men who have gone out from this college and who are directed and controlled by the congregation of the Propaganda are an effective, moral, and civilizing force of the first value in all that concerns the social and material amelioration of the lot of uncivilized man.

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT IN MONTREAL

The St. Patrick's T. A. and B. society of Montreal inaugurated their occupancy of the new St. Patrick's hall last week by a social reunion. There was a very large and appreciative audience, composed of some of the leading Catholic citizens and their ladies. Hon. Edward Murphy presided, supported by Mr. P. Doyle, vice-president, and Mr. James Connoughton. The rev. pastor of St. Patrick's Rev. Father Dowd, Rev. Jas. A. McCallen, Rev. M. Casey and other rev. gentlemen occupied seats of honor.

Hon. Edward Murphy opened the programme by an address in which he said.—Our object in inviting you here this evening has been to give ourselves an opportunity, in your presence, of tendering to our venerable pastor, the Rev. Father Dowd, the thanks of our society, and all those who are interested in temperance work, for the use of this beautiful hall which he has prepared for us, and for the members of the Catholic Young Men's society. Father Dowd, you know, has always been a warm friend of our society and of the work entrusted to its zeal. This new mark of his appreciation excites our liveliest gratitude, and we, therefore, here, and now, beg him to accept our sincere thanks. We hope that with the new accommodation thus afforded us, we may go on constantly adding to our numbers and extending the sphere of our usefulness. The programme we have prepared for this evening will consist of a discourse, interspersed with some select readings, by our president, Father McCallen, and of musical selections under the direction of Professor Fowlor. It is our intention to have during the winter months a series of similar entertainments from time to time, of which due notice will be given. Besides these entertainments, the members of our society will have an opportunity of meeting on the second and fourth Tuesdays of every month, beginning with January next, to discuss matters of interest to the temperance cause, and to listen to a series of lectures to be given by our worthy president. It might be of interest to inform you that next February we intend to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the first introduction of temperance societies among the Catholics of Canada, and, I believe, of America, and in particular of the Irish Catholics of Montreal. It was in February, 1810, that the sainted and energetic Father Phelan, afterwards a shop of Kingston, commenced in the old Recollet church, in this city, the great work of temperance, which but little over a year earlier was commenced in the city of Cork, Ireland, by the good Father Matthew. We hope to make that occasion every way worthy of the noble cause in

which we are engaged, and of the parish of which we have the honor to be the oldest society.

Rev. Father Dowd made a brief address, in the course of which he dwelt upon the work of the society and gave some facts regarding its formation, and expressed his great pleasure at having been able to provide a suitable place for the society.

An excellent musical programme was then performed.

At the conclusion the hon. chairman warmly thanked Prof. J. A. Fowler and the choir for their appreciated services.

Rev. Father McCallen then made a short address, in which he said:—As already explained our meeting here is not so much to make speeches as to perform the pleasant duty in your presence of conveying to the venerable Father Dowd our warmest thanks for the use of this beautiful and commodious hall, which at considerable expense he has fitted up for the Temperance and Young Men's societies. The admirable example of brevity of speech which has been given by our honorable chairman and by the venerable Father himself, will not be lost on me. Moreover you know that when the sun, the great luminary of day, shines upon us, its light so eclipses that of the smaller planets that these are invisible to the naked eye. And though I may find it difficult to hide myself entirely from your eyes, there being so much of me; yet, with your permission, I shall as far, as a set discourse is concerned surpass in brevity both father and chairman by making no speech at all. Some other time, as on the second and fourth, Tuesdays of the month, beginning with January, when no greater luminary is present to eclipse me, I may come out of this natural bashful timidity to which I am a victim, and try to throw a little bit of light on questions connected with the noble cause of temperance. Having thus escaped the formality of a set discourse, for which you and I must be forever grateful, allow me, however, the pleasure of contributing in ever so little a degree to your entertainment by giving you three short selections, alongside of which I want you to write in big letters "by request," so that I may shift all the blame for detaining you here to the shoulders of the committee who have placed my name on the programme.

AN AMERICAN POPE.

We quote from Mr. Bodley's paper in the *Nineteenth Century* on "Roman Catholicism in America" the following references to Cardinal Gibbons:—

"Of the ecclesiastical qualifications of Cardinal Gibbons for the most exalted honor in the Church's gift, it is not for a layman to speak. It is enough that the Holy See has seen fit to set him at the head of one of the most powerful, and perhaps the most intelligent hierarchy in the world, and that the Vatican has paid unprecedented respect to his counsel.

"Of his fitness as a man of affairs and of his knowledge of the world, I have had some opportunity of forming a judgment. During many months of travel and residence in the United States and Canada, my observation led me to the conclusion that the North American continent has produced in this generation two really great men, in the sense that the last generation accounted Lincoln and Cavour as great. One of them we have the honor of reckoning as a fellow-subject of the Queen, Sir John Macdonald, the Prime Minister of our Canadian Dominion. The other, the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, although 20 years his junior, is his equal in marvellous knowledge of men, and, although in some respects of singularly different nature, resembles him in the possession of that lofty opportunism which is the essential of all true statesmanship.

"Cardinal Gibbons combines the suavity of an Italian monsignore with that ingenuous integrity and robustness which we like to think are the characteristic of our Anglo-Saxon race. If he were called to occupy the most conspicuous and most ancient throne in Christendom, he would not go to Europe as a novice in European affairs. To have assisted at an Ecumenical Council at an age when most men are on the threshold of a career, is an early training in cosmopolitanism rarely experienced. During the intervening twenty years, the Cardinal's frequent visits to Europe have brought him into contact with some of the acutest intellects of the Old World. Moreover, since his elevation twelve years ago to the head of

the hierarchy of the United States, he has governed an episcopate and a priesthood which are composed of members of every European nation. His unexampled undertaking two years ago, when, the youngest member of the Sacred College, he prevailed upon the Holy See to reconsider a momentous judgment, was not the achievement of a man whose attributes are merely local and national.

"The installation in the Chair of St. Peter of this enlightened English Speaking churchman, would be an event of such import to human society that one dares not hope to see its accomplishment, for it seems as if it would be the first step towards bringing back to the Church the great democracies which are destined to govern the world, and as if it would hasten the time when *unum ovile fiet et unus pastor*" there would be one flock and one shepherd."

THE MOTHER.

The mother sat among a throng
Of stately men and women fair,
And near her rang a voice in song
That all the world had called most rare,
"Kenst du das Land" the voice cried out,
In Goethe's Mignon's piteous doubt.

Riches had come,—this mother knew
The sound of adulation's speech;
All things were easy; servants flew
To hand the book within her reach,
Her life was full of luxuries,
And yet a vague pain dwelt with these.

Her guests had marvelled at her fetes,
"So bright, so gay!—how happy she!"
Her riches rapid came though, late—
Ah, soft she sighs, as tenderly
"Know'st thou the land?" the song demands—
She feels the touch of little hands.

Ah, yes! ah, yes! she know the lands
Of poverty and work all day,
But thro' the touch of little hands
Smoothed all the cares of life away,—
The sweet voice stops,—ah, she would give
All for the touch that does not live!
—Maurice Egan.

THE PRIEST AND THE PREACHER

It is a beautiful story which the *New York Christian Advocate* tells of the faithful and tender ministrations of a Catholic priest, Father Schreiner, to an infirm Methodist minister, Dr. William Smith, of Detroit, Mich., who died at sea a few weeks ago. Father Schreiner took charge of his effects, by his request, had the body prepared for burial, and shipped it from this city to the deceased minister's family in Detroit, advancing the money from his own pocket for the expenses. On reporting at the Methodist Book Concern, Dr. Eaton, one of the agents, reimbursed him and thanked him in the name of all Methodist preachers. The good priest, with tears in his eyes, simply responded:

"I have done nothing more than a Christian duty, and what I would wish others to do for me under similar circumstances."

It is little incidents like this that soften the asperities of ecclesiastical conflict, and help to remove the prejudice which makes it so hard for Catholics and Protestants to be just and fair and brotherly toward each other. Father Schreiner is a Benedictine, a professor in St. John's University, Collegeville, Minn.—*N. Y. Independent*.

A story comes from California through *Harper's Magazine*: In a church of "high" proclivities, out in that very far West, it was the custom to distribute Easter Eggs, blessed, probably, according to the Roman ritual. Last Easter (let us suppose) a clergyman, devoid of that sense of humour, the lack of which we have before now noted as characteristic of the high Anglican frame of mind, gave out "Hylan 419. Begin my soul the exalted lay—after which the eggs will be distributed."

OUR DEAD.

It is a wonderful thing to be a Christian. The world of the saints in heaven is all ours. So also, in another way, is the world of the dead, of those who are one day to be saints, with new glories, new delights, new jubilees in heaven. I. We each of us have our own treasures among the dead. 1. Some who shared the joys of our past years, and some who have shared their sorrows. 2. Among our dead are some whom we have not loved as we could now wish we had loved them—some too whom perhaps we have loved too much, and and harmed them by doing so. 3. Some whom we have injured by example, scandal, harshness, or, indulgence—some whom we have done good to and perhaps converted. 4. Some who have gone too soon, some mature and old, yet even then too soon. Some whose deathbeds have left scarce a doubt on our minds, some whose death have been sudden, overclouded, or distressingly uncertain. II. Our feelings about them all. 1. We grudged them to God—but we do not now. 2. We would have them back to behave differently to them; yet, No! for their own sake we could not have them back for worlds. 3. We envy them the certainty of their glory and perhaps its nearness; it is hard to think, without a thrill of a soul very near its release. 4. Yet we pity them because of the extremity of their sufferings. 1st. The fire. 2. The soul is the part tortured, so that all suffers at once and penetratingly. 3. These sufferings are worse than all martyrdoms: there is no parallel to them in earthly sufferings. 4. Long endurance of them because there is no merit to shorten them. 5. So far as pain goes, these sufferings are a participation of hell, and are in awful vicinity to them. 6. Some persons died in such a state that we may fear their sufferings will be unusually terrible, and their absence from God unusually long. Conclusion. 1. God loves the souls in Purgatory with an unspeakable, yearning love. 2. Yet, he has in the case of the dead made His love depend on ours—we are to be to them somewhat like what the Saints in heaven are to us on earth.

3. The state of these poor souls is one of incomparable, unimaginable pain. 4. And our hands are full of the most wonderful and most powerful means to help them.

5. What then must be our devotion for the dead? A little or a passing thing? Need I answer this? Have you not echoes in your own heart that are answering it, even while I speak?

Oh think, dearest brethren, of your past years, and of your past loves, of those old faces, of those unforgetten eyes, and of those well-remembered voices that are silent forevermore, and pray, in the words of Holy Church.—*Requiem eternam dona eis, Domine, Et lux perpetua luceat eis*—Father Faber.

Men and Things.

M. Jules Ferry, the author of the famous "Clause Seven," by which the religious Orders were expelled from France in 1880, honoured the Cistercian Monastery of Lerins, near Cannes, with a visit on All Saints' Day. He was conducted over the house by a lay brother, and found the place very interesting. Before departing he contributed towards the support of the establishment the munificent sum of sixty-five centimes—thirteen cents! Such open-handed generosity is worthy of record.

When Daniel O'Connell, the Irish patriot, was at the height of his celebrity, say the *Philadelphia Press*, he visited a college in the south of Ireland. The schoolboys were delighted, and one of them, already noted for his oratorical gifts, was chosen by his fellows to make an address of welcome to the patriot. The little orator was good-looking, fervid and auburn haired. He captured the heart of the great Liberator. A few years afterwards O'Connell was engaged to speak at a hall in one of the principal towns. A tremendous crowd gathered to hear him. No one would be admitted without a ticket. As the time for the address to begin drew near a youth modestly presented himself at the door, and though he had no ticket he asked to be admitted. But the door-keepers were

obdurate. The youth, however, contrived to send word to the Liberator that he wished to see him personally. He was admitted to the presence of the national leader, and in a few words told who he was and what he desired. "Oh! you are the little red-haired boy that greeted me so splendidly in college," the patriot cried. "Indeed you shall get in, and you shall have one of the very best seats, too." He was equal to his word, and one of the Liberator's most enthusiastic auditors that night was the auburn-haired youth. The youth has, since those old days, himself become widely celebrated as an orator and leader of men. He it was who delivered that splendid sermon at the centennial Mass at the Baltimore cathedral, Most Rev. Patrick John Ryan, Archbishop of Philadelphia.

The famous Protestant preacher, the Rev. De Witt Talmage, of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, has been in Rome. He was present in St. Peter's, Nov. 17, at the beatification of the Blessed Peter Chanel, the Marist missionary, who is revered as the proto-martyr of the missions of Oceania. His companion, Mr. Louis Klopsch, who is chronicling the trip for an American newspaper syndicate, notes the popular enthusiasm which greeted the appearance of Pope Leo XIII., whom he describes as "a kindly, sweet-faced old man," who "appeared in his fragility as one only waiting for the summons from on high. It could hardly have flattered Dr. Talmage to be put on a par with the backwoods, "no Popery," itinerant tract-distributor, by the person who asked him if he did not think it idolatrous to bow down to the Pope and kiss his hand. But with that mercy for the absurd which Cardinal Newman tells us is a distinguishing trait of the gentleman, the Brooklyn preacher answered:—"No; I do not. I have no reason to suppose that deference shown to him implies more of the worshipful spirit than deference exhibited toward the President of the United States." To another, questioning him as to what struck him most in the proceedings, he replied. "The earnestness of the people." This is in line with a previous confession: "There is no denying the fact that many of our Catholic friends have the true spirit in addition to the form." It is pleasant, were it only by way of variety, to see Protestant ministers travelling in Catholic lands with their eyes open, and having the courage and the honesty to record the things they see.

We have had a good deal to say in criticism of Mr. Stoad's Roman letters, but it is only fair to him to say that he has given us one or two interesting sketches. We publish in another column his description of the Propaganda, over which it was his good fortune to be shown by Mgr. Jacobini. Of Mgr. Jacobini he says that "of all the men whom I have met in Rome Mgr. Jacobini impresses me the most favourably. He was born an Italian, it is true, which is one of the misfortunes for which he can hardly be held accountable. He is young, being not much over fifty, and in the full prime of life. For eight years now he has been Secretary of the Propaganda—that is to say, he has held a post corresponding to that of Secretary of all our Protestant missionary societies put together. Over him is Cardinal Simeoni, a grave, earnest, and laborious Prelate, who toils at his post as an English judge of the old school does at the Bench. He is Prefect of the Propaganda, the Pope's *alter ego* in all that concerns the missionary side of the Church. After him, Mgr. Jacobini is the most important pivot of the Congregation. He is not tall—the good stuff in him, as so often happens, being made up in a small bundle. But his well knit and wiry frame is almost incapable of exhaustion, his mind is quick and sympathetic, and there is a kindly humour in his eye which endears him to all who know him. The only woe that he has to dread is that pronounced upon those of whom all men speak well. Black or red, Catholic or Freethinker, all men praise Monsignor Jacobini. During the day he toils at his desk as the gaiter slave toils at his oar, and in the evening he takes his recreation in looking after the interests of an Artist and Workman's Catholic Association, of which he and a well-known American Count are the leading supporters. Of all the hopeful signs for the future of the Church, and for its utilization as an instrument of social amelioration one of the most hopeful is the fact that Monsignor Jacobini is where he is, close to the heart of the Church militant, and the intimate friend and confidential adviser of the Pope."

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LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

St. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 20th 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,

G. 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. CARRISY,
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, Dec. 21, 1889.

In the course of the proceedings of the recent Catholic Congress, the subject of the establishment of a Catholic daily newspaper again came up for discussion. A recommendation, in fact, was made by the Congress in favour of it. THE REVIEW is one of a number of Catholic journals that are compelled to regard the project as altogether Utopian. It is the opinion of the most experienced Catholic journalists in the United States that not even if backed by unlimited capital could a Catholic daily be made successful. The non-Catholic public would not be concerned to support it, and it is open to great doubt if the Catholics themselves would sustain it, or at any rate, in anything like sufficient numbers. For our own part, we do not see what immediate or pressing need there is for a Catholic daily, or for what purpose in particular it could be called into existence unless to correct the false rumours and statements obtaining currency, more rapidly and more expeditiously than could be done by the Catholic weeklies. And even on this point we hold with the *Catholic Mirror* of Baltimore, that the secular dailies are coming more and more to be held in check by the Catholic periodical press, and are less malicious than formerly, while devoting more space to the publication of Catholic news. The reason of it is simple. The secular dailies have learned that Catholics are numerically a power in the community, and they respect them accordingly. Some day, perhaps, we shall reach even that stage of comparative happiness in Toronto. As to the establishment of an American Catholic daily, the best and most sensible plan that we have yet seen suggested has been put forward by our youthful but promising little contem-

porary, the *Catholic Journal* of Rochester—to whom we extend all good wishes and welcome—namely, that its promoters wait until money enough has been raised, watch their chances and buy some New York daily, retain the secular name, man it with picked Catholic writers, and then go ahead.

THE NATIVITY.

It must be the masculine effort, the persevering strain of a life long dependance upon grace, which alone can rightly honour the all-holy Babe, the Almighty Little One, the Eternal Child, as well for the mystery of his gentleness, as for the exalting faith whereby, with our hearts won our lips, we can say with the Church those few tremendous words, which make the angels and archangels to bow down, and the strong bright thrones of heaven to totter and to tremble in an adoration which blends fear and joy in one— *Et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto ex Maria Virgine et Homo factus est!*—FATHER FABER.

When the sun had set on the first Christmas Eve eighteen hundred years ago, the stars came out one by one, and heaven was empty of Angels. The plumage of the night grew deeper and darker; the stars drifted silently down the southern steep of the midnight sky; there was a hush in heaven, those who saw God were hovering, expectant, around an humble place on earth. A cave in Bethlehem had become the veritable centre of God's creation. At midnight a Child was born and laid in a manger. The Child was God, and had come to be the world's Saviour. Then the midnight skies overflowed with melody; the choirs of Angels sang out loud in the heavens; the winter night ran over with the sweetness of the grand hymn of the Nativity, sung out by the Angels on that first Christmas night, "GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE TO MEN OF GOOD WILL."

So we wrote in THE REVIEW a year ago, and so we write again upon the return of the Feast of the Birth of the Redeemer, for it is thus the mind loves to think of it. It is the holiest and most beautiful episode in the relations of God to our fallen humanity. It still appeals to the world, as it has with tender and gracious recurrence through the Christian ages, and the world has not lost the grace to listen. No painter can paint it as it speaks to the believer's soul, and as the bells of Christmas bring it into vision—the Birth at midnight, the kneeling Mother, the adoring Joseph, the Holy Infant, the humble surroundings, and the splendour and profusion of the gifts of the Eastern Kings. But the Bethlehem of that night has never passed away. Not in history only does it live, nor in art, nor in poetry, but in the hearts of men, as a living power, as a holy memory, eternally fresh and eternally beautiful. "Its sphere of influence," the saintly Father Faber has beautifully said, "is the whole wide world. It whispers over the sea, and hearts on shipboard are responding to it. It is everywhere, in dense cities where loathsome wickedness is festering, in the haunts of hopeless poverty, keeping itself clean there as the sunbeams of heaven. It vibrates up steep mountain glens, which the foot of priest rarely treads, and down in deep mines where death is always proximate, and sacraments remote. It soothes the aching heart of the poor Pontiff on his throne of heroic suffering and generous self-sacrifice, and it cradles to rest the sick child who, though it cannot read as yet, has a picture of starry Bethlehem in its heart, which its mother's words have painted there. Bethlehem is daily a light in a thousand dark places, beautifying what is harsh, sanctifying what is lowly, making heavenly the affections which are most of earth."

The Gospel story of the Nativity is thus related by St. Luko:

And it came to pass that in those days there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus that the whole world should be enrolled.

And all went to be enrolled, every one into his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee out of the city of Nazareth into Judea, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem: because he was of the house and family of David.

To be enrolled with Mary his espoused wife who was with child.

And it came to pass, that when they were there, her days were accomplished, that she should be delivered.

And she brought forth her first-born Son and wrapped him up in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger: because there was no room for them in the inn.

The sublime and beautiful words are to be meditated upon. Let us not in any feeble language of our own attempt to enlarge upon them.

Speaking of the Birth of the Infant Saviour, St. Bonaventure, in his revelations, gives the following brief but beautiful account of that event of greatest importance to the whole human race throughout all time as well as all Eternity.

"The expected hour of the Birth of the Son of God having come," says St. Bonaventure, "on Sunday, towards midnight, the Holy Virgin, rising from her seat, went and rested herself against a pillar she found there. St. Joseph, in the meantime, sat, pensive and sorrowful, perhaps because he could not prepare the necessary accommodation for her. But at length he arose, and taking what hay he could find in the manger, he diligently spread it at our Lady's feet, and then retired to another part. Then, the Eternal Son of God, coming from His Mother's womb, was, without hurt or pain to her, transferred in an instant from thence to the humble bed of hay, that was prepared for Him at her feet. His Holy Mother, hastily stooping down, took Him up in her arms, and tenderly embracing Him, laid Him in her lap. Then, through instinct of the Holy Ghost, she began to wash and bathe Him with her sacred milk, with which she was most amply supplied from Heaven; this done, she took the veil off her head, and wrapping Him in it, carefully reposed Him in the Manger. Here the Ox and the Ass, kneeling down, and laying their heads over the Manger, gently breathed upon Him, as if endowed with reason. They were sensible that through the inclemency of the season, and His poor attire, the Blessed Infant stood in need of their assistance to warm and cherish Him. Then the Holy Virgin, throwing herself on her knees, adored Him, and rendering thanks to God, said: 'My Lord and Heavenly Father, I return Thee most cordial thanks, that Thou vouchsafest of Thy bounty to give me Thy only Son; and I praise and worship Thee, O Eternal God, together with thee, O Son of the Living God and mine.'

"St. Joseph, likewise, paid Him adoration at the same time, after which he stripped the ass of his saddle, and separating the pillion from it, he placed it near the Manger for the Blessed Virgin to sit on, but she, seating herself with her face towards the Crib, made use of that homely cushion only to lean on. In this posture the Queen of Heaven remained sometime immoveable, keeping her eyes and affections steadily fixed on her Beloved Son."

It is on Our Lord, as we see him thus,—the Divine Infant—that the tender and pure in heart in all ages have expended the wealth of their worship, their love,

and devotion—the coming of the King of Kings, the Eternal God, the Lord of earth and heaven, not in power and majesty, but lowly, as a little Child, born in a manger, rejected and despised of men, having not where to lay his head, and ministered to, in the earthly sense, by but the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, the Wise Men, and the kneeling beasts. The mind is not lightly turned away from this mystery. With the return of Christmas the Christian betakes himself in spirit to the Crib at Bethlehem, kneels down with the kings and the Eastern Magi, and having adored the Infant Lord, lays at His feet the gold, frankincense, and myrrh of a grateful heart.

Just a year ago this Christmas these feelings which well up within the heart, received, through the columns of this Review, rare and beautiful expression in the lines of an old and proved friend, Mr. John Talon-Lesperance, They were written under under sore bereavment; and the chastening hand of God, which, however, strikes only in mercy, has since held for him other and greater affliction. But his words remain, and with the return of the blessed Christmastide we can recall none other more tender or beautiful. In reproducing them here we are enabled to present at once an exquisite and a devout thought to the reader, and to place an asphodel the flower which typifies the hope of immortality — to an old friend's memory:

THE LITTLE LORD.

"*Parvus Dominus et amabilis nimis.*"—St. Francis of Assisi.

Within the chapter of a cloister old
Torro d'Amalfi is its name so fair,
A curious tapestry, on the wall enrolled,
Related in devices quaint and rare
How that the Saviour in a manger lay,
Naked and lorn, upon wisps of hay.

Mary, the Mother, knelt upon the right,
Upon the left knelt Joseph with rapt eye;
And heifers twain, one russet and one white,
Poured warmth from their pink nostrils standing by;
While, through the open roof, upon a cloud
Were troops of angels seen, that hymned aloud.

Before this picture, on one Christmas night,
St. Francis and his monks had come to pray,
When, sudden, quickened by an inner light,
The holy man besought each one to say
What was the burden of the Angel's song
Sounding the ilex and fox grape among.

Smiling the choir of hooded Cordeliers
In full accord intoned the canticle,
Which now, for hard on twice one thousand years,
The hearts of Christ's elect have loved so well:
"Glory to God unto the Highest, and
Peace to good men upon the sea and land!"

Francesco's eyes with heavenly light were fired,
An aureole beamed above his sainted head,
And, turning to the Crib, like one inspired,
In sweetest accents, to his monks he said:
"Not so. To me 'tis this the Angel's tell:
'O Little Lord, exceeding loveable!'"

I oft bethought me dwellin' on this scone,
As even sinners will, in happier mood,
'Tis best to pass the glory and the sheen,
And set our hearts upon the simple good;
Believing that St. Francis found the key
To all the grace of the Nativity!

So on this Christmas Eve, when from above,
 Strange load of cares are bearing on my soul,
 Severed from mine, and seeking for a love
 That shall bestead me through the days of dole,
 I bow my head and whisper only this:
Parvus Dominus et amabilis.

"There comes a time in most men's lives," a non-Catholic writer has said in our own day, "when the bell rings for prayers; and unhappy is the man who, when it does, finds nowhere to carry his heart's supplications." The thought is as true as it is beautiful. Sweeter message or meaning was never carried through the air, than the bells ring out at Christmas tide, and unhappy indeed is he who either hears them not, or, hearing, hath nowhere "to carry his heart's supplications."

THE PAPAL QUESTION.

The *Catholic Mirror* of Baltimore, a journal whose editorial management had always seemed, to us at least, to be marked with prudence and with a sense of its responsibilities, in an article in a late issue on the Papal question, made itself responsible for the following serious statement. "We think we voice the intelligent sentiments of American Catholics, at least, when we say that it is not desired to interfere with the geographical lines that at present define the boundaries of the kingdom of Italy. The kingly prerogative that formerly inhered in the Pontificate in relation to the temporalities that constituted the Papal dominions is neither essential nor indispensable to the spiritual dominion of the Pope." It was not long before a number of our contemporaries pointed out to the *Mirror* that this was the very same sentiment for which the Bishop of Cremona was rebuked by the Holy See, and for which he did public penance. The *Mirror* chose a very inopportune moment for the publishing of its opinion. It made it simultaneously with the meeting of the Catholic Congress. "We demand," thus runs the paper read on the subject before the Congress, "not that he be granted privileges as though he were a sovereign, but that since he is, and always must be, a sovereign, his existing rights as a sovereign should be respected." Not so spoke the *Mirror*. "The Holy Father," said that journal, "as Vicar of Christ, and visible head of the Church, has no absolute need for extensive territory wherein to wield the power and exercise the rule of an earthly kingdom."

While we are of opinion that some few of our well-meaning contemporaries have been unduly severe in their strictures upon their confreres the *Mirror*, yet we must agree that its statements are open to the gravest exception, if for no other reason than this, that they run counter to all the solemn declarations and claims of two Sovereign Pontiffs. Both Pius IX. and the present illustrious Pontiff have held the sovereignty of the Holy See, *i. e.* its entire independence, to be absolutely necessary to its unimpeded and beneficent action. It is to be borne in mind that the Italian Government is in the hands of men hostile to the Holy See, and whose whole policy it has been to injure and cripple it. It is not as if the Holy Father were dealing with a neutral, or friendly government. In the first encyclical of Leo XIII., published April 21, 1878, he says: "This, too, is the end and object of the usurpation of the civil principality which Divine Providence gave to the Bishop of Rome many centuries ago that he might use fully the power given by Christ for the salvation of souls." In the same encyclical the Holy Father says "We are not moved, venerable brothers, to demand

this restoration by ambition or the desire of dominion, but by our office and by the religious oaths which bind us, and because this principality is necessary to preserve the full liberty of the spiritual power, and it is most clear that in the question of the temporal principality of the Apostolic See the cause of the public good and the safety of society are involved." With all loyal Catholics, the word of the Supreme Pontiff will be held to be the last to be said upon the subject. The present position of the Holy See—that is to say, in its relations to the civil power of Italy—is unique. The Pope and the Sacred College regard it as unendurable. And as they think, the Catholic world thinks. We shall do well to leave so grave matters to the wisdom and judgment of the Holy See.

General Catholic News

A reception in honour of Archbishop Walsh was held at the De La Salle Institute on Thursday last.

A Midnight Mass will be celebrated on Christmas Eve, in the Sacred Heart Church, King St. East. Admission will be by Ticket.

Archbishop Walsh and Bishop O'Mahony accompanied by Vicars General Laurent and Rooney and a number of the local clergy, visited the House of Providence on Monday last.

That welcome annual visitor, the *Catholic Home Almanac* (New York: Messrs. Benziger Bros.) is at hand for 1890, and as usual is replete with choice reading matter, and profusely and beautifully illustrated. It has this year for its frontispiece picture Raphael's "Madonna Della Sedm."

Lord Stanley, Sir John Macdonald, Archbishop Duhamel, Sir John Thompson, Hon. John Costigan, Hon. J. A. Chapleau and various distinguished representatives of the Church and State will be present when the trophy is presented to the Ottawa College football champions.

Branch 15 C. M. B. A. has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, John O'Leary; 1st Vice-President, Chas. Burns; 2nd Vice-President, Thos. Foley; Financial Secretary, John S. Keltz; Recording Secretary, F. P. Kavanagh; Treasurer, J. J. Dutton; Representative to Grand Council, T. J. Lee.

As elsewhere announced the preliminary opening of the new Church of St. Paul's, Toronto, takes place on Sunday coming. A more formal opening, it is intended, will take place later on, in May or June next, when it is hoped to have Cardinals Taschereau and Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul's present.

While Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis was recently giving Confirmation at St. Vincent's, Cape Girardeau, Mo., an old coloured man was being carried up to the sanctuary to receive the Holy Sacrament when the venerable Archbishop saw him. Immediately he raised his hands to those approaching and bade them stop. He went down to where the old man was and confirmed him.

Bishop Tuigg, of Pittsburg, is dead. The obsequies took place on the 11th inst. Several bishops, a large number of clergymen and people attended the funeral. Bishop Tuigg died of heart disease, and more than a dozen times in the last twenty years was his life in the most critical condition. Four years ago Rt. Rev. R. Phelan was appointed by Rome coadjutor to Bishop Tuigg to assist him in his episcopal duties. A few weeks ago Bishop Tuigg sent his resignation to Rome leaving the diocese in the hands of Bishop Phelan. R. I. P.

The members of the Catholic Mutual Benevolent Association of Branch 49 have elected these officers for the ensuing year: Rev. Father Rooney, V.G., Spiritual Advisor; Thomas Quinn, Chancellor; W. Clancey, President; J. Dermody, 1st Vice-President; M. Nick, 2nd Vice-President; D. H. Lehaime, Recording Secretary; J. J. Girvin, Treasurer; M. M. Gargan, Financial Secretary; P. Burns, Marshall; James Cunerty, Guard; R. J. Byron, M. J. Burns, J. Snillio, Board of Trustees; Thomas Quinn, delegate to the Grand Council of Canada, and Dr. T. F. McMahon, alternative representative to the same body.

The *Catholic Mirror* apologizes to Mgr. Satolli for the villainous looking cuts of him that have appeared in numerous secular and Catholic papers during the past month. It says the Pope's representative at the Baltimore celebration is in reality a handsome man. We rejoice, says the *Ave Maria*, at this expression of urbanity on the part of the *Mirror*, but we must be allowed to remark that apologies are due to several other eminent personages. One enterprising paper printed an old picture of the lamented Archbishop Hughes for that of a living prelate. That cut had already done yoman's service, and should have been melted down long ago. We hope if Catholic papers continue to illustrate that their cuts will be less unkind.

We are pleased to know that steps have been taken to raise a testimonial fund for America's Catholic historian, Dr. John Gilmary Shea, which meets with the cordial approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. Dr. Shea's services are well deserving of recognition, and we trust a liberal response will be made to the suggestion. Considering how inadequate is the compensation of our best writers, we can but hope that Catholics will give Dr. Shea an evidence of their appreciation for his labors.

We congratulate the students of Ottawa University on the October and November numbers of the *Owl* which form a memorial volume of the ceremonies in connection with the inauguration of the Ottawa University and the unveiling of the statue to Father Tabaret, the founder of the institution. The number is adorned by fine full page engravings of Father Tabaret, Mgr. Duhamel, Archbishop of Ottawa, the Rev. Father Augier, Provincial of the Oblates, and Rev. Father McGuckin, Rector of the University. Other portraits given are those of Sir John Thompson, Dr. Curran, M. P., Hon. R. W. Scott, Mr. William Davis, one of the benefactors of the University, Principal MacCabe, the late Judge Olivier, and Mr. A. A. Taillon. The last named gentleman and Dr. Curran were the French and English orators on the occasion of the inauguration, and both are distinguished alumni of the University. The volume apart from its typographical excellence is of value as a record of the growth of one of Canada's great seats of higher learning. We are glad to see among the subscribers to the Tabaret memorial fund the names of several Protestants—Sir Donald Smith, Sir James Grant, Sir John Macdonald, Sir Charles Tupper, the late Hon. Thomas White being among others on the list.

The *Star* says: "Sir T. Esmond has been telling a good story of a comical incident which occurred during his tour in the 'back blocks' in New South Wales. He was speaking one night in a remote bush township to an audience mainly composed of young enterprising Irish settlers, who had travelled on horseback from distances of fifty miles and upwards to be present at the meeting. At the close of the address the usual collection for the Tenants' Defence Fund was made, and after the young fellows had deposited their notes and gold, who should advance, with stately stride, from the rear of the hall, but a tall, black fellow—the king of the aborigines in that part of the country. His sable majesty gravely ascended the platform, placed a modest two-shilling piece in the plate, cordially shook hands with Sir Thomas, wished success to Mr. Gladstone in the best broken English that he could command, and expressed his sentiments towards Mr. Balfour by means of a big, big D. The young Irishmen made the rafters ring when they witnessed this demonstration of sympathy from such an unexpected quarter."

THE BLESSED VIRGIN

The editor of the *Michigan Catholic*, in a leader on Miss Eliza Allen Starr's lecture in Detroit, relates an anecdote which excites thought. After writing a most appreciative article on the always interesting subject of Miss Starr's genius, he says: "We happened to be seated near a group of Protestant clergymen. They seemed to be the centre of a group of ladies, all of whom were, apparently, deeply attentive to and interested in the lecture. But when Miss Starr was talking of Donatello's Annunciation, and describing the spiritual beauty of the Blessed Virgin, and the veneration of the angelic messenger for one so pure and so highly honored, then the Protestant clergymen referred to got to whispering and nudging one another, smiling—and the smiles were like sneers,—and thus became contagious and affected the ladies too. We could not help asking ourselves as we watched this group: 'Why are they so strangely excited by a word-painting of Her who was deemed pure enough and holy enough to become the Mother of God?' But as the lecturer's description of the 'Annunciation' developed into a reference to the sublime mystery of the Incarnation, expressed in the language and with the manner of a Christian heart, then the faces of the Protestant clergymen and their lady friends were seen to fall into repose. They probably felt ashamed of the levity of a moment before."

The editor of the *Michigan Catholic* points to an anomaly which has struck most Catholics in their acquaintanceship with most Protestants. Why is it that while they revere the Son, they should deem it a sort of duty to sneer at the Mother? Why is it that they will not admit that she is blessed among women? The present position of Protestantism, which is like an iceberg eaten away by a thousand waves, ought to show the thoughtful among the sects that to deny the source of the Incarnation is to begin to deny the Incarnation itself.—*Ave Maria*.

'Tis sad to see a woman growing old before her time
All broken-down and hopeless when life should hold its
prime:

She feels herself a burden when a blessing she should be
And longs for death to bring her release from misery.

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

The SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT which appeared in our columns some time since, announcing a special arrangement with Dr. B. J. KENDALL Co., of Enosburgh Falls, Vt., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," whereby our subscribers were enabled to obtain a copy of that valuable work FREE by sending their address (and enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) is renewed for a limited period. We trust all will avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining this valuable work. To every lover of the Horse it is indispensable, as it treats in a simple manner all the diseases which afflict this noble animal. Its phenomenal sale throughout the United States and Canada, make it standard authority. Mention this paper when sending for "Treatise."

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| | 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 | 3.20 | 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. |
| G. W. R..... | | 2.00 | 9.00 | 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 | |
| | 11.30 | 9.30 | 11.30 | 5.45 |
| U. S. West States | 6.00 | 9.30 | 9.00 | 3.44 |
| | 12.00 | | | 7.20 |

ENGLISH MAILS.—A mail for England via New York will be closed at this office every day, excepting Sundays and Wednesdays, at 4 p. m., and will be despatched to England by what the New York Postmaster may consider the most expeditious route.

On Thursdays a supplementary mail for London, Liverpool and Glasgow, will be closed here at 9 p. m., for the Cunard steamer sailing on Saturday, but to insure catch-up the steamer the 4 p. m. mail is recommended. The Canadian mail via Quebec will close here on Wednesdays at 7 p. m.

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'CARDINAL GIBBONS' BOOK.

[From the New York Sun, of July 19, 1889.]

BALTIMORE, JULY 18.—Parts of the book "Our Christian Heritage," written by Cardinal Gibbons which will appear next October, were submitted to the hasty reading of an Associated Press reporter this evening. The book does not deal with the controversies agitated since the Reformation, nor aim at vindicating the claims of the Catholic Church as superior to those of the separate branches of Christianity. It has nothing to say against any Christian denomination that still retains faith in at least the divine mission of Jesus Christ. The book shows that such fundamental truths underlying Christianity as the existence, the providence and the omniscience of God, the immortality of the soul, the existence of free-will, and the essential distinction between moral good and evil, are all susceptible of being demonstrated by unaided reason, while they are made still more luminous by the light of Christian revelation. The latter part of this volume contains a series of chapters exhibiting the superiority of Christian over pagan civilization. There is an important chapter on labor. The Cardinal concludes the introduction with this:

"How rapidly have the sectional hate and fierce animosities engendered by our late civil war been allayed. In both houses of Congress and several of our State Legislatures are found to-day representatives who fought against each other, but are now framing laws for the welfare of our common country.

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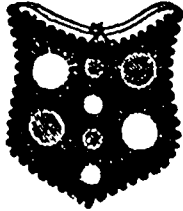
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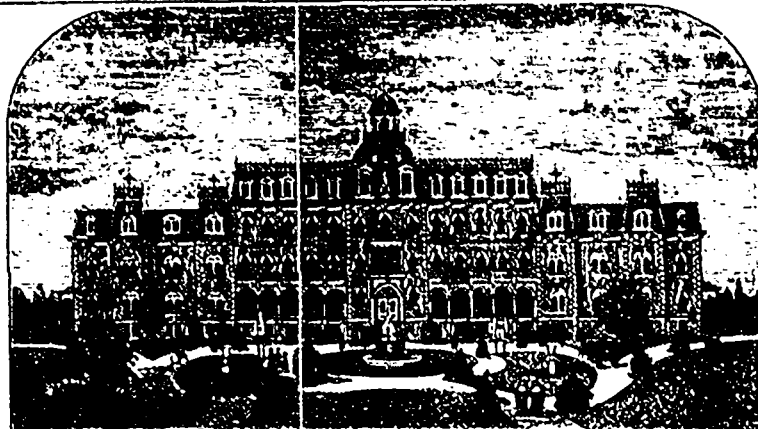
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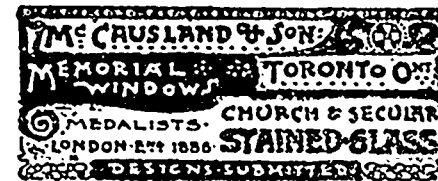
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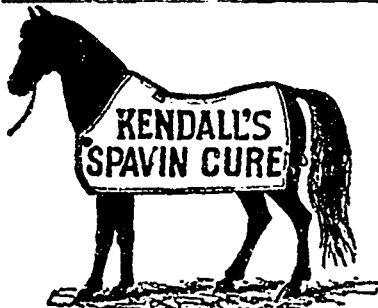


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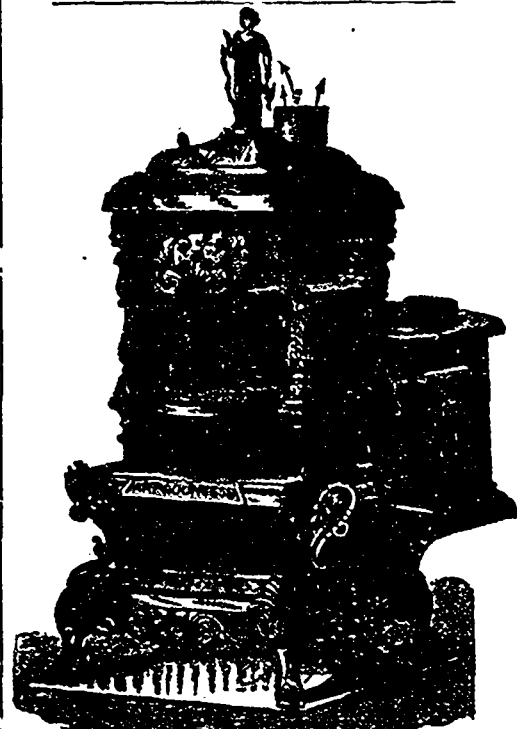
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