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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, June, 23 1888

No. 19.

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NOTES.

The sentence of Mr. John Dillon, M.P., to six months' imprisonment has been confirmed, and he has been imprisoned. An address was presented to him signed by 150 members of the House of Commons, resenting the policy of sending him to unmerited imprisonment, and expressing the hope that his sojourn in prison would be made less bitter by the knowledge that sympathy for him was not confined to Ireland.

The Government sustained a second defeat on Tuesday in the House of Commons over an amendment to one of the clauses of the Local Government Bill, dealing with police regulations. Mr. John Morley offered the amendment, and, despite the fact that it came from the ranks of the Liberals, the Tories were beaten by a majority of 30, in which were numbered Lord Hartington and many Tories and Unionists, who were regardless of party lines. Mr. Chamberlain retired before the vote was taken.

Ladies are coming to the front in English politics. Mrs. Labouchere has made her first appearance as a political speaker. She addressed a Liberal meeting in a London suburb the other night and produced an effect which, the *Univers* says, rivalled the successes of Mrs. Henrietta Hodson, the actress. "She is an accomplished elocutionist," adds the same journal, "and moved the hearts of her auditors when she related the thrilling, truthful episodes of an eviction scene, where she had to take a babe from its mother's breast. Mrs. Labouchere is an Irish woman, and her sympathies, as those of her husband, are with the suffering and oppressed."

I went into a church the other day, says Laclede in the *Montreal Gazette*, to hear the choral music. It was dusk, coming out of the glare of the morning—and who, do you think, was next me in the pew? A squaw, with a scarf of blue and black stripes, worn as a hood on her head; a jacket and skirt of flowered calico, dead tints; a silver ring on the second finger of the right hand. She knelt and bowed gracefully to the shrine, and under the blessing of the celebrant, while, with sharp whispers, she told her beads, that clinked on the edge of the pew with its cross and medal.

Reference is made in our Montreal correspondence this week to the action of His Grace, Mgr. Fabre, in pointing the misapprehension under which Mr. Justice Church laboured when he referred to Notre Dame Hospital of Montreal, as a charitable institution of a non-sectarian character. The Hospital is an institution, under Catholic control, but otherwise public in character and designed for the relief of the distressed. It is as well to be precise in speaking of such matters. So many are apt to confound them, when we speak of Christianity, properly so called, independent of the Church, or distinguishable from it.

High Requiem Mass was sung in St. Michael's Cathedral on Wednesday for the repose of the soul of the late Archbishop of Toronto. Every priest of the diocese was present, as was also every bishop of the Province at present in Canada. Notwithstanding that he was crippled, Bishop Walsh assisted in the ceremonies. His Lordship was obliged to use a crutch. The body of the church was much crowded, even the aisles being packed with worshippers. Bishop Dowling, of Peterboro', preached the funeral oration, which consisted of a eulogy of the dead prelate and a sketch of his career. Very Rev. Father Rooney sang the mass, assisted by Rev. J. J. McEntee, Oshawa, as deacon, and Rev. F. Shanahan, Niagara, as sub-deacon. Bishop Walsh, assisted by Very Rev. Father Laurent and Very Rev. Father Hamel, S.J., Bishop O'Mahoney, assisted by Rev. Father McCann, and Very Rev. Father Hughes, of Hartford, also took part in the ceremonies. The absolution was pronounced by Bishop Dowling.

Among the resolutions adopted at the recent National Convention of the Democratic party at St. Louis, was the following message of good will to Ireland:

Resolved, That we express our cordial sympathy with the struggling people of all nations in their efforts to secure for themselves the inestimable blessings of self government and civil and religious liberty, and we especially declare our sympathy with the efforts of those noble patriots who, led by Gladstone and Parnell, have conducted their grand and peaceful contest for Home Rule in Ireland.

The resolution of the Convention is a sufficient answer to Mr. Chamberlain's boast upon his return to England that no Americans of any prominence were in favour of Home Rule. The wonder is that some Irish member failed to challenge him to name any American of any prominence who was not in favour of Home Rule.

MONTREAL GOSSIP.

"Jannock to the back-bone," was a Lancashire man's comment on our new Governor-General last week, after hearing his lordship's sincere and sensible speech, and gladdening his eyes with the sight of the most popular of all the Stanleys.

Like most natives of his country, His Excellency dislikes a fuss, and his first official visit to the commercial metropolis of Canada passed off very quietly. Our French fellow citizens are delighted at his perfect mastery of their language, our old English residents are delighted at his truly English appearance, and we are all delighted at the apparent genuineness of the man. It is a foregone conclusion that at the next vice regal ball in Montreal we shall not be invited to take champagne and given Sohmer.

The Kermesse is a thing of the past. Last Wednesday night the fair and fatigued ambulancières, after ten days of most energetic work,

"Folded their tents like the Arabs,
And silently stole away."

Or rather, the tents were folded for them the next morning, and Place d'Armes is now in its normal condition. The bazaar was really very pretty, and profitable, too, the proceeds being over twelve thousand dollars. The scene on the last evening was most animated, the strains of the band being hushed to admit of the sale by auction of the odds and ends remaining on the tables. The auctioneer, a prominent society man, was quite witty, and managed his amateur sale capitally. He had some difficulty in disposing of a quantity of cosmetics, pearl powder and such like, which, to the credit, be it said, of our fair townspeople, remained unsold. What a motley crowd any public entertainment in Montreal is sure to bring together! At the Kermesse, the different elements composing the population of our city were most noticeable. In one corner might be seen a reverend Abbé, in clerical hat and soutane, talking earnestly with the lady president of a table; in another, a Scotch railway magnate of princely wealth and Presbyterian tenets was making lavish purchases; groups of pretty girls, whose bright eyes, glowing complexions, and graceful figures proclaimed them *belles Canadiennes*, even before they opened their pretty mouths to chatter French, were powerful rivals to the more stately and serious, though equally charming damsels who were such efficient saleswomen at the English, Irish, Scottish and American tables. The lady president of the French table, a most energetic worker in the cause of charity, was a Jewess; in another part of the tent, a distinguished Catholic authoress and a fair cousin of the late Lord Palmerston worked in concert.

The Irish table, possibly to shew how Irish manufactures have been discouraged of late, turned into a Japanese stall, and, profiting by the existence of our well-furnished Japanese shops, became a very artistically arranged Japanese stall indeed, and a very popular one as well. The kitchen department was a most important one, where gas stoves blazed, cooks toiled, corks popped, and everybody, in Yankee parlance, "flew around," except one old woman who, in the thickest of the fray, sat with her feet on a chair before her, calmly peeling potatoes into a tin pan. There she sat for over a week, happy because irresponsible—except for the potatoes. The kitchen was a dreadful place for seizures. No box or hamper destined for any stall whatever that found its way into that tent was ever seen again. Many were the complaints, but restitution was, naturally, impossible. At the Grand Café sat a negress who had been hired to wash cups and glasses, with the distinct understanding that she was to wear a red turban, and so make a picturesque addition to the *personnel* of the table. Once established, she refused flatly to be crowned with a bandana, and after several days of utter idleness was, very properly, dismissed. Why is it that people say, "worked like a nigger"? Surely the negro who works hard has yet to be born!

During the fearful thunderstorm which threatened the Kermesse with ruin, one young lady, who is as sprightly in fact as she is fragile in appearance, calmly walked up to terrified beings, who had preferred to face the dangers of the Kermesse rather than the dangers of the elements, and in unflinching accents asked them to "take a throw on a sewing machine," upon which the lightning at the moment was playing brightly. A young scion of French nobility caused some amusement by

becoming the winner of a gorgeous doll, with a Saratoga full of equally gorgeous garments, which he carried about, proudly displaying them to his lady friends.

Apropos of the various elements of Montreal society, one of the most refined looking men at the Kermesse was a young Iroquois law student, a former pupil of St. Mary's College, who is noted no less for his gentleman-like instincts than for his polished manners. It would certainly surprise the ghost of Jacques Cartier, if by any chance he or it hovered round the Kermesse, in anxiety respecting the future well-being of a section of his Canadians, were he to behold a descendant of the fierce Iroquois with a rose in his button hole, fanning a pretty girl while she ate her strawberry-ice, and whispering "sweet nothings" into her ear in equally faultless English and French. Whether or not reckless generosity be a trait in the Indian character, this son of the Grand Chief of Caughnawaga was lavish in his purchases, and seldom refused the oft-repeated invitation to "take a throw."

You have doubtless heard of the unfortunate damper thrown over the *Kermesse* by the difference of opinion respecting the word *non-sectarian*, held by His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal and His Honour Mr. Justice Church. The latter gentleman in his opening address spoke with approval of the Notre Dame Hospital, as being modelled on the Montreal General Hospital, and in the true sense of the word, a non-sectarian institution. His Grace Archbishop Fabre, however, protested against the assertion through his Chancellor the Abbé Emard, and stated most emphatically that the Notre Dame Hospital was *de facto* under religious control. *Inde iras*—and a sigh of regret arose at the dire prospect of the split which it was feared would take place in the camp. Happily however, nothing of the kind occurred. Our age is indeed a wonderful one, made up of a series of contradictions and endowed with that liberal spirit which succeeds in harmonizing the most conflicting opinions. Hence all parties concerned continued satisfied and smiling, and the *Star* came to the conclusion that the Montreal General Hospital is a non-sectarian institution under Protestant control, and Notre Dame Hospital a non-sectarian institution under Catholic control. Which is all very well at present, but there are those who, Cassandra like, prophesy that the day may come when "Jew, Turk and Atheist," exercising their privilege of purchasing a governorship of Notre Dame Hospital, may constitute a majority, and cause the institution to resemble still more closely that one upon which it is modelled—the Montreal General Hospital.

In the meantime *Vive la Kermesse* and all honour to the charitable ladies of the different denominations who so indefatigably worked in the cause of charity.

The "improvements" are still being carried on with unabated vigour in our streets, with this variety, that Mr. St. George has his asphaltting corps at work, and if you escape destruction from a falling Methodist on St. James' Street, you are liable to tumble into a cauldron of boiling pitch on St. Catharine Street. Much of the building and dismantling is caused by last year's fires. It is to be hoped that there will be a lull in the daily blazes for a while—seeing that they have materially injured the credit of the city abroad.

Experts sent here recently from the States have reported the fire department to be in so wretched a condition, that the companies have sent up their rates—not twenty per cent., as the *Star* had it, but thirty-five per cent. as I have learned from private information. And those firms who hitherto have placed their insurance under the protection of the American Eagle will be glad humbly to return to the ægis of the British Lion.

OLD MORTALITY.

Curran was engaged in a legal argument. Behind him stood his colleague, a gentleman whose person was remarkably tall and slender, and who had originally intended to take orders. The judge observed that the case under discussion involved a question of ecclesiastical law. "Then," said Curran, "I can refer your lordship to a high authority behind me, who was once intended for the church, though, in my opinion, he was fitter for the steeple."

THE COLONEL'S STORY.

II.

"The pirate captain did not carry out his threat. He, as well as his crew, soon learned to look upon Villafana with superstitious awe. They treated him kindly but they kept him a prisoner. Where could they have found another physician like this strange, gentle, and fearless man? During two long years Villafana was compelled to live in the company of these outlaws; but all this time his influence over them was growing stronger every day and gradually detaching them from a life of crime. They had ceased murdering their captives; they gave up pillaging at last, and the captain, assembling his crew one day, announced to them that their association was at an end; he had resolved upon trying to lead henceforth the life of an honest man, and he urged them to do likewise. They landed on the coast of Mexico, and parted company. Villafana was free. He proceeded to the city of Mexico, where he commenced practising medicine. He soon became famous for his wonderful cures, and the eccentricity of his manner, which had become abrupt and wild. He would stop a man on the street and tell him: "You are sick, you have such a disease, swallow this and you will be cured." If the patient, frightened by the earnestness of his manner took the medicine, he was saved; if, repulsing him as a quack and a madman, he refused, he died.

Adventures of this sort led people to think the "mad doctor" as he was called by many, an adept in witchcraft; others believed that immaculate sanctity alone could perform such wonders. He was sent for by wealthy patients, who rewarded him liberally, but he sought the poor and unfortunate, and the gold taken from the palace was not long in finding its way to the hovel. Abstemious in his habits, always poorly clad, living in a garret, the benevolent doctor seemed to have constituted himself the disbursing agent of the rich for the benefit of the poor.

The good man, however, came near falling a victim to the superstition of the times. Returning home one afternoon after a toilsome day's work in the wretched jacales of the suburbs, he met a funeral procession on its way to the cemetery. In the old Spanish colonies it is customary to carry the coffin uncovered; the lid is put on only when the corpse is ready to be lowered to its last resting place. The body is usually decked in all the finery of this world; that of a child is crowned with flowers. I have seen one to which little gauze wings had been adapted; the cheeks were rouged, and the glassy eyes held open by artificial means. A numerous escort of children dressed in white walked on each side, strewing the road with cut flowers which they carried in small baskets. The people say that when an innocent child dies it is an angel returning to heaven, and there is therefore more cause for joy than grief. In this instance the corpse was that of a lovely girl upon whose radiant countenance the hand of death had but lightly pressed its mysterious seal. Villafana had stopped, and he awaited, hat in hand, the passage of the procession. As the coffin came abreast of him he gazed sadly at the youthful form so soon doomed to be turned to dust. All at once he started wildly, a cry of horror burst from his lips, and springing into the middle of the street, he confronted the astonished bearers. "Stop!" he cried—"on your lives stop! That child is not dead! Do you wish to bury her alive?"

The dishevelled hair and disordered dress of the doctor, his thin features bronzed by long exposure to the tropical sun, his dark eyes shining with a wild and mysterious light—everything about him gave him the appearance of a madman. The people attempted to drive him back, but he resisted, repeating aloud: "She is alive, I tell you! Would you commit a crime?"

Much confusion ensued, and Villafana would have suffered violence at the hands of the crowd had not the dead girl's father interposed. Overwhelmed with grief, he was following the dead body of his beloved child when his attention was roused by the tumult, and he heard the last words of the doctor. Rushing forward and forcing his way through the excited crowd, he caught Villafana by the arm. "Man!" cried the bereaved parent, "Man, what is it you have said? My Pepita alive? Answer! Do not trifle with a father's heart; do not awake insane hopes only to make my despair more bitter. Speak! On your life, is she alive?"

"Senor," replied Villafana, who had recovered his composure, "upon my last hopes of salvation I swear to you that

your daughter is at this moment alive. Take her back to your house, and, God permitting, I will restore her to your love."

"Come, then," said the old man, "bring her back to life and all my wealth shall be yours. But," he added, or rather hissed, "deceive me and I will tear out your heart."

Villafana shrugged his shoulders, and taking the poor old father's arm, walked back to the house where a weeping mother mourned the loss of her last born. The young girl was laid upon a bed and all the paraphernalia of death was removed by order of the doctor, who having despatched a messenger to the nearest pharmacy for certain drugs, carefully prepared a mixture. He forced a spoon between the clenched teeth of the girl, and poured in, drop by drop, a spoonful of the liquid. He then took his seat by the bedside, and having consulted his watch, addressed at last the unhappy father, who, silent and trembling with anxiety, had followed eagerly his every movement.

"Senor," said he, "in fifteen minutes I shall give her another dose, in another fifteen minutes with the grace of God she will revive." And taking a breviary, which he always carried with him, he commenced reading. A tomb-like silence reigned in the room. The eyes of the members of the family who had been permitted to remain, were fixed on the beautiful young face, which, cold and rigid as marble, looked still paler under the raven curls that crowned it. The nonotous ticking of a clock in an adjoining room was the only sound heard, keeping time with the throbs of the old Mexican's heart. The grief-stricken man was leaning against the wall at the foot of the bed. He too would have seemed dead but for the tremulous working of his lips. He was praying. But what is it that makes his eyes dilate and flash with mingled fear and hope? It is a mere fancy, an optical delusion, or has a fugitive flush colored the marble-like cheeks of his child? The doctor lays aside his book. Another spoonful of the life giving cordial is forced between the pale lips. Not a word is spoken. How slow the ticking of the clock! Surely another quarter is passed. Listen! That deep-drawn sigh came from the bed! Villafana's forbidding gesture checks the father, ready to rush forward. The old man falls on his knees, big tears course down his furrowed cheeks, his chest heaves convulsively, but not a sound is heard. Again! Again! The regular soft breathing is now audible to all. The beautiful head moves slightly, and the cheek, now tinged with life's blood rests on the pillow.

"Mama! Querida Mama!" The first word of the child awaking from her dream of death has been the name of the dear mother, who, still plunged alone in the darkened chamber, was not aware that her heart's treasure was restored to her.

The old father embraced Villafana's knee and offered him a fortune; every one blessed the strange doctor as the savior of Pepita.

"Give what you please to the poor," he said meekly, "I have been but the humble instrument of a merciful God; they are his children."

(To be continued.)

MR. HEALY, M. P., ON THE PAPAL RESCRIPT.

SOME INTERESTING HISTORY.

From the *Nation's* report we make the following extracts from the important speech lately delivered in Dublin by Mr. T. M. Healy, M. P., on the Roman Circular.—I presume, meeting as we do to-day for the first time after the recent declaration by the Irish Catholic members of Parliament in the Mansion House, in respect of the recent circular from Rome, that it would be supposed that some remarks on the subject should be made here to-day. I confess I myself approach the subject with some reluctance—first, because I imagine that to a large extent the effect of the declaration from the Holy Office has considerably worn off; secondly, because of the inherent difficulties in dealing with any matter of the kind by way of public address, to a mixed assembly. However, what strikes me in the first instance in relation to the matter is this—and it must be one which I think should give our friends in Rome cause—that the Pope would never have been appealed to by the British Government if the people in Ireland, in the first instance, had not made themselves formidable to the British Government (applause), so that the Papal

power is only invoked because we have demonstrated our power of opposition and resistance in this country by means of our organization to the existing tyranny that prevailed in the land. In the same way looking within the last ten years at the play of Vatican diplomacy in its intervention in the affairs of the people of Europe, one must be struck by the fact that the rulers of any country never asked aid or counsel from his Holiness until they found themselves in a position of extreme embarrassment with the National Catholic parties in their own land. Now, what occurred in Ireland in 1883 at the time of the Errington mission under a Liberal Government, and what has occurred now with the mission of the Duke of Norfolk under a Tory Government, resemble to a large extent what has taken place in Belgium and Germany, and to some extent in Spain, since the opening of the present pontificate of his Holiness Leo XIII., and I think myself that we must be largely guided in our judgment as to the way in which we should receive any extraordinary intervention in our domestic and municipal affairs by reference to the manner in which other countries have received such interventions. Now, let us first

LOOK AT WHAT TOOK PLACE IN BELGIUM.

It will be remembered that before his elevation to the exalted position of Sovereign Pontiff his Holiness had been Minister or Nuncio to Brussels, and, therefore, he must have had a large acquaintance with Belgian politics. Well, Belgium is we know in majority a Catholic country, but it was ruled just as France is ruled at this moment, to a large extent by Jews, Freemasons, and Protestants. I say this without the least offence to any class or creed, and I merely state a fact. It was under the Premiership of Frere Orban, who was one of the leading Freemasons in the country, and as the result his Ministry suppressed the Papal Embassy at Rome, which had been sent there by the Government of Belgium. Indignant at this conduct and at the general policy of the Freethinking Cabinet, the Catholics of Belgium, for the first time I may say, rallied together as one man. An agitation of extraordinary strength was organized, and at its head were the archbishops, bishops, and clergy of Belgium. What happened? No sooner had the Catholic party become strong, no sooner had they begun to make themselves formidable to the atheistic Government, which had outraged the Holy See, than we find Frere Orban intriguing with the Vatican, and opening negotiations with the Pope for the re-establishment of Belgian Embassy at the Vatican, and, as a price for that re-establishment of diplomatic relations, he proposed that the Pope should intervene to mitigate the agitation of his Catholic subjects in the kingdom of Belgium. Had the Catholics of Belgium been let alone they would have done what absolutely happened within the next three or four years—they would have established a Catholic Government in that country, but some diplomatists were anxious to pluck the apple before it was ripe, and remonstrances were addressed to the Archbishop of Malines and other Catholic dignitaries from Rome.

This gave rise to high debates in the chamber, and finally, the high contracting parties being unable to come to terms, Frere Orban coolly read the whole of his correspondence with the Pope in the Belgium Chamber, creating panic, alarm, and indignation on the part of the Catholic people in Belgium, and such was the resentment thereat aroused that if anyone wants to see the way in which exterior intervention in domestic affairs should be treated I would advise him to read the pastoral upon the subject by the Archbishop of Malines on the intrigues of the Atheistic Government of Belgium and his Holiness. I say that if the terms used in that pastoral by the Archbishop of Malines towards the authorities of the Church in Rome had been employed by any of the Catholic dignitaries in this country, his position would not be worth ten minutes' purchase, and it is only that the people of Belgium are a people with their own government and their own Parliament and their own laws, that their Archbishop and the Catholics of that country were enabled to take up this important and independent stand. We in this country are accustomed to being kicked. We in this country are like the toad under the stone. A kind of callousness has come over us, our skin has become thickened, and so we don't treat with the same spirit of indignation the intervention by an exterior power which other people, like the people of Belgium, would display; and the position of the Belgian Catholics was the position of the Irish Catholic Nationalists, which is that if the Curia would be good enough to

leave us alone, we should settle our contest with the British Government in double-quick time. I am not saying for one moment but that the Circular does display courage from a Catholic point of view; and we as Catholics must take some pride in the fact that, in a situation certainly of great doubt, the Holy Office should have the courage to run the risk, in their view, in the interests of religion, of alienating a large body of the Irish nation here and in America and Australia.

NOW TAKE THE CASE OF GERMANY;

and no more fatal instance could be quoted than the effect of the intervention of the Holy See with the Centre or Catholic party in the Reichstag of the German Empire. What was the case in Germany? After the war with France a federated Parliament was created in the German Empire. At that time, 1871, no religious question had arisen, and there was no Catholic party to safeguard the interests of the Catholic population; but owing to causes into which I will not now enter, the May Laws or Falk Laws, as they were called, were passed, by which the Church in Prussia was put as much under the dominion of the Emperor as a regiment of his own hussars. Well, the Catholic people of Germany, who were inert and inactive, as were the people of Belgium, had for the first time to consider their strength, and, under the lead of the ablest parliamentarians of the time, the ex Prime Minister of Hanover, Windhorst, in a short time Catholic unions, and Catholic clubs, and Catholic newspapers were studded like daisies all over Germany, and at the next general election a Catholic party strong in numbers was created. Well, we all know that Bismarck has used the celebrated phrase that "he would never go to Canossa," as a German Emperor had done in the days of Hildebrand. No sooner, however, was the Catholic party formed than Bismarck changed his tune, and one of the most remarkable things in Continental history was the manner in which, by action of that party, bit by bit the May Laws were gradually relaxed, and at every fresh election the party achieved fresh victories, until they numbered 80, and, I believe, ultimately 90. What happened then? The Catholics being strong, Bismarck went with his petition to the Pope. They were interfering with the German Empire, and had become a cause of offence to the Government. Bismarck, just about this time, seized an island belonging to Spain, apparently with the object of asking the Pope to negotiate as an intermediary in the matter between himself and the King of Spain. The Pope, of course, was highly flattered that a man who passed the May Laws should now "go to Canossa," and the result of the Pope's intervention was that he gave back the island to Spain.

What happened then? Bismarck made one of the most unconstitutional proposals from a British point of view that could possibly be imagined. He asked that in view of the apprehension of war the Reichstag should vote the war taxes seven years ahead. Well, the Centre Party were willing to give the taxes three years ahead; but they would not give them seven years. They defeated the Government, and Parliament was dissolved. To counteract their action, in a purely domestic matter, taken probably to prevent bloodshed with France, Bismarck went to the Pope, and, yielding to his persuasions and in view of getting further concessions under the Falk Laws which the Centre Party would in any case have achieved, for they are winning, as we are winning our fight, the Pope intervened and issued practically what amounted to a mandate to the German Catholics to vote for the Septennial proposal. The prestige of the fighting Catholics, whose *raison d'être*, whose possible reason for existence was that they were fighting the cause of the Church, was weakened. They found themselves, so to speak, attacked in the flank from Rome, and at the present time, to a large extent, division exists in the Catholic party in Germany. Windhorst did not remain silent, and in his speech in Cologne he laid down what in his opinion was the limit of just intervention from the Vatican with their affairs. He took a stern, bold, respectful, but uncompromising attitude, and I say his attitude and the attitude of the Archbishop of Malines, firm, calm, and unflinching, are very proper models for the Irish Catholics to adopt (hear, hear). Now, I may be told that there is no proposition in the recent Papal Circular which might not be assented to as a matter of faith, and which should not have the cheerful assent of every Catholic and Irishman, once you grant the premises upon which it is founded

(hear, hear). But if high dignitaries, congregations, and ecclesiastics choose to decide propositions on wrong premises, then those whom these premises affect will knock the bottom out of these premises, and will expose them with as much ruthlessness as they would feel bound in their political course to expose any other injurious falsehood (hear, hear). Now, I see that

CARDINAL MORAN

is very soon to be in Rome, and I am very glad of it, because there is no man more competent to give good advice on the subject of the relations between the Irish tenants and their landlords than his Eminence, and I would advise, if I might humbly and respectfully tender my advice in such a distinguished quarter—I would advise Cardinal Monaco, who seems to have penned the recent circular, to take counsel with Cardinal Moran on his arrival, and to ask him for a sight of the famous letter of October, 1880, in which his Eminence Cardinal Moran laid down the proposition, as I recollect it, that instead of Irish tenants paying any more rent to their landlords, the landlords ought to make "restitution" to them (hear, hear) for the robberies that they had committed in the past. In the state of doubt and anxiety in which we are placed I am willing to balance the opinion of Cardinal Moran, the Irishman, against Cardinal Monaco, the Italian (hear), and I am well persuaded that the opinion of the cautious, prudent, and by no means enthusiastic dignitary, such as Cardinal Moran is, coming from one who has merited the highest honour which it is in the hands of the Pope to confer, that that opinion expressed eight years ago, before their present situation arose, and before any question of the Plan of Campaign loomed upon the horizon, respecting the real position of Irish tenants, must, if it be pursued with diligence, carry enormous weight in any quarter where his opinion is entitled to consideration.

I pass, therefore, from that subject with this observation, that while no man would contest any of the propositions of morality which the Circular lays down, what we complain of, and what I think we have a right to complain of, is that the interpretation of a document which has been given to the public press, is practically, so far as I can gather, left to the *London Times* and to the Irish Defence Union, and to the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union to place whatever construction they like upon it, just as the Act of Parliament known as the Coercion Act is left to the Emergency men to construe, although it is an Act which, if it was administered by a fair jury and fair tribunals, no one would see anything unfair to complain of. So in the same way with this document, it is possible that its contents, purports, and objects can be interpreted any way they please by an unscrupulous band of enemies who hate the Pope only one degree less than they hate us.

In my opinion the Irish people will proceed at the present day exactly as they proceeded in 1883, when the unfortunate Circular relating to "Parnell and his gang," as we were respectfully termed, was issued. There will be no estrangement in any sense between the Irish people and their pastors, or the Pope, or the Roman authorities; but just as the Irish people are shrewd and sensible enough to avoid flying into one extreme, so with equal good sense and judgment they will avoid running into the other, because the Irish people are good Catholics, and, because they understand their religion, know very well what are the true bounds and confines to place upon this Papal document.

AN ANGLICAN RELIC.

The historic pulpit of St. Mary's, Oxford, the pulpit of John Henry Newman, is doomed to be broken up. Whether its demise has been occasioned by the constant strain and disruption of opposing doctrines, or by the weight of theological lore that has pressed upon its boards, it has finally proved unequal to sustain the burden of existence. Why will not somebody write that pulpit's autobiography? A precedent has led the way in "The Adventures of a Velvet Cushion," which dealt with the sayings and doings of Low Church preachers. St. Mary's pulpit could hardly be characterized by the terms High, Low or Broad; for, in truth, it has given forth utterances of all those various notes in turn. An "Esquire Bedell," one of a race of time-honoured officials who, with tufted gown and

silver mace, solemnly marshal the University preacher on his way to the pulpit, at length came to breathe his last. His profession of faith is reported to have been: "Well, I have attended the University sermons for more than forty years; I have heard every variety of doctrine within those walls; the afternoon preacher contradicted the morning; the resident Tractarian master-of-arts pointed out the *Via Media*, and was immediately denounced by an incumbent from the country; it has been altogether a Babel of confusion and a contradiction of tongues—and yet, I am thankful to say, I die a Christian after all." It was an impressive speech, and recorded a result improbable *a priori*. But it would pale before the interest of a sermon on "Unity in Variety," or on "The Compatibility if not Identity of Black and White," delivered by the pulpit under which that Esquire Bedell had sat.

Falling this, a collection of "Ana," detaining its "Variations," as Bossuet would say, would form an important episode in the Church history of the present century. The well-established reign of the "High and Dry;" the first incipient creakings (we are speaking of a wooden structure) that heralded the advent of something higher and less dry; the solemn breathings of those wonderful afternoon and "parochial" sermons, to which bachelors and undergraduates listened and felt themselves lifted into another sphere—forgetful of the dinner they were probably losing—all would have a place in the collection of anecdotes. Then came the deep voiced indignant protests of "two-bottle orthodoxes," spreading alarm of Popery; relieved occasionally by scholastic dissertations from some tutor saturated with Greek ethics, and illustrating the old Stagirite by parallel passages from Thucydides and Shakespeare that hardly lay under the surface. Gradually, also, waxed and gathered strength the mild agnosticism, startling to one generation, but quietly accepted by the next; such utterances, for example, as "Paul says, and upon the whole I am disposed to agree with him." Are these significant touches all to pass away from history, *carant quia vate sacro*? The portly "head of the house" lives still in a fast fading tradition which chronicles the peroration of his sermon before the University. "Hence, you may perceive, my brethren, the advantages of learning—that it enables a man to look down on his fellow creatures, and paves the way for him to many comfortable places of emolument, both in this world and the world to come." Alas! that such fragmentary memories as these should be the only vehicle of conveying to generations unborn the wonders, the glories, and even the humours of St. Mary's pulpit—that no worthier *oraison funebre* should be pronounced over its splintering fragments, before they are trundled away to form (we are told) a screen in some other part of that University church which has heard voices from Roger Bacon down to Canon Liddon, with many a varied utterance between!—*London (Eng.) Weekly Register.*

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

Cardinal Newman, who, though somewhat feeble, is in fairly good health, attended Mass in accordance with his custom, at the Edghaston Oratory, Birmingham, on Friday, on the occasion of the annual festival of St. Philip Neri, the founder of the Congregation of the Oratory.

Referring to Lady Ripon's reception in Carlton House Terrace, the London correspondent of the *Leeds Mercury* says: "The most striking lady, perhaps, was Mrs. Vanderbilt, who literally carried out Lord Beaconsfield's idea of 'wearing ropes of pearls.' It was estimated that her diamonds, of which she had a profusion round her neck and above her hair, must have represented over \$500,000 in value."

The *London Universe* congratulates America upon the skill and beauty of Miss Ada Rehan, of the Daly Comedy Company, at the moment appearing in a Shakespearian part in the Gaety Theatre of London—rather a disinfected for that establishment. America is proud of her and has a right to be. But honour to whom honour is due. Miss Ada Rehan is a Limerick lady. There his trionic talent is no rarity; as for female loveliness, it is a drug.

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

LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

St. Michael's Palace, Toronto, 29th Dec., 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 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. CADDRY
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1888.

This number of THE REVIEW will reach several Catholic colleges just about the close of the academic year. It will be read by some whose college course closes with it, and who leave the quiet haunts of study and the companionship of books to take the world by the throat and to work out their own futures. To these the occasion must bring a sense of regret and responsibility.

For, as scholars, they go out into the world having a grave mission and duty. The word scholar is not to be used in a low or contracted sense. We mean by it a learner, not the mere pedant, for literary epicure or dandy, but a serious, robust man, who feels that life is a serious thing, and that he has a serious part to act in it. "He may be a theologian, a politician, a naturalist, a poet, a moralist, or a metaphysician," says a great writer in defining a true scholar's idea, "but whichever or whatever he is, he is it with all his heart and soul, with high, noble—in one word, religious aims and aspirations." In this view of the scholar it is not enough that a man be master of the technicalities of a few of the familiar sciences, or able to make a felicitous quotation from Horace or Juvenal,—he must be a grave, earnest-minded man who lives, and is content to labour, for some high and worthy end. The end for which God made us and placed us here is progress. Growth towards good, and the instructing and inspiring mankind for the fulfilment of their destiny is the Christian idea of the high and responsible mission of the scholar. The truest have been they who laboured most laboriously for their fellows, who felt that the infinite Eye, whatever they did, or wherever they were, rested upon them. It is a subject on which there is no room for foolish pride or pretension. No one can say who will be

the distinguished. Neither rank nor wealth, nor all the facilities they command, can assure a father that his son shall turn out a scholar. Often the best training in the world has been bestowed in vain. "Out from some obscure corner, out from some Nazareth, from some carpenter's shop, from some blacksmith's forge, from some uncheered hut of misery and wretchedness, may start forth the true scholar, make his way through the crowd that close up against him, over the rich and proud who with armed heel would crush him, baffle want and poverty, and finally stand up in the serene majesty of the soul, the acknowledged leader of his race—a nobleman with the patent of his nobility, written not on parchment, but with God's own hand on his heart."

Thus spoke a man whose life was a realization of his own definition, the greatest scholar the Church ever produced in America, Brownson, the concluding words of whose address to the students of Vermont University we commend to those of THE REVIEW's readers for whom these remarks are especially intended.

"Young men! God in His Providence has given you your birth and education in a land won and defended by the solid virtues of a noble and self denying ancestry, committed to your charge to be made the land of true freedom, religious, political and moral. It is yours to instruct and inspire your countrymen in the great work of achieving true and enduring national glory and prosperity; it is for this that you have had advantages of education, means of enlarging and cultivating your minds which have been denied to many of your bretheren. Be faithful, I entreat you in the name of God and humanity, be faithful to your mission, acquit you like men. Feel that you are under a vow consecrated from your cradle to be prophets and priests of your race.

"Remember that it is not for your own advantage, or own pleasure, that you are educated and are to live. Beware how you imbibe this false notion. Your profession as scholars has fallen into disrepute, and colleges and universities are regarded among us with no friendly eye; for it has been felt that young men are educated not that they may the better serve the people, but the more easily, and in a more respectable way, get their living out of the people. Redeem the sacred character of the scholar I beseech you from this reproach, by devoting yourselves heart and soul to the progress of your race, to the moral, intellectual and social elevation of all men, especially the poorer and more numerous classes. In so doing you will magnify your profession as scholars, fulfill your mission and add honour to your country, and receive the approbation of your God."

We quoted Mr. Healy, M.P., last night, as saying that if his adhesion were asked to the abstract propositions laid down in the recent circular of the Holy Office, he gave his cordial assent to them; and that it was on altogether other grounds—the apparent application of the proposition to more than the minor aberrations of the national movement, and the assumption of the existence, to any extent, of the facts contemplated in the circular,—that he dissented, and remained, in the face of the document, "a wholly unrepentant and unregenerated sinner." A report of Mr. Healy's speech, the ablest that has been delivered from the Nationalist side, will be found elsewhere in this number. It is an interesting review of some recent events on the continent.

Mr. Healy's discussion of this difficult subject differs, it will be observed, from that of the impulsive section of the Irish Americans represented by Mr. Finerty of Chicago, in that it is dignified and moderate without, however, losing anything in the way of directness. The latter gentlemen, we are sorry to observe, employed in condemning as they did lately the issuance of the Rescript, the un-Catholic principle that, all moral consideration apart, the Circular was to be resisted in that it was an invasion of the civil dominion, and could have no claim to obedience in that it was an interference with, and opposed to—that strong American sentiment—"the sovereign will of the people." We mention this only to say that it would be very unfortunate, if, in matters in which were involved faith and morals, infallibility were ascribed to "the sovereign will of the people."

For in the history of human experience it is a fact that has been pointed out by writers as diverse as John Stuart Mill, Matthew Arnold, and Brownson, that in the most impressive examples which remain on its pages and excite our astonishment and horror, the majorities have been wrong. The world cannot be too often reminded of this. The Church is of God; what is not of the Church is not of God. It is a pernicious principle that anything is to be gained on the score of freedom by an appeal from the Church to the popular opinion. The voice of the people has not invariably been the voice of God. "Say not blasphemously" says Brownson, "*Vox populi vox Dei*; but say rather, if you say anything, *Vox populi vox diaboli*. Who condemned our blessed Saviour to the cross,—Socrates to drink hemlock? who has, in every age, persecuted the brave, the true hearted and saintly? who burnt our convent at Mount Benedict, burnt our churches and seminaries in Philadelphia, shot down our brethren in the street, and screened the criminals,—but your wise *vox populi*, who we will maintain, is as arrant a knave, as vain, fickle, malicious and murderous a rascal as ever walked the earth."

It is too much the custom in these days of demagogism to speak as if man's highest responsibility were to public opinion. Politicians and preachers work with the fear of the people before their eyes, and with a desire to obtain the people's approbation. They study to follow, not to form, public opinion. And so far, of course, as it has been effectual in elevating the great mass of the people, or in ameliorating in any degree their intellectual or social condition, it is to be commended. But it may be doubted if the tendency has resulted in any general elevation of the classes. Not that the Church is opposed to democracy, but there is a democracy which would require even the Church to sacrifice herself for the masses, not to them. "Who knows not," asks Brownson, "that if you would save the people you must often oppose them. No advance has ever yet been made but it has been opposed by them, especially by those they follow as their trusted leaders. Every true prophet and priest is at first a martyr to them. The real benefactor of his race is calumniated as a public enemy."

Our readers will be interested to hear that last week an event took place in Scotland which must have a powerful influence upon the fortunes of the Church in that once Catholic land, and must cause the Catholic heart to rejoice that the day has again come when the Church, after

a long period of the most dire persecution, can return to the practices of the Ages of Faith. Within the Octave of the Feast of Saint Columba, and in his honour, the Archbishops and Bishops of Scotland organized and brought to a successful issue a national pilgrimage to the island of Iona. An event of this nature in any country is at all times full of interest and instruction, but in the present circumstances it becomes almost phenomenal. For centuries the name of Scotland has been almost synonymous with hatred and intolerance of the Catholic Faith, and we need not go back very many years to point to a time when such an event would have been an impossibility. Evidence, however, is not wanting that a change has come over the hearts and minds of the Scottish people in this respect, and that with advancing years the prospect of their re-conversion to the Catholic Faith is becoming ever brighter and brighter. Ever since the ill-fated day when, at the instigation of the cruel and cowardly Knox and the traitorous brood of irreligious nobles whom he found willing instruments for his purpose, Scotland became untrue to herself and to God, no effort has been spared to blacken the fair fame of the Church and to sow deep in the hearts of the people hatred and distrust of the Mother who, in by-gone days, reared and nurtured them. Scotland's fall was sudden and complete. From that day until within recent years the average Scot would about as soon think well of the Evil One as of the Catholic Church. He had been reared to believe her the very incarnation of evil; what wonder, then, that he feared and distrusted her? But with the cessation of persecution and the spread of knowledge this unfortunate prejudice has relaxed, and gradually, but none the less surely, Scotland is putting on again the garb of Catholicity. Only the other day a discussion took place in the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, assembled at Inverness, which affords a striking instance of the change that has come over Scottish opinion. It appears that in the restoration of St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, a work due to the benefaction of the late Mr. Robert Chambers, many changes were effected little in accordance with the Calvinistic notions of a large number of the Presbyterian clergy. Niches that before the "Reformation" had been the repository of statues of Our Lord and the Saints, but which, under the destroying hand of the "Reformer," had been cast down and broken to atoms, restored to their original condition, and stained glass windows, emblematic of the ancient Faith, once more form a feature of St. Giles'. Not unexpectedly, a certain section of the Assembly raised strenuous objections to this "revival of popery," but when the matter came to a vote those who had raised their voices in denunciation were discomfited. In Scotland, and in a General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, this fact seems to us to mark the dawning of a new epoch. It is conclusive evidence that much of the old-time bigotry has given place to reverence for the ancient Church, and for the days of those heroic missionaries who from the island of Iona carried the faith to the remotest corners of Scotland, and reared those glorious cathedrals and religious houses which even in their ruins, eloquently proclaim that Scotland once was Catholic. It is to this island of Iona that upwards of fifteen hundred pilgrims wended their way on the 13th inst. to publicly intercede for their country's conversion. Details are not yet to hand, but the matter was taken up with so much enthusiasm it could not, with God's blessing, have been otherwise than the most gratifying success. In

another column we reproduce from the pages of a contemporary a sketch of Iona. During the present month, the intention recommended to the Apostleship of Prayer is that of "England's conversion." Would it not be a gracious as well as a charitable act, for all those members of the Apostleship under whose eyes these words may come, to add a short prayer also for the conversion of Scotland? What vast possibilities for good would not rest with these two peoples (remarkable for their energy and missionary spirit) if, in the providence of God, they were restored once more to the unity of the Church?

BOOK REVIEWS.

A **LONGFELLOW NIGHT**. A short sketch of the poet's life, with songs and recitations from his works, for the use of Catholic Schools and Catholic literary societies, by KATHARINE O'KEEFE. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

All Catholics will find the selections from Longfellow contained in "A Longfellow Night,"—among which are *The Monk Felix*, *King Robert of Sicily*, extracts from *Evangeline*, etc., peculiarly interesting and inspiring. The information given by Miss O'Keefe about Longfellow, and her remarks about his writings, will add much to the benefit to be derived from reading or reciting the selections. In regard to *Evangeline* she says: "The author [Longfellow] has given us several noble and beautiful women: the Indian maiden, *Minnehaha*; the Puritan, *Priscilla*; the Quaker, *Elizabeth*; but not one of them touches our hearts as does the simple Acadian peasant, *Evangeline*, the lovely Catholic maiden. Few there are, no matter what their race or religion, who do not prefer *Evangeline* to all other of Longfellow's characters; but to the Celtic and the Catholic heart she is peculiarly dear; for they have suffered from the same cruel government that caused all her sorrow, her weary wandering, her broken heart." We recommend the book to Catholic teachers who wish to gain for themselves, or to give to their pupils, an appreciation of the noble thoughts of a great poet.

CONQUESTS OF OUR HOLY FAITH, by James J. Treacy. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

The book before us is an admirable compilation of the testimonies of distinguished converts to the Catholic religion. The selections have been made with care and discernment, and have been drawn from the writings of the Church's greatest defenders. It is a good book to have by one in these days of misrepresentation.

THE **CATHOLIC WORLD** for July is remarkable for the number and ability of the articles on the social problems. They are contributed by Mr. Edward Priestly, Father J. Talbot Smith, and Dr. P. F. McSweeney. Mr. Orby Shipley, a distinguished English convert, in the leading article reveals the conscience of an honest Englishman concerning British rule in Ireland. He does so in a style that is very consoling after the spectacle of the attitude and intrigues of the Tory Catholics.

CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.

Over 3,000 pilgrims have so far visited the shrine of La Bonne St. Anne since the season.

The annual commencement of the students of the Ottawa College, took place on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 19th and 20th inst.

The ceremony of blessing the corner-stone of the new R. C. church at Chapleau was performed by Bishop Lorraine on Friday week.

The Rev. Brother Arnold, of St. Ann's School, Montreal, was presented with an address a few days ago by his pupils. He leaves shortly for a trip to France.

At a largely attended meeting of the congregation of St. Mary's Church of this city, on Sunday evening last, it was unanimously decided to at once complete the tower and spire of the new church. Committees were formed to secure money for that purpose. A picnic to be held on Saturday next in the Church grounds, will be the initiatory step.

The feast of St. Antoine de Padoue, which fell on Wednesday, was observed in Ottawa on Sunday last by a parade through many of the streets of Lower Town and attendance at High Mass in St. Anne's church, where Rev. Father Langevin, of the Ottawa College, preached a very eloquent sermon appropriate to the occasion. Representatives were in attendance from the St. Joseph's Society of Ottawa and Hull, the St. Peter's Society, the St. Thomas' Society, Ottawa; St. Thomas' Society, Hull; and the different branches of the C.M.B.A. After mass, a meeting was held in St. Anne's Hall, where a number of addresses were delivered.

The solemn blessing of the new chapel of the Grey Nuns' Rideau Street Convent, Ottawa, which is to be placed under the invocation of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, will be performed by His Grace Archbishop Duhamel on Monday morning, the 25th instant, at 8 o'clock. A large number of complimentary invitations has been issued, and no doubt the beautiful little chapel will be crowded. The contractor is hastily pushing matters forward to have all things in due and proper order on the day of consecration. The Grey Nuns' community can now assuredly with pride look upon the little chapel and truly say that it is one of the best in the country.

The *Ottawa Citizen* of Monday says:—The scene witnessed yesterday morning in the parish of St. Thomas, Billings' Bridge, the church belonging to which was blown down by the cyclone of the week before last, was one well calculated to evoke the sympathy of all in favour of the parishioners, who, as well in their private property as in the loss of their church, have been so sorely afflicted. Mass was celebrated in a small house on the property of the parish, and within a couple of perches of the site of the late church. So inadequate was the accommodation that a large proportion of those present were obliged to kneel outside, many of them under the broiling sun. At the conclusion of the sacred office, the energetic young pastor, Rev. Father Barry, addressed the congregation in words of encouragement, taking for his text St. James 1: 12, and instancing the conduct of the holy man Job under his afflictions and his subsequent reward for his humility and faithfulness. It is understood that a new church will be built, but for this object an appeal will unavoidably have to be made to the liberality of outsiders, as the severe losses sustained from the same cause by the majority of the parishioners—many of whom have lost nearly their all—they are totally unable to meet the proposed outlay.

IONA.

AND THE WORK OF SAINT COLUMBA.

The history of Iona dates from the year 563, when on Whit-sun Eve St. Columba and his twelve companions arrived from

Ireland. From that day this remote little island became invested with a sacred character, for its far-famed monastery founded by the saintly dove of the churches, was destined to be the luminary of the Scottish, the Pictish, and the Northumbrian kingdoms, and the pious memories of the Irish Apostle of Caledonia, like a bright cloud, still hang over the now lonely and desolate spot. As Cardinal Moran in his "Irish Saints" observes, even religious bigotry and national prejudice are constrained to be silent in the presence of Iona, the writers who have little sympathy with St. Columba or his creed have readily acknowledged the manifold blessings which Scotland derived from the work of an Irish saint. The immense labours and heroic virtues of the saint may be learned from the pages of historians of every age who have sought to pay just tribute to the memory of one whom they did not hesitate to regard as the grandest figure of the monastic life in these islands, but some idea of the fruit of his work, even during his own lifetime, may be gathered from the appearance of the Synod of Drumceatt in 577, where we are told he came accompanied by "forty priests and twenty bishops, noble, worthy; for singing psalms, a practice without blame, fifty deacons, thirty students." Perhaps, however, the noblest monument to his saintly life and labours is found in the undying veneration of the entire Celtic race for his memory. Not to speak of Ireland, his own "beloved and reproachless Erin," where his name has ever ranked with those of St. Patrick and St. Bridget, the whole country of the Scots and Picts would appear to have been dedicated as some kind of memorial to their Apostle, not less than 53 churches or monasteries having borne his name. He died on the morning of June 9th, 597, at the age of seventy-six years, forty-two of which were spent in Ireland, and the remaining thirty-four in the land of his adoption. "He died," says Chalmers, "leaving monasteries firmly settled, a people converted from Paganism to Christianity, and a name for the celebration of every age."

That he was buried in Iona is unquestionable, and that his body lay on the island for at least two centuries seems undoubted on the authority of Ven. Bede. The learned Irish historian, Colgan, however, says that his relics were carried to Ireland in 875, but we learn that St. Margaret, in the eleventh century, out of respect for the relics of the saint, caused the church and monastery to be repaired, and Matthew Paris, in the thirteenth, says "the body of St. Columba still rests, and is honoured at Hy-Columb Kille," while there has been a constant tradition and belief in the Highlands that his relics yet lie in the island, having been hidden by pious hands at the time of the Reformation, and a learned Scotch priest, writing in the middle of last century, says that he "believes that the story of St. Columba's relics being taken to Ireland is fabulous, and that they still remain at Iona hidden in some unknown place till it pleases the Almighty God, in his own good time, to manifest them, in order to renew the faith and fervour of the good people of these parts, and of all Scots who retain a due respect for the memory of this great saint." But whether or not the sacred relics rest now in Iona, there is yet enough to attract the pilgrim and inflame the Christian's devotion in this ancient abode of learning, truth and piety, for the memory of the most illustrious emigrant that ever left the green shores of Erin clings to the lonely island, and his spirit still seems to hover as if lingering to bless anew both Erin and Alba.—*Tablet*.

WHY BAKING POWDERS ARE BEST.

FROM HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

Baking powders, properly compounded, and containing pure cream of tartar, are more convenient than yeast; and bread and pastry made with them are just as wholesome and far more palatable.

We are in entire sympathy with the manufacturers of the Royal Baking Powder—who commenced and are vigorously conducting the war against the use of adulterated baking powders.

Before committing ourselves, however, we made tests of a sufficient number of baking powders to satisfy ourselves that the substitution of alum for cream of tartar in their composition

has not been over-estimated, while a careful examination of the Royal Baking Powder confirms our belief that Dr. Mott, the Government Chemist, when he singled out and commended this powder for its wholesomeness, did it wholly in the interests of the public.

We do not hesitate to say that the Royal Baking Powder people deserve the gratitude of the community whom they are endeavouring to protect.

SILK RIBBONS.

Those of our lady readers who would like to have an elegant large package of extra fine, Assorted Ribbons, (by mail), in different widths and all the latest fashionable shades, adapted for Bonnet Strings, Neckware, Scarfs, Trimming for Hats and Dresses, Bows, Fancy Work &c., can give an astonishing big bargain, owing to the recent failure of a wholesale Ribbon Manufacturing Co., by sending only 25 cents (stamps) to the address we give below.

As a special offer, this house will give double the amount of any other firm in America if you will send the names and P.O. address of ten newly married ladies when ordering and mention the name of this paper. No piece less than one yard in length. Satisfaction is guaranteed, or money cheerfully refunded. Three packages for 60 cents. Address, LONDON RIBBON AGENCY, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE.

As a mark of respect for the memory of the late Archbishop Lynch the authorities of St. Michael's College some weeks ago decided that their annual commencement should this year be carried out in private. No invitations therefore were issued for the assembly held in the college hall last evening. Following is a list of the medals and scholarships awarded:

MEDALS—Campbell Medal (Classics)—Thomas Leonard, Scranton, Pa. Honours—J. H. Murphy, Fall River, Mass.

Dowling Medal (English Essay)—Not awarded.

O'Connor Medal (Mathematics)—Not competed for.

Maddigan Medal (Commercial Course)—Thos. Collins, Jersey City, N. J.

SCHOLARSHIPS.—Natural Philosophy—1, R. F. Pierce, Moira, N. Y.; 2, James Murphy, Harrington, Ont.; 3, J. W. Dolan, Worcester, Mass.

Mental Philosophy—R. F. Pierce. Honors—1, J. W. Dolan; 2, James Murphy.

The Elmsley Bursary—G. P. Murphy, Cayuga, Ont. Honours—1, J. F. Dolan, Cohoes, N. Y.; 2, M. McGuire, Fenelon Falls, Ont.; 3, Thomas Bradley, Lawrence, Mass.

Christian Doctrine—James Murphy, V. Hughes, Toronto, ex-aequo. Honours—R. Pierce.

The London *Weekly Register* copies the following absurd paragraph from a recent number of the *Cleve St Stephen Parish Magazine*:—

"CAUTION:—It having come to the knowledge of the vicar that two or three of the younger members of the congregation have occasionally attended St. Edward's (Roman Catholic) Church, he takes the opportunity of warning all who may need the caution that to do so is to incur the guilt of schism. It is absurd to pray (in the Litany) 'from all false doctrine, heresy, and schism, good Lord deliver us,' and then attend schismatic places of worship.

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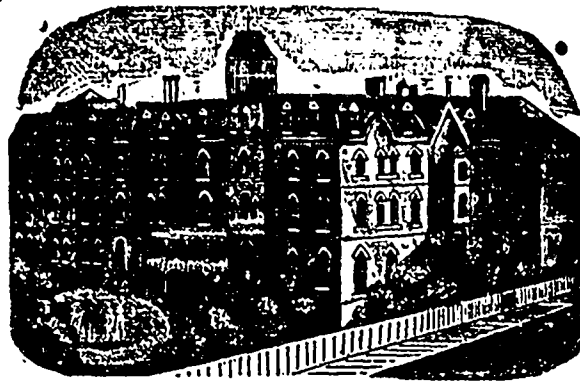
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