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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Reddite quae sunt Caesaris, Caesaris; et quae sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt 22: 21.

Vol V

Toronto, Saturday Oct. 24, 1891.

No 37

CONTENTS.

GLIMPSES OF CATHOLIC CANADA.....	L. A. Henry	580
"FATHER PROUT".....		581
ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY.....		582
A HEROIC DEED.....		583
EDITORIAL—		
The Review.....		584
A Tribute to Mr. J. J. Curran.....		584
The Situation in Ireland.....		584
The Parnellite Manifesto.....		584
The Methodist Ecumenical Council.....		585
Catholic Young Men's Societies.....		585
STORY—Brian Daley.....		586
BOOK REVIEWS.....		587
GENERAL CATHOLIC NEWS.....		587
MEM AND THINGS.....		589

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 ket by unprincipled men who, calling them-
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 ing by offering worthless imitations of the
 Genuine Owen Electric Belt that has stood
 the test of years and has a continental reputa-
 tion. Our Trade Mark is the portrait of
 Dr. A. Owen, embossed in gold upon every
 Belt and Appliance manufactured by The
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 I did. I feel now like myself again after taking
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Cured Entirely.
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 I, the undersigned, hereby state that my son
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 522 Race Street. JOHN NUENLITZ.
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 Nuenlitz's family, is fully convinced of the
 truth of above statement.
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 Our Pamphlets for names of persons who
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 This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend
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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the
 undersigned, and endorsed "Tender
 for Drill Hall, Toronto," will be received
 at this office until Friday, 2nd October,
 1891, for the several works required in the
 erection of Drill Hall, Toronto.
 Plans and Specifications is can be seen at
 the Department of Public Works, Ottawa,
 and at the office of R. C. Windeyer,
 Architect, Toronto, on and after Friday,
 11th Sept., and tenders will not be con-
 sidered unless made on form supplied and
 signed with actual signatures of tenderers.
 An accepted bank cheque payable to the
 order of the Minister of Public Works,
 equal to five per cent. of amount of tender,
 must accompany each tender. This cheque
 will be forfeited if the party declines the
 contract or fail to complete the work con-
 tracted for, and will be returned in case of
 non-acceptance of tender.
 The Department does not bind itself to
 accept the lowest or any tender.
 By order,
 E. F. E. ROY,
 Secretary.
 Department of Public Works,
 Ottawa, 5th Sept., 1891.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the
 undersigned, and endorsed "Tenders for
 Post Office, Vancouver, B. C.," will be re-
 ceived at this office until Friday, 2nd Oc-
 tober, 1891, for the several works required
 in the erection of Post Office, &c., Van-
 couver, B. C.
 Specifications can be seen at the Depart-
 ment of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office
 of G. O. Wickenden, architect, Vancouver,
 on and after Friday, 11th Sept., and ten-
 ders will not be considered unless made on
 form supplied and signed with actual sig-
 natures of tenderers.
 An accepted bank cheque payable to the
 order of the Minister of Public Works,
 equal to five per cent. of amount of tender.
 This cheque will be forfeited if the party
 declines the contract or fail to complete the
 work contracted for, and will be returned in
 case of non-acceptance of tender. The
 Department does not bind itself to accept
 the lowest or any tender.
 By order,
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 nel 33c, large galvanized, extra
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 No. 8 copper-bottomed Boiler
 99c, worth \$1.50. No. 9 copper-
 bottomed Tea Kettle 40c, worth
 75c.
 Royal Canadian Clothes Wringer
 large size \$2.85 worth \$4 to \$5.
 Get our Catalogue and see our
 10,000 bargains, of which these
 are but samples.
 Open evenings. Come and see.
 W. H. BENTLEY.

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During
 the month of October 1891, mails
 close and are due as follows:

	Close	Due
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G. T. R. East	6.00 7.35	7.45 10.30
O. and Q. Railway	7.30 8.15	8.00 9.20
G. T. R. West	7.00 3.40	12.40 7.40
N. and N. W.	7.00 4.10	10.00 8.10
T. G. and B.	5.30 4.30	11.10 9.00
Midland	6.30 3.35	12.30 9.30
C. V. R.	6.00 3.40	11.55 10.15
G. W. R.	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
	6.00 2.00	10.36 7.30
	4.00	8.20
	9.30	
U. S. N. Y.	6.00 12.10	9.00 5.45
	4.00 10.30	11.00
	9.30	
U. S. West States	6.00 9.30	9.00 7.20
	12.00	

English mails will be closed during October
 as follows: Oct. 1, 2, 5, 8, 12, 15, 16, 19, 22, 23,
 25, 29.
 N.B.—There are branch post offices in every
 part of the city. Residents of each district
 should transact their Saving Bank and
 money Order business at the local office
 nearest to their residence, taking care to
 notify their correspondents to make orders
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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 V

Toronto, Saturday Oct. 24, 1891.

No 37

LATEST TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

...Sr. PETERSBURG, Oct. 22.—The famine has extended to Siberia. The governor has completed a report showing that in the districts of Kokthohotowsk and Petropaulovski, what food supplies the inhabitants possessed have been entirely exhausted, and appeals to public charity. Owing to the difficulty of transportation in winter efforts at relief seem almost hopeless. Supplies from Caucasia are improving in quantity, and it is hoped they will avail to stave off the worst effects of the famine. Advices from the interior of the Empire are continually of worse import. The people are commencing to riot in Samara and Voronez.

Reports from the Provinces of Sunbirsk and Samar show that the local Government is unable to cope with the prevailing distress, and that relief has not reached the more remote districts. The work of distribution is not properly organized. Numbers of prosperous persons are receiving help, while many who are entirely destitute are dying of hunger. The authorities have forbidden the local press to record the state of affairs. The Provincial Assemblies are panic-stricken and are utterly unable to remedy the disorder. The supposed reserves of grain are missing. It has been discovered that when the Czar ordered the distribution of the reserve grain in the Government granaries the officials did not dare to acknowledge that the stores were empty, and tried to make up the deficiency from the military granaries in order to conceal the peculation. It is feared that this will greatly hamper the military commissariat in the event of Russia engaging in a war. Funds for the relief of the starving people have also been deplorably mismanaged. In some districts, which are under powerful patronage, there is more than an abundance of relief, while in other districts no heed is paid to the starving peasants. Many Government employes complain that their superiors deduct a certain amount from their wages for the relief fund, thereby leaving them poverty-stricken.

LONDON, Oct. 22.—Last evening the fierce gales which have been sweeping over England, Ireland and the south of Scotland for nearly two weeks renewed their work of destruction. The Thames to-day rose four inches at Windsor, flooding the meadows, a portion of the racecourse and the play fields of Eton College. Miles of Home Park and Egham Meadow were submerged by the overflow, which now threatens serious damage. The mail boat which arrived at Kingstown to-day from Holyhead reports having encountered a terrific thunderstorm. When 15 miles from Holyhead the passengers saw a complete waterspout two miles distant from the steamer. The waterspout lasted a quarter of an hour, when it was dispersed by a squall.

From Bath comes the report of the drowning of two boys in the flood. The situation in low-lying parts of the country is becoming serious. In Lincolnshire and Wiltshire many factories have been compelled to stop operations, their ground floor being inundated.

Vast tracts of land in Spain, to the south of the Sierras, have been submerged by the floods which have followed the recent rain-storms. The Cadiar river and its tributaries have overflowed the plains of Albulol and Berschulez, and the crops in those districts have been destroyed, and a number of persons have been drowned. Terrible distress exists among the inhabitants. The country around Mauresa, Province of Barcelona, has been swept by a hurricane, which has done much damage to crops and other property.

King William of Wurtemberg to-day opened the Parliament of his Kingdom in Stuttgart. The new King expressed warm satisfaction at the reunification of the Kingdom of Wurtemberg with Germany under the late King Charles. King William also announced that bills would be introduced providing for the revision

of the constitution, the promotion of economic legislation and for reform in taxation.

O'BRIEN AND PARNELL.

LONDON, October 16.—Mr. William O'Brien to-day made public his statement. He writes as follows: "I have waited since the funeral, hoping that the late Mr. Parnell's leading supporters, knowing my relations with Mr. Parnell at Boulogne, would have the manliness to disassociate themselves from the diabolical charges circulated broadcast by their especial organ that Mr. Dillon and myself hounded their leader to death. Now are the councils of peace madly and finally cast to the winds, now have the foulest insinuations as to our treatment of Mr. Parnell become part of the machinery of the dissension mongers without a word of repudiation or rebuke from the men who know the charges to be the foulest, most ungrateful and iniquitous ever levelled at an Irish Nationalist. My countrymen will agree with me that I am absolved from all obligations of silence in regard to the conference at Boulogne.

"The unalterable basis of all communication with Mr. Parnell at Boulogne was first and last his retirement from the leadership. I broke off communication with him after the first interview until I was informed by his chief lieutenant that he would entertain the proposal. I invite Mr. Parnell's representatives to make public every document concerning the Boulogne negotiations. We kept three objects always in view, first, that it was impossible that Mr. Parnell could continue as chairman of the parliamentary committee, second, to soften the memory of Mr. Parnell's fault by every possible palliative method and evidence of good will that his devoted colleagues could suggest; third, to avert the calamities which we keenly felt to be inseparable from any disruption of the forces.

"We were fully persuaded that these objects had been covered. Had the terms we suggested been loyally accepted the party would have been re-united under the leadership of Mr. McCarthy, leaving Mr. Parnell an honorable place in Irish public life. Mr. Parnell's four most trusted lieutenants professed themselves to be as eager as ourselves to secure Mr. Parnell's withdrawal either on these terms or by reunion under the leadership of Mr. Dillon. These same men are now silent, whilst their organ charges us with plotting to get rid of Mr. Parnell.

"They themselves pressed me to consent to Mr. Parnell's first proposition, which was that he should retire in favor of myself, and at the close of the negotiations they repeated their conviction that it would have solved the difficulty had I consented.

Mr. Parnell's own feelings as to my treatment of him are explained in the following letter written to me on the day we broke off negotiations:—

MY DEAR O'BRIEN,—I desire to express to you how deeply I feel the kindness and gentleness of the spirit shown to me by you throughout the negotiations. I have felt all along that I had no right to expect from anybody the constant anxiety to meet my views; the intense desire that all proposals claiming your sanction should be as palatable as possible to me, which so distinguished your conduct in the communications which passed between us. I know that you have forgiven much roughness and asperity on my part, and that you have made allowance for some unreasonable conduct from me, which to anybody gifted with less patience and conciliation than yourself would have been most difficult. I appreciate intensely the difficulties which surrounded you during the negotiations; the constant daily anxiety which would have been overwhelming to anybody possessed of less courage and devotion than yourself. I fervently hope and believe that the prospects of Ireland are not so dark as you fear, and that after a little time, having passed through clouds and darkness, we shall again stand on our former footing, when in happier days we were comrades in arms in behalf of a united Ireland.

Dearest O'Brien, I am always yours,

CHARLES S. PARNELL.

Mr. O'Brien concludes by saying: "Thus closed the Boulogne communications with full recognition that we parted as honorable opponents."

GLIMPSSES OF CATHOLIC CANADA.

For the CATHOLIC REVIEW.

In the large recreation hall of Clover Hill Academy, groups of young ladies are scattered about reconating, with considerable animation, the history of their late holidays. Without, the raw October wind is sweeping up the dead leaves against the window panes, but within, the bright gas-light only shines upon the happy carelessness of youth untried. Their ages range from sixteen to twenty. In the midst of a circle of the latter a girl, who has been evidently accorded the "chair" for the evening, is making the most of the privilege.

"We arrived at Quebec 'safe and sound.' And, though having been there before, I was even more charmed with it, for its beauty is old but for ever new to the visitor, come she ever so often. On Friday morning we set sail, so to speak, at 7.30, but our really fine steamer, the Saguenay, seemed somewhat pigmy alongside the French frigate, "Niade," lying in harbour, and I wished we might transfer ourselves to it for the continuation of our northern trip, and so strengthen the illusion that the three past centuries were but a myth. I must tell you here that my cousin Dick met a young Baltimorean friend of his, Rev. Smith O'Brien, and a very pleasant addition he proved.

The sail along the St. Lawrence was extremely pretty. The Laurentine Hills skirting the bank and bringing relief to the eye by their bright, green drapery as the trees grew upon them, like "Woods over woods in gay theatric pride." To one side of us lay the well-titled island of Orleans, proof positive of a Frenchman's thrift if the opportunity be given him. Each man's share runs with a peculiarity of survey in lengths, one field following another.

As we rounded a bend in the river, upon the summit of one of the highest peaks gleamed, in the morning sunlight, the grand sign of salvation. I know not whether it arose from a church, being so distant that its base was lost in the thick foliage. But I afterwards found that scenes like this are frequent down there, where the people carry out the country's motto "*Dieu et mon droit*," or, in other words, the Church first, and Canada afterwards. And now I can understand how their Premier gained the victory of 1889, in which every Catholic in the Dominion fully shared.

First to one side, then to the other we anchored, each place thronging with the gaily dressed summer tourist. Murray Bay seemed to be the favorite, and a well-deserving one. As I looked up at the huge rocks, shaded by grand old primeval maples, and heard the numerous waterfalls gurgling delicious little sounds, as they hurried down to mingle with the salty waters of the Bay. I was loth to leave it, and wished that I had hoarded more of last year's coppers and thereby prolonged this pleasure, but the time my ticket allowed for was up. In a short while we came in sight of what to me was the most picturesque of all "Bay of Rocks" and, to judge by its coterie of visitors, others were of the same opinion.

Next we touched at "Riviere du Loup." There we met with what we had been unconsciously watching for, to conjure up a long perspective picture—the Indians. There they were, dressed in their tawdry garments, laden down with wares to gratify the lovers of sweet-scented grasses, woven with bright stained barks into fans and baskets of every design. The sun was just setting, and its rich golden tints played across their dark swarthy faces and lighted up the still darker eyes, flashing with no nobler thought than "of how many quarters they had realized by our advent;" and in this they but showed the result of civilization.

Twilight was softly stealing away when, from the black, frowning rocks, at whose feet crouched queer old Tadoussac, in the gathering gloom up bright in its own strange loveliness, shone the Aurora Borealis. Leaning over the railing we could hear the bright, cheery voices of the *habitants* as they swung their lanterns about, but the only distinct words that reached us were anything but a prayer as a heavy barrel rolled over an unfortunate's bunion. And as we watched the unloading, I heard a would-be witty American ask, "If those interminable barrels contained the year's ingredients for the national *soupe du pois*?" And quickly came the reply, "No Monsieur 'tis Lager Beer for our Yankee visitors."

I do not know why, but a lonely feeling almost merging into the sentimental passed over me, when our boat tooted "good-night to the old town that some three hundred years ago the brave Champlain bade farewell, as he sailed off to seek protectors for it in distant France. We had now reached the beginning of the end, the mouth of the snake-like Saguenay. Moonlight would have been delightful, but, instead, we were engulfed in heavy darkness; yet so strong was our desire for remaining up till the "wee sma' hours" that we bribed an attendant to loan us some of their extra blankets. With these in our arms we climbed to the hurricane deck, then wrapping them *a la* Pound-maker, up and down, in and out, we paced, enjoying the pure air about us, the dark hanging heavens above, the white, foaming water below, whilst supreme over all, Mighty Providence's powerful Arm surrounding us.

"Youth comes but once with its grand capacity of enjoyment and I reverently thank the 'Powers that be' for my share. We would have prolonged our charming vigil 'till hours later, but our talk besprinkled with hearty laughter, together with our ceaseless tramling,

must have disturbed less romantic and more sensible passengers than ourselves, for at 11 p.m. the Captain gave us our *conge*, to which we submitted with rather bad grace. Before 5 o'clock next morning I was awakened by suspended motion, and upon going to the window discovered that we were at Ha Ha Bay, named, so we are told, from the first sailors having burst out laughing on finding it was only a bay, and not another river.

On joining our party I found that some of them had already been reconnoitering. So the Misses Kitties and myself climbed into an old carry-all, totally devoid of springs, and off we went for a spin in the fresh morning air. We called at the church St. Alphonsus, a fine, commodious building, testifying to the faith and fervor of the poor villagers. Upon the doors were posted, with primitive simplicity, "Bills of Sale," "Auctions," "Meetings," "Help Wanted," and various other notices relative to the village concerns. Mass was being celebrated, and as I looked around upon the large numbers of men, women and children assembled, and though we had but a moment to pay loving homage to the King of Heaven present on the altar, I thought of the 'Communion of Saints' and passed securely on my way. Our driver knew not one word of English and as it was rather late, a vigorously comical "*conduisez votre cheval vite vite*" came from Miss Kittie, to be repeated with amusing alacrity by the "coachman" as he plied the birch branch, and we reached the boat just in time, well refreshed and decidedly hungry for breakfast. The previous day being Friday, we all ordered meat under every shape and form, proving, that even in a material sense we are benefited by a fast as it whets the appetite by deprivation.

A little further north we stopped at Chicoutimi. It is, apparently, the largest of the towns, containing many fine buildings, among them a "Home for disabled Marines," in charge of the Sisters. It is the See of the Diocese of Chicoutimi; the cathedral, in its chaste beauty of white and gold, resembling the beautiful Basilica at Quebec. We were prevented from seeing further by the usual shower. It must be owing to the high peaks poking their obtrusive noses into truant clouds, that so much rain falls in those regions. Our boat had now commenced its return trip down the Saguenay. We could no longer exclaim about the "prettiness" or "loveliness" of the scenery, for the often misused word, "magnificent," was now in its proper place. There were mountains to the right of us, mountains to the left of us, and as far as the eye could travel, rising grander, though dimmer, in the distance, still more mountains. In contrast, we poor human beings seemed so infinitesimal and helpless; and one could almost imagine the heathen gods holding secret converse with one another. And yet again, might it not have been here, as well as upon the other continent that the mighty battle was fought between Milton's Angels where they

"Betook them, and the neighboring hills uptore,
So hills amid the air, encountered hills
Hurled to and fro with jaculation dire,

And the quiet river where we were sailing along, but marked the defeated legion's entrance into hell."

The proverbial pail of pebbles was at hand, to test the eye and muscle of the male tourist. It was quite amusing to watch the efforts of some of them, more especially those surrounded by ladies. One very corpulent old gentleman, in his desire to out-do younger blood, almost had an apoplectic fit, together with the loss of numerous buttons. But we were nearing the principal points of interest on this interesting river, Capes Eternity and Trinity. Slower and slower moved our boat, and quieter and quieter grew the passengers as they gazed in wonder at the first side view of Cape Eternity. It forms in three rocks, one above the other, each being covered with shrubbery. Upon the middle rock stands a statue of Our Blessed Lady. To a Catholic it was a fit symbol to place upon a base bearing the dreadful word, Eternity. As we passed beneath the shadow of the statue many a head was reverently inclined or quietly uncovered in salutation to the Queen of Heaven. As we turned the cape the boat stopped its course, and whilst we gazed in even greater awe on this side of the rock rising perpendicularly to the altitude of nearly two thousand feet, with the coloring of centuries of sunshine and storm showing in strange lights upon its bare breast, our boat sent forth a whistle clear and strong, one second and then was echoed back to us, out of those mysterious mountain caverns, an answer, beautiful in its sweet mournfulness. Again and again it was repeated to our great pleasure; the last seeming to call 'good-bye' to this sublime mountain, with its uncompromising front as if needing no friend and fearing no enemy, but relying upon its own inherent strength. And I thought of the stern moralist's words, "Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string" and I realized it here.

Cape Trinity, though of as gigantic proportions, is of a less striking kind of grandeur, being more sloping and covered with verdure. As we went along we caught glimpses of little farms where the mountains are oblique and admit of cultivation. Very charming those occasional hamlets appeared, clustering round the inevitable church with its cross rising in benison above them. But now the waters were widening, and lo! we had left the Saguenay behind us, perhaps for ever. Our boat delayed for some time at Tadoussac, to enable the curious to view 'the oldest church in America.' It had been raining,

and although another shower was certain to be forthcoming, yet who could lose such an opportunity, not a Convent girl surely, so off I started. I can smell yet the sweet, perfumed air of that dear, old town. It was running over with little waterfalls, bright green patches of pasturages, and then such grand rocks tossed about. I got into a conversation with an old Episcopal clergyman (with an umbrella) from Washington. He was so stately that we had long ago dubbed him "The Cardinal," in paradoxical contradiction to a charming wife, who was his *compagnon de voyage*. I enjoyed his company very much, but when he learned that I was a Catholic he quite amused me by asking if "I purposed going to confession at the old church?" and, despite his courteous manner and pleasing chat, I divined the covert thrust, but answered him quite innocently that "if I were certain of attending mass next morning I would be only too grateful for the opportunity." The rain coming on, he kindly loaned me his umbrella to finish my pilgrimage, whilst he remained beneath a way-side verandah. Laughingly promising to repay his kindness by a prayer I hurried on.

The church is a small frame building, very quaint, with little boxes for galleries, and Stations of the Cross not much larger than calling cards. Mass is no longer said there, but the church is kept in repair by the munificence of travellers, who drop their money in the little brown box, through respect for the bygone days of Champlain. After rejoining my friend, "the Cardinal," we walked towards the boat, passing on our way a Protestant church of very humble pretensions. Upon his remarking about it, I asked why he did not raise his hat in recognition of what it represented, and he answered, "I only lift my hat to the ladies." As a Catholic I was somewhat shocked, but as a woman I was somewhat pleased.

But all good things must come to an end, and so our last day died slowly but surely away upon the Saint Lawrence, and when we awoke next morning it was Sunday in Quebec. Before six o'clock we were assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass that our dear travelling companion was piously saying in the old church of "Notre Dame de Victoire," in Lower Town.

TORONTO.

L. A. HENRY.

FRANCIS MAHONY—"FATHER PROUT."

FRANCIS MAHONY was born in sweet Killarney

One day when he was young;
And that's the reason, don't you see,
The blarney's on his tongue!

More than half a century ago the world was informed that

The bells of Shandon
Sound so sweet and grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.

The old chimes are ringing still, and the ivyclad tower in which they toll casts a shadow like a projecting pall over the grave of the man who keeps on whispering, as it were, to this day the echoes of the familiar notes in the ears of Irish exiles all over the earth.

Everybody has heard at some time or another "Shandon Bells" played or sung or whistled. Nearly everybody sets down the authorship of the quaint old lilt—kept alive mayhap by the spirit of home love which it breathes—to the credit of some obscure rollicking Irish rhymster. But few know that it was "Father Prout," who cracked bottles and jokes at the merry board of the Fraserian circle in London town with Dickens, Carlyle and Thackeray, who penned the droll ditty.

And "Father Prout" himself? Why he wasn't himself at all. Many a "character" has the Emerald Isle supplied the world with, but assuredly none more interesting ever had the touch of the brogue on his tongue than Frank Mahony, who as "Father Prout" in Fraser's Magazine, as "Don Jeremy Savonarola" in the appendix to Dickens' "Pictures from Italy," as the "bright boy from Blarney" at the Fraserian symposiums, took rank among the brilliant band of bohemians who used to spend their evenings in the beginning of the century in the English capital after the manner of a famous body known as Shamrock Society of Philadelphia, which, once upon a time, paid a visit to Chicago and left the scent of clover blossoms in the air for a month.

"Father Prout" was in reality a priest, but an unattached and unemployed one, who discovered after his ordination that he had missed his vocation. He was described by one of the scholarly wits of his time as "an Irishman by birth, an ecclesiastic by profession, a journalist by occupation, a cosmopolite by habit, whose productions in Fraser, sparkling with wit, humor scholarship and classical illustration at once obtained for the author a foremost place among those who were contributing to the lighter and more elegant literature of the times.

Essentially Hibernian, the wit and genius of Mahony were of the soil which gave him birth, but were acuminated and polished in foreign schools. If the garb was of homely frieze, it sparkled with gems from the mines of Greece and Rome, and the Shamrock of Erin alternated with classic parsley in the buttonhole. He invited you to a stroll in the groves of Blarney, and you found yourself, "unknownst," in those of the academy.

Here is the sketch the bohemian drew of himself: "A combination of the Trian lyre and the Irish bagpipe; of the Ionian dialect blending harmoniously with the Cork brogue; an Irish potato seasoned with attic salt."

Now as to who Mahony was and whence he came. Francis Sylvester Mahony was born in 1801, on the banks of the Lee, within hop, step and jump of the Lakes of Kilarney and almost within kissing distance of the blarney stone. For twelve years after he first heard the sound of the bells

Whose sonads so wild would
In the days of childhood
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.

He is said to have "flourished at Cork," growing up there into a shroud, bright eyed, saucy-faced gossoon—picking up with about equal readiness the rich accent which never altogether forsook him and the rudiment of an education which later on was to ripen on the continent into a brilliant and comprehensive scholarship. In his 12th year he left Ireland for France, as was the custom in those days for Irish youths who had to seek, as they have to-day, for advantages denied them in their native land. The goal set for the Irish boy by his parents was the priesthood. Their fondest expectation was to see Frank taking his place as "soggarth aroon" among the people from whom he sprung in the smiling valleys of Munster. Frank became a priest, but as a priest he never set foot on Irish soil. No sooner had the beretta been placed upon his brow than he realized that he had made the mistake of his life. During his college course, however, he had taken a deep draught at the font of general literature, and on his return from London to France, in 1832, he joined the Fraserian club and soon won a name for himself by his contributions, which were spoken of as a "fascinating mixture of Toryism, classicism, sarcasm and punch." The number of Fraser in which Mahony's first article appeared contained the last portion of Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," which, by the way, had been rejected at the time by all the leading publishers of London and was printed in dribs and drabs in the Fraserian organ. In this connection it may be noted it was in America this now admittedly wonderful creation of Carlyle was published in separate form, a creation which is characterized as being unequalled in English literature for depth and originality of thought, dry humor and tender pathos, and as having, "with the wit of Sterne, the fantastic spirit of Richelieu and the power of Rabelais, propounded a system of philosophy as profound as that of Fichte."

With "Father Prout" holding his own in the pages of Fraser's Magazine, among a galaxy of the brightest minds of the epoch; with Daniel Maclise, the royal academician, whom Sir Walter Scott, on the occasion of a tour through Ireland, lifted to the path of fame, as its sketch artist; with William Maginn, the "versatile Celtic genius," in the editorial chair, Cork's own town was assuredly in those days well represented in London, for all three were born in the city by the Lee. What "Father Prout" was to Fraser with his pen, Maclise was with his pencil. In 1830 appeared in the magazine the first of a series of sketches entitled "A Portrait Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters." The peculiarities of the leading bohemians of the day were hit off with such faithfulness in the gallery that the sketches became the leading attractive features of Fraser. Renowned as they were even then in the field of literature, the Fraserians sought not the lordly halls or gilded palaces of the rich in their hours of leisure. In the true club spirit they jingled glasses, chopped logic and banded wit in out-of-the-way dens and mysterious holes and corners. Under the names of the "Fraserians," the "Eccentrics," the "Hooks and Eyes" and the "Tumblers" their custom was to meet in free and easy good fellowship in the historic haunts known as "The Coal Hole" and "The Widow's in St. Martin's Lane."

The painter, the actor, the reviewer, the critic, the journalist, the barrister, the author, and even the divine, fraternized, we are told, in these coteries, and one of the most prized sketches of Scott's protege, Maclise, represents the choice spirits of one of the famous gatherings. The Fraserians were described later on as "being there depicted, to the number of twenty seven, and marvellous verisimilitude. Glasses and decanters are scattered about the fruit laden board; Dr. Maginn, the editor of Fraser, has just risen to give the toast of the evening. Upon either side of him, in the background, are the two nameless attendants—one a Sydney Smith like butler in the act of decanting an especial magnum of port, the other an assistant flunkey extracting with an all but audible cloop the cork from a fresh bottle. Coleridge, Carlyle, Thackeray, Lockhart, Southey, D'Orsay are among those who are the most readily distinguishable. Immediately at the left of Maginn, as he stands there delicately resting the tips of his fingers on the table, are seated three clergymen, Edward Irving of the Unknown Tongues; Gleig, the army chaplain, and between the two, shrewdly peeping at you from under his eyebrows and over his spectacles, Frank Mahony himself."

On the first page of the initial number of Bentley's Magazine, in the second year of its publication, appeared over the name of Frank Mahony, "A Poetical Epistle from Father Prout to Boz." It is worth giving:

Write on, young sage!
 Still o'er the page
 Pour forth the flood of fancy;
 Divinely droll!
 Wave o'er the soul
 Wit's wand of necromancy.
 Behold o'en now
 Around your brow
 The undying laurel thickens!
 For Swift or Sterne
 Might live and learn
 A thing or two from Dickens!

In 1837, "Father Prout," tired of London life, roved through Germany, Hungary, Asia Minor, Greece and Egypt, all the time contributing to Fraser and Bentley. After a time he settled in the south of France, whence he returned to London in 1845. In the latter year Dickens started the *Daily News* and invited the Frasierian to take up his abode in Rome and become the foreign correspondent for the new paper. It was during Mahony's occupation in this capacity that Garibaldi established his bivouac in the Grand Piazza of St. Peter's. Father Prout's letters were afterwards published as an appendix to Dickens' own Italian Sketches.

That the admiration of "Father Prout" for "Boz" was reciprocated by Dickens is shown by a note where the latter says, speaking of the boy from Blarney: "Every chip from so brilliant an old block may be said to possess a lustre peculiarly its own, hence we may not fear to disperse them up and down our miscellany. They are gems of the purest water."

At the age of 66 the priest, poet, essayist, funmaker and Bohemian died in Paris. Although he laid aside, not long after his ordination his functions as a priest, he always adhered to the faith of his early manhood. "There is nothing after all," said Prout shortly before his death, "like the association which early infancy attaches to the well-known and long-remembered chimera of our own parish steeple; and no magic can equal the effect on our ear when returning after long absence in foreign, and, perhaps, happier countries."

This "chime of his own parish steeple," the bells of Shandon, tolled his funeral dirge on the morning of May 27, 1866, when he was laid to rest in the Shandon churchyard.—*Chicago Herald*

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY.

One of the most active and beneficent of the many charitable organizations which flourish under the sanction of the Catholic Church is unquestionably the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, whose conferences, or parish branches, are constantly, though silently, doing a grand work in alleviating the necessities of the poor and looking after the welfare of neglected or orphaned Catholic children. It is not many years since this society was introduced into the United States. The first conference, if the writer is not mistaken, was established in old St. Peter's parish, New York, by that former well-known rector of the church, Very Rev. William Quinn, who, during his stay in Paris, had become acquainted with the benevolent aim and charitable operations of the society, and being convinced that there was urgent need of such an organization in New York, founded a conference in St. Peter's parish. Our own beloved Archbishop, who was an intimate friend of Father Quinn's during that clergyman's lifetime, and who often visited him at his parsonage in Barclay street, learning of the vast amount of good which the conference established in St. Peter's parish was accomplishing, started a similar society—the first one in Massachusetts—in St. James' parish, of which he then had charge, and from that conference have sprung all the other ones that are now to be found in the archdiocese, they being especially numerous in this city, where there is attached to nearly every church a conference of St. Vincent de Paul, with whose work the public is fairly well acquainted.

The Society of St. Vincent de Paul owes its inauguration to Frederick Ozanam, that devoted French Catholic, who was born at Lyons, April 13, 1813, and who afterwards figured so prominently in Catholic circles in Paris, where he was chiefly instrumental in inducing the Archbishop of that city to institute the famous Lenten conferences of Notre Dame, the first preacher of which was the eloquent Lacordaire. The motive which prompted the formation of the society appears to have been a taunt of certain unbelievers or agnostics of that day, who continually replied to Ozanam and his friends whenever they spoke of the beauties of Christianity, with a demand that they show by their works that their faith was of a practical character. Weary at length of hearing this taunt, young Ozanam urged his Catholic colleagues to hold weekly meetings and endeavor to do something practical in illustration of their profession. The first meeting was held in the office of the *Tribune Catholique*, a religious publication of which Pere Buly was one of the chief directors, in May, 1833, and there were present eight individuals besides M. Bailly, who was elected first president of the little society. After some deliberation it was decided that their work should be directed to the alleviation of the want and misery existing among the poorer classes, who should be visited and assisted in all possible manners. "If you intend," said the reverend president to the eight associates, "your works to be

really efficacious, if you are in earnest in serving the poor as well as yourselves, you must not let it be a mere doling out of alms, bringing each your pittance of money or food; you must make it a medium of moral assistance, you must give them the alms of good advice." And this spirit which ruled the society from the first day of its organization pervades it still, and it is, perhaps, the feature which makes its work so successful, and which has often enabled it to lift many of its beneficiaries from the want and misery in which they previously dwelt to lives of providence, activity and comfort.

Of course, with only eight members on the list, the weekly collections of this first conference were small at the outset. M. Bailly, who often employed Ozanam and one or two of his companions to review books for his paper, but who never could induce them to accept any remuneration for that work, used to drop the money thus declined into the collection box, and in that way the conference frequently found itself possessed of more funds than it expected. The rules of the new society were strict; they forbade political or personal discussions, together with the use of the society for any selfish purposes. Charity and the alleviation of want were the watchwords of the members, and due precautions were taken against the encouragement of idleness on the part of those who participated in its bounties. In that admirable life of Ozanam written by the lamented Kathleen O'Meara is related the following story of Ozanam's first visit as a member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society: "There fell to his lot a poor *menage*, composed of a hard-working mother with five children, and a drunken husband, who beat them all around, though, as the wife conscientiously explained, 'not every day, only from time to time.' But what he never failed to do was to drag every penny of the poor creature's earnings and spend it in the tavern, while she and her five children starved at home. She was in the last stage of misery and despair when Ozanam found her out. He quickly discovered that the supposed marriage was no marriage at all, and that mother and children were free to leave their brutal master if they chose. Her astonishment at hearing this was only equalled by her thankfulness. At first she could not believe it; in her complete ignorance of laws and morals, she saw no reason why it should be so. Ozanam had to go to the *procureur du roi* and bring her a written opinion stating the fact in legal form before her incredulity was overcome. She then gladly accepted her protector's offer to remove with her half-starved family to another room out of the house of her tormentor. The fury of the latter was very great on discovering that his means of living and drinking were thus suddenly taken from him, and he threatened all sorts of violence. Ozanam got an order from the police for him to quit Paris, but the woman hearing of this, untreated that he might rather be forbidden to leave it, and that she and the two youngest children might be sent to Brittany, where her mother lived, and would gladly receive them. This was accordingly done. Ozanam made a collection, which, in a few days, produced the necessary money for the journey, and they set off as happy as birds set free. The two eldest boys, little fellows of 11 and 12, were employed in M. Bailly's printing office, and taken care of in his house. This was the beginning of those patronages which are now established in every parish in Paris, and almost in France."

At first these eight associates contemplated admitting no others to the society and wished to keep to themselves the work in which they were engaged. Providence willed differently, however, and it was not long before so many new recruits came to them that their conference overflowed, and the establishment of others became necessary. From parish to parish the new organization spread, until every district in Paris had its conference of St. Vincent de Paul; then out into the surrounding country parishes the society made its way, and before long all France rejoiced in the possession of branches of it. England, Spain, Italy, Belgium, Palestine and other countries copied the example of the French Catholics, and finally the organization was introduced in this country in the manner already related. The society did not, however, escape that criticism and opposition which invariably fall to the lot of new undertakings, but its utility was so great and apparent, and the disinterestedness of its members so manifest, that it speedily silenced its critics and overcame its antagonists. In a letter to one of his friends, Ozanam speaks of the organization as having escaped the censure of the ecclesiastical authorities, but of having been "the object of vexations on the part of seculars, the big-wigs of orthodoxy, fathers of the council in dress coats and strapped pantaloons; doctors who lay down the law between the morning's newspaper and their business accounts; persons to whom whatever is new is unwelcome, and by whom everything emanating from Paris is assumed to be wicked."

By degrees new additions were made to the original rules of the conferences, the most important, perhaps, being the institution of prayers and requiem masses for the benefit of deceased members, which provision, overlooked at first, was forcibly recalled to the members by the first death that occurred in their ranks. Later on, this provision took the form of having a solemn requiem said every year for all deceased members, and this service is kept up to the present day. Again, communication between the different conferences was inaugurated, with a view of systematizing their work and making each conference acquainted with the operations of the others. The

Archbishop of Paris warmly commended the work of the society, and encouraged its members to perseverance, while the series of brilliant sermons which Lacordaire delivered in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and in which he made frequent allusions to the society and its aims, helped greatly to make the world outside of Paris acquainted with it, and, undoubtedly, contributed largely to the rapid growth it afterwards attained.

To-day the society is, perhaps one of the best systematized of all our Catholic organizations. The members of each conference meet once a week, generally in the vestries of the churches to which the societies are attached, listen to the minutes of the previous meeting, and transact the usual routine business. Visitors to poor families report in what condition they found them; state what they stand most in need of, and make various suggestions. If new applications for relief have been received, visitors are appointed to investigate them and empowered to give whatever aid they think necessary, the usual collections from the members is taken up, and the meeting opens and closes with prayer. Of course, in large parishes, where there are many poor families and, consequently, many applications for help, the weekly collections of the members are inadequate to keep the society in necessary funds. Hence, pastors frequently give the conferences the proceeds of the annual picnic, or else allow the conference to hold a lecture or other entertainment for the benefit of their treasury; and in certain places a special collection for the society is taken up in the church some Sunday. In addition to the parochial conferences, there is in every diocese where the society is established what is called the particular council, composed of the presidents, vice-presidents and officers of the parochial societies, which meets once a month, generally at the cathedral, and which exercises supervision over all the conferences in the district, considering whether any special action be necessary in certain emergencies, and receiving the yearly reports. The particular council has in its employ an agent, often with assistants, who looks after wayward Catholic children that are brought before the courts, and secures their commitment, in case the courts commit them, to Catholic institutions. It also arranges for the annual retreats that are preached for the benefit of the members of the conferences, and for the annual requiem for the deceased associates. The particular councils are, in turn, subject to the superior council, whose headquarters are in New York, and all the societies are indirectly dependent on the superior-general, who resides in Paris, where the society first came into existence.—*Boston Republic*

A HEROIC DEED.

"HALLO! What's young Salamander up to now?"

"Mad, I fancy; or else he wants to get killed."

"And so he will, whether he wants to or not, if he goes running in among the bullets like that!"

In truth, young Salamander, otherwise Lord Charles Hay, of the First Lifeguards, did seem to be running a fearful risk without any reason whatever.

One of the hardest battles ever fought between the French and English in Belgium was at its hottest. The French army was much the stronger of the two, and although the English held their ground as stubbornly as bulldogs, it seemed very doubtful which way the fight would go.

Just then, in the thick of the uproar and confusion, the rolling smoke and the flying shot, young Hay (whose bravery under fire had long since earned him the nickname of "Salamander" from his adorning soldiers) was seen to step forth from the English line and advance straight toward the enemy.

A more desperate venture could hardly be imagined, for so thickly were the bullets flying between the two opposing lines that the little jets of dust which they knocked up from the dry earth formed a cloud almost as dense as the smoke itself. Nothing mortal, surely, could live in such a storm of shot; and what could he possibly be going to do there?

"Come back, my lord, come back, for heaven's sake!" shouted a dozen deep voices at once.

"The young fool's mad—stark mad!" roared the English colonel, recovering from the stupor of amazement. "Come back this minute, you young idiot! Do you want to be killed?"

But Lord Charles went straight forward without a moment's pause, as if he had not heard them.

Then the English ceased firing in sheer astonishment; but just at that moment the flash and crackle of a fresh volley burst forth like a storm along the glittering line of French bayonets, and all was hidden in smoke.

When the smoke cleared again, every one expected to see the brave lad lying dead. But no; Hay was still on his feet. His cap had been struck off, and some said that they could see blood on his face; but he was still marching onward as steadily as ever.

And now the French grenadiers, beginning to desecry him through the rolling smoke, stopped firing in their turn, supposing that this

single man who was coming towards them so boldly from the English lines must be the bearer of some message from the British general; and the attention of the two contracting hosts were bent upon the solitary figure between them. Just then a sudden gust of wind whirled aside for a moment the cloud of smoke, and dust, and everyone saw what Lord Charles Hay was about.

A little to the left of the English line of battle stood a cluster of miserable hovels, and the Flemish peasants who inhabited them, instead of running away when the battle began, as one might have expected, had stayed where they were, seeing that the fight seemed to be rolling away from them, and not liking the idea of abandoning their huts which, poor and wretched though they were, were the only homes they knew.

But they soon found that they were mistaken, for a sudden change in the position of the two armies brought these unlucky cottages right in the line of fire, and the terrified peasants, finding the cannon balls falling thickly on every side of them, took to their heels at once, dragging with them their children and what few goods they could manage to carry. In the hurry of this panic flight, a tiny girl, hardly old enough to walk alone, had fallen or been left behind, and was now lying on the ground midway between the French and English lines, crying bitterly, while the mother could be seen in the distance shrieking wildly and tossing her arms in the air, and struggling to break loose from her husband who was holding her firmly; for, counting his child already lost, he had no wish to lose his wife as well.

Coolly, as if on parade, the brave young guardsman strode onward to where the helpless child lay, his fair hair and bright young face showing through the billowy smoke like those of an angel in some old Italian painting. He raised it tenderly in his arms, and some who saw it said afterwards that the poor little trembler ceased crying at once, as if soothed and comforted by his gentle voice and kindly smile. Then, keeping his own body as much as possible between the child and the levelled muskets of the French, he went straight on as calmly as ever towards the dark mass of his enemies.

"Don't fire, comrades—don't fire!" shouted a tall, stern-looking French soldier, whose grim face was black with dust and gunpowder. "If he were twenty times an Englishman he's as good as a saint from heaven for all that!"

At that moment a mighty shout, which was heard high above the roar of the cannon and musketry from the other side of the battlefield burst from the English ranks as they saw their young hero bearing the child unharmed across the deadly space; and scarcely had the cheer died away when it was echoed by an answering cheer from the French, which rolled along the vast plain like a peal of distant thunder.

Meanwhile the young officer, passing close to the cruel points of the French bayonets as coolly as if they had been only bulrushes, with the tiny face nestling trustingly against his shoulder, went straight up to the distracted mother and placed the child in her arms. He kissed the thin little cheeks tenderly, and was just turning away to go back to his own men when a stately old officer with a long gray moustache, whose broad breast was covered with crosses and decorations, stepped from the French line and held out his hand.

"Monsieur," said he, bowing courteously, "permit me to have the honor of shaking hands with the bravest man that I have ever met."

An hour later Lord Charles Hay was lying face downward upon the earth sorely wounded by a chance bullet which had hit him just as the enemy were beginning to retreat. But though his wound was a severe and painful one, and though he lived to be one of the richest and most popular men in all England, he always spoke of that day as the happiest of his whole life.—*Young Catholic Messenger*.

The corner stone of the Catholic Church at Phelpston, in the parish of Flos, will be laid by his Grace Archbishop Walsh on Wednesday, 28th instant, at 1 p.m. Half-far rates from Orillia, Barrie, Collingwood, Penetanguishene and intermediate stations. A special will leave Phelpston at 6 p.m. The Pastor of the mission, Rev. M. J. Gearin, extends a cordial invitation to all his friends.

The 101st anniversary of the birth of Father Mathew, the great apostle of temperance, was celebrated at Montreal on Monday evening last, by an entertainment and a lecture in St. Ann's hall, under the auspices of the T. A. & B. Society. Mr. W. P. Kennedy, the president, occupied the chair, and amongst those on the platform were the Rev. Father Strabbe, the Rev. Father Drummond, S.J., rector of St. Mary's College; the Rev. Brother Arnold, Mr. J. J. Curran, Q.C., M.P., and Mr. J. M. Duff. Songs were rendered by several ladies and gentlemen.

Rev. Father Drummond, S.J., delivered a lecture on "The Life and Labors of Father Mathew." The lecturer entered fully into the work of the Apostle of Temperance, and at the close of the lecture Mr. J. J. Curran moved, and Mr. J. M. Duff seconded, a vote of thanks to the lecturer, which was passed unanimously.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

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

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

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

The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto

The Late Archbishop Lynch.

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

The Rev. Father Dowd of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion.

Published by

The Catholic Review Publishing Company, (Limited)

Offices: 64 Adelaide St. East, (opposite Court House).

A. G. MACDONELL, President.

PH. DEGRUCHY, Editor and Manager

Terms: \$2.00 per annum, payable strictly in advance. Advertisements unexpensive in character and limited in number, will be taken at the rate of \$2 per line per annum 10 cents per line for ordinary insertions. *Color rates: 10 copies, \$15.*

All advertisements will be set up in such style as to insure the tasteful typographical appearance of the REVIEW and enhance the value of the advertisements in its columns.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCT. 24, 1891.

THE publishers of the REVIEW take pleasure in announcing the accession to the staff of this journal as associate editor of the Rev. Father Flannery, late associate editor of the *London Catholic Record*. Father Flannery's able pen has done giant service in the cause of Catholic journalism and his trenchant utterances been of incalculable usefulness in the propagation of Catholic faith and literature. The previous success of the REVIEW has placed it in a position to give to its readers this additional advantage and pleasure of the editorial work of Father Flannery, and which coupled with the able productions from the versatile pen of Rev. Father Egan, and of our own staff, will continue to keep the REVIEW in the place which it has long held in the forefront of Catholic journalism. We confidently call upon our friends, both clerical and lay, whilst thanking them for their services in the past, to redouble their efforts on our behalf, feeling assured that by this means can the true mission of the Catholic press be realized, and an avenue of communication opened between our people that it would be impossible for any combination of circumstances to abridge. In this connection we would ask that the secretaries of the various Catholic societies, and clergy generally, kindly send us any items of news transpiring within their ranks, or parishes, favors which would receive our cordial thanks, and be of general interest to our readers.

THE *Montreal Gazette*, in a late editorial, speaking of the appointment to the Superior Court Bench of Quebec of Mr. C. J. Doherty, of that city,—a position which, by the way, there is every reason to believe was first tendered to Mr. J. J. Curran, Q.C., M.P., and by him refused—pays a graceful compliment to the gifted Irishman, who represents Montreal Centre in the Dominion Parliament, and whose name is as well known and honoured in Ontario, as it is in Quebec. Inferentially hinting, in the paragraph, that a seat in the Dominion Cabinet would be soon offered to him. To none more fitting, as this journal has often before said, could this honour be conferred, and none would meet with greater approval from the ranks of Catholics generally throughout the Dominion, or prove a source of greater strength to the administration. We trust that the promised reconstruction of the Cabinet will see our hopes realized, and Mr. Curran placed in the position for which his talents and long Parliamentary experience eminently fit him. The *Gazette's* tribute to Judge Doherty and Mr. Curran—both Catholic gentlemen—is as follows:

"It is understood that the appointment of Mr. C. J. Doherty to the Superior Court Bench has actually been made. Judge Doherty is a young man to fill so high a post, but those who have followed his

career at the Bar will have no doubt as to his fitness for his new duties. He ascends the Bench fresh from an active practice at the Bar, in the full vigor of manhood, with a well won reputation as an able and careful lawyer. In this connection, also, it is satisfactory to Montrealers to know that Mr. Curran, whose name has been spoken of as being offered the vacancy, is to remain in Parliament as a representative of the city. Montreal never had a more hard working or useful representative than the member for the Centre division, whose reputation extends far beyond the limits of his own province. There will be many who will unite in the hope that ere long his services to his party as well as his ability and character will be rewarded with promotion in another sphere."

THE SITUATION IN IRELAND.

THE more we reflect upon the action of the followers of the late Irish leader the more reason have we to condemn their folly, and hope for a speedy return to common sense at least, if not to true and honorable patriotism, of the whole party. Universal opinion, both at home and abroad, could forecast naught else than a reunion of both parties as a necessary consequence of the death of Mr. Parnell. When interviewed by representatives of the English press, Mr. Justin McCarthy had no hesitation in saying that all Irishmen would shake hands over the grave of the much lamented Leader. Expression to the same happy thought and ardent wish was freely given by all Irishmen anxious for their country's honour and their country's regeneration. The friends and followers of Mr. Justin McCarthy unanimously shared in his anxiety to heal all differences and sacrifice self and party for the common good. Unfortunately for themselves, and more unfortunately still for their country, the adherents of Mr. Parnell could not see their way to a reconciliation. Instead of peace war is proclaimed, instead of forgiveness and forgetfulness of the past a shout of reaction and vengeance is raised. From the very tomb in Glasnevin, where Mr. Parnell's former colleagues and trusted friends durst not appear to give sign of grief, or to honour the dead, a manifesto is sent forth to the world, bidding defiance to all opposition, and calling upon all Irishmen to persevere in rejecting the policy of the parliamentary majority, whose motives it misrepresents and whose action it condemns in the following sentences: "In an unfortunate hour a majority of the Irish representatives, at the bidding of an English statesman, broke from our ranks, abandoned the flag of independent opposition, and ranged themselves as followers and satellites of a British statesman. We, who address you, refused to become parties to this treason, and, relying on the national convictions, maintained intact our allegiance to the independent national party of Ireland, convinced that our people would justify and support us." The lessons of Kilkenny, Sligo and Carlow should have convinced the issuers of this manifesto to the very contrary. When the presence, the prestige, and vigorous eloquence of the late chief were not sufficiently powerful to convince the people that Messrs. McCarthy, Dillon, Davitt, O'Brien, and the others were not sycophants and satellites of a British statesman, how can the disciples of discord be left after him, fancy they will be able to turn the tide of popular favour and popular convictions, so tellingly expressed at the polling booths of those three patriotic and Catholic counties? The manifesto has been a scandal to Ireland and a shock to the sensibilities of all friends and well wishers of Ireland's present happiness and final triumph. That it will be received with distrust and disappointment by the great majority of Irishmen at home and on this continent, we have not the slightest doubt. At the convention, held lately in Chicago, a thorough appeal was made to all Irishmen to close up their ranks, and unite as one man for the independence of their country. Both parties were called upon to coalesce and present an unbroken front to the enemy of Ireland's autonomy and its liberties. To this patriotic and wise appeal a solemn declaration, which almost amounts to a threat, is added, that "no substantial aid in money or otherwise may be expected from her sons in America, by a disunited Ireland." Similar pronouncements have issued from the halls of Irish National societies in almost every city on this continent, both in Canada and the United States. Even the outspoken physical force advocate, of Chicago, the *Citizen*, can not conceal the disgust and pain its fiery, but well meaning, editor experienced on reading the cabled manifesto. "There are many sentiments in the document

with which the *citizen* concurs," it said. "The principle put forward is all right, but a faction fight at the present time, or at any time would be disgraceful. What the signers of the manifesto could not do with Parnell, they cannot do without Parnell." As it is evident to the whole world, except to the signers themselves, that their manifesto was ill-timed, unchristian, and ill-advised, it must fall utterly harmless on the ears of the Irish people. It is not, we believe, presumptuous on our part to predict that the effect it will produce on the public mind will be more of a salutary than of a hurtful character. All well disposed people, both in Great Britain and Ireland, must see clearly that the men who issued the manifesto are neither willing nor prepared to make any personal sacrifice. That it is no the triumph of Ireland's cause they aim at, but rather at the success of their own petty faction; and that all their hopes of success are built upon vituperation and calumny of the men who proved their unselfish loyalty to Ireland by long suffering and patient endurance in Dartmoor and Galway prisons.

The general elections, which are not far distant, will prove what little hold the calumniators have upon the esteem or the confidence of the Irish people. Were Parnell living and were he strong enough to speak on every hustings in Ireland, he could not secure more than one half dozen elections favourable to the policy of "divide and conquer." Without him the attempt, if essayed, will avail nought but to show the hollowness of selfish patriotism and the madness of resisting the inflowing popular tide.

THE ECUMENICAL COUNCIL.

We have been examining the daily reports of the Methodist Ecumenical Council now being held in Washington, and cannot, for the life of us, ascertain what it is all about, or how it is going to end. The first few days were spent in listening to the five minutes' address permitted to each and every delegate. As the word "ecumenical" means "from every portion of the habitable earth," "*oikoumene*," the title has not been appropriately chosen by the Methodists as exactly designating the character of their meeting. A synod, or congress of the English-speaking Methodist world, would more aptly convey the meaning and intent of the assembly at Washington. Again, we are told in the American Encyclopedia that in the Christian Church a council means "an assembly of bishops, called together by the proper authority, for the purpose of determining questions concerning faith, morals, rites and discipline." By whose authority the Council at Washington has been convened we have not ascertained. Nor is it clear so far what decision the assembled wisdom and sanctity of Methodism is likely to reach concerning questions of faith and morals, rites and discipline.

At the opening of proceedings on the second day, two relics of the saints were produced amid great applause and much reverence. One relic is a beautiful chair manufactured out of an oak beam taken from the Old City Road chapel in which John Wesley preached one hundred years ago; the other is the original pulpit Bible of the old Epworth church, from which Rev. Samuel Wesley, the father of John and Charles, used to read. "This was placed upon the stand to be used to read from during the sessions." The chair is used during the sittings of the Ecumenical Council as the president's chair. It appears from the daily reports of the Council, that no one in particular is appointed to preside over the deliberations. There is no "Speaker of the House" to represent authority. But every day some now minister or, it may be, a layman occupies the presidential chair. In the Catholic Church an Ecumenical or General Council must be presided over by the Pope in person or by some Bishop or Cardinal acting in his name and with power as Legate.

So far the council at Washington has issued no decree or defined any particular doctrine. It is true several very eloquent sermons have been delivered and well written papers read. Learned discourses were pronounced on evolution and the relations between science and religion. Mr. Percy Butting, who is neither bishop nor preacher, but a simple layman, had an essay prepared on "The Influence of Modern Scientific Progress on Religious Thought." In Mr. Butting's absence the essay was read by another layman, Mr. J. B. Slack, of London, England. Rev. Dr. Milton Terry, of Evanston, Ill., spoke on the attitude of the church toward the various phases of unbelief.

He said truly that unbelief was not the offspring of the difficulties of religion, but of the perverse tendencies of the heart of man. It was not the result of scientific research but of lack of moral training. In this contention, however, he was flatly contradicted by the Rev. Frank Ballard, of England, who said "there was danger of the church playing the ostrich, and by hiding its head trying to ignore the things outside." "He did not believe that unbelief was a matter of the heart." The president of the council might have interrupted Mr. Ballard at this point, or some one in the assembly might have had the courage to cry out "heresy" and quote for his reverence the text: "The fool saith in his heart there is no God."

There was no interruption, however, but each preacher was allowed full swing and liberty to say what he pleased and to think and believe what most suited his taste. Rev. Dr. Dewart of Toronto took a conspicuous part in the debate and held "that the great problem confronting the church was the necessity of reconciling the results of criticism and Christian doctrine." This deliverance was in contradiction of what Dr. Milton Terry had already declared as the only true course for the church to pursue. "Let her proclaim the truth of God to men," he said, "and leave scientists to fight their own battles."

The Rev. James Traletree, of England, however, maintained that "the Christian faith and its records must not shrink from the most searching criticism, if that criticism is made by a seeking heart. We only expose ourselves to ridicule as thinkers and teachers if we assume that all those who criticise us do so out of a bad heart."

The Ecumenical Council had no opinion of its own to propose on so grave a subject, nor was any resolution formulated, or vote taken, or any false proposition condemned, or any Christian truth enunciated as inspired of the Holy Ghost or as God's truth to be held and taught by all irrespective of private opinion or man's fallible judgment.

After the Rev. David Brook of England had spoken and said "English preachers felt that it was like knocking their heads against a stone wall to refuse to accept certain scientific facts," the business committee reported that it had Resolved: *that a representative committee on statistics of Methodism be appointed with the view of presenting to this conference a report that may be published in the proceedings.*

The Council then adjourned in order to allow the delegates to embark on an excursion during the afternoon to the tomb of Washington on Mount Vernon. So that the very serious and all-absorbing debate on the difficulties of faith and evidences of Christian truth wound up with a resolution on statistics and an excursion on the river.

The apostles under somewhat similar circumstances, retired into an upper room, and gave themselves up during ten days to meditation and prayer, and "all these were persevering with one mind in prayer . . . with Mary the Mother of Jesus, and with His brethren." Acts 1: 14.

During recent years great activity has been manifested by Catholic laymen informing themselves with their clergy into various societies for the defence of the faith, combining and taking council together in the interests of the Catholic religion. On the continent of Europe this has been as marked as on this continent, and recent congresses of these associations have done much to show the Catholic strength and make their influence felt. The great gatherings at Dantzi; and Malines, have borne fruit, as the Catholic students frequenting the various German Universities have met at Bochum, in Westphalia, and have shown by their speeches and resolutions a laudable determination to practise a high standard of Catholicity, and to take a lively interest in all questions concerning the religious, social and political life of the nation. They also pledged themselves to a loyal obedience to the Holy Father's instructions regarding duelling. A similar congress took place in Rome recently, when over one thousand youths met from all parts of Italy, Switzerland and other countries. They had on their programme a proposal to form an international young men's union on Catholic lines.

The great Congress of Catholic Young Men at Philadelphia, within the past few weeks, showed the interest being taken by young men in the United States, whilst we in Canada, though not having held any important combined meetings as yet, are as fully alive and earnest in the work as any. Notably is this apparent in Toronto, where His

Grace the Archbishop has cast a fostering influence, and has given the benefit of his encouragement and advice to Catholic societies, and often testified, by his presence at their meetings and otherwise, of his warm interest, being assured that it is a hopeful sign, and augurs well for the future that young men earnestly try to fit themselves for the places which, in the course of time, will be vacated by the leaders of to-day and their followers.

Would it not be well if the various Young Men's Catholic Societies took steps to organize a united Canadian Catholic Congress next year, thus showing our strength to the world?

BRIAN DALY.

BY LOUISE EMILY DOBIE.

IV

"BRIAN DALY, we mustn't go doubting him like that," said the priest, firmly, "no just man would do that. Well, he came all the way from Italy, indeed, from Rome, where the Holy Father is, on purpose to tell you he was sorry—eh?"

Brian was silent.

"And you refused to shake hands with him—eh?"

Brian nodded. The priest was silent for a moment and then, rising, he went to where the crucifix hung, and unhooking it off the wall, he brought it to Brian.

"Just look here! Think of all they accused the Blessed Jesus of, and He never answered a word! Think of all He had to forgive, and how He prayed His Father to forgive His enemies! Think of how often we are unkind and sinful and how He forgives us time after time, in the Sacrament of Penance—eh?"

Brian did not answer.

"And look here, my boy, when we say our *Pater noster*, we ask God to forgive us our sins as we forgive others—eh?"

There was no continuing silent to that persistent "eh," so Brian answered, "Yes, yer reverence, I know all about that and about the Blessed Sacrament too."

"Indeed, yes," said the priest, gravely, "we can't go to the altar refusing to forgive those who have wronged us—and all those years ago, Brian—surely you can't bear anger still."

"I do."

"Then pray that God may take it out of your heart, for its a deadly weed, and He can help you to pull it up. I must be off. Pray for yourself, my boy, and I shan't forget you," and shaking Brian's hand, he left him alone.

The wind rose high that night, and the waves roared as they came dashing up on to the sands. Brian went to bed at last, and lay awake thinking over all the last few hours. And in the quiet night-time, conscience spoke very plainly to him, and in an agony of mind he prayed for strength and help. At last the victory was won, and the next afternoon he set off to walk to Denistoun Castle, with a view of seeing Sir George Heriot. It was a calm beautiful day, and as Brian walked along the road, he felt in sympathy with the beauty and the stillness, for his soul was at peace after the terrible struggle of the evening before. Indeed, as he now thought over it all, he felt a very bitter regret at the way he had behaved the day before in refusing to accept the apology Sir George had offered him.

"And," thought Brian to himself, "he looked a proud old chap who wouldn't like to say he was wrong, if he could help it."

At last he reached the gates of Denistoun Castle, and had a long walk up the avenue before he reached the house itself.

"Can I see Sir George Heriot?" asked Brian of the servant who came to him at the back-door. It was getting dusk, and the rooks cawed loudly on their flight home to bed.

"I don't think you can," said the man looking grave.

"I mus see him, sir," said Brian.

"What is your business?"

"I can't tell you. Tell him Brian Daly wants him, and beg him to lave me see him," said Brian.

"I don't think he can be seen. He is not in danger, but he's very bad still," said the servant.

"Danger of what?" asked Brian.

"Why haven't ye heard of the fire? It's been the talk of Varna all day," said the man, looking astonished.

"What fire?"

"Come in and I will tell you," said the man, who was not loth to have a gossip and tild the tale fresh to ears.

"There was a fire last night in the west wing where Sir George is sleeping, and he got badly hurt. We did have a time of it to be sure, for the firemen came and there was a business. It's just a bit of luck that there wasn't more harm done, but the furniture of one room spilt and Sir George."

"And is he very much hurt?"

"Yes, pretty bad," said the man, who really did not know much about it.

"I wonder could I see him?" said Brian, thinking with a sharp pain of what a terrible thing it would have been if Sir George had been killed.

"Jist take a sato down there and I'll go and see."

Brian sat down and the quarter of an hour that elapsed before the servant's return seemed to him an hour or more. He could hear the cawing of the rooks outside and the heavy ticking of the clock in the large servants hall that was off the passage where he was waiting. At last the servant returned.

"Ye can't see Sir George, anyhow, he's that ill."

"Is it the burning, sir?"

"Yes, he's badly burnt, and though they wouldn't say much, I think he's pretty bad."

Brian lingered loth to go. "He won't die, will he?" asked he in a low voice.

The servant shook his head doubtfully. "I don't know I'm sure. I couldnt get to making out anything more."

And with this barren information poor Daly had to be content. His heart felt very heavy as he walked down the long avenue, which was very dark as the leaves prevented his seeing the sky which was now beginning to be jewelled with stars. How he regretted now his action of the day before! Again and again the scene in his little cottage came before him; and he could see the stately presence of the old gentleman and hear again the sound of the refined cultivated voice asking him—poor Brian Daly the fisherman—asking his pardon. His own refusal and his angry words came back again to his mind and he deeply regretted it all. He would gladly have died that night if by doing so he could win back those hours and act now as he saw he ought to have done. It was a sad autumn for Brian Daly, and as the days went on and the trees were shorn of their leaves and the sunsets became grander and grander, and the air grew chill and cold, many a time did he go into Varna to inquire how Sir George was. It was a long walk, ten Irish miles, and he was getting an old man and it made his back and limbs ache. But what was the suffering of that compared with the pain of mind which he was undergoing in his anxiety? The veriest scrap of news was a comfort. One day he heard there was little hope, and the next week he got better tidings and heard that Sir George was out of danger and that he would live.

November came, and with it the beautiful festival of All Saints and the sacred day of All Souls. Very favorite days they were of Brian's, for he felt nearer his Mary then; and as his prayers that month went up for the holy souls he always thought of her. Then came Advent and then Christmas was near, and on Christmas Eve Brian determined to go and see how Sir George was. It was a wild wet day. The great breakers came tearing along the Atlantic and dashing with all their fury against the cliffs as if to dare their strength to resist them. The sea-gulls flew low and the rain drove hard against Brian all the way to Varna, until he turned up the old well-known avenue. He was pretty well drenched and very tired when he reached the castle, and the servant who generally answered the back door made him come in at once.

"I've good news for ye, to-day," said he, "Sir George is better and he's been hearing how you have come so often to inquire for him and how you took on about his bein' ill and fearing the life was laving him, and says he, 'Next time he comes you bring him up here, for I want to see him.' I will go up and see if you can see him now."

Brian Daly's heart beat high presently as he followed the servant upstairs. To him it seemed such a tremendous distance off. He was used to long walks over the country, but walking actually in a house seemed such a wonderful thing to him. Why two steps almost took him across the floor in his cabin! He used to think the priest's room at the bresbytery very grand because it was about twice as big as that, but it was nothing to this. He had never been inside a house of the kind in his life, and it took him back to that wonderful fortnight in Dublin years and years ago when he had been into the largest shops and the old House of Parliament, but this was still finer and grander. He passed through the great hall, where a girl was playing a beautiful organ worked by water. He very nearly came down on his nose in his pilgrimage across the hall, for the old oak boards were so highly polished, and he was startled too at the large picture of two St. Bernard dogs that faced him as he entered. There were guns and fishing tackle and all kinds of curiosities from foreign places, and a many-coloured lamp shed a soft light over it all. Then the stair-case! The old oak carving, the soft carpet into which his feet seemed to sink, and the beautiful white statues that gleamed from the large niches here and there. Up and up he went, passing all kinds of lovely things, large old pictures, rare china and antiques of all descriptions, flowers, ferns, and lamps, peeping out of all kinds of unexpected places. He was so dazzled and bewildered that had you asked him he would have told you that he had walked for ever so long, but really and truly he had only gone to the second floor of the north wing, where they had put Sir George after the fire, as it was quiet and nice for him. Then he came at last to a door, over which hung heavy Eastern curtains, and the servant opened it, showed him in a

large room and closed the door behind him. A voice came from the far distant end of it, for Sir George was lying on a couch by the fire. A thick fur rug was thrown over him, and Brian, as he obediently came near, could see that the face was white and thin. In a moment or two Brian had said what he had come to say.

"Thank you, my man," said Sir George in a weak, low voice, "I am very glad you came."

"Sir—please yer honor dear—will ye—I know I can't dare ask it?" And Brian paused.

It was a touching sight to see those two old men there who had, despite the different circumstances of their lives, to fight a common enemy in the pride of their natures and who were trying to serve God and live to His greater glory. The rough old fisherman, with his face bronzed by the sun and wind and the spray of the sea he loved so well, in his poor clothes, and the old nobleman with his finely chiselled features and every surrounding of wealth and culture.

"Would ye shake hands now, yer honor?" Brian, whose nerves had stood the most terrible nights at sea and yet remained firm and steady, felt weak as a woman then.

A faint smile came across the old face of Sir George. "My man, I would shake hands with you with pleasure, but both my hands are

badly burnt, and it may be months before I can ever use them again. Months, if I am spared," he added gravely, "for you and I are near our journey's end now."

A great pang shot through Brian's heart. Poor and old as he was, the helplessness of Sir George touched him, and he felt then a great wave of regret at that lost opportunity.

Sir George guessed his thoughts. "Never mind, my friend. It is God's will, you know, and you and I will be all the happier because we have met, even though we could not shake hands."

Brian could not answer.

"Yes," said Sir George, "when our Lord comes to us to-morrow morning we shall be at peace with all. You know that there's an old saying—have you ever heard it? That on Christmas Eve the cattle in the sheds kneel down upon their knees at midnight to do homage to the Child-King Jesus."

Little more was said, but as the angels looked down that night upon those two they must have sang songs of joy, for two proud hearts had conquered themselves then and learned a little of the great lesson taught alike by the Incarnation and Holy Eucharist—the all-important lesson of humility.

THE END.

Catholic News

The first semi-yearly meeting of the De La Salle Alumni Association for the years 1891-2 took place at the Institute on Tuesday evening, Oct. 20th.

There was a large attendance of the ex-pupils of the Institute, and some very important amendments were made to the constitution, which was ordered to be printed for the use of the members.

The Historian read for the members a paper on the doings of the Society for the past year, after which the election of officers was held for the ensuing year, the following gentlemen being elected:

Andrew Cettam,	President, (re-elected).
Jas. Dillon,	1st Vice President.
Jas. Delaney,	2nd " "
Thos. B. Winterberry,	Secretary, (re-elected).
Rev. Bro. Odo Baldwin,	Treasurer.
W. J. L. Lee,	Historian, (re-elected).

All ex-pupils of De La Salle are requested to send their addresses to the Secretary, De La Salle Institute, Toronto.

...Rev. A. J. Kreidt, O.C.C., of the Carmelite Monastery, Falls View, gave a three day's Retreat last week to the pupils of St. Mary's Academy, Windsor, Ont.

ARCHDIOCESE OF OTTAWA.

...The Rev. Father Guay, O. M. I., has purchased three valuable mineral lots in the tenth range of Wakefield township, which he will work as a claim hereafter.

...The Rev. Father Dunn, formerly of this city, but now parish priest of Richmond, has taken possession of the handsome new presbytery just built for him in connection with the church at the historic village.

On Sunday next Fathers Nicoll and Furlong, two of the four Oblate missionaries who arrived in Ottawa a few days ago from Ireland, will begin a two weeks mission in St. Joseph's church. The fame of these eloquent and zealous priests has preceded them. They are known as among the most successful missionaries in the British Isles, and the friendly references of the Irish press on their departure for America shows what a high position they hold in the esteem and affection of the Irish people. Public attention has been drawn in a most marked manner to a recent mission those fathers preached in St. Andrew's parish, perhaps the largest parish in Dublin. The church of St. Andrew's is the most spacious in the Irish capital, and will hold over 4,000 people. It was packed every evening of the mission, and crowds had to turn away, unable to obtain entrance. The total number of communicants exceeded 16,000, and the wonderful results of

these spiritual exercises were the subject of general comment.

The reverend missionaries during their stay in this country will make their home at Ottawa university, whence they will go to preach missions in the various dioceses of Canada.

The Ottawa Free Press of Monday last, thus speaks of one of these missionaries: The Rev. Father Nicolls, one of the Oblate missionaries recently arrived in this city, occupied the pulpit of St. Joseph's church yesterday, with his commanding presence, and preached on "The Purity of the Virgin Mother," whose feast was celebrated with high mass by the Rev. Father Nelles, director of the choir. The Rev. Father Nicholls has an easy flow of language combined with a beautiful accent which gives pleasure to his listeners owing to his eloquence. Several choral selections were given by the choir.

WINNIPEG.

The members of St. Joseph's Friendly Union "inaugurated" their new hall on McDermot street on Monday evening, October 12th. The President, Mr. A. Lucier, occupied the choir and he was supported by Mr. F. W. Russell, 1st Vice-President; Rev. Father Cherrier, President of Branch No. 163 of the C.M.B.A.; Alderman Smith, President of Branch No. 52 C.M.B.A. and Mr. A. McGillis, President of the Catholic Truth Society. There was a large attendance of members, the capacious hall being well filled. After the regular order of business had been gone through addresses were delivered by the gentlemen named and by Bro. G. E. Fortin. Rev. Fr. Cherrier made a particularly eloquent and instructive address, pointing out the necessity that existed at the present day for Catholics to join themselves together for their mutual improvement and protection in societies of that kind. He congratulated the members on the elegant quarters in which he found them and said that in the near future he hoped to have the pleasure of being a member of the union himself. Alderman Smith, who is himself a member of the union, followed in a similar strain, urging the brothers to go on in the good work they were doing and thus benefit not only themselves but the community of which the form a part. Bro. McGillis read a very able paper on Catholic societies generally, and on the Truth Society in particular. Bro. Fortin and Russell spoke of the pleasure it was to all the members to have such able gentlemen at their meetings and to listen to their encouraging remarks, and the latter moved a vote of thanks to Father Cherrier, which, having been carried and duly responded to, brought the proceedings to a close.

Book Reviews.

...*Reform in Russia.* In an article on "The

Demoralization of Russia" in the current number of the "Fortnightly Review," E. B. Lanin, whose remarkable papers on Russia have been a feature of the "Fortnightly" for the last two years, and who has drawn the darkest picture of Russian traits and question in the English language, summarizes the good his earlier articles have accomplished for the Russians. The article on Finance was followed by a decree abolishing the premium on Russian sugar exported to Persia; that on Finland by a ukase giving the assurance, which he had authority to state would satisfy the legitimate aspirations of the Finnish people, viz., a solemn promise that the legislative independence of the principality would be rigorously respected; the paper on Prisons by the creation of a secret commission to report specially on the subject; that on the Racking of the Peasantry by a project of a law which will probably receive the imperial signature this year, the object of which is to abolish inhuman usury, and by another proposal, now under consideration by the ministry, to lessen the burden of local as distinct from imperial taxation. It is not always that the discussion in one country of abuses in another is followed by any improvement, but the *Fortnightly's* terrible pictures of Russian life have certainly accomplished something towards relieving those down-trodden people.

...The October number of the "Westminster Review" is ample evidence of the complete manner in which this able periodical keeps in the front rank of progressive thought. It opens with a brief article on "The Ordeal of Trade Unionism." There is a noteworthy article by Barr Ferree on "Gothic Architecture," presenting this fascinating subject in a new and novel light. "Free education in the United States" is discussed by Harriot Stanton Blatch. J. W. Crombie writes effectively on the relations of "History and Radicalism." C. E. Plumtre sketches the life of the late Charles Bradlaugh and makes an appeal for his family, who were left with a heavy burden of debt. A brilliant paper on Ernest Renan, by W. H. Gleadell, presents a critical estimate of the great thinker's life and words and his intellectual position among the great men of to-day. An article by C. M. Grant on "The New Empire" discusses the relations of Canada to the United States and will be found of great interest to Canadian readers. The number closes with the usual full, complete and scholarly reviews of "Contemporary Literature," the newest books in all departments of thought. This feature is peculiar to the "Westminster" and affords the most accessible means, as well as the most accurate and reliable, of obtaining sound views on noteworthy books. New York: Leonard Scott Publication Co.

GENERAL NEWS.

...Mr. Thorp, the recently converted young Anglican minister of Sheffield, England, is now studying in the Leeds Seminary for the priesthood.

Bishop Donnelly, of Clogher, Ireland, on Sept. 3, laid the corner-stone of a new church (Sacred Heart) in Clones, County Fermanagh. The new church will cost over \$30,000.

...There is talk of a probable Congress of Astronomy to be held in the Vatican. This congress would be international, and all the most celebrated scientists would be invited to take part in it.

...The Catholics of Germany have decided to commemorate the centenary of the birth of Pius IX. which falls on May 13th next, by the erection of a monument to Dr. Wundthorst at Meppen.

...The Catholic Church is thriving in the Dubuque diocese. They have 200 priests, more than that number of Churches, and almost as many parochial schools, with 12,000 children attending them.

...The parishioners of the Church of St. Philip de Neri, Philadelphia, are taking steps towards properly celebrating the golden jubilee of Rt. Rev. Nicholas Cantwell, vicar-general of the archdiocese, which occurs November 4th.

...Bishop John J. Keane, rector of the Catholic University of America, will deliver a lecture on "The Rights of Man" for the benefit of St. Luke's Church, Sparrow's Point, Md., at the Academy of Music in Baltimore. Sunday evening, October 25.

...Fifteen young men from Tipperary and Kilkenny have been selected by Bishop McGolrick, of Duluth, Minn., as student aspirants for the American priesthood. They sailed for New York, on their way to Archbishop Ireland's seminary, at St. Paul.

...Rev. Martin Phillips, of St. Louis' church, Buffalo, N. Y., is the patentee of a valuable invention on reed organs. It is a transposing reed board and will revolutionize organ building. It has been given severe tests and meets with the approval of musicians without stint.

...At the next meeting of the Catholic Hierarchy of the United States a letter will be sent to the Pope in the name of the bishops of the country thanking him for having rejected the petition of Herr Cahensly and his associates.

...Intelligence received from Calcutta shows wonderful progress by the missionaries. During the past year they baptized children of Christian parents to the number of 1,689; children of pagan parents, 15,636; adults, 6,051. In 1887 there were 14,300 Catholics the archdiocese. Now they number 91,802.

...Father Anderledy, the general of the Jesuits, was at one time a parish priest of Green Bay, Wis. He is considered to be one of the best superiors the society has ever had. He is described as being an incomparable administrator, a polished diplomat and a deep theologian, while as a linguist he rivals Mezzofanti himself.

...The Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris has issued a circular to the clergy and the faithful of his diocese calling upon them to transmit to him all the writings, letters, etc., that may be accessible of the following servants of God, the process of whose beatification is to be formally introduced by the Holy See: The Abbe Olier, founder of the Sulpicians; the Abbe Meye, Priest of the Seminary of Foreign Missions and founder of the Sisters of Providence; Bishop Guenet, of Metellopolis; and the missionaries Neel, Neron, and Venard, who suffered martyrdom in Cochinchina, Tonkin, and China. A life of the last named, trans-

lated from the French by Lady Herbert, was published a few years ago by the Catholic Publication Society Company. It is a book of thrilling interest.

...Monsignor George W. Doane, the pastor of St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Newark, N. J., and Prothonotary Apostolic, is very ill. A week ago last Sunday he was thrown to the deck of the *Germanic*, on which he was returning from Europe, by a lurch of the vessel. He was confined to his berth, and when the ship arrived in port he was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital. In the evening he was taken to Newark in an ambulance. He failed to rally from the shock of the fall, owing to his great weight. He is sixty-two years old. Until thirty years ago he was in the Protestant Episcopal faith. His father was the late George W. Doane, first Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New Jersey, and his brother is William Doane, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Albany.

...Archbishop Eyre, of Glasgow, Scotland, was ordained priest on March 19, 1842. He will, therefore, on the ensuing recurrence of that date, celebrate his sacerdotal golden jubilee. The event will recall the early struggles for the revival of Catholicism in Scotland, says the *Liverpool Catholic Times*. The Archbishop is a link with past days when Catholicism was feeble in that country and more or less despised by its Protestant inhabitants. He has lived to see it vigorous and respected, and of the labors which have wrought such a happy change he is well entitled to use the words of the Latin poet, *Magna pars fui*. As a priest on the mission, and Administrator-Apostolic, and Archbishop, his career has been fruitful in blessings to his people, clergymen, churches, and schools being multiplied within his jurisdiction and continual progress ensured in religious works. By the Catholics of the archdiocese, to whom he has endeared himself by zeal so apostolic, and by many others who entertain for him esteem and affection, his jubilee will no doubt be commemorated in a manner worthy of such an interesting occasion.

...The Polish Catholics of the province of Posen, that part of the ancient kingdom of Poland, which was annexed to Prussia in the last century, held the other day at Thorn a meeting which was attended by about two thousand persons including representatives of the old nobility, dignitaries of the Church, and prominent men of all ranks. Herr von Slaski, a member of the Upper House of the Prussian Legislature, presided, and an eminent Catholic leader, Herr von Clapowski, delivered an eloquent address which excited no little enthusiasm. In the course of his remarks Herr von Clapowski cordially eulogised the German Emperor, and as this is said to be the first occasion when, in a purely Polish assembly, the mention of his Majesty's name had been so warmly received, the address has been strongly recommended by the German press. Many questions of interest to the Catholics of the province, such as the reform of the education laws, the importance of imparting religious instruction in the Polish language, the return of the Religious Orders, and the formation of a Young Men's Society, were fully discussed. The gathering was a success in every respect, and it was decided that henceforth a congress of the Catholics of the province should take place annually. The Posen Catholics are resolved to keep well in line with co-religionists throughout the Continent.

...President Carnot on his travels has exchanged courtesies of a marked character with the clergy. The Bishop of Chalons took a strongly patriotic tone, thanking the President that his government had added to the honor of France in presenting to a great and friendly nation, "before the eyes of respectful and astonished Europe," the spectacle of the French navy, and

in displaying the magnificence of the army upon the historic plains of Champagne. One of M. Carnot's ancestors, the Bishop reminds him, wore the title of "organizer of victory," and he in his turn could win none more glorious than that of "peacemaker among consciences." An explicit recognition of the republic is contained in the Bishop's promise of "loyal and Christian service to France in the condition wherein she stands to day by the Providence of God." At Rheims the Vicar-General, representing Cardinal Langenieux (absent with his pilgrims in Rome), gave M. Carnot praise for his patriotism and the "great enterprises it has inspired," and prayed for blessings upon the President and upon the nation "which has placed him at its head."

...During the past week novenas in honour of St. Teresa, whose feast fell on the 15th, were begun in all the convents of the Carmelite order in this country, the exercises closing on the feast day. The Carmelite convent in the Highland district of this city were visited by many people during the novena, and the same was doubtless the case in other places possessing establishments of this order. St. Teresa's feast is, moreover, regarded as the anniversary of the establishment of the first Carmelite Convent in this country, at Baltimore, though the actual date of that event was July 11, 1790.

...The following report issued by Mr. William F. Markhoe, secretary of the Catholic Truth Society of America, shows the work done by that organization during the second quarter of this year:

Under section 1, viz., "The publication of short timely articles in the secular press on the fundamental doctrines of Catholicity," there is unfortunately nothing to report.

Under section 2, viz., "The prompt and systematic correction of mis-statements, slanders and libels against Catholic truth," two articles have been published.

Under section 3, viz., "The promulgation of reliable and edifying Catholic news calculated to spread a knowledge of the vast amount of good being accomplished by the Catholic church," eleven articles have appeared, besides four articles contributed to the Catholic press. The secretary has also received, and gratefully acknowledges, a number of papers containing excellent articles by members of the society in other parts of the country, not enumerated in the above list.

Under section 4, viz., "The publication of pamphlets, tracts and leaflets," the society has published 2000 copies of pamphlet No. 10, "Agnosticism," by Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, D.D., bishop of Peoria, Ill.; 5000 copies of pamphlet No. 11, being the Pope's encyclical on the "Condition of Labor;" 2000 copies of pamphlet No. 12, entitled "Purgatory," by Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D., of New York, and 5000 leaflets; total, 14,000. The society has also circulated 9060 pamphlets, 2250 leaflets and 635 books, including 600 copies of "Rational Religion," by Rev. John Conway of St. Paul. Total pamphlets, books and leaflets circulated, 11,945. Aided by generous contributors, some 1400 copies of the encyclical have been mailed to men of prominence in trade and the professions, and left for distribution in labor halls in St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Under section 5, viz., "Occasional lectures on topics of Catholic interest," nothing has been done during the summer months, but it is expected that an instructive series will be commenced during the present quarter.

Under section 6, viz., "Supplying jails and reformatories with good reading matter," the limited supply of matter has made it impossible to supply more than one institution of this kind, namely, the county jail in Minneapolis. It is hoped, however, that arrangements will soon be completed with one of the Catholic papers by which its unused exchanges can be

distributed among a number of institutions, as in the early history of the society.

The number of branch societies has not increased since my last report, and, to facilitate this end, an effort will be made during the coming quarter to secure a more formal approbation of the ecclesiastical authorities in other dioceses, as has been done in England, where our Holy Father himself has enriched the Catholic Truth Society with several indulgences applicable to all its members. Our growth in numbers is shown as follows: On March 10 we began our second year with 100 members; on June 10 we had 335, and on Sept. 10, the date of this report, we had 607, with a balance in the treasury of \$70 34.

...A meeting of the De La Salle Literary and Debating Society will be held at De La Salle Institute on Sunday, the 1st November, for the purpose of electing officers, drafting a constitution, and for other important business in connection with the society.

All Catholic young men are invited to be present. The meeting will be called to order at 3 p.m.

Men and Things.

...Gilbert, the song-writer, made newsdealer Smith famous by his creation of the character of Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B. It was well known that Mr. Smith was the model of this famous personage. He was first Lord of the Admiralty from 1877 to 1880.

...Mr. John Morley, as a public man, is thus clearly depicted in the current number of the *London Speaker*: Mr. Morley is a man who, in moral weight, in independence of character, in resolute honesty of purpose, is second to no one at present in public life, unless it be Mr. Gladstone. He has many political opponents, and it is possible that he may have some personal rivals. But there is not an opponent or a rival who doubts either his integrity or his resolute determination to pursue only the course which he believes to be the right one.

...The German Catholics do not seem to have lost any of that admirable spirit which characterized them during the lifetime of the lamented Dr. Windthorst, and they are fully conscious of the power they possess in the Reichstag. Chancellor Caprivi has recently been soliciting the support of the Catholic representatives, and he was informed that he could have it upon one condition, to wit, that the Government would permit the return to Germany of those religious orders to which it has so far refused leave to come back.

...A novel point was raised the other day in the registration court at Southwark, Eng. Two men claimed to be on the voters' list for the same room, and the case was strongly suggestive of the celebrated farce of "Box and Cox." One of the men was a night watchman, and, of course, could only use the room by day, while the other man, employed all day on a steamboat had full possession at night. The tenancy of both men could not be contended, and, both claiming under the lodger franchise clause, the two claims had to be allowed or both rejected. The Act had neglected to provide for such a case, and, but for one thing, some very able arguments might have been delivered for and against. Unfortunately, the joint weekly rent did not amount to six shillings, and, for that reason, we regret to state the claims were dismissed before the fight had properly begun.

...Remember, says St. Anselm, who died in the year 1109, that we sometimes obtain help by invoking the name of the Virgin Mother sooner than if we invoked the name of the Lord Jesus, her only Son, and this is not be-

cause she is greater and more powerful than He is, nor because He is great and powerful through her, but she is so through Him. How is it, then, that we obtain assistance sooner than by invoking her Son? I say that I think this is so, and my reason is that her Son is Lord and Judge of all, and is able to discern the merits of each. Consequently, when His name is invoked by any one He may justly turn a deaf ear to the entreaty, but if the name of His mother is invoked, even supposing that that the merits of the suppliant do not entitle him to be heard, still the merits of the mother of God are such that her Son cannot refuse to listen to her prayer.

It has been suggested, says the *Sacred Heart Review*, that young women should form clubs or societies for the work of "Conversational Charity." If this means charitable conversation, it will be an excellent thing. To speak charitably of others, to keep silence about their failings, to put the best construction upon their words and acts—these are the plain duty of every Christian. Yet we are convinced that there are few obligations more constantly or universally disregarded. Catholics are bound to cultivate charity in this as in other aspects of that great virtue. Rash judgments and uncharitable speaking are a matter for confession; yet even with these restraints the general habit is sadly taxed.

A society of young women pledged to careful kindness of speech, and bound by solemn agreement to say nothing uncharitable of any one, would be a more powerful influence for good, and would do more for the softening of manners, social peace and happiness and the formation of Christian character than all the Browning and Shelly clubs ever established. We speak of clubs for young women. Men are not innocent in this respect. They do their full share of gossiping and rude speaking. But if the young women begin the reform the men will surely follow.

...The *Daily Telegraph* has opened its columns to the controversy on Sunday observance, especially in relation to the opening of museums and places of entertainment on the Lord's Day. One of the arguments most in use by the defenders of the present "Puritan Sabbath" is that many who now attend or might, could, or would attend worship would be attracted by the lecture hall, the museum, and the "sacred concert." The hold which Christianity retains upon the masses must be very slight indeed if a considerable number are likely to give up public worship and prefer amusements; but such is the apprehension seriously entertained, and it is eminently suggestive of the present state of society in England from a religious point of view. If the public acknowledgment of the Supreme Being is in such imminent danger of being minimized, those who speak and write of the necessity for the re-conversion of England to Christianity are not giving expression to a mere jest or sarcasm.

...A few years ago a priest in Paris was called one night to attend a dying person. A carriage was in waiting, on entering which he found himself confronted by two masked men, who bandaged his eyes. He was then driven to a distant part of the city, and made to enter a house, in which, after being led through many devious passages, he was at length brought to the bedside of a sick man, with whom he was left alone. After attending to the sufferer, the priest was taken by his masked companions to another apartment, and there, with revolvers pointed at his head, they demanded that he should at once reveal all that the dying man had told him. The priest asked for a respite of a few minutes to recommend his soul to God, and then refused absolutely to make known anything that had

been revealed to him. The two assailants declared that they had only wished to assure themselves that the secret of the confessional would be faithfully guarded, expressed their satisfaction and conducted the priest back to his residence.—*Acte Maru*.

...A Madras correspondent of the *London Weekly Register* records an interchange of courtesies between Catholic and Moslem. During Archbishop Cogan's recent visit to Vizagapatam His Highness the Maharajah of Vizianagram invited him to pay Vizianagram a visit. A landau and eight horses were placed at the disposal of the Archbishop, and a journey of thirty-six miles was accomplished in a little more than four hours. The Archbishop was accompanied by the newly consecrated prelate, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Clerc, and the Very Rev. Father T. Mayer. On arrival at the capitol the party were received by Dr. Quinn, His Highness' family physician, and Mr. Underwood, private secretary to the Maharajah. In the afternoon His Highness, accompanied by the two above named gentlemen and an escort of the body-guard, paid the first complimentary visit to their lordships. Their lordships, who stayed in a spacious bungalow, also paid a visit to the palace, and in the absence of the Maharajah, who was unable to be present owing to a previous engagement with the officers to go tiger-shooting, the party were received by Father Domenge, the Maharajah's librarian. The party next returned to Vizagapatam after a visit to the Convent of St. Joseph of Cluny. The Maharajah did not fail to show all the prelates the mosaic received by him from Leo XIII.

Anglican friends says the *Liverpool Catholic Times*, ought to look at the reports of the diocesan synods of the body which is, by Act of Parliament, "The Church of Ireland." The Bishop of Clogher—that is the "Church of Ireland" Bishop of the See—said at one of these gatherings lately that he had very little authority in matters of ritual or church ornamentation: "about as little as could possibly be imagined in one holding his position" the reason being that "the laity had not thought well to give him more." A strange thing, surely, for one who claims to be "a Catholic Bishop" to acknowledge that his authority was derived from his flock! One Mr. Nixon, however, then proceeded to illustrate the fitness of the laity to lead and confer jurisdiction upon their Bishops. It seemed that someone had given a parson a gift of a cover for the communion-table, with what Mr. Nixon called "the ominous letters I. H. S." Some of the parishioners objected to being reminded of their Saviour's name in that way, and the obnoxious letters were, "by the advice of the Bishop," removed. Yet Mr. Nixon was not quite satisfied. He objected that although the letters were gone, "the circle that enclosed them was still." Obviously the silk braid had come, or might have come, from the same spools which had furnished the braid for the terror-giving letters; hence, we may suppose Mr. Nixon thought the circle savoured strongly of Popery. And this—this is "the lineal descendant of the Church of St. Patrick!"

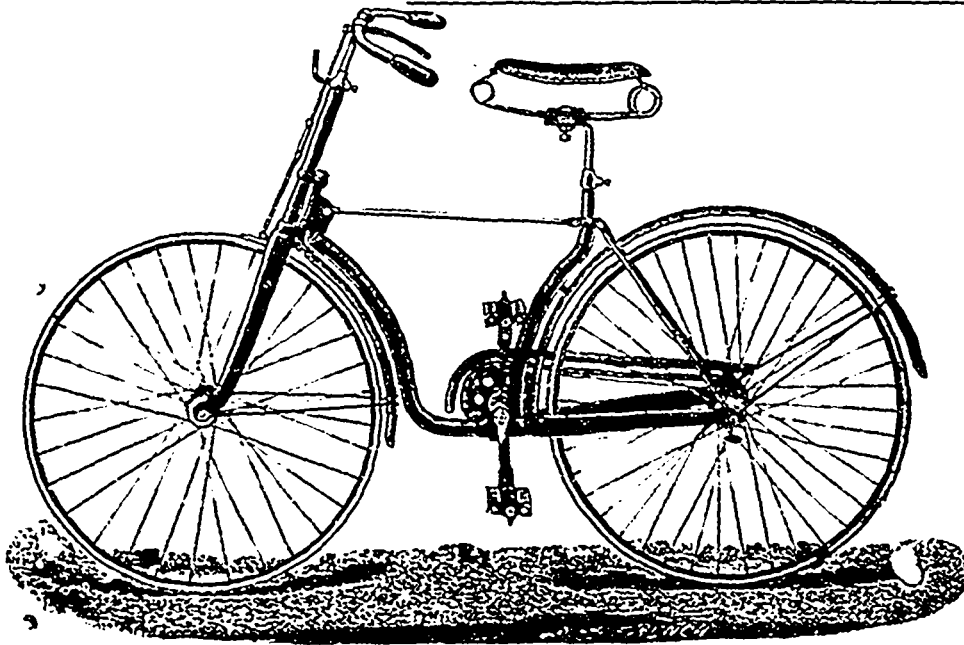
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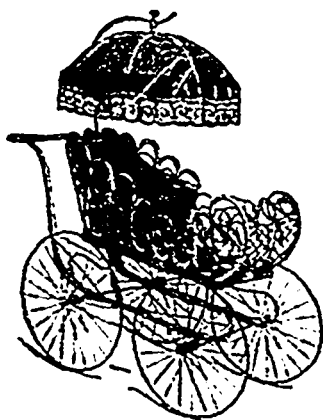
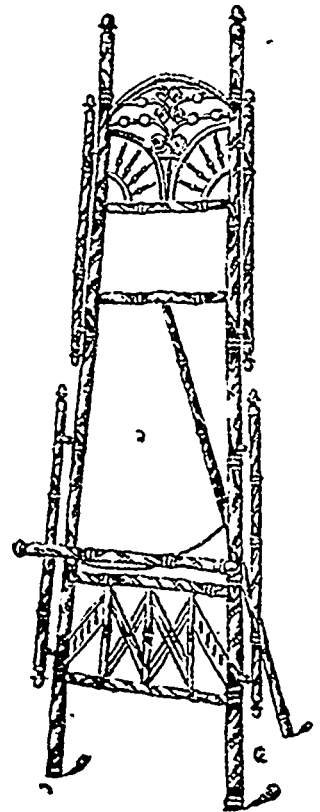
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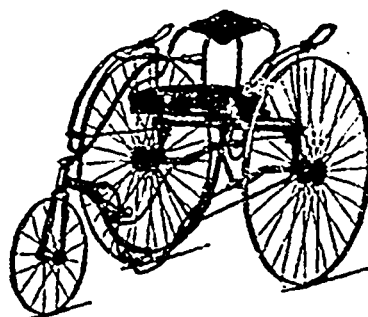


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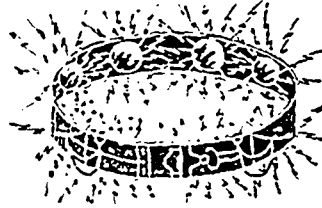
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