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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. II.

Toronto, Saturday, April 7, 1888

No. 8.

CONTENTS.

CONTRIBUTED	
Easter.....	G. M. Ward 69
Father Louis Dolla Vagua.....	H. F. McIntosh 90
Montreal Gossip.....	Old Mortality 91
SELECTED ARTICLE—	
Rev. Father Kouny, S.J.....	97
EDITORIAL—	
The Fulton Crusade.....	91
The Globe's opinion.....	91
The Treatment of Miracles.....	95
The Natural and the Supernatural.....	95
The Law of Uniformity.....	95
The Process of Proof.....	96
CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.....	
CANADA CHURCH NEWS.....	93
OPINIONS ON FULTON.....	92
SERIES—	
An Answered Prayer.....	A. M. P 98

EASTER.

Surrexit Dominus vere Alleluia!

(Invitatory at the Easter Matins).

Paschal, or Easter-tide, is a term applied to the space of time that elapses between Easter Sunday and the Saturday after Pentecost. The name Paschal comes from *pascha*, the term which the Church herself uses when speaking of Easter in her liturgy. It is of Jewish origin and refers to the Passover. The English name *Easter* is taken from the Saxon goddess, *Eostre, Eastre, Ostara*, as she is differently named, for, in this case, as in so many others, Saxon heathen nomenclature has kept its ground in the English language. Easter Day is also called the *Feast of Feasts*, the *Solemnity of Solemnities*, and to this day may be specially applied the verse of the Psalms (117: 24): "This is the day which the Lord hath made, let us be glad and rejoice therein," for, though He made every day, yet this is the day when we can sing: "Death is swallowed up in victory"; "Thanks be to God who hath given us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ" (1 Cor. 15: 54, 57).

It was on the first day of the week that the Incarnate Word rose from the dead, thus, a second time, consecrating the day of Sunday on which God had commenced the creation of the world; henceforth, therefore, the Saturday, or Sabbath, ceases to be the day that is to be kept holy.

The Holy Church imposes on all her children the obligation of receiving Holy Communion at Easter. In the early ages the Faithful received Communion frequently, and, in some places, daily. This first fervour was lost, and in A.D. 506, we find that the Faithful were called on to make at least *three* Communions a year, at Christmas, Easter and Pentecost, or be no longer counted as Catholics. Since the General Council of Lateran, however, in A.D. 1215, the Church has only insisted on one Communion yearly, but, if this yearly Easter Communion is neglected without valid excuse, the delinquent is to be denied Christian sepulture after death. The time allowed for this Easter Communion varies in the different dioceses, according to the exigences of the people, and it is decided by the respective Bishops. Formerly, the whole octave of Easter was kept holy, servile work being forbidden, but this lengthened holy rest

became curtailed to three days, then to two days, and now is no longer observed. In many places, however, Easter Monday is a legal holiday.

For forty days after Easter no fast is proscribed by the Church, and in the early days the Faithful at this time did not kneel during the divine offices, but this custom has now disappeared.

Of all the Liturgical year this season is the most fruitful in mysteries. The other seasons, each in turn, prepares us for this culmination, this triumph of life over death, this great day which is symbolical of the true Easter, that blessed eternity when "time shall be no longer" (Apoc. 10: 6). Since the Son of God has risen from the sepulchre and become "the first born from the dead" (Col. 1: 18), the Church would have us also look on ourselves as living again with Him and already in possession of eternal life. The Church commences her Easter rejoicings on Easter Eve, on the afternoon of Holy Saturday. We have already alluded to the anticipation of events which is practised by the Church in her Liturgy, especially in these present days, when the faithful no longer flock to the churches at night to pass the hours of repose in prayer. The joyful Alleluia has already sounded in our ears, and now, on the eve of the great Feast, the *Invitatory, Surrexit Dominus vere, Alleluia!* (the Lord is risen indeed), invites us to take part in the Psalms, lessons and hymns of Matins and Lauds, which all tell of the Resurrection of our Lord. At the end of Matins is sung the glorious Ambrosian hymn, the *Te Deum*, which, since Septuagesima, has so seldom gladdened our hearts.

The Matins are immediately followed by Lauds, at the end of which it is usual to salute her who is inseparably united to our Saviour, His incomparable Mother, with that glorious Anthem, *Regina Cæli, lætare*, (Rejoice, O Queen of Heaven), which, tradition tells us, was first intoned by the angels themselves.

"All Easter joys be yours," is the greeting amongst the faithful as they throng, from the earliest dawn, to the churches to partake of the Bread of Life, for, even in these lukewarm days, on no Feast are the churches so crowded as on Easter Day. Lamps, tapers, flowers, all combine to heighten the festive beauty of the altars, and, placed in state beside the principal altar, burns the Paschal candle, that mysterious symbol of Christ, our Light, who will live and converse with his Apostles for the coming forty days that are to elapse before His Ascension.

The vestments that are worn this day by the priests on the altar are the most splendid to be procured, and in rich churches they are covered with gold embroidery and precious stones. The wealth and beauty of those used in the old Catholic countries are almost inconceivable. White is the colour commanded, but the original material is so thickly overlaid and encrusted with precious stones and metals, that a most dazzling effect is produced. The offices on Easter Sunday and the following days are very short, but they are made festive and splendid by beauty of language, by wealth of decoration, and by all the sweet, entrancing sounds that musical art can command. Allusion has frequently been made to the severity of the Lenten fast. In the earlier ages, the faithful would not resume their wonted nourishment without previously having some of it solemnly blessed in the church, and the prayers are still extant with which the Paschal lamb and eggs were blessed before they were partaken of.

G. M. WARD.

The Church in Canada.

Under this heading will be collected and preserved all obtainable data bearing upon the history and growth of the Church in Canada. Contributions are invited from those having in their possession any material that might properly come for publication in this department

FATHER LOUIS DELLA VAGNA, CAPUCHIN.

PASTOR OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, TORONTO, 1856-1857.
(Condensed from a paper read before the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia, February, 1888.)

II.

In the year 1850 he bade farewell to his native city, which he was destined never to see again, and sailing across the Gulf of Genoa reached Lyons, where he remained a short time only, and then proceeded in the direction of Paris. He was then 49 years of age, in the prime and vigour of manhood. His constitution, however, not naturally robust, was being gradually undermined by the rigorous vigils and penances to which he had long subjected himself. He reached Paris in the year 1851, and remained for some time in one of the houses of his Order, making preparations for the arduous duties of the mission upon which he was about to enter. During his sojourn in Paris he met for the first time Mgr. Armand Francois Marie de Charbonnel, who had the year previous been nominated Bishop of Toronto by His Holiness, Pius IX. Bishop de Charbonnel was at this time on his way to Rome on the business of his consecration, and taking advantage of the interview which he then had with Father Louis, to whom he was greatly attracted, he expatiated with all the earnestness and eloquence at his command upon the vast field for missionary enterprise which the soil of Upper Canada presented. He besought Father Louis to join him in the evangelization of the new country, and he was the more pressing in his solicitations since Father Louis was so well versed in the knowledge of the English tongue. But the holy friar, though his heart burned within him at the prospect of so rich a harvest of souls as the earnestness of the Bishop convinced him the diocese of Toronto afforded, was too well grounded in the virtue of humility to be persuaded that he possessed the gifts or qualifications which would render him a valuable acquisition to his Lordship, nor could he think of moving to the right or to the left unless in perfect obedience to his superiors. But, undeterred by these obstacles, Bishop de Charbonnel extracted from Father Louis a promise, to the effect that should permission be obtained for him at any future period to depart for Canada, he would do so. At the same time the humble friar made no secret of his desire to undertake such a journey, and to co-operate with the Bishop in the work of saving souls.

Having completed such preparations in Paris as he deemed necessary, he crossed the Channel in 1851, and proceeded to Liverpool, and from thence on his mission to the people of Wales. Regarding details of his six years' labour on the missions in England, Ireland and Wales, we have not much information, but in company with several members of his Order he founded the Monastery of Pantasaph. For two years subsequent to this he performed a series of most fatiguing missions, giving himself no rest or relaxation. In Liverpool he preached regularly in one of the churches for a period of several months, and the crowds that flocked to hear him, together with his remarkable success in bringing people to the sacraments, afford a striking evidence of the power which he wielded over the hearts of men. From Liverpool he extended his labours over other parts of England, and we find him later on repeating his successes in the metropolis of the world, that modern Babylon of sin and misery—the city of London. In 1854 he visited Ireland, and gave missions in Dublin and Cork, accomplishing, as elsewhere, an incalculable amount of good. Returning to his monastery at Pantasaph, he was met with instructions from his Superior to hold himself in readiness for the Bombay missions, the ranks of the Franciscan missionaries in the countries of the East having been greatly thinned by the ravages of fever. Providence, however, had not so ordained, and he was to fall a victim to another destroyer than the scorching sun of the Indies. His preparations for the voyage to the East were completed and he was awaiting marching orders, when, in the

midst of his work, he was stricken down by the hand of disease, brought on by his excessive labours in the United Kingdom. In the meantime the orders he had been awaiting arrived, but, his sickness continuing, another was substituted for him, much to the good friar's chagrin. The affection which he had conceived for Bishop de Charbonnel was enthusiastic, and the desire to join him in the missions of Canada strong, but, to a missionary of Father Louis' zeal and fervour, it was a severe trial to be deprived of the privilege of co-operating, even by a decree of stern necessity, with that glorious cordon of saints who were at that moment planting the standard of the Cross, like the Apostles of old, in the deserts of India, or sealing the faith of Jesus Christ with their blood in the vast provinces of the Chinese Empire. But the good priest recognized God's hand in this, to him, severe trial, and submitted without a murmur. What to him was a heavy cross proved to be to Canada a great gain.

In the autumn of the year 1855 he resumed his missionary labours in England, with undiminished success, and in the spring of 1856 crossed over again into Ireland. On the Sunday preceding the 17th of March, he arrived at All Hallows College, Dublin, that *Alma Mater* of so many Irish missionaries scattered throughout the whole world. He was received with the same respect as would have been St. Francis of Assisium himself, or St. Anthony of Padua, and the influence he exerted upon the young levites of that institution during his brief sojourn amongst them, was of a beneficent and lasting character. His ascetic appearance and great sanctity, of which his face was but a feeble reflection, made a great impression upon all who looked upon him. Among the inmates of All Hallows at that time, was Father Mulligan, whom he was destined to meet not long afterwards in Toronto. Father Mulligan himself laboured for nearly thirty years in the diocese of Toronto, in various capacities, but latterly as Dean of St. Catharines, which office he resigned only a year or two ago, owing to ill-health. He is now in Ireland. Father Mulligan relates that when he saw Father Louis for the first time at All Hallows, he appeared, notwithstanding the laborious nature of his missionary journeyings, and the severe illness from which he had but recently recovered, to be in a good state of health and likely for many years to continue his labours.

In the meantime Bishop de Charbonnel was renewing his exertions to secure him for the missions in his diocese. Being repeatedly balked in his endeavours and finding many difficulties in the way of such a consummation, he at length determined to make application through the Propaganda. The representations he made to that Congregation were of such an urgent and reasonable character, that the Propaganda was induced to interest itself in the matter, and finally, through its influence, Father Louis was ordered to Upper Canada in the beginning of the month of April, 1856. With his characteristic promptitude and obedience he immediately set out for his destination, and such was his diligence, that before the month was out he had arrived in Toronto. On the Feast of the Ascension he made his first appearance in public, at St. Paul's Church, Power St., now under the pastoral care of His Lordship, Bishop O'Mahony. He accompanied Mgr. Charbonnel thither, and sat at his right hand during the celebration of High Mass, and it is related by residents, who were present in the old church (St. Paul's is the oldest Catholic Church in Toronto) on that day, that the devout and recollected demeanour of Father Louis made a deep and lasting impression upon the assembled congregation. At the conclusion of the Holy Sacrifice, the Bishop delivered an impressive sermon, a report of which I find in the *Toronto Mirror* of that date. During the course of his sermon the Bishop said: "I have the happiness to announce to you the arrival amongst us of a holy monk, the Rev. Father Louis della Vagna, who comes all the way from Italy burning with zeal for the salvation of souls. I have known him for nearly eight years; I have sought him for you for the last six; but obstacles continually presented themselves. At length, through the kindness of the Pope and the Propaganda, he is here."

On the Sunday following he was inducted to the pastoral charge of the Church of St. Mary, which was to be the scene of his labours for the rest of his mortal life. "From that day," says the biographer to whom reference has already several times been made, "till the day of his death, he administered the sacraments and the spiritual consolations of religion, with

remitting care and attention. He was literally day and night with his flock. All day long he sought after and promoted their welfare. He visited the sick, comforted the afflicted, and performed deeds of which, till a further manifestation of divine Providence, we forbear to speak. Youth, labouring under the ills incident to a residence in miasmatic places, almost deprived of the light of heaven, being moved to repentance, knelt at the feet of the holy friar, and went away with the sweet consolations of religion.

"To recount his prayers, his exhortations, his multiform duties, while pastor of St. Mary's, is impossible. Suffice it to say, that while all the day long he worked and preached, it may be said that all the night long he prayed and wept for the faults of his people, and with the deepest humility, while living the life of a saint, he accounted himself the lowliest Christian amongst them."

To these words of a contemporary, I now add such testimony as I have been able to glean from people still living, who either resided in St. Mary's parish during Father Louis' time, or came in contact with him in one capacity or another at St. Michael's Palace, or elsewhere. Notwithstanding the severity of our Canadian winters, the good monk continued to adhere to the strict rule of his Order. He fulfilled, after the example of St. Francis, the canonical hours. He rarely slept more than barely sufficed to sustain nature, and frequently, during the silent hours of the night, would he rise from his hard couch to pray and intercede for his charge. His bed consisted of a rough wooden box, at the bottom of which were laid a few shavings.

This box was one in which a statue of the Blessed Virgin had been packed. The statue, which he himself had brought from France, is now in St. Paul's Church, but how it came to be transferred thither from St. Mary's, I have not been able to ascertain. The room in which this uninviting bed was placed was uncomfortable and inconvenient in the extreme, and utterly devoid of anything approaching ornament. Here, when not engaged in his active pastoral duties, he lived like a recluse, and he would permit no one to enter his retreat. It was only after his death that the facts related came fully to light. As to his food, it was of the coarsest and plainest, and was always prepared with his own hands. He kept no servant or house-keeper, until within 70 months of his death, when he was commanded to do so by his Bishop. The only assistance he had until then was that of an elderly lady, who lived in close proximity to the Church, and who, taking compassion on him, would sometimes insist on performing various little offices for him. On one occasion, observing how coarse and uninviting his food was, she prepared a little toast and taking it to him begged him to eat it. He took it, but no sooner was her back turned than, approaching the small fire he had made in order to cook his food, he burned the toast until it was as black and hard as a coal, and was in the act of eating it in that state when she returned. He rarely eat more than one fair meal in the day; and meat scarcely ever passed his lips. He observed the holy season of Lent by what is known as the "black fast." He washed his own clothes, and anything in the way of repairs about his house or Church he executed with his own hands.

H. F. McINTOSH.

(To be concluded.)

MONTREAL GOSSIP.

Why is it that upon Holy Thursday our streets are always in such a condition as to render the customary visiting of *Repositories* a veritable pilgrimage? Rivers of water, patches of mud, and long stretches of soft, wet snow, were bravely traversed by thousands of devout worshippers last Thursday afternoon. In some streets the crowds were so great that one had to give up any fanciful preference for picking one's steps, and simply be borne along with the multitude.

Here in Montreal we have so many churches that there is not much difficulty in selecting the seven *Repositories* before which to pray.

Notre Dame, of course, was gorgeous in the matter of colour and glitter. An interesting feature of the decoration of that Repository was an altar frontal of rare old embroidery, which is, I was told, the handiwork of Jeanne LeBer, the strange recluse of Ville Marie's early days, who lived and died cut off from every living being, in a little cell behind the

first church of Our Lady of Pity, erected here in the days of Maisonneuve. The existing sanctuary of Our Lady of Pity is very devotional. One could not kneel in prayer before its brilliant shrine without recalling the memory of the holy dead with which its history is indissolubly linked. Old Bonsecours, once so touching in its quaint Norman simplicity, is now a hideous monument of the Vandalism of modern days. Among its "improvements" may be noticed stations of the cross, moulded in paraffine wax, wherein all the Roman soldiers wear white night caps with yellow tassels. The Brothers of the Reformatory on Mignonne street had dressed their Repository rather prettily, and the one in the "grotto" of the Chapel of Lourdes was effective. In some of the convents, too, many flower pots and candelabra were huddled together upon small altars. To a stranger not conversant with the unblushing zeal of some of the worthy lady boarders in homes for the aged, rather startling must have been the sight of an elderly dame in a very determined looking crêpe bonnet and veil, who, seated at the entrance of a chapel, held on a table before her a large tin tea tray, which she vigorously beat with a copper coin, to attract the attention of those from whom she solicited donations.

The custom of thus begging to defray the cost of the Repository decorations is not in good taste, and is singularly inharmonious with the spirit of awe and reverence that pervades most hearts on Holy Thursday.

The Repository at St. Patrick's was light and tasteful; garlanded draperies of white lace framed a large painted representation of the Blessed Eucharist. There was a profusion of starry lights, natural roses and pots of graceful spiraea and deutzia. At the Gesu the Repository was arranged upon the altar of St. Francis Xavier, which was hung with crimson velvet in a style difficult to describe, but very beautiful. The altar had the effect of being *adorned* with crimson velvet studded with gold. Above it cream lace draperies were suspended from the rich crimson and gold canopy, familiar to all frequenters of the Gesu, and which was made for the coronation of Charles X of France. Fairy lights, pale candle flames and a rich profusion of natural roses, callas and St. Joseph's lilies, rendered the *tout ensemble* very beautiful.

Funny experiences turn up amid the most unlikely surroundings. A lady who assisted at mass on Holy Thursday at the pro-cathedral happened to kneel near an old woman, who, as the procession passed, gave her an appreciative nudge. "Isn't it lovely, dear?" said she. "What?" asked the lady. "Why, our Lord's funeral, to be sure," said the good dame; "and now they are putting Him in His grave!" He she would explain the crucifixion being commemorated only on the succeeding day, I do not know.

On Saturday the city began to look festive. The markets and the shops were gaily dressed and tempting in appearance. Paper flowers bloomed universally on horses' heads, cabmen's whips, and even on small boys' caps. I saw one tuque decorated with cut tissue paper after the manner of cakes at the Sunday-school tea parties of our childhood. There was a general feeling of coming brightness in the air, a feeling that the hardships of Lent were over. Over for us worldlings, yes, but not for our spiritual pastors and masters, whose most fatiguing hours were still before them. Judging from appearances, one would say that sinners who have not "shown themselves to the priest" this year will be hard to find. All the churches, I am told, were equally crowded, but I write from personal observation of two only, those two being within a stone's throw of each other. At St. Patrick's six priests heard confessions without intermission until a late hour at night. One Father attached to that church, whose name for zeal and devotedness is a household word, did not even spare himself time to go into the presbytery for his tea, but took an anchonte's repast of a biscuit and a few dates, and sat in his confessional until after midnight, when he went supperless to bed, to arise weak and tired at an early hour on Easter morning. At the Gesu nine priests heard until half past ten, some until after eleven. The number of men who availed themselves of the Sacrament of Penance was most edifying.

And now we have emerged from the shadows of Tenebrae to the radiant glory of the Paschal tide. Beautiful as was the

Church in her wail of grief, she is still more beautiful in the gladness of her alleluias.

Not being Sir Boyle Roche's famous bird I could not be in two places at once, so my account of Easter in the churches must be confined to the Gesu, where the richest treasures of the loom, the studio and the conservatory were employed to do honour to the risen Christ.

The high altar wore a *parure* of white velvet and gold; in some places this was applied to give the effect of inlaid ivory, in others soft draperies with golden borders were festooned over and behind the various statues. At the feet of the statue of the Sacred Heart burned the two little red lights that are never extinguished, and in addition fourteen brilliant flames shaded in crimson globes threw a soft pink shade over the rich white curtains and harmonized with the heliotrope robes of the statue. Golden candlesticks of exceeding richness, callas, St. Joseph's lilies, and tall hot-house palms, were effectively grouped about the sanctuary, and their beauty atoned for the incongruity of some huge posies of artificial flowers, which, though in graceful *Benares* vases, were sadly out of keeping with the tone of the decoration of the altar. The music of the Mass was advertized to be of a very high order, and from an early hour the church was crowded. Judging from the comments of the congregation as it dispersed after Mass, nobody was disappointed.

Full as the Gesu was in the morning, it was much more densely crowded in the evening. At the eight o'clock service four thousand people were packed into its limits, whereas the church was built to accommodate two thousand. At night the sanctuary was beautiful beyond description. More flowers were added, and by candle light their unreality was not so glaringly apparent. The tapers seemed to be innumerable; I counted three hundred and then gave up. A long row of "fairy-lamps" placed upon the communion railing formed a brilliant-coloured semi-circle. The golden star, with its sacred monogram, gleamed high above the altar, before which knelt the priests, in their gorgeous vestments of white velvet and gold. While *as* to the music! Words cannot describe it. It was worthy of the reputation of the choir of the Gesu. In such an atmosphere of beauty and devotion, it is easy to respond to the *sursum corda*, and to feel as well as say with our Holy Church, "We praise Thee; we bless Thee; we adore Thee; we give Thee thanks for Thy great glory, O Lord God, Heavenly King, God the Father Almighty." And yet there are those who pity us! I met a common-place looking group of Protestants on Sunday who were discussing the mass, and said one of the party, "Poor things, they understand nothing of their own service; they just sit in ignorance of what is going on!" We, who are trained in the symbols of our Faith, whose hearts are full of the beauty of our exquisite ceremonies, to be pitied for our ignorance! Rather let them envy us, for to Catholics, as Mr. Maurice Egan so sweetly sings:

"Fair silver lines the cloud of sternest duty,
There is a glow on all our week-day deeds,
Through all the year there runs a string of beauty,
Like the bright chain which holds our rosary beads.
Life is not hard, seen through the Resurrection;
Nature, read rightly, leads us to perfection."

OLD MORTALITY.

Montreal, Easter Monday, 1888.

SOME OPINIONS ON FULTON.

Rev. Justin D. Fulton lectured in the Pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens last night to a crowded house. A large proportion of the audience were women, many of them young women. The *Empire* has a stenographic report of the lecture, "Why priests should wed," but considers it unfit for publication in a paper that goes into the homes of the people.—*The Empire*, Tuesday.

The following letter from the secretary of the Reform Club appeared in the *Mail* on Wednesday:

To the Editor of the *Mail*.

SIR,—Rev. J. D. Fulton, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., comes here ostensibly as one whose mission is to preach the "glad tidings" of the Christian religion—but really to find in Toronto audiences a receptacle for the vilest character of filth this people have ever been called on to witness. His main

object here, as throughout the greater part of his life, is to attack the institutions of the Roman Catholic Church, sparing not even the defenceless Sisters connected with the various convents of the country. The first principles of manly gallantry should have prompted this man to hesitate long before his depraved and lustful imagination had reached these self-sacrificing women with his accursed insinuations.

I may say, although I have no doubt the fact is well known that I am a Protestant, and will yield to no man in my allegiance and veneration for the simple truths of the plan of salvation as understood in the Methodist denomination. But if my religion could find any strength or sustenance in such rhetorical carion as Dr. Fulton presents to his hearers, I would utterly despair of any sanctifying results following in the wake of the Gospel of Christ. A defence from my hands of any of the institutions of the Roman Catholic Church is unnecessary. The great mass of the Protestant public in this country have learned to respect them. Of the Sisters of Charity (whom Dr. Fulton refers to as the nuns) I know, as the Christian people of Canada know, that where poverty, misery, sickness and death most do congregate, there are to be found these noble women, ministering in kindness and love, without fee or reward, and putting to shame the philanthropic efforts of many Protestant communities. It is impossible that in the hearts of such could exist the wickedness and sin charged by this itinerant vendor of infamous falsehood. Protestants and Catholics in this country have long since learned to respect each other, and the Protestants owe it to themselves to mark with contempt the utterances of such as this so-called Christian minister of Brooklyn. Toronto seems to be the dumping ground for American swindlers, defaulters, thieves and blacklegs. Their company, in their seclusion, has a more elevating influence than reverend gentlemen of the character of the subject of this communication. If further evidence is desired as to the questionable purity of mind of Dr. Fulton it is found in the circumstance surrounding his efforts to have a certain work published in Boston. The publishers, upon being interviewed by Dr. Fulton, entered into a contract to print a book for him without reading the manuscript. It was sent to the composing room. Early the following day the manager was informed that the female compositors had refused to set the type, so utterly filthy and obscene was the composition. The doctor was informed of the state of affairs and the copy was returned to him. He threatened the publishers with an action for breach of contract, but when told to "go ahead," wisely refrained. Since his arrival in Toronto publishers here have refused to put to print his filthy literature. It is high time the mask was drawn from off the face of such debased immorality. He and his false and disgusting utterances are more becoming the homes of the "strange women" than the platform of any public hall in this fair city. Yours, etc.,

Toronto, April 2.

W. T. R. PRESTON.

No good can result from such sermons as those recently delivered here by Rev. Justin D. Fulton, of Brooklyn. Dr. Fulton is excessively anxious for the overthrow of the Papacy. Would it not be as well if he endeavoured to uproot the noisome weeds which are springing up within Protestantism? When anyone attacks convents, as Rev. Dr. Fulton does, and conveys innuendoes with regard to the morality of their inmates, which are far from both truth and decency, he is surely doing great harm. I have often thought that Protestantism lacked some such homes as are provided for zealous and pious women by the convents of Catholics. While evils and even scandals may have arisen in such places, we must remember that no human organization will ever be free from imperfections, and clergymen of Dr. Fulton's own denomination have, before now, been proven guilty of scandalous conduct. The idea of a convent is based on the deep-seated conviction that religion should be the first lesson taught to the child, and that a life of piety and self-denial should be made possible for women who wish to separate themselves from the world. The beauty in the lives, the modest and exalted content in the faces of many nuns I have met, convinces me that Dr. Fulton has listened to malicious rumours rather than investigated the facts connected with the religious institutions of the church to which he is so bitterly opposed. He said that at the confessional questions

are asked Catholic women and girls which if they came from the mouth of a Protestant minister would drive him out of town.

Immediately afterwards he spoke of the cities of Ireland where Protestantism prevails which were more prosperous than the Romanist communities of the south. But is it not true—proverbially true—that the Roman Catholic women of Ireland are shown by statistics to be the most virtuous of any on the face of the earth? They may lack refinement, and their cities may not be as energetic in business or the men as thrifty as those of our countries, but the innuendo conveyed by Dr. Fulton's blow at the confessional is answered by the record of those who he says are insulted by questions regarding their lives. It is a mistake for one denomination to so vehemently attack another, for while we may have beams in our own eyes, we should not be so ready to observe even the palpable errors of others whose motives are probably as honourable as our own. And finally, that Catholic mothers and fathers who love their daughters and prize their purity, and knowing all about the confessional and more about the content than Dr. Fulton can learn, continue to send their children to the confessional and the convent convinces me that Dr. Fulton is wrong. For a stranger to come here and sow discord, though he personally may be free from the consequence of his mistakes or malice, is a serious departure from the teachings of Him who preached charity and went about doing good.—*Toronto Saturday Night.*

Rev. Dr. Fulton has been railing at the newspapers of this city for declining to give extended reports of his lectures against Roman Catholicism. He asserts that the papers are afraid of the influence of the Roman Catholic Church. It would perhaps be more correct to say they are afraid of the moral influence of his lectures upon their readers. If Dr. Fulton had anything now to add to the controversy between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism he would find the newspapers quite ready to spread it abroad. But, so far as we can see, he confines himself mainly to hurling charges of uncleanness and immorality against priests and nuns. That sort of directive serves no good purpose. It lacks the essential element of fair play. If Dr. Fulton's ambition be to turn Roman Catholics from their religion, probably the best plan would be to appeal to their reason. At any rate, he is not likely to accomplish his object by attacking the character of persons of whose walk and conversation the humblest Roman Catholic layman is from the nature of things a more competent judge than any Protestant polemist. If his aim be to prevent Protestants from joining the Roman Catholic Church, we still doubt the wisdom and propriety of Dr. Fulton's methods. Every intelligent person, whatever his creed may be, knows of his own common sense that in this age the Roman Catholic Church could not endure for a twelvemonth were her altars manured by adulterers or her convents peopled with harlots. If he has nothing better to offer than obscenities about priests and nuns, then he may as well go back to Brooklyn.—*The Mail Thursday.*

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

Abbe Provencher, the well-known Quebec naturalist, and Abbe P. Huard, of Chicoutimi, have gone to the Antilles on a scientific mission.

Dr. J. G. Bourinot, the learned and industrious clerk of the House of Commons at Ottawa, is about to publish a short constitutional history of Canada.

Like all the learned men of Italy, Pope Leo XIII. cherishes an intense admiration for Dante. It is said that he knows the "Divina Commedia" almost by heart. Among his Jubilee gifts was a copy of it, of such minute dimensions that the size of the printed page is barely two centimetres. The tiny book is exquisitely bound.

Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott, is to be leased by Mrs. Maxwell Scott, the novelist's great-granddaughter. All Sir Walter's male descendants are dead, and the estate for which he made so many sacrifices will likely pass out of the family's hands. Mrs. Maxwell Scott is a daughter of

the late James R. Hope-Scott, and like her father, a devout Catholic.

One of the finest looking and most substantial buildings in Colorado is now in course of construction about four miles from the Denver post-office, nearly due north. It is the Jesuit College, and the handsome structure is a matter of surprise to the visitor who first sees it, as he hardly anticipates such a large building. The first wing will cost \$100,000. And yet, says Senator Blair, the Jesuits are opposed to educating the masses.

At the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Farm St. London, the devotion of the Forty Hours was begun by High Mass, which was celebrated by Father Gavin, S. J. After Mass a procession of the Blessed Sacrament took place, the Marquis of Ripon, Lord Dormer, Mr. Eyre and Mr. W. Langdon being canopy bearers. The altar was most beautifully decorated for the occasion with flowers, shrubs, candles, etc.

The Holy father has awarded the Golden Rose this year to Miss Caldwell, the American lady who has given a fortune to the Catholic University of the United States. This is the second time that the Golden Rose has gone into hands that are not royal. The first time it was sent to Mrs. Sherman, the wife of General Sherman, who rendered great services to the Church. Miss Caldwell, therefore, is the second American recipient of the curious and coveted gift.

The Most Rev. Dr. Hugh Conway, Bishop of Killala, in the course of his Lenten Pastoral says:—"At this present time I know of nothing more conducive to the moral elevation of our people; nothing more worthy of the zeal of the clergy, whose mission it is to save sinners; nothing more befitting every good man interested in the amelioration of his fellow-man, than to devote every energy of mind and body he may possess in the high and holy end of propagating temperance through the country, and make it as far as possible a national virtue. Whoever does this is a great benefactor to his countrymen."

The gold medal which for some years past it has been the custom of the University of Notre Dame to present on Laetare Sunday to some eminent and deserving member of the Catholic laity of the United States, and which has come to be known as the "Laetare Medal," was sent this year to Commandatore P. V. Hickey, of New York, "in recognition of his services to the American Catholic public." The choice of Mr. Hickey was a happy one—one, too, by which the University has conferred honour upon itself. He is a gentleman of exemplary Christian life, full of zeal for the cause of truth, and as distinguished for his modesty as for his worth. The services which he has rendered to Catholic literature especially are beyond praise.

A private letter from Rome announces that Rev. Dr. John S. Foley, pastor of St. Martin's church, Baltimore, is looked upon there as the next bishop of Detroit. The clergy of that diocese have, according to the writer of that letter, forwarded a unanimous request that Dr. Foley be appointed to the See—a rare compliment, he adds, to a clergyman in another diocese, and one that seldom fails to have its weight of influence at the Vatican. Dr. Foley has the hearty indorsement of the American Hierarchy. He is eminently qualified for the proposed honour, being a ripe scholar, a fluent and eloquent speaker, and possessing marked administrative abilities. Dr. Foley is a man of handsome physical presence, and is in every way fitted to wear the purple. So says the *Baltimore Mirror*.

CANADA CHURCH NEWS.

Montreal is to have a fine organ, something it lacked before, according to "Laetare" in the *Gazette*. The instrument is to be placed in Notre Dame church, and the workmanship is to be Canadian. The builder is Casavant, of St. Hyacinthe, and the price about fifty thousand dollars.

Rt. Rev. Ronald M'Donald, of Harbour Grace, Newfoundland, is at present the guest of an old friend, Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 29th Dec., 1887.

GENTLEMEN,—

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

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, March 17, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

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

Believe me, yours faithfully,

JAMES J. CANNERY,
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1888.

We find ourselves this week with so much of what is known in newspaper parlance as "perishable" matter, matter which cannot be held over, that to accommodate it we find ourselves compelled at the last moment to sacrifice rather more than half of editorial matter to the necessities of space. To prevent further trouble of this kind the REVIEW will be enlarged in the course of a short time to sixteen pages.

The Kingston Freeman, an impulsive contemporary, accuses the REVIEW of having "sneered" at the reverend editor of the Buffalo Union and Times. "Father Cronin," it says, "is an able writer, a scholarly clergyman, and a thorough gentleman. He is known and revered, both in Canada and his own country, as one of the ablest advocates of the Irish cause. Its foes may sneer at this esteemed priest, but its friend can and never will suffer them to do it with impunity." When we tell our readers that this refers to the paragraph we copied from the Freeman's Journal, in which Father Cronin was good-naturedly bantered about his prose poetry, they will appreciate our contemporary's fairness. Could any line of the paragraph be construed as offensive, we, more than anyone else, should regret it. No one but the Kingston Freeman or a Dogberry would so construe it. What the Irish cause has to do with it is not clear to us, any more than the motive of the Freeman in misrepresenting and inviting the boycott against us. Neither Irish Nationalism nor the Church are likely to be advanced by such advocacy.

The Rev. Fulton's crusade in this city has been a success only in point of comparative obscenity. Compared

even with his predecessors, Achilli, Widdows, Man Monk, and other less notorious criminals, and in point of foulness the Rev. Fulton stands out *facile princeps*. That is saying a good deal for him. In another column will be found the opinions of the Toronto press on this Protestant apostle of sweetness and light, and his methods, and after this no further mention of the man will be permitted to sully these columns. To notice a creature whose slanders are the spawn of a lascivious imagination; abhorrent to every instinct of decent manhood. That THE REVIEW referred to him at all, even when he came here was due only to a heavy sense of duty and of necessity. But no code of honour ever required that gentlemen should combat, any more than hold converse with, blackguards and Catholics who respect themselves may be pardoned if they leave fellows like Fulton to time and to their father, the Devil.

Respectable Protestant opinion concerning his way of converting Roman Catholics to the small-pox form of his protestantism was expressed by the *Globe* of this city on Saturday. It said:—

One of the ambitions of good Protestants is to convert Roman Catholics to a purer, more tolerant, more reasonable, more loving form of Christianity. The peculiar merit of public denunciation of nuns is that the people of their creed are thus rendered amenable to the approach of Protestant teachers. Your Roman Catholic is soothed possibly, by declarations that women whom he holds in peculiar reverence are habitually false to their vows of chastity. If he has a sister or a cousin or a daughter in a nunnery—and many Roman Catholics of Toronto are in this position—he may be much pleased by a sermon, or lecture, in which some noble-hearted clergyman, who possesses the freedom from prejudices that comes from personal acquaintance with no nuns or nunneries, discloses the immoralities of both. Do not observations in a few countries indicate that the surest way to conciliate men whom you wish to convert is by attacking the reputation of their female relations?

Of course, there is no need to remark upon the chance of presuming that certain women, who often risk their lives in attending sufferers from infectious diseases, who are much engaged in the arduous work of nursing the sick, who fast not luxuriously, and who live retired from the common pleasures of the world, have devoted themselves to such an existence, not with any renunciatory design, but rather to be vicious? Perhaps Roman Catholics are likely to think the preacher inspired who alleges the convents to be hotbeds of iniquity. Without inspiration, how could he know? And if inspired, is he not the very man to teach the religion of love, of charity, of good-will upon earth and peace among men?

We might remark, but will not, upon the "fearlessness" displayed in assailing "Popery" in a city so intensely Protestant as our own, and upon the "chivalry" of assailing it by general denunciations of a few women, who find themselves "lumped together" for condemnation, and are totally without means of defence. We Protestants may perhaps, feel that such magnificent exhibitions of fearlessness and chivalry are not exactly necessary to confirm us in faithfulness to our creed or repudiation of that of Rome. But the pleasing effect upon our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens must always be thought of. Perhaps they will abjure their errors and flock to our churches hereafter. How stubborn, how perverse, they will show themselves if, instead of coming over, they say in effect:—

"Fellow citizens, it seems you cannot find it in your hearts to think well of us. Denounce our creed, then—we are as free to denounce yours. Accuse our clergy of leading us—we are at liberty to retaliate in kind. In variance with you are we in religious matters, and in the domain of strife between us is endless in its very nature. But we do not charge foul hypocrisy, debauchery, habitual prostitution against the women you reverence most. We are not as charitable to those whom we revere?"

THE TREATMENT OF MIRACLES.

Portions of Mr. Fitzgerald's paper read before the Canadian Institute, Saturday, March 31st, 1888.

Some twenty miles east of Quebec, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, is the Church of St. Anne de Beaupré, the shrine of *la bonne Ste. Anne* of the French Canadian, who has won fame in Canada for miraculous cures for two centuries at least. It is the Notre Dame de Lourdes of Canada, and an European stranger, studying the phases of Canadian life, may by spending a few hours there, see the religious phenomena of the Old World reproduced among a devout peasantry of the New.

"From morning to evening," writes Mr. Bourinot, in his paper on French Canada in the *Scottish Review*, "a steady stream of the blind and halt, of paralytic and rheumatic sufferers, passes up to the altar, and, amid the groans and supplications, now and then is heard an exclamation of joy from some poor creature, almost always a woman, who believes that the Saint has heard her prayers." "It is extraordinary," he continues, "how many remarkable cures are claimed for the shrine, and many French Canadians believe in its efficacy."

The relic, through which all these wonderful cures are effected, consists of a part of the finger bone of Ste. Anne, which was sent in 1668 by the Chapter of Carcassonne to Monseigneur de Laval, who made for himself an imperishable name in the political and ecclesiastical annals of Canada.

Another Canadian writer, Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley, of Ottawa, in an article in the midsummer number of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, entitled, "Pilgrims and Shrines in Canada," tells the story of Ste. Anne with much fulness and accuracy. Expressing no opinion in the premises, he cites merely the stories of the shrine, leaving his readers to form their own conclusions therefrom. One incident that he relates will be enough for our purpose, an incident told to him, he says, upon the testimony of one of the most intelligent and well-informed French Canadians of his acquaintance, who witnessed it with his own eyes, and related it to him:

Three years ago a well-to-do farmer, living about ten miles above Quebec, who had been dumb, but not deaf, from his birth, determined to try if Ste. Anne would vouchsafe him any relief. Accordingly, barefooted, coatless and fasting, he walked the entire distance to her shrine. Fainting, but full of faith, he wrote out his confession on the slate he always carried, received the Holy Communion, and then lay down to rest. Next morning he was one of the first at the Communion service. The church was crowded with reverent worshippers. Suddenly the service was broken in upon by a strange, half-articulate shout that startled everyone. All eyes were turned toward the spot whence it came, and there, with countenance whose expectant brightness transcended expression, stood the mute, a mute no longer, giving vent to his emotion in joyful ejaculations that filled the edifice. Thenceforward he spoke freely, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, said to my informant: "Ah, sir, wot my boys be glad to hear my voice!"

"With these and a hundred like marvels," observes Mr. Oxley, "to kindle and sustain their faith, one can readily conceive with what sincerity the myriad pilgrims, scorning the logic of unimpressionable rationalism, chant their canticles in honour of their patron saint."

The subject of miracles, we are thus by a question of concrete fact introduced to, and to which, as we see, the charm of Canadian interest attaches, has rivited the profound study of the greatest intelligences of the century. A miracle, may be best defined as a fact perceptible to the senses, not explicable by the laws of nature, and therefore a fact, a fact only to be explained by being referred to the direct and immediate or supernatural action of God. They are of two kinds, as theologians distinguish them, some quite beyond the power of created nature, and, as such, requiring the intervention of the creative power of God, as for example would be the raising of a dead man to life, or the sudden restoration of a Lst limb; others again, though not requiring for their production

the creative power of God, being still above the power of material or human agency, as, for example again, a sudden restoration to health without remedies, when according to the laws of nature, such a cure would be impossible. Miracles of this latter class the theologians hold, may be performed by God, but they may also be the work of saints and angels.

The school of "unimpressionable rationalism" rejects all such notions as incredible, as unscientific, and as quite contrary to what we know of the constancy and uniformity of the laws of nature. And since this position, the denial of the possibility of miracles involves, with it, as can be shown, a denial of the existence of an Almighty Creator and Ruler of the Universe, we of a different way of thinking, postulate as opposed to it, that they are possible; that they are not *a priori* incredible; that they do not interrupt the order of nature; and that they may be proved, as any other facts, by simple historical testimony.

But if we are to treat upon miracles, obviously, it is only proper that they be shown to us to be no anomalies. "There is no doubt," says a very high theological authority, Dr. Brownson, "much in either order set down" by the vulgar to foreign intervention that is really explicable on natural principles. Good, pious people cry out 'a miracle!' not seldom where no miracle is, and I should be sorry to have to make an act of faith in all the miracles recorded in the lives of the saints. I should be equally sorry to be obliged to believe every tale told of Satanic invasion. I have a deep and settled horror of scepticism, but also a horror no less of superstition." Dr. Brownson means by this that we are not to assume that the merely superhuman, or what surpasses the power of man, is necessarily supernatural and divine. It is important that we understand this distinction. Whatever is creature, is in the order of nature, and nature embraces the whole of creation,—whatever exists that is not God, or is distinguishable from Him. And so, whether the created powers are above man or below him, they are equally natural, and so must be whatever they are capable, as second causes, of doing. The angels in Heaven, the highest and lowest, are God's creatures, and therefore included in nature; and the devils also in hell, and the spirits of the departed. Whatever they do is within the natural order. We must admit the superiority of Satan to man in the order of nature. Man is made little lower than the angels, and the devil is an angel fallen. But though he may know many things beyond our intelligence, and do many things beyond the power of man, yet what he does is, if superhuman, not in the true sense supernatural, but as natural to his state as what man does himself. Were this table suddenly to be overturned by his agency, it would be a superhuman, if you like, but not a supernatural operation. That only is supernatural which transcends the nature of the agent. God alone, and what He does immediately by His direct act, is supernatural; God alone can work a miracle, which is a supernatural effect, wrought without any natural medium, a manifestation of the supernatural or the existence of an order above nature.

The principal argument brought against the possibility of miracles is that the laws of nature are invariably determined, and admit of no variation. The law of nature, it must be conceded, is constant, but true science will admit that the order of nature is subject to the control of that Designer, that eternal, creative Intelligence, of which the universe speaks to us.

"No man hath seen God at any time." That, no doubt, makes the great difficulty, but, as Paley says, "after all the schemes and struggles of a reluctant philosophy, the necessary resort is to a Deity. The marks of design are too strong to be gotten over. Design must have had a designer. That designer must have been a person. That person is God." And, therefore, before miracles can be pronounced *a priori* incredible, it must be proved that the supernatural or supercosmic does not exist, and this the Cosmists admit cannot be proven. They cannot prove that God does not exist, and if He does exist He is necessarily supercosmic. The famous argument of Hume, that

no amount of testimony is sufficient to prove a miracle, since it is more in accordance with experience to believe that the witnesses lie than that nature goes out of her way, is founded on a misapprehension of what is meant by a miracle. Nature does not work the miracle, but God, the Author of Nature, nor does nature, in the miracle, go out of her way. Her course may be unchanged; the miracle is merely an operation by the power that created nature herself. It is not contrary to natural laws, and does not revoke or suspend them. It is supernatural, not contra-natural. Professor Huxley himself held the uniformity of nature only as "a fruitful working hypothesis." Experience, he admitted, at a meeting of the famous "Metaphysical Society," could not prove it. Experience cannot establish such an hypothesis as a natural law or an universal truth without examining in detail every plausibly asserted exception to that law, and disproving the reality of the exception. But, over and above all this, a belief in genuine exceptions to the law of uniform phenomenal antecedents and consequents does not invalidate the assumption of the general uniformity of nature, if such exceptions are announced, as in the case of miracles they must always be, as demonstrating the interposition of some spiritual power superceding the ordinary law. The late Dr. Ward made this clear. "Suppose," he said, "that every Englishman, by invoking St. Thomas of Canterbury, could put his hand into the fire without injury. The very fact that, in order to avoid injury, he must invoke the saint's name, would ever keep fresh and firm in his mind the conviction that fire does naturally burn. He would, therefore, as unquestionably assume this to be the natural property of fire as though God had never wrought a miracle at all. In fact, from the very circumstances of the case, it is always one of the most undoubted laws of nature which a miracle overrides, and those who wish most to magnify the miracle are led by that very fact to dwell with special urgency on the otherwise universal prevalence of the law."

Science is unsympathetic and unsentimental; and from her point of view the whole question is resolvable into one of fact or of testimony. If the occurrence of certain facts can be established that are clearly impossible in the order of nature, their occurrence is a proof of a power above nature. Every alleged miracle stands, so to speak, on its own merits, and is to be received or rejected according to the evidence in the case. If we are asked to believe the reality of this or that newly narrated miracle we must have proofs which establish it beyond reasonable doubt. The value of the facts, of course, is not in their being facts, but in their being miraculous facts, such as none but God could work. But regarding them as facts, simple historical testimony ought to be as valid in their case as in the case of Napoleon or Caesar's battles, the essential points in the process of proof, first the fact of occurrence or non-occurrence, and second, the fact of miraculous or non-miraculous character, being determinable, as we contend, by reason, and by an observance of the ordinary rules of historical criticism.

"The existence of the supernatural," says Mr. Lilly, "is the question of the day. How fatal is it in such matters to put aside facts for theories, to take 'the high priori road,' and to ignore the collective experience of the human race, which we call history." And what are miracles but facts of history and biography to be dealt with as other facts? Mr. Lilly's is the argument to the Christian; and to the Christian, however wasted it may be upon the cold-blooded, unbelieving philosopher, there is one other consideration.

Through divine grace, there is one truth held to, and professed by all Christians, the supreme mystery of the Incarnation. Beside this stupendous event—the Supreme Being born of a mortal woman—all the miracles of the martyrology, of the saints' lives, and of local tradition and legend, put together, are as naught. Can they who give a mental assent to that supreme mystery protest, with consistency, against what falls without the limits of mere human understanding? Believing that God wrought miracles on earth in the times of the Apostles, can supernatural facts, as such, startle them? What God did once is he unable, or unlikely to do again? And if they are

sceptical in this regard, are they sure they are Christians. It was, perhaps wrong to have said that the question is one of fact altogether. Schiller, who seems in his grand poems to have so mastered metaphysics, tells us in one, that it is a question of fact h:

"Thou must believe and thou must venture,
In fearless faith thy safety dwells;
By miracles alone men enter
The glorious Land of Miracles."

AN ANSWERED PRAYER.*

Up to St. Patrick's lowly shrine
A band of lowly orphans went,
And knelt them down to humbly pray
Before the Blessed Sacrament.

Their baby hands were folded tight,
Their baby eyes were upward bent,
Their baby lips petition made
Unto the Blessed Sacrament.

While sorrow to each little voice
A pathos sweet and touching lent,
"Dear God, our benefactor cure!"
They asked the Blessed Sacrament.

"Dear God, our benefactor cure!"
The prayer to Heaven they softly sent,
Upon the wings of angels bright
Who guard the Blessed Sacrament.

There they remained from early morn,
Their minds upon one thought intent,
Until the Angelus rang out
Above the Blessed Sacrament.

And God in heaven to their prayer
A willing ear, in mercy, lent,
And granted them the boon they craved,
Through Christ, the Blessed Sacrament.

PEN PICTURES OF TWO GREAT PREACHERS.

REV. FATHER KENNY, S. J.; AND MGR. SOULE.

REV. FATHER KENNY.

On Sunday night St. Michael's cathedral was crowded to the doors by a congregation eager to hear the Rev. Father Kenny, who has achieved a great reputation as a pulpit orator.

I confess to being strongly impressed by the vesper services, the prayers, the lights, the shadows, the solemnity, the solitude of worship, which can be seen nowhere in such perfection as in a Catholic cathedral. The childish voices in the responses, the mysterious distances, the venerable archbishop, the cross of fire above the altar, and all those material accessories which separate man from the affairs of the earth and place him in what Dr. Parsons would call the "perceptive position" and in what the Rev. Mr. Watson might term the "receptive attitude," were there, and the congregation was devoutly worshipping.

A young man clad in black with a strong, clean-shaven face and immense chest and agile step strode from the vestry, bent before the altar, kissed the archbishop's ring, and then with a stately grace which we seldom see off the stage mounted the winding stair leading to the pulpit. He was the counterpart of many an eager young actor I have seen on the mimic stage in Richelieu, and I could imagine the old archbishop holding forth his hand and saying to Francois, "In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as 'fail.'" The preacher leaned gracefully on the side of the pulpit, and

*When Mr. Edward Murphy, of Montreal, a generous benefactor to the charities of that city, met with an accident in January last, which threatened him with a severe illness, the little orphans of St. Patrick's, of their own free will, spent a whole morning before the Blessed Sacrament, unceasingly repeating the heartfelt request, "Dear Lord, cure dear Mr. Murphy!" It was touching to witness the row of baby figures so recollected and so earnest, as they sat or knelt, absorbed in their simple prayer, to which the Almighty God was mercifully pleased to accord a favourable answer.—*A. M. P., in Ave Maria.*

then touching his forehead with his hand was answered by almost every hand in the audience, repeating after him the sign of the cross.

"He that persevereth unto the end shall be saved," (or, as it is in our version, "He that endureth to the end shall be saved"—Matt., 10th chapter) was the text. He began with eloquent and glowing description of home, saying that if a man had no hope of another world he would be justified in making an idol and a heaven of his home. But even by the hearth-stone we are not safe from the trials and tribulations which afflict mankind, and while we gaze into the faces of our loved ones we are not secure from the suspicions and disquiet which prove to us that nothing is perfect and earth is not our home.

His voice has that remarkable strength which can be heard over a very large building, full of the vibratory power and dramatic intonation which we so seldom hear in the pulpit. His grace, the wonderful self-poise of his manner, his glowing climaxes, his intensity of speech, the remarkable changes of pitch and modulation of his voice, were such as we find among the very best actors, the most cultured orators, but seldom, I might almost say never, among our preachers.

George Kenny is the son of Sir Edward Kenny, of Halifax, and nephew of Chief Justice Henry, of the Supreme Court. He has a brother in the House of Commons, and was himself a promising lawyer before he left the bar and took the vows of the Society of Jesus, which bind him forever to the order instituted by Ignatius Loyola. He has been preaching a mission for the week ending last Sunday, assisted by Father Jones of the same order, who is also highly connected in the Maritime Provinces and Toronto. There is no doubt that their preaching has been received most acceptably in Toronto, and Passion Week has borne witness, by many acts of self-sacrifice, of the deep conviction which has been brought home to many hearts by Father Kenny's exhortations.

At the conclusion of his sermon on Sunday, Father Kenny told them that at the end of the mission preached by members of his society his Holiness the Pope had empowered them to bless the hearers, and this blessing was as if it came from the Pontiff himself. His Grace the Archbishop, amidst the splendours of the altar, pronounced the blessing, the preacher and the large audience kneeling in prayer. After this Father Kenny reminded his hearers that at their baptism, when they had been received into the Church, their sponsors had on their behalf promised that they should renounce Satan and all his works, and profess their faith in Christ, the holy Catholic Church, the resurrection of the dead and eternal life. He would now ask them to stand up and each man repeat the responses after him, renewing their vows. This the congregation did with an earnestness and solemnity such as I have never before seen excelled at a religious service of any kind. He told them to remember their morning prayers; not to go out to their toil before their souls had been attuned to the service of their God. This daily devotion was obligatory upon them, and every week they should be at Mass. This weekly duty should not be avoided; no petty excuses should be made. He asked them to remember that the trifling excuses offered for avoiding attendance at Mass were such as would be received by no one for the breaking of an ordinary business engagement, and they must take care not to offer to God an excuse which would not be valid if offered to man. He adjured them most earnestly that at least once a month they should attend communion, for if they partook not of the flesh of Christ they were not a part of Him. He told them the experience of those who ministered unto souls was that those who stayed away from Mass and Communion, and without the Sacrament and the blessings of the Church.

It cannot be said of Father Kenny's sermon—as I have frequently been forced to say with regard to the preaching of many Protestant divines—that it had any uncertain sound, or could not be comprehended by the hearer. The absolute certainty with which their dogmas are preached inspires confidence and I can appreciate the incident of Cardinal Newman. He was of a tender and loving disposition, without self-assertiveness, while his brother was bold and aggressive. When they were both attacked by doubt, the nature that sought strength and certainty found refuge in the Roman Catholic Church, while the one who was strong and self-reliant deserted the Anglican doctrines for infidelity. The beauty of the life of one increased, while agnosticism brought nothing but misery to the other. It is easy for those who know how humanity struggles

to find something strong to lean upon and a sense of assured safety, to see why men seek happiness in the Catholic religion while others of set views may gaze on its pageantry and be repelled by what they think is idolatrous. Still, when we see so many churches, all adapting themselves to the wants of certain classes of mankind, does it not savour of bigotry when the church is denounced which has done most to carry the cross into heathen lands? Surely it has its mission, and the record of its martyrs proves that that mission has been characterized by the perseverance which is both earnest and confident and full of self-sacrifice in the face of overwhelming difficulties.—*"Don," in Toronto Saturday Night.*

THE LAST OF THE DRUIDS.

BY JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

[Read at the dinner of the Charitable Irish Society Boston, March 17th, 1888.]

Conal, last of the Druids, stood by the ruined shrine,
And the ashes were cold on the altar and bitter and grey as brine;
The sacred grove was deserted, and impious hands had raised
The mystic sign of the stranger where the holy fires had blazed.
He went to the home of his father, and a stranger bade him in
Who knew not the face of Conal nor came of his father's kin.

For the years were many and changeful since the Druid went afar
From the peaceful land of Ierne to the stormy fields of war.
He had battled with Pict and Briton, Norseman and Hun and Gaul,
When Dathi's glorious banner waved on the Alpine wall.
And now he was old, and weary of the splendid joy of strife,
And he longed for the Druid cloister and the evening calm of life:
"The gods of the brave will bless me for the foes I have slain,"
he said,
And he turned to the land of Ierne—and they told him the Gods
were dead!

Then he cursed the gods of his fathers, the many who fled from
one,
And he cursed the priest of the stranger for the thing that he had
done.
"I will find this priest, I will slay him,—let him bide on land or
sea,
Though a thousand swords defend him—and the gods shall be
shamed by me!

He went to the Court of Tara where the king had housed the
priest;
He found him not at the palace, he found him not at the feast;
But down in a lowly hovel, where a man with the Black Death lay,
They told him, "the good priest, Patrick, watches by night and
day;
For the man he serves was his foeman in the days of his power and
pride,
But the pride and the power have left him, and the love of his
friends has died;
Kith or kin has he none—only one son, gone wild—
And the Black Death's hand, Christ gave us! would part thee
mother and child.
The boldest soldier in Erin, I warrant ye, would not dare
To watch with old Conn the Druid, in the deadly pest-house there."

Never a word said Conal, but his face was set and gray,
As he strode to the lonely cabin where the dying Druid lay.
He knelt by the humble pallet, and the air was thick with death,
But the lips of the stricken father smiled with his dying breath,
And his feeble hand was lifted to bless with the Christian's sign
The wayward son of his bosom—the last of the Druid line.

Then the sinful wrath of Conal passed like a mist away,
And he kissed the hem of the garment of the man he had sworn to
slay.

The assertion so often made that the restraints and mortifications of conventual life are prejudicial to health, finds a striking contradiction in the death-roll of the Ursuline Convent, Quebec, Canada. Since the year opened, three nuns died there, the youngest of whom was eighty-four years of age, sixty-two of which were passed in religion—but let us give the official record: Jan. 14.—Mother St. Anne (Seraphine Truteau), aged ninety years, fifty-four of which had been consecrated to God in the religious life. Jan. 18.—Mother St. John (Anne McDonald), aged eighty-four years, and of religious life sixty-two. Feb. 25.—Rev. Mother St. Gabriel (Adelaide Plante), aged ninety-one years, seventy-five of which had been passed in the community.

ALUM BAKING POWDERS.

THEIR USE INJURIOUS TO HEALTH AND THEIR SALE CONTRARY TO LAW.

Two men were recently convicted in St. Lawrence County, New York, for violating the food adulteration laws of that State by selling alum baking powders in imitation of pure cream of tartar baking powders. The Law of New York is similar to that of this province in forbidding the sale of adulterated and injurious articles of food, but the courts had not before constructed it in so far as it related to the sale of alum baking powders.

The baking powder sold by the accused was proved to be made from alum, by Gillett, of Chicago, and expert testimony was taken to show the unwholesomeness of alum in baking powders, bread or other food.

The Court, in inflicting the extreme penalty of the law upon the accused, expressed regret at not being able to impose a punishment more nearly in accordance with the seriousness of the offense.

The sale of alum baking powders is prohibited by direct statute in England. It should be the same here; yet our laws, if not so specific, are probably sufficient to put a stop to the business were they rigidly enforced. It is said that many brands of alum powders are being introduced into the Dominion,

and we bespeak the attention of our public analysts to the matter.

"Fulton," says the *Milwaukee Citizen*, "is now in the congenial atmosphere of Toronto, where they believe such liars."

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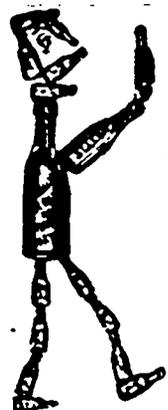
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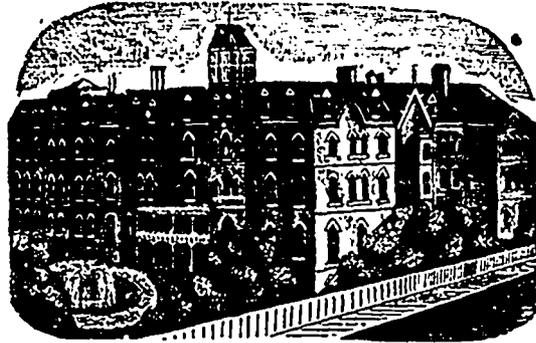
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Table with 2 columns: Gift number and value. 1st. - \$250, The next 20, \$10 each. 2nd. - 100, The next 40, 5 each. 3rd. - 50, The next 415, 2 each. 4th. - 30, The next 820, 1 each. 5th. - 20

After 50 thousand letters have been received, the
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Table with 2 columns: Gift number and value. 1st. - \$225, The next 10, \$15 each. 2nd. - 125, The next 15, 10 each. 3rd. - 75, The next 40, 5 each. 4th. - 50, The next 450, 2 each. 5th. - 25, The next 500, 1 each.

After 100 thousand letters have been received, the
senders of the next one thousand letters will receive
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After 150 thousand letters have been received, the
senders of the next eleven hundred and nine letters
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