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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. II.

Toronto, Saturday, Aug 4, 1888

No. 25.

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NOTES.

If the O'Donnell action has been a fiasco legally, it at least has brought out some important points. It has shown that the *Times* is depending entirely upon the political prejudices of a London jury to acquit it of libelling the Irish leaders, for it has through counsel announced that it will not under any circumstances make known the names of those who supplied the secret letters. This is an acknowledgement of inability to prove their authenticity in a court of law. The Government also makes a confession by its refusal to appoint a Parliamentary committee of inquiry. It admits that it disbelieves the charges of the *Times*. It may well do so, for they have not even the merit of being skillfully manufactured. From beginning to end they are absurd forgeries. As to the suggestion that Mr. Parnell should appeal to the verdict of a London jury, it comes, as the *Liverpool Catholic Times* says, with bad grace from a Government which has suspended trial by jury in Ireland.

A cablegram from London on the 31st announces that Cardinal Lavigere has arrived there from Rome, to express the desire of the Pope that English public opinion be aroused concerning the slave trade in Africa. The Cardinal says the trade is rapidly extending. It is entirely in the hands of the Arabs, and under their brutal rule hundred of thousands of native blacks from the interior tribes are annually sold into slavery. The treatment of them *en route* from the place of their capture to market is horrible. Weak captives, unable to keep up, are ruthlessly cut down, and the route of a slave caravan can always be traced by human skeletons. The Pope will exert all the pressure in his power to check the evil. The hope is that a concert of public opinion in Europe will be able to arouse the authorities in Egypt and Zanibar to set themselves against the business. The movement is not confined to the Catholic Church, but is desired to include all Christian people.

We publish elsewhere in this number as much of the Holy Father's recent Encyclical on Human Liberty as we can make room for in one paper. The remainder will follow in subsequent numbers. In the meantime we give the subjoined analysis of the great document. The Encyclical, in writing which the Holy Father is said to have spent

three years of earnest study and labour, is an impressive pronouncement on certain false and prevailing notions of liberty, alike full of instruction to those who govern, and to those who are governed:—

Liberty is liable to abuse. Modern "liberties" are abuses. Natural liberty belongs to men as rational beings. It is derived from the soul. It is therefore dependent upon intellect. True liberty therefore follows the dictates of the intellect. Liberty needs to be helped by a law. This law is an eternal law. The individual law applied to society becomes human law. The human law is therefore an eternal law. Liberty is therefore restrained by obedience. (a) in the individual, to the natural law; (b) in society, to the human law. Liberalism proper refuses this obedience, and its own pleasure is its only law. Another form of Liberalism refuses obedience to eternal law in the State, but acknowledges it in the individual.

Liberty of worship should be restricted by the true religion, and Atheism is contrary to reason. Religion in the State confirms true morality. *Liberty of speech and writing* should be restricted by the moral law. *Liberty of teaching* should be restricted by the moral law, and therefore all teaching should fall within the truth. *Liberty of conscience* should be restricted to the true religion, and within these limits boldly defended.

Liberalism bears evil fruits. God allows evil for greater good. Rulers should keep this example before them. But Liberalism allows no tolerance. Man should submit to God, which Liberalism does not allow. One form of Liberalism wishes to separate the Church from the State, and allow the Church to work thus separated. Another form denies any power to the Church further than that of exhortation. Some wish the Church to go with the times. All these opinions are false, and should be substituted by the true doctrine previously laid down. The Church desires her sons, except under certain conditions, to take part in public affairs when possible; saving faith and moral-, she approves every kind of government.

In a Fourth of July address in New York, Mr. Goldwin Smith, speaking of commercial union between the United States and Canada, said: "Annexed by commercial blockade Canada would be almost as recalcitrant and disaffected as she would be if annexed by military force. You do not want a Poland or an Alsace Lorraine." "And yet this same individual," comments the *Buffalo Union and Times*, "would 'annex' Ireland by 'military force' to England; and by bludgeon, bullet and prison would make that unfortunate island the Poland of the seas."

Mr. Smith does not appear to have been much more acceptable in his pro-British luncombe to the Americans about "common ancestry" and "blood being thicker than water." "I am one of those," he said, "who believe and frankly avow the belief that the day will come when all the members of the English-speaking race upon this continent will again be, as once they were, one people, and England as the common parent of them all will rejoice in their union." This, replies the journal above quoted, is simply nonsense, and unsound historically. The population of the United States being a mixture of all peoples under the sun, these "common parentage" references to England as the mother of American traditions is simply so much over-wrought sentimentality.

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

A MARTYR OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

In the list of the New York missionaries of two hundred years ago we find one whose life is of more than usual interest. It is a touching addition to our American martyrology, for it is next to certain his death was that of a true martyr. He had long been a martyr in desire, and his death in utter abandonment, about the feast of our Lady's Assumption, may well hallow the August pages of the *Pilgrim*, which has for one of its chief objects to keep fresh and green the memories of the American servants of the Queen of Martyrs.

Father Rene Menard was born in the year 1604, and held honoured positions as a priest of the Society of Jesus in France before he came out on the American mission. He arrived in Quebec in July, 1640, and for a time exercised the office of confessor of the Ursuline nuns, whose venerable convent still groups together so many holy memories of that heroic time. Afterwards he went on the distant Huron mission, and took up the field which Father Jogues had attempted among the Indians toward Lake Superior. Here the missionaries heard of the great river Mississippi, which one of Father Menard's successors—Father Marquette—was to discover and explore later. After a few years the Huron mission was destroyed and several of the missionaries met with cruel and lingering deaths for the faith of Christ.

Father Menard, their fellow missionary and apostle, devoured with a zeal like their own, was of frail make; but his heart was so strong that none had taken more work upon himself. The saintly Bishop Laval spoke of him as a living saint, and the missionaries called him the "Fruitful Father." From the Huron country he was sent on the difficult mission at Onondaga, now the thriving city of Syracuse and a Bishop's see. When this too failed for a time, he returned to the French colony in Canada. But it was only until he could be sent on the difficult western mission once again, where he should have no comfort or consolation left him but God alone. He used to say, "When most bereft of human consolation, God takes possession of the heart, and convinces it how far His holy grace surpasses all consolation to be found in creatures."

We can best understand the plain simple heroism of his death by a few extracts from the letter which announces it to the other missionaries.

According to his wishes, and even according to a prophecy he had made, he imitated in his death the abandonment of St. Francis Xavier, whose zeal he had always perfectly imitated during his life. . . . This is the little we have been able to learn about it from a letter come from Montreal, dated the 26th of July, 1663.

Yesterday our good God brought us thirty-five canoes from the Ottawa country, in which seven of the nine Frenchmen who had gone away returned. The other two—Father Rene Menard and his faithful companion named John Guerin—have gone over to the other side, finding themselves sooner than their companions in the port of the common fatherland. The Father died two years ago, and John about ten months since.

The letter goes on to narrate how the good missionary, after long and desperate efforts to reach the few Catholic Indians who had fled from their enemies farther than any of the whites had yet been, still persevered in his heroic purpose.

They represented to the Father how little chance there was that an old man, decayed and feeble and without provisions, as he was, should succeed in such a journey. All this did not affright him; he had but one answer for his good children.

"God calls me. I must go, even if it costs me my life. St. Francis Xavier, who seemed to be so necessary to the world for the conversion of souls, died in the midst of his efforts at the very door of China, and shall I, who am worth nothing, through fear of dying on the way, refuse to obey the voice of my God Who calls me to the assistance of the poor Christians and converts that have been so long deprived of their pastors?"

So he took his resolution to go to seek these wandering sheep. A few Hurons who were trading with the Ottawas offered to be his guides. He was happy to have met them, and gave them his little packages, and made choice of one of the Frenchmen who was a gunsmith to accompany him. For his whole provision he took a bag of dried sturgeon and a little smoked meat, which he had been saving up for a long time in view of this journey. The last farewell, which he bade to the Frenchmen left behind, was in these prophetic terms:

"Farewell, my dear children. I give you the last farewell for this world, for you will see me no more! I pray God's good ness to unite us in heaven!"

On the 13th of June he was on the road, nine months after his coming to Ottawa country. But his poor Hurons, lightly laden as they were, soon lost courage, as their strength gave out for lack of food. They abandoned the Father, telling him they would go on in haste to their village to give notice to the chiefs that he was on his way, and to have them send some strong young men to come and help him.

The Father looked for the promised aid, and remained beside a lake for about fifteen days. But his provisions failed him, and he resolved to set out with his companion in a little canoe which they had found in the brushwood. They started off with their packages.

At last, towards the 10th of August, the poor Father while following his companion was lost, mistaking certain woods and rocks for others. It was at the end of a very difficult portage round a waterfall. His companion looked behind to see if he was not coming. He sought for him, shouted, and fired five shots from his rifle in order to signal to him the right way, but in vain. Then he took the resolution to hurry on to the Huron village, which he thought must be near, so as to hire men at any price to go and look after the Father. But unhappily he got lost also, and went further than the village without knowing it.

Thus the Father was abandoned, though still in the hands of God's Providence, which doubtless gave him the courage to suffer with constancy this privation of all things in his extremity. Stretched out on the ground or perhaps on some rock, he remained exposed to the stings of the mosquitos—little tyrants of which the number is frightful in those parts—and he suffered this cruel torment during the time he survived. Hunger and wretchedness put an end to him, and drove out of his body that blessed soul to enter into the joy of so many labors undergone for the conversion of the savages.

As to his body, the Frenchman who accompanied him did his best to have the Indians look after it, but without success. The time and day of his death cannot be known exactly. His companion thinks it was about the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, for he says the Father had with him a piece of smoked meat, about as long and wide as the hand, which would keep him up for two or three days. Some time afterwards a savage found the sack of the Father; but he would not own to having found his body, for fear of being accused of having killed him. Perhaps this is the truth, since these barbarians have no difficulty in slaughtering a man when they find him alone in the woods, in hope of getting booty. In fact, there was seen in one of the cabins the remainder of his chapel furniture.

The zeal of this Father was rooted in the love of God with which his heart was burning. It put in his mouth these words which he often addressed to his companions:

"We do many things and enough, but we do not enough from the love of God."

This was his motto, and the lesson of his life.—*The Little Pilgrim*.

Young Lord Leveson, Lord Granville's eldest son, still sticks to the half-crown he swallowed among other delicacies at Christmas time while engaged in an amateur conjuring performance. Every one will be glad to know that the popular son of the genial leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords is not a penny, much less half-a-crown, the worse for the adventure. He indeed seems to thrive upon the current coin of the realm, and was never better in health. "He has gained eleven pounds," said Lord Granville to a youthful colleague on the front bench, who was enquiring after Lord Leveson's health. "Ah," said the witty peer, "that makes £11 2s.6d."—*London Weekly Register*.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

I wonder whether many of the readers of the REVIEW are provided with those highly indulgenced rosaries blessed by the regular Canons of the Order of the Holy Cross. Perhaps in any case, a few words explanatory of this indulgence may not be out of place in this column.

In the first place, to these beads is attached the extraordinary Indulgence of *five hundred days* upon each grain, to this the Bridgettine Indulgence of one hundred days was added subsequently, with the Holy Father's blessing, and this enormous indulgence can be gained as often as one recites devoutly one "Our Father" or one "Hail Mary" on these rosaries, it not being necessary to say the whole five decades.

This privilege was granted on the 20th August, 1516, by Pope Leo X., to the Master-General of the Order of the Holy Cross and to his successors.

On the 9th January, 1848, Pius IX. allowed the Commissary General to confer the power on every priest of the Order. Finally on the 15th March, 1884, His Holiness Leo XIII., by a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, recognized this Indulgence as authentic, and declared the above mentioned faculty exclusively proper to the Order of the Holy Cross.

These rosaries, which are rare in this country, are being presented by Rev. Father Nolin, S. J., to such zealous promoters of the cause of colonization as have succeeded for two consecutive years in filling up the cards of ten members which the Rev. Father distributes to all who wish to have them. It is a small task to undertake, ten subscribers of ten cents each are not very difficult to find, and it is surely an honour as well as a pleasure to have a share in the noble work of Catholic colonization.

The Souvenir which Father Nolin gave last year to his *Zelateurs*, is very pretty. It is a medal struck in the name of the Colonization Societies of Montreal and Ottawa, and is in white metal. The religious side bears as a foundation the maple leaf, the emblem of Canada. In the centre of the leaf is engraved the Sacred Heart, to symbolize Jesus in the midst of our country, protecting it, and dispensing throughout its length and breadth the abundant treasures of His grace and His love.

The motto is "*Souvenir aux Zelateurs*," and J. H. S.—Jesus the Saviour of men.

The reverse side of the medal has also the maple leaf for its groundwork. Below the centre is the Cross surmounted by sun rays, to signify the Cross planted by Jacques Cartier on the banks of the St. Lawrence, the rays of light and heat indicate the power of the Cross to enlighten our land, to point out the way to heaven, and communicate the fire of love and of energy of good works. Below this a landscape: one side of which shews the sea, and upon it the sail of Jacques Cartier, *en route* for Canada. On the bank is a tilled field with a plough—that symbol of agriculture and of colonization which has made Canada what she is to-day. On the right hand side of the medal is a wheat-field and a farmer's house, indicating the competency and well-being which result from colonization. Beneath these designs is a little beaver on a maple bough—the ancient emblem of Canada, adopted by its settlers.

It is a very uncommon-looking and pretty medal this—one which is apt to make the beholder covetous, and enlist him among the most enthusiastic of Father Nolin's *Zelateurs*.

Among the many good works of Catholic Christianity is that of the "Holy Childhood," which has for its aim the rescue and salvation of children born in pagan lands. For the year 1886, the sum contributed towards this pious end was \$3,441,718.05. This enormous sum was made up of contributions of 12c. per year, and the circular which has been issued recently by Rev. Abbé Daniel of St. Sulpice, asks if, after the Propagation of the Faith, there exists in the world, a pious association which can boast of so many members. The figures go on to shew that in the year 1886, the numbers of these children who received Christian baptism was 352,609. Of these but 95,459 lived and they are receiving a Christian education and training in 2,316 missions or orphanages, together with a vast number of children baptized in previous years. At the close of an eloquent appeal in the interests of this good work, the circular says:—

"What treasures people may lay up in heaven, if to help these poor missionaries, they give of their abundance. . . . But it is not accorded to everyone to have the same degree of success in the work of the salvation of souls. Let those to whom God has given this grace, take courage, and nerve themselves to little sacrifices by the thought of the great good that they will do, by the vista of recompenses that are promised and by the assurance that the children whom they have been instrumental in saving will unfailingly pray for them."

In a column of the *Moniteur Acadien*, I recently came across some old French superstitions regarding the days of the month of June and their influence on the weather. They do not read so well in an English dress, but the idea is the same:

In the months of June and July, it is said
That they will fare badly who then do wed.

On the day of St. Medard, which is in June,
Workingmen watch the sun and moon,
For if it then rises the proverb says,
Bad weather will last for thirty days.
And if it is fine, we are just as sure
Of a plenteous harvest for the poor.

He who is born on St. Basilide's day (June 12)
Will n'er be an invalid, they say.

If it rain on the eve St. Aurelien's Feast; (June 17)
Good oats and light hay for the poor man's beast

The crops will be chilled and wither away
If the wind blow hard on St. Lenfray's day.

If it rains on the eve of St. Peter's day,
A third of the grape harvest withers away.

If it rain on St. Peter and Paul, then stranger,
For thirty days look out for danger.

The prophecies go on to say that if on the contrary the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul be fine the ensuing year will be fertile. If it rain, wheat will be dear—and further, if it blow hard, it is a sign of war.

An old English proverb relating to St. Barnabas' day—the 11th June, says:—

Barnaby Bright,
The longest day and the shortest night.

which is flippant, and not correct according to our calendar.

Most of us have heard the superstition that if it rains on St. Swithin's day, it will rain for forty days and nights after. Here are two old English couplets in support of the belief:—

July to whom, the dog-star in her train
St. James gives oysters and St. Swithin rain.

—Churchill.

Our old country doggerel runs thus:

St. Swithin's Day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain,
St. Swithin's Day, if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain na mair.

St. Swithin was a holy Bishop of Winchester, in the days of "merrie England," and what he had to do with the weather, or why he was called the "weeping St. Swithin," was long a mystery to me, but at length I have come across the explanation, which I trust will be of interest to the readers of the REVIEW.

In the year 865 St. Swithin died, and was soon after raised to the honours of the altar. He had on his death-bed requested to be buried in the open church yard, and not in the chancel of the minster, as was usual with other bishops, and his wishes had been complied with.

Upon his canonization the monks of Winchester fancied that it was not proper for a saint to be allowed to lie in the open church-yard, and resolved to remove his body into the choir.

The translation was to have taken place with solemn ceremonies on the 15th July. It rained, however, violently on that day and for forty days afterwards, in fact so great a rain-fall had never been known. So they set aside their intention as heretical and blasphemous, and instead of removing saint Swithin, they erected a chapel over his grave, at which many miracles were wrought.

OLD MORTALITY,

ENCYCLICAL LETTER OF OUR HOLY FATHER,

BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE

POPE LEO XIII.

ON

HUMAN LIBERTY.

TO OUR VENERABLE BROTHERS THE PATRIARCHS, PRIMATES,
ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD,
IN FAVOR AND COMMUNION WITH THE HOLY SEE.

POPE LEO XIII.

Venerable Brethren, Health and Apostolic Benediction.

Liberty, the highest gift of nature, which belongs only to intellectual or rational beings, confers on man this dignity, that he is "in the hands of his counsel" and has power over his actions. But the manner in which this dignity is borne is of the greatest moment, inasmuch as that on the use that is made of liberty the highest good and greatest evil alike depend. Man indeed is free to obey his reason, to seek moral good, and to strive after his last end. Yet he is free also to turn aside to all other things, to follow after false dreams of happiness, to disturb established order, and to fall headlong into the destruction which he has voluntarily chosen. The Redeemer of mankind, Jesus Christ, having restored and exalted the original dignity of nature, vouchsafed special assistance to the will of man; and by the gifts of His grace, and the promise of heavenly bliss, He raised it to a nobler state. In like manner this great gift of nature has been, and always will be, constantly cherished by the Catholic Church; for to her alone has been committed the charge of handing down to all ages the benefits purchased for us by Jesus Christ. Yet there are many who imagine that the Church is hostile to human liberty. Having a false and absurd notion as to what liberty is, either they pervert the very idea of liberty, or they extend it at their pleasure to many things in which man cannot rightly be regarded as free.

We have on other occasions, and especially in Our encyclical letter *Immortale Dei*, in treating of the so-called *modern liberties*, distinguished between their good and evil elements; and We have shown that whatsoever is good therein is as ancient as truth itself, and that the Church has always most willingly approved and practiced it; but whatsoever has been added is of a vitiated kind, the fruit of the disorders of the age and of an insatiate longing after novelties. Seeing, however, that many cling so obstinately to their own opinion in this matter as to imagine these modern liberties, vitiated as they are, to be the greatest glory of our age, and the very basis of civil life, without which no perfect government could be conceived, We therefore feel it now Our duty, for the sake of the common good, to treat separately of this subject.

It is with *moral liberty*, whether in individuals or in communities, that We proceed to deal. But, first of all, it will be well to speak of *natural liberty*; for though the two kinds are distinct and separate, the natural is the fountain head of liberty of whatsoever kind. The unanimous consent and judgment of men, which is certainly the voice of nature, recognizes this natural liberty in those only who are endowed with intelligence or reason, and it is by this that man is rightly regarded as responsible for his actions. For, while other animate creatures follow their senses, seeking good and avoiding evil only by instinct, man has reason to guide him in all the acts of his life. Reason sees the contingency of all the good things which are upon earth, and thus, seeing that none of them are of necessity for us, it leaves the will free to choose what it pleases. But man can judge of this *contingency*, only because he has a soul that is simple, spiritual, and intellectual—a soul, therefore, which is not produced by matter, and does not depend on matter for its existence, which is created immediately by God, and, far surpassing the condition of material things, has a life and action of its own—so that, knowing the unchangeable and necessary reasons of what is true and good, it can judge of the contingency of anything in particular. When, therefore, it is established that man's soul is immortal and rational, the foundation of natural liberty is at once most firmly laid.

As the Catholic Church declares in the strongest terms the

simplicity, spirituality and immortality of the soul, so with unequalled constancy she asserts also its freedom. These truths she has always taught, and has sustained them as a dogma of faith; and whenever heretics or innovators have attacked the liberty of man, the Church has defended it and protected it from assault. History bears witness to the energy with which she met the fury of the Manicheans and the like; and the earnestness with which in later years she defended human liberty in the Council of Trent, and against the followers of Jansenius, is a well-known fact. Never, and in no place, has she made truce with *fatalism*.

Liberty, then, as We have said, belongs only to those who have the gift of reason or intelligence. Considered as to its nature, it is the faculty of choosing means fitted for the end proposed, for he only is master of his actions who can choose one thing out of many. Now, since everything chosen as a means is viewed as good or useful, and since good, as such, is the proper object of Our desire, it follows that freedom of choice is the property of the will in so far as it has in its action the faculty of choice. But the will cannot proceed to act until it is enlightened by the knowledge possessed by the intellect. In other words the good wished by the will is necessarily good in so far as it is known by the intellect; and the more so because in all voluntary acts choice is subsequent to a judgment upon the truth of the good presented, declaring to which preference should be given. No sensible man can doubt that judgment is an act of reason, not of the will. The end, or object, both of the rational will and of its liberty, is the good which is in conformity with reason. Since, however, both these faculties are imperfect, it is possible, as is often seen, that the reason should propose to the will a good that is not true, but apparent, and that the will should choose accordingly. Just as the possibility of error, and actual error, are defects of the mind, and attest its imperfection, so the pursuit of an apparent good, though a proof of our freedom, just as a disease is a proof of our vitality, implies defect in human liberty. The will, also, simply because of its dependence on the reason, no sooner desires anything contrary thereto, than it abuses its freedom of choice and corrupts its very essence. Thus it is that the infinitely perfect God, although, because of the supremacy of His intellect and of His essential goodness, He is supremely free, nevertheless cannot choose evil; neither can the Angels and Saints, who enjoy the Beatific Vision. St. Augustine and others urged most admirably against the Pelagians that, if the possibility of defection from good belonged to the essence or perfection of liberty, then God,—our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Angels and Saints, who have not this power, would have no liberty at all, or would have less liberty than man has in his state of pilgrimage and imperfection. This subject is often discussed by the Angelic Doctor, in his demonstration that the possibility of sinning is not freedom, but slavery. It will suffice to quote his subtle commentary on the words of our Lord: "Whosoever committeth sin is the slave of sin" (St. John 8: 34). "Everything," he says, "is that which belongs to it naturally. When, therefore, it acts through a power outside itself, it does not act of itself, but through another, that is, as a slave. But man is by nature rational. When, therefore, he acts according to reason, he acts of himself and according to his free-will; and this is liberty. Whereas, when he sins, he acts in opposition to reason, and is moved by another, and so is bound by another's chain. Therefore: 'Whosoever committeth sin is the slave of sin.'" Even the heathen philosophers clearly recognized this truth, especially those who held that the wise man alone is free; and by the term "wise man" they meant, as is well known, the man trained to live in accordance with his nature, that is, in justice and virtue.

Such then being the condition of human liberty, it necessarily stands in need of light and strength to direct its actions to good and to restrain them from evil. Without this, the freedom of Our will would be Our ruin. First of all there must be *law*, that is, a fixed rule of teaching what is to be done, and what is to be left undone. This rule cannot affect animals in any true sense, since they act of necessity, following their natural instinct, and cannot of themselves act in any other way. On the other hand, as was said above, he who is free can act or not act, can do this or do that, as he pleases, because his judgment precedes his choice. And his judgment not only decides on good or evil in the abstract, but also on what is practically

good and therefore to be chosen, and what is practically evil and therefore to be avoided, so that he may attain his last end to which all his actions must be directed as means. This ordination of reason is called *law*. In man's free will, moreover, or in the moral necessity of our voluntary acts being in accordance with reason, lies the very root of the necessity of law. Nothing more foolish can be uttered or conceived than the notion that, because man is free by nature, he is therefore exempt from law. Were this the case, it would follow that, to become free we must become irrational. Whereas the truth is, that we must submit to law precisely because we are naturally free. Law is the guide of man's actions; it turns him towards good by its rewards, and deters him from evil by its punishments. Foremost in this office comes the *natural law*, which is written and engraved in the mind of every man, and this is nothing but our reason, commanding us to do good and forbidding evil.

To be continued.

BEFORE THE CROSS.

(Written for the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.)

At the foot of Thy Cross, O my Saviour !
I throw me despairingly down,
I have drunk deep the cup of sin's pleasure
The voice of my conscience to drown,
I have walked hand in hand with fair Folly,
My life has been ruin and loss.
There is nothing left now but to fling me
O my God ! at the foot of Thy Cross.

With Thine eyes full of pardon and pity
Look steadfastly down gracious Lord,
Stretch forth Thy nailed hand in its mercy,
Vouchsafe me but one tender word.
I have nothing to offer before Thee,
My life's gold I've turned into dross,
I cry only forgive, O ! forgive me !
As I lie at the foot of Thy Cross.—

EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Claims of Anglicanism, by Rev. Thomas Davis; Toronto: Ellis Moore & Bangs.

Under the above title, Father Davis of Madoc has reproduced, in a small and neatly printed volume, the series of articles first published in this Review, in which he subjects the Thirty Nine Articles of the Church of England to a rigid examination in the light of Scripture and the Fathers. As our readers are not unacquainted with Father Davis' method of treating the subject, the book does not call for more than a passing notice. Suffice it to say that it is characterized by a clearness of style and an intimate acquaintance with patristic literature. There is not much left in the Articles when Father Davis has done with them. As the work of a Canadian priest this little volume should meet with a large sale.

The City of Refuge; or, Mary Help of Christians; London: Burns and Oates. This is a tiny booklet, designed to promote devotion to Mary Help of Christians, one of the titles under which the Blessed Virgin is invoked in the Litany of Loretto. The late Dom Bosco of saintly memory did much to popularize this devotion, one—it may be said—that is laden with consolation and hope to every client of Mary. And who within the fold of the Church, and not infrequently outside of it, is not a client of Mary? There is something singularly attractive in the title of this volume, which is sure to commend it to all Catholics. "He who harbours little faith in his heart," says the author, "who has not Christian charity, who rejoices with the evil ones of the age, will laugh with compassion and shake his head at this little flower I place at the foot of Mary's altar. But whoever has firm faith in the life to come recognizes in Mary a most loving Mother, and, in reading these pages, will feel sweetly transported into the flowery regions of hope, and will exclaim, Mary is truly the secure refuge of the poor children of Adam."

As on the strings of a rosary, the writer of these words has garnered from the archives of the Church of Our Lady Help of Christians at Turin a number of letters and documents, proclaiming how the Blessed Virgin has hearkened to the prayers of her children, and been the channel of many graces and miracles to those who have had recourse to her for succour. It is a book for all.

Reminiscences of the late Hon. and Right Rev. Alexander Macdonell, first Catholic Bishop of Upper Canada, by W. J. Macdonell, K.H.S.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.

This is another reprint from the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW, and its publication in the present form has already been announced in these columns. It has met with a good reception throughout the country and is hailed on all hands as an important contribution to the history of the Province. Mr. John Lesparance, the well known *litterateur* of Montreal, writing in the *Dominion Illustrated*, says that "the author has contributed one of the most valuable records to Canadian special history that we have yet seen." Another writes that it is "a loving tribute to the memory of a remarkable man," and a contemporary thinks it should find a place in every Catholic home in the land. Apart from the striking merits of the volume itself, the fact that it is published for the benefit of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul should ensure it a very extensive sale.

BOOKS RECEIVED: *History of the Catholic Church of Scotland*, by Alphons Bellesheim, D.D., translated, with notes and additions, by D. Oswald Hunter Blair, O.S.B.; William Blackwood & Sons. *Ecclesiastical History of Newfoundland*, by M. F. Howley, D.D.; Doyle & Whittle. *Life of Leo XIII.*, by Bernard O'Reilly, D.D., L.D. (Laval); Rose Publishing Co. *A Manual of the Constitutional History of Canada*, by J. G. Bourinot, L.L.D., F.R.S., Can.; Dawson Brothers. *The first Catholic Cemeteries of Montreal*; E. Senécal & Fils. *The Chair of Peter*, by Count Murphy; Burns and Oates.

These publications will receive extended notice at an early date.

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

Oscot College, Birmingham, celebrated its jubilee on the 25th ult. Cardinal Newman and Home Secretary Matthews were among the prominent visitors present.

The fruit of Lacordaire's genius is the heritage of Christianity. Catholics will be glad to learn that on the 23rd of this month a marble statue of the illustrious Dominican will be inaugurated on the "Court of Honour" of the College of Sorreze, Tarn.

Father Piccirillo, who died at Woodstock, Md., in the Jesuit House of Studies, was well known in learned circles, and will be deeply regretted by scholars of every creed. At one time he was editor of the *Civiltà Cattolica* of Rome, and was also for a while the confessor of Pius IX.

Mr. Gladstone, in his article on the Elizabethan Settlement of Religion, appearing in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, contends that the claim of the Church of England to continuity with a former state may be challenged on the ground of changes in doctrine, rite and law.

The *Freeman's Journal* states that it is rumoured that the young Duke of Newcastle has become a Catholic. He is only 24 years of age. His mother and sisters are Catholics, and it is added that an American lady has joined her very powerful influence with theirs to bring about the young Duke's formal adhesion to the Church. The young nobleman was, during his teens, under the guardianship of Mr. Gladstone, who was an old friend of his father. He succeeded to the dukedom when he was 15. He has been an extreme Ritualist, and has built a costly church in his ducal park for the Ritualists. In the event of his really becoming a Catholic, this edifice will be consecrated to Catholic worship.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Published Every Thursday

Offices: Bon Accord Building, 32½ Church-street, Toronto.

Terms: \$2.00 per annum, payable strictly in advance. Advertisements, unexceptionable in character and limited in number, will be taken at the rate of \$2 per line per annum 10 cents per line for ordinary insertions. Club rates: 10 copies, \$15.
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LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 29th Dec., 1886.

GENTLEMEN,—

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

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, March 17, 1887

MY DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

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

JAMES J. OADBURY
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUG 4, 1888.

The *New York Independent* estimates Catholics at over one-third of the professing Christians of the United States.

We have received from the publishers, Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh, the first and second volume of Dr. Bell's *History of the Catholic Church of Scotland*, translated into English, with notes and additions, by Dr. Oswald Hunter Blair, O.S.B., a monk of Fort Augustus, Scotland. This great work, which is likely to become the standard one on this subject, will be noticed at length in these columns within a short time.

A well-informed clergyman has been writing in the *Congregationalist* about the great gains of the Roman Catholic Church in Germany. German Protestantism is unable to hold its own against the old Church, with its army of zealous and devoted priests and laymen. Even in that stronghold of Protestantism, Halle, Catholicism is gaining. This is only another instance showing the wonderful recuperative power possessed by the Roman Catholic Church.

The *Mail* continues its labours in dissuading the country from faith in a God who bothers himself about his creation. A couple of years ago the amalgamation of that journal with the *Orange Sentinel* was matter of public canvass. We don't believe the *Sentinel* now would have it for a gift. Has *Secular Thought* any notion of heading off this interloper who has taken the atheistic world by the forelock and who is making that drivelling old savage (whose prime boast is his youth and energy) dance new-fangled quick-steps to a daily changing tune.

Some cold-blooded Anglican has drawn strict conclusion

from the resolution of the Pan-Anglican conference recognizing the "orders" of dissentient bodies. His remarks may be found elsewhere in this number. His way of thinking reminds us of the whining complaint we noticed in some paper lately that, of all the Protestant bodies, Anglicans are most prone to attack and lacerate their ecclesiastical authorities. There is an easy answer. They alone have yet preserved a semblance of properly constituted church authority, and as long as that semblance continues to exist it will excite the animosity of those who are Protestants first and Anglicans afterward—Protestants by nature and Anglicans only by business or family connection.

To the Editor of the Mail.

SIR,—If the report be true that the bishops now assembled at Lambeth have committed themselves, even in their non-legislative capacity, to the principle of admitting the ministers of all non-episcopal bodies to the ministry of the Church of England and its various branches throughout the world, it follows as an unavoidably logical sequence to their act that, if they are sincerely honest and have the courage of their convictions, they will justify their act by consistent example, and resign the so-called episcopal office, which at present they hold, not under their proposed *regime*, but under the ancient and still existing constitution of the Church, and which their act virtually violates. This step seems absolutely necessary in order to maintain the very first principle of either honesty or consistency in approaching such a grave matter. If the position indicated by such report be a fact, they are not bishops within the spirit or meaning of the canons and constitution of the Church of England, and so ought no longer to represent that body, and, therefore, for them to continue to enjoy the large material emoluments and high-standing honours which the office confers upon them would not be honest; while to retain a position, the powers of which might be the means of harassing and persecuting those who, whether many or few, might dissent from their views on this weighty matter, would be to outrage every principle of moral justice.

If, as a first step, however, they will resign unconditionally the emoluments, the powers, and the life-long honours which the suffrage of the Church, by virtue of her ancient and still existing laws and constitutions, have conferred upon them, and suffer themselves, if deemed worthy, to be elected, as presidents of conferences and moderators of assemblies are chosen, at reasonable adequate salaries, the world and the Church will, at least, accord them credit of consistency and honesty. But, on the other hand, to retain the honour of very comfortable and in some instances princely incomes, and the life-long veneration and high-reverence in which the Anglican Episcopate has hitherto been regarded, whilst by their own showing there is nothing necessary in the office beyond an empty name and the burden which it entails upon the body which supports it, would be to insult common sense and perpetuate injustice and fraud.

If a bishop is only an overseer appointed by lay authority, and nothing more; and if the official acts of any person authorized by laymen, whether many or few, are of equal validity and virtue in the sight of God and man, as those of a bishop, then the luxury of bishops, as the Church of England has known it, becomes too expensive and cumbrous, and now without too useless to be longer tolerated; and, by all means, let whatever mirage of honour or residue of emolument may in future cling to the office of the lay overseer, *pro forma*, be more distributed between the rank and file of the brother lay-clergy (?) by means of periodical elections. Again, if the administration of the secular affairs and finances be the main duties of the overseer of the society, then any average layman (pardon the distinction without a difference) could do such duty with equal, if not greater, efficiency and tact. At all hazards and by all means let simple honesty, consistency and justice go hand in hand, and appear in the fore-front with

the logical issues of the findings of the prelates at the Lambeth conference this year of grace, 1888. Let His Grace, and my Lord, be terms for contemplation in the future of archæology; and let us have done with alternations between the sublime and the ridiculous. Yours, etc.,

CONSISTENCY.

One of the "Examiners" employed on the recent "Intermediate" has written to a daily paper, dolefully complaining that he has not found the Separate School pupils' papers in accord with history as he would have it taught and learned in this province. He positively found that some of the pupils of the Separate Schools did not regard the Reformation as a blessing, nor Elizabeth as a model of the social and political virtues, nor Mary, Queen of Scots, as the incarnation of all the contrary vices, and he bewails the perverse system which educates young minds in a way so ill attuned to his peculiar prejudices. Someone writing from Guelph has so well answered "Examiner" that we do not hesitate to reproduce the article in another column. On one point alone we beg to differ from the writer, History *should* be taught in the schools, and *should be taught right*.

A Protestant friend said to us the other day that he regarded Chatauqua as one of the most important educational movements of this or of any age. From what we have seen and heard of it, it is a Methodistic modification of a camp-meeting, enlivened by lectures of more or less scientific interest. The founder of the movement is Bishop Vincent, of New York, who a few months ago told his people that when he was in Rome he saw the "Bambino," which the poor ignorant people worshipped as a God. (He had seen a Christmas crib somewhere.) The priests knew it was not a god, but would they tell the people? No; they would suffer in pocket if they did! An ignorant man, evidently. An insincere man, too, if sincerity is to be sought in any one who talks politics. Here in Canada he advises against annexation, using language which he would not care to repeat in his own State of New York. Annexation was useless; was no good; the only union desirable was that union of heart and soul which would support Chatauqua speculators and keep Bishop Vincent at the head of them. This man is one of the four "Bishops" at whose election two or three months ago log-rolling of so scandalously glaring a nature prevailed that the secular press itself was horrified.

They are having trouble in Boston over the Public Schools. An objectionable history and a lying (or unfit) teacher were "disallowed" by the Commissioners of Education, a majority of whom are Protestants, whereupon a noisy and unruly anti-Catholic meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, at which (*N. Y. Tablet*) "the most rabid anti-Catholic speeches were made and the most rabid anti-Catholic resolutions adopted." All of which delights the infidel *Mail*, which, however, endeavours to hedge by assuring its readers that the mob had no quarrel with the Roman Catholic Church as a Church. The Catholic Church is a Church and nothing else, and cannot possibly have a difference or a difficulty with any one but in its capacity as such. Individual members of it may have political or social difficulties and misunderstandings, but writers simply confess that they don't know what a "church" means, who profess to antagonize the Church, not as a Church but as something else. Much fuss, and not a little fury, has been manifested in the present trouble

by the "Association of the Loyal Women of American Liberty," and by other organizations of equally distressing name and of equally indistinct design, but we may easily believe that the *Tablet* is not far astray when it says:—

"There is no danger, however, that those alien fire-brands will succeed in their devilish design of setting American Catholics and American Protestants at each others' throats. Americans, no matter of what religious persuasions, are entirely too sensible to be made tools of by this intolerant and un-American element. These bigots will be soon made to realize that Boston is not Belfast, and their nefarious attempts to foment religious and race hatred in this, the country *par excellence* of civil and religious liberty, will meet with a signal and inglorious defeat."

We note the enterprise shown by the *Empire* newspaper, in reproducing in its issue of the 1st instant the complete text of the Papal Encyclical on Human Liberty.

It never benefits any cause to have supporters so ardent in its defence or advancement that they do not hesitate to invoke influences and to adduce arguments which all the world reprobates. The movement for the emancipation of labour, however laudable its purpose, has been especially unfortunate in this regard. It is not to be wondered at that men unaccustomed to the management of affairs should make mistakes, but it is at least to be expected that, in the ranks of labour, leaders could be found who would preserve their charge from the misfortune of running foul of the radical convictions of civilized people. They are, fortunately or otherwise, in this country, free to effect modifications of those convictions; but, the convictions enduring, they are acting foolishly. The Toronto exponent of labour notions, *The Labour Reformer*, does itself no credit, and does its cause positive harm, when it devotes nearly a third of its reading space to a senseless diatribe, by a witless nobody, on "The Paris Commune." The Paris Commune was the embodiment of all the elements which damn men even corporally. The principles' if there were any worth the name, which begot it would ruin the best cause that ever saw the light of heaven. No authority, no law, no order, no morality. Who but fools or demons are ready for such a platform? The silly author (we would say authoress if it were grammar) confesses plainly, and does not deny, "the Commune of Paris was anarchist,"—no law, no God, all devil. The best enemies of labour could not wish worse to the labour cause than its advocacy by such agents as the lecturer above quoted. Apart from the hideousness of setting before the labour world the Paris Commune as a model of "labour in action," the lecturer was guilty of a style so vile that any intelligent editor should have rejected the article for that alone, and of misstatements so palpably incorrect, that marvel almost merges into mystery as to how such an article ever saw daylight in the interests of an otherwise excellent cause.

The *Mail* in a recent article on the "Miraculous," stumbles into the following statement: 'DeGardia, like many others, committed the egregious error of treating the natural laws as so many objective entities which actually rule or govern the universe.' Now, since, by its own contention, there is a rule and a government in nature, will the *Mail* complete its work by naming the entity, being or power which *does* rule the universe?

The *Globe* may not be so very far astray when it makes the following estimate of the *Mail's* present position:—

RAM MASOLGEE LOLL ET AL.

On authority, the trustworthiness of which we will not

attempt to estimate, it is stated that a flippant East Indian skeptic—Ram Masolgee Loll by name—if our memory does not err—offered, some few years ago, to conduct a Calcutta native journal in the Christian interest for distribution throughout India. Said he to the missionaries:—

“ You do not know how to procure for your papers a circulation among Hindoos. Hence you attack their superstitions in vain. They will not take nor read prints avowedly in opposition to their creed. Now, my plan would be to publish a paper, nominally secular, much of the space of which should be devoted to attacks upon Mohammedanism. The Brahmins and Buddhists hate the Mohammedans so intensely that they would receive the journal with delight. Then I would sandwich in, between my anti Mohammedan articles, such criticisms of Hindoo theology and Hindoo prayer as might be calculated to undermine Hindoo beliefs. These would be pardoned by the readers of my journal for the sake of its delightful jeers against the followers of the Arabian ‘Prophet.’ Now and then I would publish an article adroitly recommending Christianity, and upon the ruins of Buddhism and Brahminism your creed might possibly grow.”

It is needless to say that this cynical proposition was rejected by the missionaries with anger and contempt. Indeed it was sufficiently plain that the real effect of the proposed journal would have been to further blank materialism, and at the same time to exacerbate ill-feeling between the native races and creeds. Preachers of peace and goodwill between men could have nothing to do with a scheme, reprehensible not only because of its sly deceits, but because it would stir up bad blood, probably without the remotest benefit to the missionary cause.

This reminiscence arises from a contemplation of certain manœuvring to be witnessed in our own dear Ontario. It would appear that a leaf out of the book of Ram Masolgee Loll has been plagiarised by a clique that we need not mention. How curious if the journal of that clique were conducted on the following reasoning:—

“ Our aim is to break down the institutions of Canada, to bring about the junction of this country to the neighbouring Republic, to further materialistic conceptions of the Universe and to wipe out, if possible, the Christian creed. Our plan is a simple one. We know Ontario to be overwhelmingly Protestant and strongly English, we think a great many Protestants delight to read jeers at the Pope, and we are equally confident that a majority of them relish attacks upon the French Canadians. These feelings we will sedulously appeal to. While we advocate Annexation in guarded terms and materialism rather more distinctly, we will belabour Rome regularly, we will denounce the Quebec Hierarchy in a manner to please most Orangemen, we will make bugaboos of *L'Étendard*, *La Verité* and Ultramontanism, we will pitch into the *Habitant* one a week, and we will ceaselessly try to establish new friction between English and French Canadians. It is plain that one journal given over to such a policy may do a great deal for the political objects we have now at heart, and may by catering to the prejudices of race and creed at which we ourselves laugh condescendingly, carry into Protestant homes those anti-Christian articles cleverly sandwiched between our gibes at everything pertaining to the Church of Rome. Every other programme that we have followed has failed to secure us circulation or influence; let us therefore try this as a last resort. At worst we can, from the business point of view, fail no more completely than when moving on quite contrary lines, and this plan will, at any rate, afford us considerable amusement. What fun for cynics and skeptics to play on the lingering prejudices of a Christian community, and find often occasion for private, inextinguishable laughter at dupes. The Christian doctrine of prayer to be attacked, the foundations of the public institutions to be undermined, prevalent sentiment to be denounced as contemptible—and all this to be condoned because we figure with audaciously thin pretentiousness as implacable opponents of *La Verité*, the Jesuits and the Pope! What larks!”

Is that the calculation? Is it not plainly the calculation? And if it is, what a poor opinion the calculator entertains of the intelligence of Ontario. And if it is, are we rude in suggesting that the clique have taken example from the shocking proposition of Ram Masolgee Loll?

A CHICAGO EDITOR IN IRELAND.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE HISTORIC PLACES IN COUNTIES WATERFORD AND TIPPERARY—THE WORK OF THE LANDLORD.

WATERFORD, Ireland, July 10.—It was late at night when we reached Limerick junction, where we were compelled to change cars for Waterford, says M. E. S. in a letter to the *Chicago Times*. We had intended to stop on the way at Clonmel, but the hour was so late when we reached there and the weather so bad that we decided to go on to Waterford, make our headquarters there, and come back in carriages along the banks of the Suir, visiting such towns as Carrick, Clonmel, Fethard, Nenagh, Cashel and Thurles, all interesting places, away from the beaten path of the American tourists and in the heart of the finest country of the south of Ireland. I remember as I write that it was in this pretty and once prosperous city that W. K. Sullivan of the *Chicago Evening Journal* was born. Here, too, I believe, Capt. O. C. McClure and a number of other Chicago celebrities first saw the light of day.

Like Cork, this is a seaport town, but a considerable distance from the sea. The tide is felt, however, some fifteen miles above here, and ships of heavy draught can come up the handsome quay.

Before taking more than a passing glance at the town and noting the elegant chain bridge which crosses the Suir here, some of the public and fine private buildings, and an old tower which still contains a ball from one of Cromwell's guns, we left for the beach at Tramore, one of the most beautiful watering places I have ever seen. Here there are splendid hotels—one of them, the Victoria house, is a splendid building. It was here Queen Victoria put up during her visit to Ireland, shortly after the birth of the Duke of Connaught, one of whose numerous names is Patrick, by the way. The “strand” or beach at Tramore is about ten miles long, inclining so slightly that when the tide is out it leaves a stretch of sand as white as pulverized sugar and as hard as a concrete floor fully a mile in width, measuring from the storm wall.

On this strand carriages are driven, boys and young men ride bicycles, children play skittles, and jockeys ride races, none of them, however, intruding upon that portion of the beach reserved for bathing.

Instead of being compelled to walk a hundred or two hundred yards from the bathing house to the water, as in many of the American sea-side resorts, the bath-houses are on wheels and are moved out with the ebb and back with the flow, so that you can step directly into the water.

Stalwart, heavy-built women, mostly the wives and daughters of fishermen, have charge of these bath houses. They are the perfect embodiment of health and vigour, generally good humoured and accommodating, and very kind to their patrons, especially the women and children. They are on the beach all day long in fine weather, generally in the water up to their knees, and do not appear to mind the hard work of moving the little houses, assisting the bathers, or teaching the little ones how to swim—if business is good with them.

The water here is of a much milder temperature than on the Atlantic coast of the United States, the reason being that the gulf stream tempers the ocean all along the coasts of Ireland, England and Scotland, as well as those of the countries to the northeast. The surf is delightful, and bathing is perfectly safe unless one is so careless as to go out too far.

A ride from Waterford to Carrick-on-Suir, where we spent a few hours, and from Carrick-on-Suir to Clonmel, where we spent the night, a day spent in sight-seeing around this old town and the adjacent country, and a trip to the famous Rock of Cashel have occupied our time for the past three days. We are in Munster, as you know, and Munster is the garden of Ireland.

The two counties which we have driven over—Waterford and Tipperary—are perhaps the richest on the island in fertility, the most beautiful in scenery, and the most interesting in history.

The road from Waterford to Clonmel is as smooth as a race-track, and a drive over it beneath the trees "that shake hands overhead," as Waukeen Miller says, alongside the charming River Suir, or under the shadow of the noble Slieve-na-Mon mountains, is as romantic, as picturesque as any I have ever had the pleasure of indulging in. Stone walls, behind which are the extensive domains of the Irish peerage and gentry; beautiful hedges rising from six to ten feet from the roadway; long lines of oak, elm, larch, birch, and stately poplars, here and there a manor lodge; the home of the Marquis of Waterford, a perfect paradise on earth, with its ten square miles of lawn and pasture, plucked from the hands of evicted tenants; the beautiful Osborne estate; the residence and demesne of Powers of Gurtheen, the noble villas on the other side of the river, that now and then are seen between the trees; the little village with its empty, thatched houses and lonely blacksmith shop; the long vistas opening up through towering granite gate-posts; the serpentine avenues, the bleating sheep and cattle, the noble horses fattening on the swards—all these one sees from an open carriage on the road from Waterford to Clonmel. But is this poor, starving, suffering, oppressed Ireland I am writing about? Well, hardly. I am giving just now one side of the picture only, and it is so beautiful to look at that I hate to spoil it by hanging a picture of the other side by it just now.

No, these are not the manors, the castles, the demesne, the "great houses," nor the estates of the Irish people, with one or two exceptions. Once they were beautiful, well cultivated farms, operated by industrious agriculturists. They produced grain, oats, barley, and rye enough along the valley of the river from Waterford to Cahir to supply the entire demand of 8,000,000 people. It was a fruitful, a fertile, a prolific country, and the farmers grew rich, educated their children, supported in comfortable style a happy and contented peasantry, and had something to lay aside when the harvests were disposed of. But the eyes of the landed gentry and the titled nobility fell upon the valley. They saw it was good. Little by little at first they advanced the rentals, then more and more. The farmer paid as long as he could. He sold his cattle to be ready for rent day. He sold his horses. He sold his plough. Still the rent went up.

His peasantry left him. Their cottages were deserted by the roadside. He begged to be allowed to remain in the home of his fathers until death should drag him from it. He was not listened to. He had nothing more to sell. He could not meet his quarter's rent. His growing crops were seized, and then came the eviction. After the eviction came demolition, and the places where the prosperous and happy farm homes stood; where hay-ricks rose above the trees; where the cattle of the yeomanry grazed; where Peggy and Judy danced with Paddy and Micky on the well-kept green—all are lost beneath the beautiful turf that delights the eye of one who travels from Waterford to Clonmel in an open carriage to-day.

Then visit an acre of this beautiful land that hasn't got a sickening story of cruelty and inhumanity to tell. There isn't a tree, if it could talk, but would give the history of a damnable crime of man against his fellow man.

Where are those old farmers now? Dead these many years, but from the stock that they were made of have sprung up the very men who, before many years pass over this land, will wrest their heritage from the robber land-holders.

To the right, in a canyon of the Slieve-na-Mon mountains, at a place called Kilinaule, lived one of the brightest and sweetest of Irish poets—Charles J. Kickham, whose father lost everything but honour by the process of eviction. In this country, and not far from where I write, was bred Thomas Davis, the man who wrote—

"The patient dint, the powder shock,
Can blast an empire like a rock."

Here, too, Smith O'Brien, one of those brave young Irish Protestants who have made the pages of Irish history glorious, lived, and near here he suffered solitary confinement for months. Here, too, is the dark and dismal jail, but a few minutes' walk from our hotel, where Thomas Francis Meagher was imprisoned. From this vicinity sprang a thousand patriots who never gave England peace while they lived, and whose children are fighting Ireland's battles to-day. From these hedges landlords have been shot down like dogs. Behind these trees the flash of the revolvers has signaled the

death of many a caretaker, or overseer. Vengeance has marked the pathway and the progress of the Irish land-robber, and there is blood on every step of his stately mansion.

Yet he has held on. He owns those beautiful parks and palaces, but he does not live here. He is truly as much of an exile as the peasants he threw into the road to starve, and who would have starved were there no haven of refuge beyond the Atlantic.

HIGH SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.

To the Editor of the Mail.

SIR,—In yesterday's *Mail* "Examiner" objects to "the style of teaching" history that prevails in the Separate Schools, as shown by the answers given by the Catholic candidates to one of the questions at the last entrance examination. These candidates, it would seem, as a result of their "one-sided" teaching, overlooked some important events in the reign of Elizabeth; and besides they had not been taught to take a Protestant view of "the character and work" of that Protestant sovereign.

It is not easy to see what interest Catholic teachers, as such, could have in keeping their pupils in ignorance of the "development of literature," with which Elizabeth had little or nothing to do, or of her claims respecting the extension of treason and rebellion in neighbouring States, and the growth of piracy and the slave trade in newly discovered regions. Much less would these teachers be inclined to overlook the part taken in the defence of the country by their brave Catholic forefathers—outlawed and persecuted in the name of liberty,—when the intrigues of their Queen and the plundering instincts of her navigators had forced Philip of Spain to retaliate by invading their shores. For the rest, when "Examiner" takes charge of the young entrants next September he will be able to explain to their satisfaction how much of the "civil and religious liberty" they enjoy has been secured to them by the High Commission Courts and the priest-hunters of Elizabeth, and, above all, by those necessary adjuncts of civilization, the rack, the gibbet, and the stake.

"Examiner" would have Catholic children taught, I suppose, that Elizabeth was "a good Queen." Where are the facts to support such teaching? In vain we search our numerous school histories, one-sided though they are, for any evidences of what a child would call goodness. Then, again, our schools teach erroneous doctrines respecting the decapitation of Queens. He ought to know that when Catholics need light on such questions they look for some higher authority than a High School examinee, whose infallibility would be questioned by many Protestant writers and teachers, if we may judge from the text-books in history that have been used for many years in our Public Schools. Creighton, in his "Epochs," says that "Elizabeth's conduct to Mary can scarcely be justified," and Collier is of opinion that "her violent death is a foul stain on the memory of the great Elizabeth."

"Examiner's" instruction on the fifth commandment would run somewhat thus:—"Any woman of low 'moral principle' who is found guilty of occupying 'a position of prominence,' may be put to death by any one that has the power to do so; therefore the Babington conspiracy and the execution of Queen Mary are both justifiable. Whenever a 'malicious faction' endeavours to overthrow a Protestant power, the sovereign of the nearest monarchy, if a Catholic, may be imprisoned and beheaded. The blessed Reformation is also justifiable, for it has made us so tolerant that we are ashamed to defend us offspring, the 'Act of Uniformity.'"

"Examiner" insults every Catholic reader of *The Mail* when he says that we ought to regard both the failure of the Spanish, and success of the Dutch invasion, as securing us civil and religious liberty. The one expedition, whether right or wrong, was directed against a persecuting queen who celebrated her triumph over Philip by the immolation of Catholic victims; the other resulted in the dethronement of a king for no other crime than refusing to persecute either Catholics or Protestants. "Examiner" knows well that neither Elizabeth nor the assassin of Glencoe ever pretended to give religious liberty to Catholics either in Great Britain or in Ireland.

It may not be out of place here to ask why the teaching of history in any of our public schools should be compulsory? Teachers have enough and more than enough to teach without

it. If boys and girls are well trained in reading and literature they will be able, at the proper time, to study history for themselves, and perhaps to make a wiser selection of periods and authors than is made by the department. Few would complain if the subject were struck off the programme. It crowds out other and more important subjects that can be taught successfully without a knowledge of theology. In the meantime, if history must be tinged with theology, we will take good care that, in the Separate schools, that theology shall be Roman.

Yours, &c.,

TOLERATION.

Joseph Chamberlain, according to *Punch*, told a weird tale in the House of Commons lately, and flippantly added, "You must not doubt my word. Truth, you know, is stranger than fiction." "To you, possibly," put in an Irish member, who was one of his listeners.

CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.

Rev. Father Turgeon, S. J., and Mgr. Pacquet, of Laval University, have arrived in Rome.

The new Catholic church of Notre Dame de Lourdes on the Montreal road, Ottawa, was consecrated by Archbishop Duhamel on Sunday.

The clergy of the archdiocese of Ottawa went into retreat at the Ottawa College Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock, and will continue in seclusion until Sunday morning, when solemn High Mass will be sung and the clergy in retreat will approach the Communion table. During the retreat the time of the clergy will be given to meditation, prayer, and the hearing of special sermons. On Sunday a synod will be held in the Archbishop's palace.

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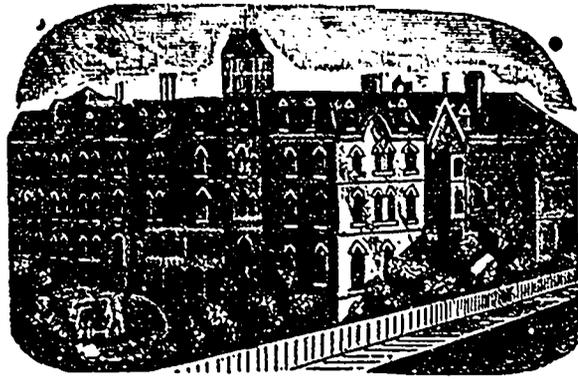
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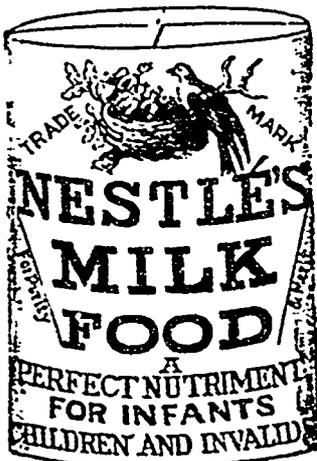


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