

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname).—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

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The Time Ere the Roses Were Blowing.

Brilliantly sparkle, Mesmeri, thy flowing Numbers, like streams, amid lines up-growing: Yet, wouldst thou mingle the sad and sublime Sing, too, the time, when the roses were blowing: Sing the young time ere the roses were blowing! Then was the season when hope was yet glowing, When the blithe year of the spring and the morn'g, Then the soul dwellt in her own faery clime: Then was the time, when the roses were blowing: Then the gay time ere the roses were blowing! Soon, ah, too soon, came the summer bestow-ing, In the chill nearness, the autumn's gray rime, Then the time, when the roses were blowing: Then the time ere the roses were blowing! Life is at best but a coming and going, Now fitting past us on swift, now on slow wing: Here fair with goodness, there gloomy with crime, Oh, for the time, when the roses were blowing: Oh, for the time ere the roses were blowing: Oh, for the time, when the roses were blowing: Oh, for the time ere the roses were blowing: Oh, when again thou wouldst dazzle in rhyme, Sing of the time, when the roses were blowing: Sing of the time ere the roses were blowing! —James Clarence Mangan.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD. "I am delighted to meet you! Back from vacation?" The speaker was a gentleman of about five and forty, well groomed and apparently an intimate friend of the mammoth of iniquity. "Yes," replied a young man. "I have never enjoyed myself so well. Now let me tell you something: if you want an ideal trip, take in the Summer School next year. When you are there, you feel glad that you are an American and a Catholic. Everything about you recalls the matchless deeds of the long ago when men were real, and besides the bracing air from the mountains runs through you like an electric current, tinging you up for the season's business. "Pshaw!" No," replied the other. "Just think of it. Trotting over the country with schoolmarms, and blue stockings, and listening to platitudinous essays on worn out themes. I believe that when a man essays to enlighten his fellows he should have something original to say. "You insufferable prig!" I was tempted to exclaim, "the Summer School does not propose to give one a liberal education. I do not care if it brought together all the fossilized specimens of humanity, provided the aim be noble. Who will say that it is not? Some doubtless go there out of conceit or because it is the fashion, but they are few compared to the many who are in quest of new lights, and of the spirit of the old days, when mature men sat at the feet of the masters, and were taught to know truth, to reverence and to protect it, as they would their hearts and homes, against the onslaught of the Paganism."

"Nay, fear not. Any institution like the Summer School is a well-spring of noble and uplifting thought and aspiration. "It is not, you say, 'original.' That sapient remark falls trippingly from the lips of individuals who have not been spanked by that wise old body, yecept, 'Experience,' and from those who lounge around the beaches, and think that they have done their whole duty to Humanity by talking shop and assisting at 'tea-shines.' Does not an idea, born perchance in the dim and misty past, take on its new originality when it is quickened into life again by the blood of an individual? "People," says Goethe, "are always talking about originality, but what do they mean? As soon as we are born the world begins to work upon us, and this goes on to the end. And, after all, what can we call our own except energy, strength and will. I could give an account of all that I owe to great predecessors and contemporaries, there would be but a small balance in my favor. But it is a remark only, a time-honored slur on those who are endeavoring to help themselves and others out of the rut, by those who, like the Bourbons, learn nothing and forget nothing."

"Some," says Dumas, "have claws only to tear those who have wings." It is not "practical," say others, who regard money-making as the *ultima thule* of human energy and ambition, and who regard knowledge in very much the same way as stocks and groceries. This is the preaching of the gospel of Dirt. And when I hear that soul-suffocating doctrine I bethink me of the clear and forcible dictation of the learned Bishop of Poaria, who loves nature, and loves more the deeper and spiritual beauty of things: "It is the fashion with many to affect contempt for men of su-

perior culture, because they look upon education as simply a means to a tangible end, and think knowledge valuable only when it can be made to serve some practical purpose. This is a narrow and false view, for all men need the noble and the beautiful, and he who lives without an ideal is hardly a man. Nothing is practicable to them save steamers and railroads. The sweat shops, the factories, with their myriads of stunted and disease-riddled victims, are eulogized, but to knowledge, by which the soul is lifted into the invigorating and stimulating atmosphere of truth and love, is meted out a pitiy-ing condescension. This, then, is the aim of movements like the Summer School—to persuade young men that their brain and heart forces can be devoted to nobler use than athletics, to convince young women that their education is not completed when they have learned to rattle off sonatas, and to paint impossible castles on the banks of impossible rivers, and to animate all to such exertions by means of interchange of aspiration and thought, that they stay their course only when they have reached the portal that bears the word "Perfection."

It aims to prevent a waste of time and talent. There is a waste yearly amongst us that is scandalous. What becomes of our graduates? Does anyone imagine that what they give us is what we have a right to expect from them? Some, indeed, show that they are not unmindful of the responsibility that weighs upon the shoulders of every man who has received a liberal education. Many, alas! are debauched to death ignominiously by debauchery. Others let the ground that had been ploughed and made ready for the sowing and the planting be over-run by the weeds of triviality, indifference and indifferency. With these latter we are indignant, and justly so. Instead of being at the top, they are at the bottom in the press, where survival of the fittest is the only law, and, instead of being our leaders, they are benchmen, ministering to the ends of social demagogues, and playing the base role of ward politician. They have good intentions. But hell is paved with them. "Pick up the stones, ye jugglers, and break the devil's head with them." You are soldiers sworn to do what you can, full knightly, to make the rotten world, as it was in the days of its youth, to prick with reason's lance the airy bubble of fanciful speculation, and to give no quarter to sham and pretence. Mere nonsense you say. It may be right, but it does not pay. To truckle, to cringe, to give ourselves out until we become empty—all this pays. Does the darkness of the persecution of other days so blind our eyes that we cannot see that our non-success is due, not to our principles, but to our indifference. "Give me ten zealous priests," a holy man used to say, "and I will convert the world."

Give us ten laymen who know how to think, and the world is converted. Laymen are prepared to make sacrifices to guard and to protect it, and we would drive out from amongst us the fowl spectre of indifference that wrecks and ruins. Do that and we shall have the fire of a common aim, aspiration and faith transmuted our efforts into a success as solid as the laws of God. We shall take pride in our Catholics who are proving that some of us can have brains. We shall patronize our authors who no longer believe that descriptions of sunsets, etc., and a controversial catechism thrown in, constitute a Catholic novel, and who are giving us to-day works that for literary finish and intrinsic worth are inferior to none published on this side of the ocean. This sounds heterodox to those who are nursed by English critics. But we have done with forming judgments by proxy. Not so, however, with a lady I met the other day. She is prominent in social circles, and quite an iconourant with the progress of Humanity. In the course of a conversation on the Summer School I asked her what she thought of Egan. Egan? Let me see! He is a Professor at Washington University, is he not? I have read one of his books. Well! He is not half bad. You see our American authors lack the grace and culture, that, somehow or other, are imparted by the civilization of the Old World.

"They"—but I excused myself, and on my way homeward asked God to give the worthy lady a little common sense. She has a picture of Sir Edwin Arnold in her drawing-room, and perhaps burns a light before it as a certain gentleman did before a statue of Plato. But that was away back in the age of the Renaissance. I will place Egan's picture in my room. Better far his loftiness of ideal and sincerity than the sentimentality and emptiness of Arnold. He is all leaf and blossom—a clever artificer in words—*vox et praterea nihil*. I cite this lady as a type of a large section of our Catholics. They talk and bluster, for "we are a great people, sir; we've got to be cracked up, sir." But that is all. The vanity that inspires so many post-prandial orations is a delusion and a snare. We can remedy this by giving no quarter to unshon criticism of our prominent men and by our earnest

support of movements like the Summer School, that will gain for our faith the respect, if not the allegiance, of its adversaries. "Why don't our college graduates do better," an old gentleman asked me. "I don't mean the billiard-loving and drinking set," he rattled on, "they don't count, but the steady fellows. Now let me tell you of a case in point. Some time ago I took a graduate into my office. He was the valedictorian of his year, had a B. A. tacked to his name, and was, in the opinion of his professors, "a coming man." A few days after I gave a position to a raw, cow-milking country lad. Why sir that hayseed is running away from the college man. He has snaf and takes an interest in the business. I can depend upon him in an emergency. The graduate works well enough but seems to lack the power of thinking for himself. There is a twist in his mental machinery. He is all right when there is a question of dates and things that are dead, but he is less when it comes to solving a live business problem. "Why," I asked him? "Why?" he rejoined. The reason is plain. The country lad's brain is healthy, the other man's is diseased. You cannot expect a runner with his stomach full of pickles and terrapin to break a record, nor can you expect a brain crammed with a miscellaneous collection of facts and dates and bits of information, badly assorted and undigested, to do good work. There is too much cram work in some of our colleges and too little assimilation and digestion of what is taught. They should pare down their programmes and—but the conductor bawled out something in an unknown language and the old gentleman departed and I fell asleep. F. W.

FR. LAMBERT AND INGERSOLL.

Rev. Father Lambert, the renowned controversialist lectured in Chicago on the 7th inst., on "Infidelity." The press despatch says that a strong logical vein ran through the entire discourse, it being the aim of the lecturer, as he announced, to refute the statements of the celebrated agnostic with scientific principles. Fr. Lambert enlivened his lecture with a brilliant flow of wit, which had a telling effect on his hearers. Ingersoll was hailed as a friend by the well known missionary. Fr. Lambert declared that he bore no enmity to his opponent on the lecture platform, but only aimed to correct false impressions. The speaker frequently referred to Ingersoll's favorite phrase of "honest thought," and said that, as laborers in the same field should never be on any other but friendly terms. One of the features of the discourse was the evident impartiality of Fr. Lambert. He appeared in civic attire and only once referred to his priestly station. He treated his subject in the generic terms of a Christian and gave us ten laymen who know how to think, and the world is converted. Laymen are prepared to make sacrifices to guard and to protect it, and we would drive out from amongst us the fowl spectre of indifference that wrecks and ruins. Do that and we shall have the fire of a common aim, aspiration and faith transmuted our efforts into a success as solid as the laws of God. We shall take pride in our Catholics who are proving that some of us can have brains. We shall patronize our authors who no longer believe that descriptions of sunsets, etc., and a controversial catechism thrown in, constitute a Catholic novel, and who are giving us to-day works that for literary finish and intrinsic worth are inferior to none published on this side of the ocean.

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EDUCATION IN QUEBEC.

A despatch from Montreal dated the 16th made the following reference to a sermon delivered by Archbishop Bruichese:

"An important allusion to the matter of reform in the system of education in Quebec was made recently by Archbishop Bruichese at Notre Dame Church. Having referred to the devotion of the clergy to the people of the Province, and contrasted their numbers, social condition, religious temples, educational and benevolent institutions, with those of a century ago, he proceeded as follows: "We can do still better; we can further grow materially, intellectually and morally. It is our wish and our duty to do so: for example, by improving the education given to the people. Such is the wish and desire of all; but on this special point, when dangers make no secret of their admiration for the laws that govern us, when such an eminent man as Cardinal Gibbons expresses a desire to see the Canadian educational system adopted in the great American Republic, I beseech you, as your Bishop and your compatriot, not to lead strangers by too loud cries of reform to believe that we do not deserve the sympathies and admiration bestowed upon us and that we are in a state of deplorable inferiority. On the other hand, let us agitate to improve what we already have, and to carry out that great work. Let the leading classes, those who hold a pen or address the multitude, journalists and legislators, come to us. Your priests and your Bishops offer you their hand, let us understand one another as sons of one family should do. Let us be aware and not follow the example of those nations that under pretence of reforms have forgotten or forsaken the right of God, of the Church and of the family. Let us work in a spirit of devotion, sacrifice and generosity. Your Bishops will be by your side to support and defend you, and you also will support and defend them." Mgr. Bruichese, who is one of the most broad-minded men in the Province, has given an earnest of his desire for improvement by appointing Abbe Dauth to lecture on pedagogy in the houses of education in his diocese and in other ways to make the teachers conversant with modern methods.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

(Cable Despatch.) London, Sept. 18.—Were any sign needed of the great increase of late years in the power and prestige of the Roman Catholic Church in England, it would be afforded by the striking scenes enacted this week on the Kentish coast. In the early days of Victoria, and even at a much later date, there would have been a violent "no Popery" cry at the mere idea of an open-air procession headed by two Cardinals and seventeen Bishops in full canonicals. Yet such a parade took place not only unopposed, but greeted with all the signs of reverence and respect last Tuesday at Ebbsfleet, near Minster, on the spot, now about half a mile inland, where St. Augustine and his monks landed some thirteen centuries back. Hard by is a cross marking the place where Augustine held a conference with Echebert. Cardinal Vaughan delivered an address, which was a striking proof of the diplomatic ability of this churchman. The fact that the American Bishops a short time back had made a pilgrimage to the same place, with a similar object, created a delicate situation in which a less able man might easily have stumbled. But it would be difficult for the most

rabid Anglican to trace any disrespect in his uttered words or in the manner of the speaker, who yet surrendered none of his claims as a Prince of the Church. While claiming many added thousands to his flock of late years, Cardinal Vaughan summed up the present situation tersely by saying that multitudes had so far swung around that they were more than half way to Rome. Anyone watching the drift of religious practice in England knows this to be the case. The cry of "no Popery" is heard no more in the land; indeed the very word is dead. It was by special desire of the Pope that the eminent French *litterateur* and member of the Academy, Cardinal Perraud, Bishop of Autun, was present at the Augustinian celebration there. This reason for the presence of the most eloquent of French churchmen was that it was to Autun that Augustine retired after his first visit to England. It was a curious sight last Wednesday to see two Cardinals piloted around Canterbury Cathedral by the Anglican Dean, Canon Farrar. Times have changed indeed since the days of Cardinal Wiseman, and it is not without reason that the English Catholic leaders claim that the larger "Oxford movement" has in very truth set in. The marked and gracious favor shown by Queen Victoria to the great Catholic nobles and churchmen has again revived the old rumors as to the religious leanings of the monarch toward the ancient Church of Rome, which has won so many subjects back during her reign. What ever grant of possible truth there may be in these legends, as regards the private feelings of the Queen, it is sufficient to remember that while there are many liberties which an English sovereign may take, this one thing she cannot do, and yet remain on the English throne. It is but three months ago since she, by a carefully worded proclamation, stopped the busy talkings of those uncertain prophets, who had prematurely uttered the word "abdication."

A RECENT CONVERSION IN AUSTRALIA.

Canon Grigson, Vicar of the Anglican Cathedral, Queensland, Received into the Church.

Australian exchanges just received announce the conversion of Rev. Canon Grigson, vicar of the Anglican Cathedral, Townsville, Queensland. He was received into the Catholic Church at the Redemptorist monastery, Wendource, by Very Rev. Father O'Farrell, C.S.S.R. Mr. Grigson, who is a native of Norfolk, England, was educated at King's College, London, and is a graduate of Durham University. Though comparatively a young man, he rose rapidly to preferment in the Anglican Church since his going to Australia some ten years ago, and both in New South Wales and Queensland he was held in the highest esteem by the flock to whom he ministered. The words of Archdeacon White, who preached in Townsville Cathedral some few weeks ago on the occasion of Canon Grigson's resignation, contained a high eulogium on the Canon's ability, zeal and piety, and while he deplored the cause of his resignation, declared that he himself was losing an excellent friend and the people an able and devoted pastor. Mr. Grigson is still young, though perhaps past his youth, and in appearance suggests at once a Catholic priest. In an interview with a representative of a secular paper he spoke freely of the reasons of the interview are of special interest. "What was the particular point on which you had misgivings?" "Principally the question of continuity, but also on the subject of dogma. I cannot but feel that at the Reformation an absolutely new Church was established, and I could not but doubt the validity of the orders of that Church." "And had the local discussion on that subject anything to do with turning your thoughts in that direction?" "No; my thoughts had been turned previously, but because of my feelings I followed that controversy with very great interest." "This change of faith means, doubtless, the breaking or, at any rate, the slackening of many ties of friendship?" "Yes, I suppose so," replied the Canon. "I have many relatives in the Anglican priesthood. Still," he added, reflectively, "truth is greater than all things, and one should be prepared to make sacrifices for what he believes to be truth." Mr. Grigson purposes to return to England in a few weeks and place himself at the disposal of Cardinal Vaughan, who will probably send him to the new College of St. Bede, at Rome, which has been lately opened under the auspices of the Pope for Anglican convert clergymen who may desire to study for the priesthood.

Do not be discouraged by the fits of vexation and uneasiness which are sometimes produced by the multiplicity of your domestic worries. No, indeed, dearest child, all these are but opportunities of strengthening yourself in the loving, forbearing graces which our dear Lord sets before us.

THOSE PRELIMINARIES.

New York Freeman's Journal.

In our article last week we came to that part in Dr. McAllister's letter where he abandons the Scriptures as evidence rather than undertake to prove their inspiration, and adopts another plan of attack. This new plan is to prove that the Church has contradicted herself in her teaching, and is, therefore, not infallible. It makes good his premises his conclusion follows necessarily, for that teacher who teaches one thing to day and the contrary or contradictory of it to-morrow, must, on one or the other day, teach what is false. There is no avoiding this conclusion. The point, then, between the Doctor and us is this: Has the Roman Catholic Church, in her general councils or in the *ex cathedra* definitions of her supreme head, ever taught contrary doctrines?

We deny, and the doctor affirms. He proposes to prove his point by an appeal to uninspired history—that is, to the *ex cathedra* definitions of the Popes on matters of faith and morals and to the definitions of general councils in the same domain.

We accept this issue, but we must remind the doctor of a few things. First, any definition introduced by him as that of a General Council must be authentic, clear in intent and purpose, and coming from a Council whose ecumenicity is recognized by Catholics. On Catholic principles no council is general, and consequently, infallible, that has not been called by the Pope, or with his approval, and that he legates, and whose definitions and decrees have not received his sanction. If the doctor introduces a definition of the Pope as *ex cathedra* it must be from an undoubted Pope, whose title is clear. It must have all the conditions required for an undoubted *ex cathedra* utterance, for infallibility is claimed for these kind of utterances alone. For convenience of reference we will here state the conditions. They are: first, that he speak as the Supreme Teacher of the Universal Church, by virtue of the authority conferred by Christ on St. Peter, the first Pope; second, that he define a doctrine; third, that this doctrine concerns faith and morals; fourth, that he speaks with the intention of binding the whole Church to accept and interiorly assent to his decision; fifth, that he is free in his action.

When the Pope speaks in the absence of any one of these conditions, his utterance does not claim to be, and is not, infallible. The first excludes all acts of the Pope as a private person, writer, theologian, or local Bishop. The second limits the infallibility to definitions of doctrine. The third determines the subject-matter of the infallibility, and limits its object to doctrines concerning faith and morals, and excludes all other matter whatsoever. The fourth, by the intention to bind, must be expressly stated. The fifth requires a condition essential to every human act, liberty. These things being understood, we will next look into some of those things which the doctor presents as his facts.

An Ulster Orangeman on the Pope.

The Westminster Gazette publishes the following story: "A small party of staunch Ulster Protestants came over on a holiday trip to London a few weeks ago, and among other places of interest visited a very popular Roman Catholic institution in Hammersmith, in which a poor co-religionist of the trippers had found a welcome, and a sisterly care denied to none who enter their portals by the good nuns in charge. "And does this place belong to the Pope now," asked a male member of the party of one of the sisters. "Yes; we sisters are in a spiritual sense children of His Holiness; but we make no distinction between Protestants and Catholics among those who come to us for help." "Well, now, that's nice; but tell me, does he ever come to see ye?" "No; he lives in Rome. But why have you any feeling against the Pope?" "Well," slowly replied the spokesman of the party, "I have little against the man myself, but he doesn't bear a good name round Portadown."

The Miraculous Preface.

The preface of the Mass on feasts of the Blessed Virgin is titled the Miraculous Preface; for, as the legend goes, the greater part of it was miraculously put on the lips of Pope Urban II. as he was one day singing High Mass in the church of our Blessed Lady at Piacenza. He began by chanting the common preface, but when he had come to that part where the prefaces generally turn off to suit the occasion he is said to have heard angels singing. He afterward caused their words to be inserted in the common preface at the council of Piacenza in 1095.—Ave Maria.

As iron put into the fire loses the rust and becomes all glowing, so a man that turns himself wholly to God puts off his sluggishness and is changed into a new man.—The Imitation. When a man begins to grow lukewarm, he is afraid of little labor, and willingly takes external comfort.—The Imitation.

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