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Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, Oct. 18, 1890.

No. 37

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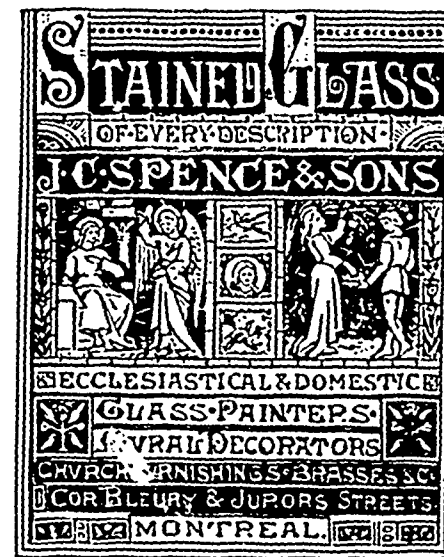
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The Catholic Weekly Review.

Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, Oct. 18, 1890.

No. 37

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Notes.

GEN. BOULANGER is about to give his enemies the full-satisfaction; that is to say, he is about to write a book. This will be more fatal than any number of French duels.

THE *Montreal Gazette* points out that the Father Mathew centenary has revived the advocacy of voluntary as distinguished from coercive temperance effort, which latter, even its advocates admit, has been far from a success. The former gave temperance its start, and has won for it its only real growth. It may be, our contemporary remarks, that a return to first principles would justify the wisdom of the fathers of the movement.

THE London correspondent of the *New York Sun* writes that there is reason to believe that the government has decided, under certain conditions, to liberate a number of the unfortunate men now serving life sentences in British prisons for complicity in the earlier dynamite outrages or attempted outrages. Recent investigations have proved beyond doubt that many of these men, probably the majority, were the victims of agents procurateurs. The discovery, coupled with the fact that no blood was shed by the prisoners and that they have already undergone heavy punishment in convict prisons, has induced the government to recommend to the crown to give merciful reconsideration to their cases.

THE popularity of the McKinley Bill is not likely to be greatly enhanced by the news which Mr. Harold Frederick, the London correspondent of the *New York Times* sends in his last letter to that journal. Though directed mainly against the trade of Canada, it now turns out that it deals, by a cruel irony of fate, the unfortunate peasantry of Donegal a double blow. Not

only are their potatoes and other crops destroyed, but by the adoption of this prohibitory bill, the major part of the cottage industries are wiped out which have been established there during the past decade. In the simple parish of Kilar, Mr. Frederick writes, where only three weeks of potatoes remain, over four hundred families have been kept on Indian meal during the summer by the labour of their women in springing linen for the Belfast makers. The passage of the McKinley measure has put an abrupt stop to this industry, plunging the country, the correspondent says, and as can readily be believed, into acute despair.

THE month's mind for Cardinal Newman, we learn from the *Weekly Register*, has been duly celebrated in the Oratory Church. What may be called another form of month's mind, and one at which a greater public assists, is to be found in the new issue of the monthly magazines. Mr. Wilfrid Ward, the son of the famous editor of the *Dublin Review*, treats in the *Nineteenth Century* some "Aspects of Newman's Influence." The story of "Cardinal Newman and the Studios" is told in the *Art Journal*; and in the *Month* the initials of Father Coleridge appear at the end of a tribute to the Cardinal as "A Father of Souls." In the *Ecclesiastical Record* Father Lockhart adds another to the magazine memorials to the leader of the Oxford Movement. Besides these there are the articles of Mr. Meynell, Mr. Lilly, and Mr. Kegan Paul in the *Contemporary Fortnightly*, and *New Reviews*. The body of Mr. Meynell's article appeared in our last number, and it is THE REVIEW's intention to reprint the remaining ones week by week, for the benefit of its readers. These articles have been carefully prepared, and written with grace and scholarship, and by all who cherish the memory of the great Cardinal will be carefully read and kept for after reference.

THE *Register*, closing an editorial article on "Temple Building," expresses a wish that has occurred to many minds—that a Church should be built at Birmingham in memory of the Oratorian Cardinal. "We have no claim" it says "to speak for the Fathers of the Oratory, who probably have a natural hesitation to make changes in a place, consecrated, as it now stands, by sacred human memories. But Cardinal Newman himself had hoped to see a church built which would displace the temporary erection of four bare brick walls. Moreover, he went so far as to have plans for such a church prepared by one of the greatest architects of the time, M. Viollet le Duc, who came from France to Birmingham for the purpose. The Achilli trial brought with it expenses which the public met; and this made Cardinal Newman feel unwilling to accept help again for the church he had built in air, a modified miniature of St. Mark's, Venice—his favourite building in all the world. But the plans are there; and now is the time to translate them into marble and wood and stone."

FATHER MATHEW: HIS LIFE AND LESSONS.

On October 10, 1890, the whole English-speaking world united in commemorating the birth of the Rev. Theobald Mathew, the first apostle of total abstinence, and one of the greatest benefactors of the human race.

It is hard for us, at the present day, when the virtue of total abstinence is held in high honour, and total abstinence associations flourish within and without the Church, and public opinion bears hard on the drunkard, to understand how different the world was in this respect when Father Mathew was born into it, and when more than half a century ago he consecrated himself to his Heaven-appointed mission.

Popular contemporary fiction is ordinarily a very faithful reflex of social custom and sentiment. The novels published in the English language during the first sixty years of the present century literally reek with beer and brandy. Drunkenness is merely an amiable weakness, eminently becoming a gentleman; and, on the other side, though the proposition is hardly formulated, one cannot help feeling that total abstinence is a parsimonious and poor-spirited virtue.

Some there are, however, who need not the aid of stern statistics, or the reflex of past popular sentiment through the novelists, to recall the frightful prevalence of drunkenness in England, Ireland, and America four or five decades ago.

Let us briefly recapitulate the life of Father Mathew, the modern St. George, who did not fear to fight single-handed the hydra-headed dragon of drunkenness at the day of its lustiest strength; and who, if he did not destroy it, at least dealt it blows from which it has never fully recovered, and diminished its power for evil for all time.

Theobald Mathew was born at Thomastown, County Kilkenny, Ire., Oct. 10, 1790. He was of a sweet and winning disposition, unselfish, generous, incapable of a revengeful thought, and intense in his affections.

He early showed a vocation to the priesthood, and after a careful course of study, largely under the direction of the Rev. Celestine Corcoran, of Dublin, was ordained a priest of the Capuchin Order, in 1814, by Archbishop Murray. For over twenty years he devoted himself to the severest pastoral duty, chiefly in the city of Cork. He was not at that time a remarkable orator, and yet there was a charm about him which held immense audiences, of every condition for as long as he chose to keep them. He was a remarkably well-built, handsome man, it is true, with a wonderful share of what we call personal magnetism; but it was the sweetness of spirit, the absolute sincerity, which shone in his beautiful eyes and rang through his voice, which drew men's hearts.

Despite the bitterness of existing religious prejudices, he was almost as influential among Protestants as among Catholics. His heroic labours among the plague-stricken of every form of belief, during the cholera-epidemic of 1832, had much to do with this. He was a great advocate of popular education, and founded schools for the poor and various literary institutions. His pastoral labours revealed one fact to him in clearest light—that over-indulgence in intoxicating drinks was a cancer in the very heart of the people's life. As early as 1836, a total abstinence movement had been begun in the South of Ireland by the Rev. Nicholas Dunscombe, a Church of England clergyman, the Rev. Richard Dowden, a Unitarian, and William Martin, a member of the Society of Friends. The last-named was the leading spirit of the movement; and he it was who induced Father Mathew to sign the total abstinence pledge at a public meeting in Cork, on April 10, 1838, and to promise the movement the full force of his influence and sympathy. This was the birthday of the total abstinence movement.

Let Archbishop Ireland, the Father Mathew of our own time, describe it. We quote from his great article in the *Catholic World*:—

"The story has been often told, but it is ever worthy of repetition. He had gathered around him in his humble school-room a group of friends. He spoke to them of the evils wrought by intemperance. 'Indeed,' he added, 'if

only one poor soul could be rescued from destruction by what we are now attempting, it would give glory to God, and be well worth all the trouble we could take. No person in health has any need of intoxicating drinks. My dear friends, you do not require them, nor do I require them—neither do I take them. After much reflection on the subject, I have come to the conviction that there is no necessity for the use of them by any one in good health; and I advise you all to follow my example. I will be the first to sign my name on the book which is on the table, and I hope we shall soon have it full.' Father Mathew then approached the table and, taking the pen, said: 'Here goes, in the name of God!' and signed as follows: 'Revd. Theobald Mathew, C. C., Cove Street, No. 1.'

"Cove Street, No. 1! Three years ago, guided by the esteemed Bishop of Cork, Doctor O'Callaghan, I turned thither my steps. It was to me a shrine most sacred. Thoughts of it had visited me on trans-Atlantic ground, and had impelled me on a certain day, which I will ever reckon among the happiest of my life, to repeat, in earnestness which must cease only on the grave's brink, the words of Father Mathew: 'Here goes, in the name of God!' I wished by the closest contact with the scenes amid which he had lived to freshen in my soul my resolution and gain new strength for it."

"Father Mathew, as revealed to us on that memorable day," continues Archbishop Ireland, "was a man of singular courage." This is the more evident as we recall that he had to contend not only against deep-seated evil custom—and this with a remedy unusual and unpopular—but even to set himself against the business interests of kindred and friends, who were engaged in brewing and distilling.

But he did not shrink from isolation. He was too sure of his mission, and too well convinced that in advocating it, his example should pave the way for his preaching.

He began his crusade in Cork. The people flocked to his sermons and took the pledge in thousands. He went from end to end of Ireland, and with equal success. He revolutionized the face of the country. In many places, public-houses and distilleries had to close for dearth of patronage. Temperance halls were opened. The pledged total abstainers of Ireland numbered several millions. The annual consumption of spirits dropped in Ireland from 12,295,000 gallons in 1839 to 6,485,443 in 1842; and the number of persons committed to jail from 12,049 to 9,875.

On March 28, 1842, his work received a tremendous impetus. Daniel O'Connell, then Lord Mayor of Dublin, publicly took the pledge from Father Mathew.

Father Mathew's work was for humanity. He pledged 600,000 in England and Scotland.

Then came the Irish famine of 1847-48, and he devoted all his energies to the temporal and spiritual relief of his stricken countrymen.

His rigorous fasting during the Lent of 1848 brought about an alarming attack of paralysis.

No sooner was he partially recovered, than he set out for America, where he travelled through twenty-five States and gave the pledge to hundreds of thousands, Protestants as well as Catholics.

He came to Boston, July 22, 1849, and had a public reception, not since exceeded in unanimity of admiration and enthusiasm. Twenty thousand people attended the public meeting on Boston Common that evening, Governor Briggs, Mayor Bigelow and Father Taylor, of the Baptist Bethel, being among the notable figures. He had a reception at Faneuil Hall on July 25, at which Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr., presided. Father Mathew gave the pledge to 35,000 people in Boston alone, and to many more in the neighbouring cities and towns. He founded numerous total abstinence organizations, the only one of which now in existence and connected with the Archdiocesan Union of Boston is the Father Mathew Total Abstinence Society of East Cambridge. On Sept. 3, 1849, Father Mathew gave the pledge to 1,000 people in old St. John's, E. Cambridge, and on December 25, following, the society above-named was organized. Four of the charter members are still alive, and have kept the pledge, which they took at the great temperance apostle's

hands, faithfully. They are Patrick Rafferty, of Somerville, and Bernard Rafferty, James Donnelly and Patrick Sharkey, of Cambridge. And the society still lives, carrying on vigorously the work of its patron and founder.

Father Mathew arrived in Washington, D. C., Dec. 18, 1846. By unanimous vote of the House of Representatives, he was admitted to the floor, and the great Reformer spoke eloquently for his life-work. In the United States Senate Mr. Walker, of Wisconsin, proposed the following resolution:—

Resolved, That Rev. Theobald Mathew be allowed a seat within the Bar of the United States Senate during the period of his sojourn in Washington.

The resolution was carried by 33 to 18, the dissentients being Southerners, who were offended at Father Mathew's expressions in Ireland against slavery.

On Dec. 20, President Fillmore gave a public dinner in Father Mathew's honour.

In 1851 he returned to Ireland, badly broken in health. To the warnings of physicians he said: "Never will I desert my post in the middle of the battle. If I am to die, I will die in harness."

He passed away, Dec. 8, 1856. "Sweetness, humility and holiness marked every hour of his declining years." So wrote one who knew him well. Could any one wish a better epitaph!

The citizens of Cork, irrespective of creed, built a life-size statue of him. It was begun by Hogan in 1856, and finished by Foley in 1863. The citizens of the world are completing his memorial church in Cork, as a lasting commemoration of his centenary.

But the commemoration which would be most according to Father Mathew's own heart would be a revival of the great work of his life-time. Let Archbishop Ireland speak to us again "In the centennial of Father Mathew there is a deep significance. It speaks to us, in accents that will not be stilled, of our own duty. Intemperance is among us, doing

fearful harm to bodies and to souls. It has not the unlimited sway which former years accorded to it; there are serried battalions in the field opposing it. Public opinion no longer fawns to it; both its victims and its agents are held in ill-repute. Yet, withal, the slimy serpent lives, and through all ranks of society it trails its poison-laden lengths, distilling in all directions its pestilential breathings. Who is there who has not sorrowed over its ravages? Let me speak as a Catholic. Intemperance to-day is doing Holy Church harm beyond the power of pen to describe, and unless we crush it out, Catholicity can make but slow advance in America. I would say, intemperance is our one great misfortune. With all other difficulties we can easily cope, and cope successfully. The poverty, the sin, the shame that fall upon our people result almost entirely from drink, and God knows those afflictions come upon them thick and heavy! No one would dare assert, so strong the evidence, that the disgrace from liquor-selling and liquor-drinking taken from us, the most hateful enemy could throw

a stone at us, or that our people would not come out in broad daylight before the country as the purest, the most law-abiding, the most honoured element in its population. And still—mystery passing strange!—the Theobald Mathews are few, and those few are timid.

Oh! for a solemn and enduring awakening from slumber and sloth, by virtue of the sacred memory of Father Mathew! Why dilly-dally another day with this monster evil which is desolating the land? Why, when the enemy is upon us, slaying neighbours and friends, and damning souls, lose a moment in idle discussion and heartless pleasantries? For once let us be serious-minded, and zealous and active in well-doing. One decade of years in earnest warfare—the battle being general throughout the field, instead of being confined to some isolated bands of sharpshooters—and victory brilliant and complete shall be ours. The task is much easier than it was for Father Mathew. Total abstinence is no longer a novelty; it has made its record and proved its efficiency, and the Church has set her seal upon it. The cry was in Father Mathew's time, and for long years afterwards, that Rome had not recognized total abstinence. Indeed, the would-be wise men

knew that Rome never would recognize it; if she did, then assuredly they, loyal sons of hers, should recognize it, too, and most likely practice it. Well, Rome has spoken; but those loyal sons of hers are so busy reading up her utterances on other subjects that they lose sight of her words on total abstinence.

"Hence," wrote Leo XIII., "we esteem worthy of all commendation the noble resolve of our pious associations, by which they pledge themselves to abstain totally from every kind of intoxicating drink. Nor can it at all be doubted that this determination is the proper and the truly efficacious remedy for this very great evil." There remains, now, no excuse for indifference or inactivity."



REV. THEOBALD MATHEW.

The man who administered the Total Abstinence Pledge to 5,000,000 people.

FATHER MATHEW CEREMONIES IN MONTREAL.

The centenary of Father Mathew, the great Irish apostle of temperance was observed in a fitting manner by the Irish Catholic Temperance Societies of Montreal on Sunday last, who in so honouring the memory of their country's great benefactor did honour to themselves and to their adopted home. Shortly after 9 o'clock the societies assembled at St. Ann's hall on Ottawa Street, and, after some minor preparations, a procession was formed and marched to St. Ann's Church, where the procession was received by the Rev. E. Strubbe, and entered the church which was filled to the doors, the organ pealing forth "St. Patrick's Day" and other Irish airs.

The sacred edifice was decorated with numerous flags and bannerets, and the main altar was handsomely adorned with lights, flowers, etc. Seats of honour, arranged in front of the altar rails, were occupied by the honorary vice-president of the convention, the Hon. Edward Murphy; the vice-

president, Ald. P. Kennedy; Mr. Joseph Phelan, vice-president St. Gabriel's T. A. and B. society; Mr. J. J. Costigan, secretary of the convention; Mr. J. S. Reilly, treasurer; Mr. M. Shurkey, vice-president St. Patrick's T. A. and B. society; Mr. W. P. Kennedy, vice-president St. Ann's T. A. and B. society, the delegates of the convention and the other office bearers.

The celebrant of the Mass was the Right Rev. N. Z. Lorrain, bishop of Pembroke; the assistant priest, Rev. L. D. Marshal, V.G., administrator of the archdiocese and the deacons of honour, Rev. Wm. O'Meara, pastor of St. Gabriel's, and Rev. Father Banckaert, C.S.S.R.; the deacon of office, Rev. J. E. Donnelly; the sub-deacon, Rev. G. L. H. Leclere, of St. Anthony's; master of ceremonies, Rev. C. Martin, of the Palace. There were present in the sanctuary the Rev. Father Dowd, of St. Patrick's; Rev. Father Catalle, of St. Ann's and others.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. J. A. McCallen, S.S., of St. Patrick's, president of the convention. His text was from Exodus, ch. XII, v. 14: "This day shall be for a memorial to you, and you shall keep it a feast to the Lord, with an everlasting observance." In the beginning of his sermon the Rev. Father gave a rapid sketch of Father Mathew's life and labours in the cause of temperance—a man raised up by God to deliver the people of his time from the modern Pharaoh, intemperance, just as Moses was made the deliverer of the Israelites from the tyranny of the Egyptian Pharaoh; a man before whose efforts in this grand cause our own paled into insignificance; a man who in Ireland, England, Scotland and the United States, enrolled nearly two million persons under the banner of total abstinence; a man whose glory it was, as it is doubtless now his crown, to have the pledge administered more universally and faithfully observed than that given by any other advocate of temperance. The Rev. Father then turned his attention to the cause of temperance in the city of Montreal, and to the means to be taken to insure its success. The amelioration of all classes of our people by the enforcement of just and stringent laws concerning the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drink, would prove a far better way of honouring the centenary of Father Mathew's birth than the most glowing eulogy of his life and labours in the temperance cause. To the discussion, then, of these laws would the preacher invite the attention of his hearers. He then took up the law for inspection of all intoxicating drink manufactured and sold in the city. If a butcher sold tainted meat, a druggist compounded an injurious prescription, or a baker adulterated his food products, they were pounced upon by the law. But if the saloon-keeper sent men to their homes intellectual, physical and moral wrecks through the sale of adulterated beverages which so quickly affect the brain, shatter the health, bring disease to the body and create an irresistible craving in the drunkard for still greater potations—and did so with an impunity which it was simply appalling to contemplate; why not, therefore, demand a law for the inspection of all alcoholic drinks and see that it be rigidly enforced not only by heavy fines but by imprisonment. The union of the liquor and grocery trades was next considered and since no woman with any self-respect would dare enter a saloon to purchase liquor, most of the drunkenness of this class could, therefore, be traced to the sale of liquor in the groceries. If we must have drunkards among our men, let it not be said that Quebec and Montreal have so little respect for the mothers, wives, sisters and daughters of our homes as to afford them no protection from this infamy.

The Sunday law existed, but it was so little enforced as almost to prove a sham and mockery. During the hours of divine service and throughout the day and evening, the side doors and back gates of too many saloons and groceries were in constant use, and hence the drunken orgies which desecrate the Lord's day and rob our homes of even one day of peace and joy out of seven. One party in this city had paid during one year \$550 in fines for infractions of the Sunday law, yet never closed his place a single Sunday. Imprisonment of such a party might check his avarice and have a little respect for the law. With regard to the law against selling to minors, the reverend Father recalled the fact that even a clergyman who dares to unite in marriage without the parents'

consent, two parties, one of whom is a minor, may be prosecuted. Why are so few arrested for drugging the youth of the city with liquor? Let parents who catch the breath of liquor from the lips of a child prosecute without mercy the would-be murderers of their boy.

Father McCallen met and answered the objection against high license. To the members of the government who claim that the finances of the country would suffer by a diminution of the saloons in the city he said: Let the saloons be greatly reduced in number, but let the license tax be augmented so as to double the revenue. This has proved very successful in Philadelphia and other cities. It might at least be tried in Montreal. In 1887 Philadelphia reduced its saloons from 5,500 to about 1,300, and by raising the license tax from \$50 to \$500, more than doubled its revenue and saved the court and jail expenses of about 8,000 less convicts than in the year preceding high license. And should the saloon influence in future elections be exerted to deprive our legislators of their seats in Parliament for having passed such a law, the increased number of sober men, grateful for the blessings flowing from such a law, will see to it that members will be returned with larger majorities than ever for having been faithful to the dictates of an intelligent and just conscience. A few men may boast in private that the saloon-keepers have stood by them on election day, and they in gratitude will stand by the saloon-keepers. There is not a politician in the city who would dare make such an avowal over his own signature in any of our daily papers, and if he did he would be branded as a hireling and a coward. The majority of our legislators are men of honour and above being deterred from duty by such threats or fears. The second objection against high license comes from the saloon-keepers themselves. Such a law is unjust to us and will drive many of us out of the business. Why, asked the reverend Father, do saloon-keepers insist on being a privileged class? Merchants who have passed a lifetime in their business are forced by taxes imposed upon their plant and upon the products of their labour to seek some other means of livelihood. Property owners are compelled by law sometimes at very heavy expense to abate a nuisance which endangers the health or well-being of their neighbours. And are not the majority of saloons in this city conducted in such a way as to prove a veritable nuisance, endangering the health and very life of the drunkards who stagger forth from these drinking places to endanger, in the fury of their madness, other precious lives in the drunkard's home? It is liquor which robs the labouring man of his hard-earned money and his home of peace and joy and comfort, which steals away his reason, his strength, his manhood, his self-respect. It is the crime of intemperance that sends so many orphans to our asylums, so many convicts to our jails, so many untamed youths to our reformatories, and so many idlers to our streets. It causes more tears to flow, more hearts to be crushed, more homes to be made desolate than any other single crime. In a word it robs man of the image of his God and stains his soul with its own infamy and with the infamy of other vices, of which it is the cause and occasion. And yet in presence of all this woe and poverty, and sin and desolation brought upon so many of our citizens by the too numerous saloons of this city, we are accused of injustice to saloon-keepers by asking a law which will abate this nuisance and lessen the temptations of men who desire to lead sober lives.

Father McCallen ended a powerful discourse by a warm appeal to his hearers to remember that they were Catholics, Irishmen and citizens of Montreal, and that they would be traitors to their faith and the country of their birth and of their adoption if they allowed Father Mathew's centenary to pass by without a mighty effort being made to advance the cause for which he lived and for which we may truly say he died. "O glorious apostle of temperance if in reward for your life's labours in this grand cause you have already received your crown, deign to look down in pity upon the people of this fair city, and touched by the woe and desolation and sin which your eyes behold, pray that we may have the courage to arise in defence of a just cause and overthrow the power that has so long enslaved the noblest and best of our citizens. Pray that we might imitate thy glorious example and in thy very words 'promise, with the Divine assistance,

to abstain from from all intoxicating drink and to discountenance the cause and practice of intemperance." Then, indeed will thy birthday prove a true feast to the Lord to be kept in our generations with an everlasting observance."

After the services the pastor of St. Ann's, Rev. Father Cafalle, entertained His Lordship Bishop Lorrain and the clergy to dinner, amongst others present being the Hon. Edward Murphy, Mr. J. J. Curran, Q.C., M.P.

A public celebration in honour of Father Mathew was held in the Queen's Hall on Monday evening, and was largely attended. A report of the proceedings and of the speeches delivered will appear in our next issue.

THE SECOND MASONIC OATH.

We published lately the text of the first Masonic oath, taken by those entering the first, or entered apprentice degree. We have seen that the obligation is under penalty of having the throat cut, and the tongue cut out by the roots, and buried under the rough sands of the Sea. The next degree in order is the Fellow Craft. The oath administered in connection with this latter degree is very much longer than the one already published. Our object is to show the criminal character of these oaths; and this can be accomplished in this case by reproducing merely the black penalty under which the applicant puts himself when swearing it. No good purpose is to be subserved by surrendering space to the reproduction in its entirety of the long-strung verbosity of this abominable oath. These are its concluding paragraphs:

"To all of which, I do most solemnly and sincerely promise and swear, without any hesitation, mental reservation, or self-evasion of mind in me whatever, binding myself under no less penalty than to have my left breast torn open, my heart and vitals taken from thence, thrown over my left shoulder, and carried to the valley of Jehosaphat, there to become a prey to the wild beasts of the field, and vultures of the air, should I wilfully violate, or transgress any part of this, my solemn oath or obligation of a Fellow Craft Mason. So help me God, and keep me steadfast in the due performance of the same."

How can a thinking and honourable man bind himself under such penalty: to have his left breast torn open, his heart and vitals taken out, etc., etc.

It cannot be assumed as a virtue that such penalties are not enforced. This we do not know: and if, indeed, it be so, it may be owing entirely to the difficulty and danger of attempting it, in this day of telegraph and newspaper.

In any event, if the use of so murderous a penalty be a mere form, what have men who bind themselves and others by it, to say of the blasphemy, of calling upon the Divine Name, in connection with that which, if a mockery only, is a most infamous one?—*N.O. Holy Family.*

LOVE'S DAWN.

In wandering through waste places of the world
I met my love and knew not she was mine,
But soon a light, more tender, more divine
Filled earth and heaven; richer cloud-curtains furled
The West at eve; a softer flush imperaled
The gates of dawn; a note more pure and fine
Rang in the thrush's song; a rarer shine
Varnished the leaves by May's sweet sun uncurled.
To me, who loved but knew not, all the air
Trembled to shocks of far-off melodies,
As all the summer's rustling thrills the trees
When Spring's sun strike their boughs, asleep and bare.
And thus, one blessed day, I saw arise
Love's morning, glorious, in her candid eyes.

—John Hay in the Century.

Ingersoll has been denied a hall in Philadelphia for a lecture on hell. As long as he confined himself to insulting God, he prospered. Of late he has been poking fun at the devil, and the people will not stand that.—*Western Watchman.*

C. M. B. A. News.

Brother Walker, of Carbondale, Pa., visited Branch 15 at their meeting on Monday last. He reports the C. M. B. A. flourishing in his district.

The Grand President desires to state, with reference to a letter which appeared recently from Branch 81, Montreal, that he has received from the President of that Branch a letter, from which the following is an extract: "In so far as the business of the Grand Council is concerned I am perfectly satisfied that everything was done in strict accordance with the constitution and in a parliamentary manner." The Grand President considers that the matter may now be allowed to drop.

Secretaries of Branches would confer a favour upon us by sending in items of interest pertaining to the Order. Our intention is to make this column a *resumé* of C.M.B.A. affairs, and to furnish useful and interesting information in all that connects with the order wherever it exists. The necessity for such an organization as the C.M.B.A. had been long felt. Since its organization in 1876, the Order has done wonderfully good work, has dried the tears of many a widow, and made orphans less desolate. In its humble way *The Review*, by advocacy and support, will endeavour to further increase and extend its sphere of usefulness. In this connection we will publish a brief history of the Order in our next issue.

The Fourth Biennial Convention of the Grand Council C. M. B. A. of Michigan was held at Detroit last week with great success. The Convention was opened with solemn Pontifical High Mass at SS. Peter and Paul's church on Tuesday morning. Prior to the Mass, there was a grand procession of the local branches of the C. M. B. A. and the Grand Council. About 1,000 men were in line. The sermon was preached by Supreme Trustee Rev. P. A. Baart, S. T. L., of Marshall, Mich. A grand reception was held the same evening.

The membership of the Association in Michigan in 1888 was 3,203; to-day it is 3,808, being an increase of 605 or nearly 25 per cent. in two years. The beneficiaries received amounted to \$128,767.07; the reserve fund \$6,774.80; additional on assessments \$633.50; supplies \$365.08; initiation tax \$334.00; per capita tax \$3,433.50; total receipts \$140,308.03; disbursements amounted to \$127,426.91. The general fund receipts are \$6,416.87; reserve fund \$6,441.14; balance in general fund \$1,778.56.

Last week Archbishop Ireland, the great temperance apostle of St. Paul's, paid a visit to Winnipeg. Branch 52 availed themselves of the opportunity and sent a large deputation who waited upon His Grace, and, through Mr. J. K. Barrett, the District Deputy presented him with an address from the Branch, which, after extolling his great works for the social, educational and religion of the Catholic Church in the United States, said:

"We would therefore make bold before concluding to bring under Your Grace's notice the good work that the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association is doing for the religious, material, and social advancement of Catholics generally, and of its members and those dependent on them particularly. Its aims and objects are the social and religious advancement of its members during their life, and after the bread winner departs the substantial provision for his widow and orphans. We would therefore ask Your Grace to examine our constitution and by-laws, and if they meet your approval, permission and assistance to extend our good work into your archdiocese.

His Grace made a happy reply, expressing his pleasure at receiving such a magnificent address from so large, intelligent and important a body as the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of Winnipeg, and he requested Mr. Barrett to convey his deep thanks and regards to the society at the next meeting for their kindness to him.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commenced by

The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto.
The Most Rev. C. O'Brien, Archbishop of Halifax.
Rt. Rev. T. J. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton.
The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto.
The late Archbishop Lynch.
The late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carbery of Hamilton.
The Rev. Father Dowd of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.
And by the leading clergy of the Dominion

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCT. 18, 1890.

ON more than one occasion during the past few years The Review has felt itself constrained to protest against the constant vilification of the Church, and her clergy, indulged in by *Grip*—a professedly humorous publication issued in this city. Among journals it is what a rib-stabber and garrouter are among men; and ranks upon the same level. With the true instinct of the rib-stabber it plies its trade behind the mask—the mask of motley. As a humorous paper, the character to which it aspires, it belongs to the legitimate litter of the New York semi-infidel breed of “flesh prints” and “funny papers” mostly controlled by French and German atheists. It resembles them in everything but their mechanical excellence, and their literary cleverness. *Grip's* sense of humour, however, seems to expend itself in sickly attempts at political caricature; but what it lacks in mirth it makes up in malignity, and when all else fails it calls to its assistance, as an always saleable and seasonable staple, pencilled insult and written abuse of the Church, her dignitaries, and especially her French-Canadian and Irish adherents. Two years ago we gave it as our opinion that this vicious and low-blooded publication was unfit to be admitted into the household of any self-respecting Catholic, or in fact into the household of any well-disposed man. That opinion almost every succeeding issue has served to accentuate and confirm. A friend and correspondent has lately sent us a copy of *Grip* of the 11th inst., containing the cartoon of the “Snake in the Grass” and an article, mainly conspicuous for clumsy buffoonery, entitled “Pop'sh Bosh.” Bad as they are they are no worse, in our judgment than the libels that have marked hundreds of former equally delectable outputs. On the last occasion that we referred to this disagreeable subject the Editor of *Grip* addressed to us a private and personal remonstrance, complaining of the undue severity of our strictures. We gave very plain reasons for that severity. But the remedy rests with Catholics themselves. So long as they are content to countenance by their support a publication which endeavours to thrive by insulting everything that they should regard as most sacred, so long, of course, will these vulgar libels continue. But to us, we may say, it has long been an unceasing source of wonder how a certain number of Catholics can be at such pains to visit with resentment any shortcomings in their own journals, at the same time that a publication, like *Grip*, which never by any chance refers to

them except in the grossest and most hideous caricature, is received from week to week as a welcome and unbounded favourite on their tables.

THE CARDINALIAL DIGNITY.

WRITING a few weeks ago upon the question of Cardinal Taschereau's precedence, which had suddenly come into discussion as a result of a hitch in the arrangements of a recent Vice-Regal dinner, THE REVIEW gave it as its opinion that for Cardinal Taschereau to have done other than he did—to have accepted, that is to say, on so public an occasion, a place other than that rightfully belonging to him, would have been to compromise not only his own but the dignity of the office of the Sovereign Pontiff. We were led to this opinion, it was added, by the knowledge that even so gentle and humble a spirit as Cardinal Newman, whose simplicity was as natural and as loveable as a child's, was scrupulously exacting lest any detail of his conduct should be wanting in the dignity due to the Holy See and the office and person of the Sovereign Pontiff.

In glancing over a new volume which it was our good fortune to receive a few days ago (*Sayings of Cardinal Newman*. London: Burns and Oates) a compilation by an admirer of Cardinal Newman of reports from the newspapers of events in the last forty years of the life of the great man, and of the words which they evoked from him, we came upon a passage which bore out in the most conclusive manner, what we had contended for. It occurs in the course of a reply returned by His Eminence to an influential deputation that had waited upon him to congratulate him upon his elevation to the Sacred College, and it is so characteristic of the man, so winning in its charm and sweetness, and yet so commanding in its strength and sincerity that our readers will thank us for placing the passage before them. Describing what a Cardinal has to be, His Eminence said:

“Among the obligations of a Cardinal I am pledged never to let my high dignity suffer in the eyes of men by fault of mine—never to forget what I have been made, and whom I represent; and if there is a man who more requires the support of others in satisfying the duties for which he was not born, and in making himself more than himself, surely it is I. The Holy Father, the Hierarchy, the whole of Catholic Christendom, form not only a spiritual, but a visible body, and as being a visible, they are necessarily a political body. They become, and were meant to become, a temporal polity, and that temporal aspect of the Church is brought out most prominently and impressively, and claims and commands the attention of the world most forcibly in the Pope, and in his court, and in his basilicas, palaces, and other establishments at Rome. It is an aspect rich in pomp and circumstance, in solemn ceremony, and in observances sacred from an antiquity beyond measure. He himself can only be in one place; the Cardinals, so far as he does not require their presence around him, represent him in all parts of the civilized world, and carry with them great historical associations, and are a living memento of the Church's unity, such as has no parallel in any other polity. They are the Princes of the Oecumenical Empire. The great prophecies in behalf of the Church are in them strikingly fulfilled, that ‘the Lord's house should be exalted above all the hills;’ and that ‘instead of thy fathers, sons are born to thee, whom thou shalt make princes over all the earth.’ I am not speaking of temporal domination, but of temporal pre-eminence and authority, of a moral and social power, of a visible grandeur which even those who do not acknowledge it feel and bow before.”

Special Editorial Correspondent of the Review.

In Ireland.

X.

THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

The best and most popular way of visiting the Gap of Dunloe and the Upper Lake of Killarney, is to take a jaunting car as far as the entrance, to have arranged for a boat to be in waiting at the lake end, and to make the journey through the Gap itself, a distance of four miles, on foot or on horseback. The road from the town passes the Cathedral, the Kenmare demesne, the ruins of Aghadoe, and, six miles from Killarney, the ruined church of Killalee. On a bold promontory overlooking the Laune stands Dunloe Castle, built by O'Sullivan Mor, whose descendants still occupied it at the time of its bombardment by Ireton, one of Cromwell's Generals. The grounds about it command fine views of the Lakes. In a field not far from the entrance to the Gap is the celebrated Cave of Dunloe, which was broken in upon by accident in 1838. The roof is formed of large stones inscribed with the Ogham characters peculiar to the Druids before the introduction of Christianity. At the entrance to the Gap refreshments are dispensed by a reputed descendant of the far-famed Kate Kearney, who emerges from the old Kearney cottage. At this point it is the habit of the local guide to halt and palm off, with every Hibernian accessory of histrionic art, the following four lines upon Tom Moore :

"I've seen Killarney's wather wathers,
I've seen Kate Kearney's daughter's daughters,
I've seen the Bull, and Purple* too,
And drank Kate Kearney's mountain-dew."

The road through the Gap is a tolerably good one. According to tradition, to which we paid our respects in the preceding letter, this extraordinary Pass was rent asunder by the blow of a sword—doubtless "The O'Donoghue's" or "The O'Sullivan's." A Kerry man might feel hurt at the suggestion of its having occurred through a convulsion of nature. It is a wild, lonely, magnificent defile, lying between the Reeks and the Toonies, and yielding to nothing of the kind in Ireland for bold and solitary grandeur. High up on either side rise the Bull and Holly Mountains, while over the narrow winding roadway great masses of projecting rock hang fearfully. In the interstices shrubs shoot forth, and trees and herbage, which furnish excellent pasture, and with the mantling ivy and heather contribute a picturesque effect to the otherwise desolate and awe-inspiring landscape. A dark, murmuring stream traverses the Glen expanding at points into little lakes. At several points of vantage fine echoes are awakened in the Glen by bugles or by small cannon, which several poor fellows keep in readiness for the tourist from whom they look for some small gratuity. After passing the Pike, a gloomy solitary spot, the mountains recede and the road becomes more open. At this part a narrow footpath from the road is carried over a huge projection of the Purple Mountain which rises nearly 3000 feet, and can be ascended from the Gap. The summit commands a splendid and most expansive view of the Upper Lake and the surrounding mountains. Below the projection of the Purple Mountains, to the right, lies the *Doom Dhu* or Black Valley which extends for four miles into the very heart of

the MacGillieuddy Reeks. To this day The MacGillieuddy, a descendant of the Col. Roger MacGillieuddy who commanded under Clancarty at the siege of Cork, shoots over these mountains. The Black Valley is a broad and desolate glen, environed by vast masses of mountains, their rugged sides marked by descending streams. Its great gloom is due to the height of the surrounding mountains, and to its lakes and pools being largely impregnated with peat. "A valley, secluded as the heart of the sternest recluse could desire, where ever-brooding melancholy reigns," it has a character of sublime loneliness and stillness awe-inspiring in the extreme, while the noise of its waters, seeking the Upper Lake, seem only to deepen the all-pervading solitude.

The Upper Lake is about two miles in length, and about one in width, and though the smallest of the three principal Killarney Lakes, it is perhaps the most charming. Its character is singularly romantic, and distinct from that of the other lakes, the scenery partaking of every variety of landscape that can delight the eye.

"Abrupt and sheer the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink,
And just a trace of silver sand
Mark where the waters meet the land."

Nature seems to have assumed here her most impressive aspect, yet one of strange and admirable beauty; rock and mountain start out with bold and startling prominence, whilst a wealth of trees and shrubs adds a softer grace and charm to scenery that would else be stern. The mountain ridge and glen of Derryunity form on the left a splendid foreground, while on the right rise the sublime and rugged peaks of the Reeks, their tributary streams winding through glens and ravines to the lake. A long channel connects the Upper with the Middle lake, the entrance to which from above is guarded by a curious promontory called Coleman's Eye. The way is lined with little islands, some of them clothed in lavish luxuriance, others barren and rugged. Many of these are christened by legendary tradition, whose high priests are the boatmen, and very loquacious the latter are on their history. But the most remarkable object in the long channel is the Eagle's Nest, a gigantic cone-shaped precipice in whose inaccessible heights the eagle builds her nest. The Nest is a projection of the Glenna Mountain and is remarkable for its echo. A cannon fired from the opposite shore reverberates like thunder, and the reproduction of bugle notes from mountain to mountain is marvellous. It occurred to me that it was perhaps here that Paddy Blake used to bring forth his celebrated echo of Killarney, which, when asked "How are you, Paddy Blake?" replied, "I'm very well, thank your honour, and how are you?"

Another great attraction in this beautiful neighbourhood is the demesne and Abbey of Muckross, distant about half a mile from Killarney. Look where one will the eye sees only glorious landscapes. Muckross is famous for its ruined abbey with its "grey but leafy walls where ruin grimly dwells," a veritable "sermon in stone," and an impressive memorial of the piety, taste, and skill of the Middle Ages. It was founded for the Franciscans by the McCarthy-Mor, Prince of Desmond, in 1340, and the great chieftain himself and many of his descendants are buried there. In the choir is the McCarthy vault, marked by a rude sculptured monument, and there also lie the remains of the heads of the princely houses of O'Sullivan-Mor and O'Donoghue. And here, too, to this very vault was brought in October last the late chief of the line immortalized in legend

* Bull and Purple are the names of two overhanging mountain peaks.

and song, the line of the white horse of the Lakes, and of the Knight of Iever's pencilling—The O'Donoghue of the Glens. At his death a unique and a winning figure faded from the Irish canvas. In appearance he was singularly well favoured, tall, handsome, and straight as the mountain pine—an Irish Roderick Dhu, active as a deer, and frank and fearless in bearing. There were stories concerning him which invested his personality with a romantic halo—stories of having run up a Kerry mountain to win a wager from an Englishman, of plucky escapades at the camp at Aldershot, and of a renown in imperial Paris such as might only have been expected from one of Dumas' heroes. As a young fellow he was idolized by his countrymen—and by his countrywomen. He carried, as Sir Robert Peel learned to his cost, his pride of race and ancestry everywhere. When he stood up in the House of Commons, honourable "members" used to flock in from the coffee-room to have a look at the dishevelled "patriot" of their imagination, with the lumbering, ancient, Irish title. And instead of a tattered savage, grunting out ungrammatical gutturals, they were confronted by a faultlessly dressed gentleman, of most engaging manners, and speaking the choicest English with ease, precision, and a musical intonation. It was a revelation to them, as it sometimes is to pretentious vulgarians in Canada and America who stare at an Irish patrician with astonishment and curiosity. The O'Donoghue sat in Parliament until about 1870 and the formation of a more active Irish party, when, through some minor differences of opinion, the cause of Irish Nationality lost in him one of its natural leaders. His later years were lived between Ireland and London and in retirement, until in October last he passed away, and his remains were placed alongside his ancestors here in the impressive stillness of this ruined abbey, closing the life race of a man who, at one time, attracted the attention of Europe by rivalling the French Emperor in the magnificence of his equipages; who spent a princely patrimony in reckless extravagance, and had his debts paid by a foolish tenantry; who challenged Sir Robert Peel, the then Irish Chief Secretary to fight a duel; who could boast of a descent from a line of princes stretching back into a pre-historic time; and who was one of the handsomest, as well as one of the most eloquent, men in Europe.

The grand and solemn beauty of the abbey centres in its gloomy cloisters, which are rendered still more gloomy and impressive by the presence of an enormous yew tree, the trunk of which measures 13 feet in circumference, and whose wide-spreading leaves and branches shelter the roofless abbey. The tree was planted at the time of the founding of the monastery.

Near by, the Mangerton rises to a height of nearly 3,000 feet. At its top is the Devil's Punch Bowl, said to be an extinct volcano. Its waters are extremely cold, and dark in colour, caused by flowing through the surrounding peat bogs. Charles James Fox, when on a visit to Lord Kenmare in 1772, swam round it. The overflow from it feeds the Fore Cascade. On the little pathway that leads to the summit is a cairn, a memorial funeral pile, raised on the spot where the body of a man—most probably a title-proctor—was found. This pile the superstitious peasantry have much increased, for each one as the place is passed reverently adds a stone—a practice derived from very ancient times. The view from the summit of Mangerton, when it is not enveloped in mists, is magnificent and extensive, embracing the beautiful panorama of the Killarney country, the wild, storm-beaten

shores of Ivera, the distant range of the Galtees, and the broad estuaries of Castlemaine, Kenmare, and Bantry. Another view, magnificent in like manner beyond conception, is to be had from the summit of Carrantal. Carrantal, is said to be the highest point in Ireland, and forms one of the giant MacGillecuddy Reeks, which

"Lift to the clouds their craggy heads on high,
Crowned with tiaras fashioned in the sky."

SHANID AHOQ.

IRELAND AND ROME.

"One of the incidental consequences of the present state of Ireland," says the *Mail* in a recent leading article, "is the disintegrating influence which is at work in the Roman Catholic Church there. The present contest lies between Mr. Dillon, Mr. O'Brien, and the League countenanced by two archbishops, nearly all the bishops, and a majority of the priests on the one side; and on the other side the Pope, Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, a minority of the priests, and the immense majority of educated Irish Catholics. Authority hitherto regarded as sacred and beyond a question has been openly defied and scorned. The partisans of the League are willing to adhere to the teachings of the Church if they are allowed to suspend such of the Ten Commandments as they see fit. Nominally, the Leaguers are for the most part Catholics, but when the hour of trial comes they will be found in a different camp." Further on it says: "The terrorism of the League and the support of its injustice by a certain section of the priesthood and their people cannot but have a weakening effect on the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. A house divided against itself cannot stand, and these words were never truer than they are of the Church in Ireland at the present juncture."

The *Mail's* statement of the case, though perhaps not intentionally misleading, and though not wholly inaccurate, is yet scarcely a fair one. It is an instance not so much of exaggeration as of optimism, an alien optimism, leading it afield. Its mistake, we think, is in basing its belief upon a single, and exceptional, and, we regret to be obliged to admit, not very edifying incident—of proceeding, that is to say, from the accidental and eccentric to the definite and the general. A more minute and extended survey of the field would scarcely serve, we are of opinion, to confirm our contemporary in its conjectures. Even if the present state of things in Ireland were as bad as it believes, it would not follow that the Irish Church were inevitably going to pieces. For example, who will say that any aberration of the popular movement of the present day is attended with as grave danger to faith and morals in the nation as the Ribbonism and Conspiracy of even forty years ago? Viewed relatively, as all political convulsions should be viewed, we think there cannot be said to be any antagonism, as correspondingly great or as correspondingly dangerous, between the Church and the popular leaders in the Ireland of the present day.

The simple fact is that when the loyalty of the Irish race to their religion is called in question, their history returns the most convincing answer. For, than Ireland, no country in the world has been more truly Christian or has retained its faith and traditions more inviolate. After fourteen hundred years it remains unstained in its fidelity to the faith,—as St. Patrick left it. And for that Faith it has been Confessor and Martyr among the nations. Every other country in Europe has had its heresy. In the religious

scale some have risen and fallen, and been restored again : some after centuries of light and grace have utterly apostatised, and remain so to this day. But Ireland remains the Ireland of St. Patrick. Not only have her children preserved the Faith : they have carried it to the nations of the earth, and, multiplying beyond other races, have covered the surface of new countries with cathedrals, colleges, schools, and convents. Looking back upon the prolonged martyrdom through which they have passed, and upon the great things which in their weakness and poverty they have yet accomplished for the Faith, it would almost seem that such a race were destined for the fulfilment of some great and Providential purpose. And, at this day, there is less danger of any decadence in Ireland's faith, than, in our judgment, at any other.

What was intended by some, Cardinal Manning has written, "to undermine the Catholic religion in Ireland has turned to the confirmation of the Faith. The mass of the people at this day are an intelligent and educated Catholic nation. All the more Catholic because all the more intelligent ; and thereby able to appreciate explicitly the grounds of their faith, the notes of the Church, the history of heresy and the emptiness of all anti-Catholic systems, which after ages of pretension, are visibly dissolving every day before their eyes. Firm, changeless, and invincible as Ireland has ever been in its faith, it is more so now than ever. Everything has been tried against it, from martyrdom and pitch-caps to soup and secular education : *merges profundo pulchrior erexit*. I am old enough to remember the high days of Exeter Hall, and Irish missions at Dingle and the like, and Priest Protection Societies, and the New Reformation in Conmemara ; of which the great public oracle of England declared that, if its progress should be long maintained, Roman Catholicism would one day be as extinct in Ireland as the worship of the Phœnicians in Cornwall. But all these things have gone to the limbo of South Sea Bubbles ; and the Catholic people of Ireland are rising and consolidating every year, in vigorous intelligence and immutable faith."

This, then, is the lesson of the long past, the story of Ireland's fidelity to the ancient Faith. If we may trust our judgment some greater signs of catastrophe and upheaval need to manifest themselves before any interruption is to be anticipated in the loyalty and adherence of the Irish people to the Holy See.

THE CHURCH AND THE FUTURE OF THE COLONIES.

The London *Spectator* does not often make an excursion into the sensational, but an article in a late number on the subject of "Colonial Loyalty and the Vatican," is in its nature a little alarming. "Insular England," we read, "can defy, but Imperial England can no longer ignore, the Vatican." The purpose of the article, it would seem, is to enlighten those insular Englishmen who have not yet acquainted themselves with the true status of the Church in the Colonies ; and, stripped of euphemism, reads very much like a plea for a more spirited policy of diplomatic intrigue with the Vatican, if the officials of the Foreign Office can be clever enough to arrange it. The alarmist note that the *Spectator* sounds is this : that national sentiments and separatist tendencies are beginning to discover themselves in Canada and in Australia. In both countries Catholicism has secured a strong foothold, and, according to the *Spectator*,

"Rome" may direct the political currents at will. "At any moment, should the *mot d'ordre* arrive from Rome, the Jesuits of Quebec and Lower Canada can initiate a revolution, which may involve the loss of our Canadian Dominion from Halifax to Vancouver." The possibility of such a revolution, it argues, is no fanciful one. According to the same authority Oregon and Californian capitalists are throwing greedy eyes across the Canadian border. "If the suspected mineral wealth of British Columbia proves a reality, the temptation to force an annexation will grow acute. In the hour of crisis it will be for the Vatican to consider whether its future interests will be best advanced by the absorption of the British provinces in the neighbouring Republic, or in the maintenance of the *status quo*. In view of the immense strides of Roman Catholicism in the United States towards pre-eminence, it is very possible the decision will be an adverse one ; but, in any event, the fate of the English Empire in North America will be largely controlled from Rome."

The *Spectator* speaks in the same way of Australia and New Zealand. There, as elsewhere, "Rome," we are told, is intent on her own interests, and "if she sees it best to flatter in that way the new democracies, and so identify herself with them, she will advocate both secretly and openly the Separatist cause." According to the *Spectator* the severance, in the case of Australia, of the colonial condition is only a matter of time. And it says "that the Roman Church will have an active hand in the matter is certainly probable,—the question being : Will the Vatican then be for the old country or the new ones ? Will Leo XIII. and his successor be content to succour Downing street, or aim at playing once more the role of the Middle Ages and of Innocent III., and to appear as the champion of infant states ?"

The *Spectator's* article, which reads to us as if it were thrown out by way of caution to those members of Parliament—with Mr. Gladstone at the head of them—who were asking the Ministry inconvenient questions a few weeks back about Sir John Linton Simmons' mission to the Vatican, looks uncommonly like an argument, as we have said, favouring the capture, for English political or Imperial purposes, of the ecclesiastical influence of the Vatican. It is less concerned about the action and influence of the Church in what affects the moral progress of the Colonies than it is about the question of to what extent it can be made of assistance to the Colonial officers in Downing Street. This appears to be the sole, as it is its obvious, meaning.

Happily, however, intrigue does not count for much with the Vatican, and they deceive themselves who think that in any coming changes, or re-arrangements or combinations of Empire, that ancient and venerable institution which stands alone immutable throughout the centuries, is likely to be found either obstructing the interests of Downing Street, or inciting Catholic peoples to revolution in order to satisfy the avarice of Californian capitalists. The proper and sufficient answer to the speculations of the *Spectator* as far as Canada is concerned—and what is true of us is probably truer still of our Australian brothers—is that the future of the Canadian Dominion is likely to be what Canadians most wish to make it ; and that the part which Canadian Catholics are to play in it will be determined by the needs of, and by their sense of duty to, their country. The *Spectator*, which is as a rule a serious paper, has, in fact, allowed itself an invasion of the land of speculation, if not of dreams. The marks of unreality and sensationalism are on its article, which fails to come up to the measure usually adhered to in its serious and sensible pages.

CRIMELESS IRELAND COMPARED WITH OTHER COUNTRIES.

CARDINAL MORAN, one of the foremost champions of the Irish race of the present day, recently addressed a meeting in New Zealand, and in the course of the speech he thus challenged a comparison between crimeless Ireland and the criminal statistics of England and Scotland:

"If people want odious comparisons let them take up the condition of things in the mother countries. Compare, with the help of the statisticians' paper and official record, the criminal condition of Ireland and England or Ireland and Scotland. Take Catholic Ireland and non-Catholic England and Scotland, who now blushes for shame? Recent returns show an average for the whole country of 8 per cent. illegitimate births in Scotland. How fares comparison with Connaught, the most Catholic province in Ireland, with its one-half per cent.? We have coercion in Ireland, the people are goaded on to desperate acts, and yet Ireland's crimeless condition is without parallel in the whole world. According to statistics, the statistics of a commission of prisons, fully five-sixths of the county prisons in Ireland are closed for want of inmates. One-half of large convict prisons are also closed. Two great penal establishments—Spike Island and Lusk—have their doors locked against intruders. It is readily admitted that real crime is becoming rapidly unknown. The majority of convictions consist of petty offences, which, in the case of a more cool Englishman or shrewd Scotchman, would not have come before the court. Half the prisons are closed in Ireland, while in England new prisons are being built. In Ireland it is not unfrequently the only duty of a Sheriff to present the presiding judge with a pair of white gloves. In England crime, and serious crime of the Whitechapel type, is daily increasing. If people want a list for the comparative value of Catholic and public school education in the production of useful citizens, let them work on a broader basis and give up petty mud-throwing, which is without reason and without foundation."

Men and Things.

The death of the Irish dramatist, Dion Boucicault, says the *Nation*, will recall to many the great and practical interest he took in the fate of the Irish Fenian prisoners and their families. He played "The Shaughraun" in Great Britain by way of appeal to the better heart of the English people, which the party men and the party press have only just let us hear. We have by us some characteristic letters addressed by him to Mr. T. D. Sullivan at that time with reference to his projects on the occasion. They are interesting from a great many points of view.

The *Nation* had suggested in a leading article that he should go to Dublin and play "The Shaughraun," and devote the profits to the relief of the wives and children of the Irish political prisoners then in jail. In reply he said he could not do so. "To represent the work here in London midway between Clerkenwell Prison and the House of Commons is one thing; to play in Dublin is another. Here I am in the presence of a population declared to be adverse to the amnesty. There I should be in the presence of adherents. Here I am in the presence of assailants, who ridicule as much as they fear any direct appeal to the people. There I should feel in my native city before a jury packed in favour of the cause I plead."

"But I will do this," he adds, "with all my heart. I sail for America next month, and, God willing, shall proceed at once out to the western cities—Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, and Chicago. There I will sing my Irish song and hold out my hat!"

The correspondence proves two things—that he conceived highly of his art and the purposes to which it might be turned, and that if an Irish Imperialist, with a faith in the

generosity of the English people, he was an Irishman, too, who felt that his country had been wronged deeply, and that his countrymen were better than "the big butler of Printing House Square" whispered in his master's ear. From which we may conclude that "Arrah-na-Pogue" and "The Shaughraun" were successful Irish dramas because they were written by an earnest dramatist with an Irish heart.

General Catholic News

Leo XIII. says a Catholic newspaper is a perpetual mission in a family.

Mr. James Donnelly, a Canadian journalist and poet of some note, has joined the Christian Brothers at Quebec.

Three archbishops and seven bishops of the American hierarchy in the last fifty years were born in other creeds.

It is proposed to hold another exhibition of Catholic art and industry at the Vatican, in 1893, on the occasion of the Holy Father's jubilee.

A mission is being conducted by the Redemptorist Fathers at St. Patrick's church this week, and will continue during the whole of next week.

Cardinal Manning continues to gain strength slowly; but it will be some time before he will be able to resume the usual course of his innumerable activities.

Very Rev. Monsignor McDonnell will be made pro-rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, and Mr. Delaney will succeed him as Archbishop Corrigan's private secretary.

According to the Polish papers the Russians have forbidden the erection of roadside crucifixes in Poland, and has ordered the removal of some of those already in existence.

The annual charity sermon in behalf of the St. Vincent de Paul Society of the Cathedral, Hamilton, was preached by Rev. Father Teefy of Toronto on Sunday last.

The Pope's Encyclical on the social question, to be published during the current year, will add new splendor to the reign of Leo XIII., who therein deploras the ever-increasing disproportion between the enormous wealth amassed by the few, and the extreme poverty of the majority; likewise the abuses of capital over labor.

The oldest priest in North America is the Jesuit Father Pierre Point, now stationed at St. Mary's College, Montreal. He was born in France, April 7th, 1802, and ordained May 20th, 1826. He is in the sixty-fifth year of his priesthood and is yet able to say Mass every day and take a great interest in all that goes on around him.

Archbishop Walsh, accompanied by Vicar-General Rooney and Rev. Father Walsh of Toronto, paid his first official visit to Collingwood last week. The Archbishop went to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation to fifty-six candidates. At the close of the Confirmation rites on Sunday His Grace administered the total abstinence pledge to the candidates, each promising to abstain until obtaining the age of twenty-one years. An address, on behalf of the congregation, was afterwards read, to which His Grace returned a reply thanking them for their kind wishes.

The consecration of the Rev. D. O'Connor, D.D., C.S.B., of Assumption College, Sandwich, as Bishop of the diocese of London, will take place on Sunday next, in St. Peter's Cathedral, London. Archbishop Walsh of Toronto, Dr. O'Connor's predecessor in the See of London, will be the consecrating prelate, and many prelates and priests will be present at the ceremony from Canada and the United States. At the last diocesan retreat of the diocese of Detroit, which

was held at Assumption College, it was found that nearly one third of the priests present had been trained under the supervision of Bishop O'Connor. These will testify their affection and respect for him on that occasion.

Messrs. Cassell and Company will publish next week, "Father Mathew: his life and times," by Frank J. Mathew, a grand-nephew of the great apostle. This entirely new work will depict Father Mathew as he was known to his nearest relations, tracing the career of his success as a preacher of temperance, and the connection of his movement with the history of the times in which he lived, and giving many details as to his life hitherto unknown to the public.

Professor Francis William Newman is engaged in writing a work on the earlier years of his brother, the late Cardinal. Mr. Wilfrid Ward is preparing a paper on Cardinal Newman for the October number of the *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. Ward, however, will reserve for publication in the second volume of his biography of his father the correspondence which passed between the late Dr. Ward and the Cardinal. The October number of *Merry England* will be devoted to Newmaniana, for the most part reminiscences and anecdotes of the Cardinal, told by those who knew him. There will be many illustrations, including one of his monastery at Littlemore, one of his house at Birmingham, and one of his last resting-place at Rednal.

As our readers know, all ecclesiastical Seminarists in France have been brought within the provisions of the law making military service compulsory. The walls of Paris have lately been placarded by a Catholic ex-officer of cavalry, who withholds his name, with the following address:

Seminarists!—

Before your departure for barracks the Episcopate has drawn for you a plan of your duties: As regards discipline, passive obedience. Towards your superiors, absolute respect. Towards your comrades, service and kindness.

Instead of using you on the field of battle as befits your priestly character, as men of peace, an idiotic law has transformed you into military men. Very well then, be of the Church militant. It is not sufficient, to-day, that you should be of the Church suffering. Our enemies count upon your failure; it is for your will to disappoint their evil hopes.

Hold your heads up, *marbleu!* Show that seminarists are at least as good as other men. By your exemplary conduct, by your valiant and irreproachable attitude during the whole of your service, find the way to the esteem of your superiors, to the respect and sympathy of your comrades, so that in the day of your liberation, when you shout "*Vive la France!*" every regiment will shout in reply: "*Vivent les Cures!*"

Finally, no rancour against the instigators of this law. It is thanks to them (though against their perfidious intention), that, vigourously braced by the soldier's work, you priest-soldiers, *sans reproche* in your service, will be in your own persons the pioneers, *sans peur* of the Church triumphant.

The services on Sunday last at the Church of the Gesu in Montreal were conducted by the Rev. Father Laboureau, parish priest of Penetanguishene, Ont., whose sermons were an appeal for help in erecting a memorial church on the scene of the labours of the Jesuit missionary martyrs, Brebœuf and Lallemand. In the evening he based his remarks on the words of Christ commanding his apostles to go forth and preach the Gospel. He referred to the early mission history of the Church in this country, and especially the condition of the Hurons in the beginning of the sixteenth century, among whom Fathers Brebœuf and Lallemand commenced a mission on the south shore of Penetanguishene bay. Here they gathered together the Indian children of the district and taught them the prayers, etc., of the Catholic Church. But in addition to this they went from village to village in the heat of summer and the depth of winter visiting the sick and relieving bodily distress, endur-

ing untold hardships in the prosecution of their work among a savage people. They were oft in danger of losing their lives at the hands of the pagan Indians and the medicine men said they were responsible for every calamity which befell the nation.

The result was that the success attending their work was for a long time very small, but they laboured on, feeling that some day God would reward their efforts, and in course of time nearly the whole of the Huron nation was Christianized. The preacher then went on to allude to their death in 1649, drawing a graphic picture of the encounter between the Hurons and the Iroquois in which the missionaries were taken prisoners and afterwards tortured to death. As a memorial to the self-sacrificing lives of submission, courage and devotion of these brave men it was proposed to erect a church at Penetanguishene, the birthplace of the Huron missions and the scene of the apostolic labours of Fathers Brebœuf and Lallemand.

THE WELL OF SPRINGWATER.

The following ballad will be welcome to many who never before perhaps have seen it in print.

One morning in May, as I happened to stray
By the river in sweet recreation,
A lass I espied, wid a can by her side,
Who at once won my best admiration.
A picture was she, wid her hair blowin' free;
For her footstep the best couldn't fault her;
She sang a gay song as she tripped it along,
On her way to the well of Springwater.

To be honest an' fair, just the truth I'll declare;
I requested her name an' her station;
An' in my address I tried hard to express
How 'twould plaze me to be her relation.
'Twas not for her wealth or her bright hue of health,
Or the grace that the fairies had taught her—
She gave me a frown, and my hope it went down,
As she passed to the well of Springwater.

I swore 'twas the truth—that my love, like her youth,
Was as fresh an' as pure as the straine, sure;
My houses an' lands, they were at her commands,
An' myself would be ever the same, sure.
The light in her eye, an' her glances so shy,
Told me 'twas not in vain that I sought her—
With a blush an' a smile that a saint would beguile,
She stooped for her can of spring water.

I lifted the can, an' again I began
The story my heart couldn't smother:
'Twas ready to melt wid the love that I felt
An' I thought more of her than my mother.
Her lips barely stirred, but I caught not a word,
For her tongue an' her step seemed to falter;
The can was upset an' the two of us wet,
We went back to the well of Springwater.

Once more I essayed to address the fair maid,
An' I stated my case plain an' serious;
I'd surely be dead, an' 'twould be on her head,
If she left me so dreadful precarious.
To live in her sight was my only delight,
And tho' many another had sought her,
Not one of them all would as soon hear her call
When she wanted a can of spring water.

The rest that we said it will never be read:
Troth the "spakin'" we both disremember.
We settled it all, an' with three Sundays' call,
Wor married the fifth of September.
No man an' his wife have so happy a life—
She's repayed again in her daughter!
An' our little Molleen trips it over the green
When we go to the well of Springwater.

It is now generally known that many cases of consumption of long standing as well as advanced cases of catarrh and asthma have been permanently cured by Slocum's Oxygenized Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil. This famous medicine is manufactured at 186 West Adelaide St., Toronto, Ont., and every druggist in Canada has it for sale.

We would advise the Rev. Clergy, Nuns, and our readers generally, when they are requiring Church Ornaments or Religious articles to write or call on Desaulnier Bros. & Co., Montreal, for Catalogue and Price List.

A LEVEL HEAD.

During the late strike on the New York Central Railroad, the militia were ordered to be in readiness in case of a riot, but they were not called out.

In an interview Gov. Hill said the troops were not to be called upon except in case of an emergency. The emergency had not arisen, therefore they would not be ordered out. He remarked that this was the first great strike with which he had had experience, and he did not propose to lose his head; the only point at which there had been any serious trouble was at Syracuse, and there a deputy-sheriff had lost his head and precipitated an encounter.

The strike continued several weeks, and there was riotous action at various points along the road, but the civil authorities were able to cope with it without calling on the militia.

The test of a man's real ability comes when an emergency arises which makes a hasty call on his good judgment and discretion. The man who retains his presence of mind, maintains his equi-pose and exercise sound discretion at such critical junctures, is to be relied on and will be put to the front.

Men with level heads have the staying qualities which do not falter in the face of danger. Otis A. Cole, of Kinsman, O., June 10, 1890, writes: "In the fall of 1888 I was feeling very ill. I consulted a doctor and he said I had Bright's disease of the kidneys and that he would not stand in my shoes for the State of Ohio." But he did not lose courage or give up; he says: "I saw the testimonial of Mr. John Coleman, 100 Gregory st., New Haven, Conn., and I wrote to him. In due time I received an answer, stating that the testimonial he gave was genuine and not overdrawn in any particular. I took a good many bottles of Warner's Safe Cure; have not taken any for one year.

Gov. Hill is accounted a very successful man; he is cool and calculating and belong to the class that do not lose their heads when emergencies arise.

Diamonds, Fine Watches, Novelties in Jewellery at D. H. Cunningham's Jewellery Store. Every satisfaction in ordered work and manufacturing. Designs and prices given for fine Diamond work, unset stones kept on hand. Best value in the city. Remember the address, 77 Yonge St., two doors north of King.

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NOTHING LIKE IT.

MR. JOAB SCALES, of Toronto, writes: "A short time ago I was suffering from Kidney Complaint and Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach and Lame Back; in fact, I was completely prostrated and suffering intense pain. While in this state a friend recommended me to try a bottle of **Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery**. I used one bottle, and the permanent manner in which it has cured and made a new man out of me is such that I cannot withhold from the proprietors this expression of my gratitude."

WONDERFUL CURES.

FOR THIRTY YEARS.—Mrs. L. Squire, Ontario Steam Dye Works, Toronto, says: "For about thirty years I have doctored for Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia without getting any cure. I then tried **Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery**, and the benefits I have received from this medicine are such that I cannot withhold this expression of my gratitude. It acts immediately upon the Liver, and its good effects are noticed at once. As a Dyspepsia remedy I don't think it can be equalled."

INDISPUTABLE EVIDENCE.

HARDENED AND ENLARGED LIVER.—Mrs. H. Hall, Navarino, N.Y., writes: "For years I have been troubled with Liver Complaint. The doctors said my Liver was hardened and enlarged. I was troubled with Dizziness, Pain in my Right Shoulder, Constipation, and gradually losing flesh all the time. All food soured on my stomach, even with the closest attention to diet. I was under the care of three physicians, but did not get any relief. A friend sent me a bottle of **Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery**, and it affords me much pleasure to inform you that the benefit I have received from it is far beyond my expectation. I feel better now than I have done for years."



POEMS

OF
POPE LEO XIII.

As the Edition of these Poems is limited, and our stock is fast being depleted, we would advise those of our readers who have not yet secured one to send in their orders at once.

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For public purposes such as Educational Establishment and large Hall for the St. John Baptist Society of Montreal.

MONTHLY DRAWINGS FOR THE YEAR 1890

FROM THE MONTH OF JULY

July 9, August 13, September 10, October 8, November 12, December 10.

FOURTH MONTHLY DRAWING OCTOBER 8, 1890

3134 PRIZES

WORTH \$52,740.00

CAPITAL PRIZE

WORTH \$15,000.00

TICKET, . . . \$1.00

11 TICKETS for \$10.00

Ask for circulars.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Prize worth \$15,000—	\$15,000
1 " " " " " "	5,000
1 " " " " " "	2,500
1 " " " " " "	1,250
2 Prizes " " " "	500
5 " " " " " "	250
25 " " " " " "	100
100 " " " " " "	50
200 " " " " " "	25
500 " " " " " "	15
1000 " " " " " "	10
Approximation Prices.	
100 " " " " " "	25
100 " " " " " "	15
100 " " " " " "	10
100 " " " " " "	5
100 " " " " " "	4,995
100 " " " " " "	4,995

3134 Prizes worth \$52,740

S. E. LEFEBVRE, — MANAGER,

81 St. James St., Montreal Can.

The Father Mathew Remedy



The Antidote to Alcohol found at Last!
A NEW DEPARTURE

The Father Mathew Remedy

Is a certain and speedy cure for Intemperance and destroys all appetite for alcoholic liquor. The day after a debauch, or any intemperance indulgence, a single teaspoonful will remove all mental and physical depression.

It also cures every kind of FEVER, DYSPEPSIA, and TORPIDITY OF THE LIVER when they arise from other causes than Intemperance. It is the most powerful and wholesome tonic ever used.

When the disease is strong one bottle is enough; but in the worst case of delirium tremens do not require more than three bottles for a radical cure.

If you cannot get from your druggist the pamphlet on "Alcohol its effect on the Human Body and Intemperance as a Disease," it will be sent free on writing to.

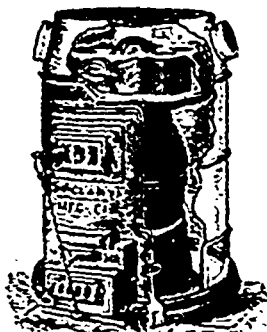
S. Laclance, Druggist, Sole Proprietor
1538 and 1540 Catherine st., Montreal

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

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58 1/2 Queen St. WEST
General dealer in Stoves Ranges Heating Apparatus Etc.

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McClary's & Copp's FURNACES

These Furnaces cost 25 per cent less and consume only half the quantity of fuel than most other Furnaces

References given. Estimates Furnished

Even Troughing and Jobbing attended to

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of October 1890, mails close and are due as follows:

	CLOSE.		DUE.	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.00	7.30	7.45	10.30
O. and Q. Railway ..	7.30	7.45	8.00	9.00
G. T. R. West	7.00	3.20		12.40
				7.40
N. and N. W.	7.00	4.10	10.00	8.10
T. G. and B.	6.30	3.45	10.40	9.00
Midland	6.30	3.30		12.30
				9.30
C. V. R.	6.00	3.20	11.20	9.35
				9.35
G. W. R.			a.m.	p.m.
			2.00	9.00
	6.00	4.00	10.30	7.30
	11.30	9.30		8.20
			a.m.	p.m.
U. S. N. Y.	6.00	4.00	9.00	5.45
	11.30	9.30	10.30	11.00
U. S. West States	6.00	9.30	9.00	5.45
	12.00			7.20

English mails will be closed during Oct. as follows: Oct. 1, 2, 6, 8, 9, 13, 15, 16, 20, 22, 23, 27, 29, 30.

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE

Best Teeth on rubber, \$8; on celluloid \$10 All work absolutely painless. Vitalized Air C. H. RIGGS, I.D.S., South end of King & Yonge's St. Toronto. Telephone 1-76

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Important to Hotels, Boarding Houses, and Housekeepers of Toronto.

M'KEOWN & CO.

Are opening the fall season with a special sale of Household Linens, Blankets, Curtains, etc. Hotels, boarding houses, and others wishing to make extra accommodation for visitors, will find this a rare opportunity of purchasing Household Napery at less than wholesale prices.

Table Linens were sold 52c yard, offered 15c yard.

Damask Table Linens were sold 40c, offered at 25c yard.

Damask Table Linens were sold at 50c, clearing at 35c yard.

Bleached Damask Tablings for 40, 50, 60c, were sold from 60c to \$1 yard.

McKEOWN & CO.

182 Yorge Street.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.



A cream of Tartar Baking Powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—U. S. Government Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Dominion : Line : Royal : Mail STEAMSHIPS SUMMER SEASON.

Liverpool Service—Sailing Dates FROM MONTREAL. FROM QUEBEC.

Dominion.....	Thur. Oct. 9
Vancouver.....	Wed. " 15
Toronto.....	Thur. " 23
*Sarnia.....	" " 30
*Oregon.....	" Nov. 6

Bristol Service, for Avonmouth Dock. SAILING DATES. FROM MONTREAL,

Knight Companion..... October 14th Ontario..... " 25th

Rates of passage per S. S. "Vancouver" Cabin \$60, to \$80. Return \$110 to \$150, according to accommodation. By all other Steamers \$40 and \$60, according to accommodation in three and two berth rooms. Return \$80 and \$90. Intermediate \$30. Return \$60. Steerage \$20. Return \$40.

* These Steamers have Saloon, State-rooms Music room and Bath-rooms amidships, where but little motion is felt, and carry no Cattle or Sheep
G. W. TORRENCE, DAVID TORRENCE & Co
18 Front St. W Gen. Agts.
Toronto. Montreal & Portland

ALLAN LINE

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT, 1890.

Reduction in Cabin Rates

Liverpool, Londonderry, Montreal and Quebec Service.

STEAMER	From Montreal At Daylight.	From Quebec 9 a.m.
Parisian.....	30 July	31 July
Circassian.....	13 August	14 August
Sardinian.....	20 "	21 "
Polynesian ..	27 "	28 "
Parisian.....	3 Sep.	4 Sept.
Circassian ..	17 "	18 "
Sardinian ..	24 "	25 "

RATES OF PASSAGE.

Montreal or Quebec to Liverpool.

Cabin, from \$45.00, to \$60.00, according to accommodation. Intermediate, \$30. Steerage, \$20.00. Return Tickets, Cabin, \$95.00 to \$150.00.

Passengers are allowed to embark at Montreal, and will leave Toronto on the Tuesday Mornings Express, or if embarking at Quebec, leave on the Wednesday Morning Express.

H. BOURLIER,

GENERAL WESTERN AGENT

Corner King and Yonge Street

TORONTO



Sleeplessness Cured.

I am glad to testify that I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with the best success for sleeplessness, and believe that it is really a great relief for suffering humanity.

F. FRANK, Pastor.
St. Severin, Keylerton P. O., Pa.
A GREAT BLESSING.

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 1, 1887.

I can most truthfully testify to the fact that here in Cleveland, several cases of epilepsy, which were cured by the medicine of Rev. Father Koenig, of Ft. Wayne, Ind., have come under my personal observation. In other similar cases great relief was given even if up to this time they have not been entirely cured. It would certainly be a great blessing if the tidings were more widely circulated that many could be cured by this medicine.

Rev. ALARDUS ANDRESHECK, O. S. F.
Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MEDICINE CO.,
50 W. Madison cor. Clinton St., CHICAGO, ILL.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Price \$1 per Bottle. 6 Bottles for \$5.
Agents, Lyman & Co. Toronto

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By Destroying all living Poisonous Germs IN THE BLOOD.

RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER

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