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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Reddite mihi sicut Cesaris, Cesaris; et quae sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday May 21, 1892.

No. 15

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P. N. SCHAEFER.

Pastor of St. Francis Church.

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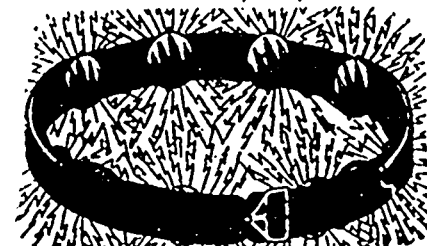
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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday, May 21, 1892

No. 15

General Catholic News.

... Solemn High Mass was celebrated for the first time at Franklin, Pa., on Easter Sunday.

... It is expected that Archbishop Corrigan will be raised to the Sacred College very shortly.

The *Western Witness* is waging a vigorous warfare against anti-Catholic text-books now being used in the California public schools.

... It is thought in England that Canon Gadd will succeed to the See of Salford made vacant by the promotion of Bishop Vaughan.

... A monument will be erected in honor of the late Father McCabe, editor of the *Catholic Youth*, by the readers of that paper.

... Archbishop Corrigan of New York celebrated the nineteenth anniversary of his consecration as a Bishop on May 4.

... The Milwaukee Archdiocese has contributed by a recent collection, \$2,334.16, for the negro and Indian missions.

... Samuel Lachman, the millionaire, who died recently in San Francisco, bequeathed \$1000 to the Catholic Orphan Asylum of that city.

... The Golden Rose, which the Pope bestows every year upon some Catholic princess "for virtue," fell this year to the Queen of Portugal.

... The *Catholic Citizen* pertinently observes: "If one is not interested in a Catholic paper the fault is either with his intelligence or his Catholicity."

... Archbishop Ryan has established a home for widows in Philadelphia. The building will accommodate 85, besides the Sisters in charge.

... Miss Mary Gwendolin Caldwell the liberal Catholic millionaire who endowed the Catholic University with \$500,000 is seriously ill in New York with typhoid fever.

The new Archbishop of Westminster has appointed as his secretary the Very Rev. Canon Johnson, who was for so many years secretary to the late Cardinal Manning.

... The 119th anniversary of the birth of the greatest of Irish poets, Thomas Moore, will be appropriately celebrated in Chicago on the evening of Friday, May 27th.

... The United Catholic Literary Association will hold a grand reunion in Baltimore on June 28th. The Cardinal will preside. Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte will deliver the address.

... Right Rev. Dr. Gaughran, bishop of Kimberly, has just opened St. Leo's college the first Catholic college in the Orange Free State. It is a massive stone building, and has about 2,000 acres of land attached to it.

... The will of the late Owen McHugh has been sustained in the courts at Chilton, Wis. It bequeaths \$4000 to the Catholic Bishop of Green Bay, and \$500 to St. Augustine's Church, of Chilton.

... On Sunday, May 1, Rt. Rev. Edward McCogan, vicar-general of the archdiocese of Baltimore, and rector of St. Peter's Church, was eighty years of age. On that day the venerable Monsignor was present at the high mass celebrated in his church on the occasion of his eightieth anniversary.

... The Rev. Father Michaud of St. Francis de Sales Church, Bennington, Vt., has received notice from Rome of his appointment as Coadjutor to Bishop de Goezbriand, Bishop of Burlington, *cum jure successionis*.

... The largest congregation in America is St. Stanislaus Kostka's in Chicago, which has 30,000 communicants. The number of attendants at the several Masses on Sunday frequently exceeds 15,000.

... The Pope will shortly confer the title of Count of the Holy Roman Empire, first class, on Mr. Loubet, an American, who has erected at his own expense several statues of Leo XIII.

... A number of Catholic gentlemen interested in reading circles met in New York last week and decided to hold a Catholic Chautauqua this summer on the island of Carleton, in the St. Lawrence River.

... Last Sunday the venerable rector of the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, Brooklyn, the Rev. Sylvester Malone, celebrated his 73d birthday. The ladies of the Sanctuary Society decorated the high altar of the church in honor of the event.

... The population of the Hawaiian Island is one-third Catholic. Fathers Conrardy and Wendelm, Brother Dutton and the Sisters of St. Francis attend to the leprosy people. The gross population of the island is 90,000.

... Archbishop Elder, assisted by Rt. Rev. Bishop Watterson, dedicated, on May 15, Holy Angels' church, Columbus, Ohio, which has been completed under the direction of Rev. Father Quatman at a cost of \$40,000.

... Bishop Matz, of Denver, Col., has accepted the plans for the new cathedral to be built in that city at a cost of \$250,000. The building will have a front of 125 feet, a depth of 231 feet and will seat 1,800 people. The organ to be placed in it will cost \$25,000.

... Bishop McDonnell, who has now taken possession of his See, had a busy time of it last week in parting with his New York friends. Every night and every day he had to attend some reception given in his honor; his presence was demanded in different parts of the city and practically the same programme is being gone through in Brooklyn now, the Catholics of that city being all eager to testify their esteem for the new prelate.

An interesting episode occurred recently at the consecration of Mgr. Vaszary, Primate of Hungary. The prelate ordered his major domo to draw him up the bill of fare and cost of the grandest festival ever given on a similar occasion. When he saw the price he said, "Good. I think it is much better to distribute among the poor!"

... The Monastery of Marienstadt, near Morrellton, Ark., suffered severely from a tornado on Sunday evening May 1st. The new chapel just completed was blown down and scattered for miles around. The monastery building and priest's houses were torn into kindling wood; the barn, mill and fencing around 900 acres of land are total wrecks. The loss alone on the monastery and farm will not be less than \$7,000.

... The Catholic Total Abstinence Societies at New Albany, Ind, held their annual parade on May 1, and as usual made a very creditable showing. The formal renewal of the pledge took place in the church after the parade. Rev. Father Kelly and his assistant Father Stanton are most devoted promoters of total abstinence.

... Bishop Gallagher of Galveston, who was consecrated ten years ago, is en route for Rome on his first official visit to the Holy See. Dr. Gallagher was pastor at Columbus, O., at the time of his nomination to Galveston, and his administration of his diocese has been so successful that a year ago the Vatican divided his district by erecting a new See at Dallas. The area over which his jurisdiction still extends is, however, a vast one.

... St. Michael's Church, New York, Second street near Ninth avenue, was badly damaged by fire, which broke out at 11 o'clock, May 5. A portion of the roof burned away. An organ worth \$10,000, was destroyed, and much damage was done by water. It is estimated that the total loss will be \$5,000. There were 1,400 children in the parochial school adjoining the church when the fire occurred, but they were all marched out in safety by their teachers, and there was no panic among them.

... Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati spent the thirty-fifth anniversary of his consecration, which fell on last Tuesday week, at Natches, of which diocese he was the Bishop, previous to his transfer, a dozen years ago, to Cincinnati as the Coadjutor of Archbishop Purcell. The Ohio Metropolitan has just finished preaching a retreat to the Natchez clergy, at the invitation of Bishop Heslin, and during his stay in Mississippi he renewed acquaintance with many of his former diocesans who have not forgotten how devotedly he served his people during the trying days of the civil war, and, again, when yellow jack devastated the Southwest, some thirteen or fourteen years ago.

... As one of the fruits of the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*, a new Catholic social league has just been started in France under the presidency of Count Albert de Mun. At a service held in the Basilica of Montmartre, states the *Liverpool Times*, the organization was formally placed under the protection of the Sacred Heart. The chief end in view is the promotion of social reform in the interest of the working classes and in accordance with the teachings of Leo XIII. The members bind themselves to go amongst the toiling masses in town and country, to study their condition, and to take every occasion to advocate the redress of their grievances. The clergy, who are entering more earnestly into the social arena and arguing the great problems of the day with Socialists at public meetings, are to be aided and encouraged, and everything possible is to be done for the diffusion of a sound Christian spirit. Such efforts as these must not only benefit the working classes materially and morally, but also fit many Catholics for public life and lay the foundation for a Catholic Parliamentary majority, which should be the aim of every patriotic French Catholic.

HOW CATHOLICITY WAS INTRODUCED INTO THE ANTIPODES.

CARDINAL MORAN'S CAREER IN IRELAND AND AUSTRALIA.

AMONG the many notabilities whom the Columbian Exposition, that is to be held at Chicago the coming year, promises to attract to these shores, few, if any, will be accorded a warmer or more general welcome than the Cardinal Archbishop of Sydney, N. S. W., in case that eminent ecclesiastic comes, as it is said he intends doing, to the World's Fair. The lofty position which Dr. Moran has held these many years in the church, the signal services he rendered the faith in Ireland before becoming the Archbishop of his present see, and the erudition and noble eloquence which he has displayed upon so many occasions, all these things will unite to make him a welcome visitor to this country wherom Irish-American Catholics form such a notable element of the population. Prelates, priests, and people will all be eager to honor the great Australian churchman, who hails from an Irish county that has given the American church more than one devoted prelate and hundreds upon hundreds of self-sacrificing and erudite priests.

Patrick Francis Moran was born 62 years ago at Leighlinbridge, in the county Carlow, and having early evinced an inclination to study for the priesthood, he was, after his preliminary studies were completed, sent to Rome by his uncle, the late Cardinal Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, for his theological studies. From the outset young Moran displayed remarkable abilities, and he was considered one of the foremost students of his day in the Eternal City; while many were the predictions that he would attain high honors in the church in after years. At the early age of 26 he became vice-president of his Alma Mater in Rome, the Irish college of St. Agatha, and professor of Hebrew at the Propaganda. A few years afterwards he was recalled to Ireland by his uncle, who wanted him for his private secretary, and this position he held up to the time of his promotion to the purple. The mitre came to him twenty-two years ago, when the failing health of Dr. Walsh, the Bishop of the Irish diocese of Ossory, necessitating the appointment to him of a coadjutor, Dr. Moran was chosen auxiliary, Dec. 11, 1871, and consecrated the 5th of the following March by Cardinal Cullen in the Dublin Cathedral, his title being Bishop of Olba, *in partibus*, with the right of succession to the Ossory see. Dr. Walsh did not long survive the consecration of his auxiliary, Dec. 11, 1872, Bishop Moran became the ordinary of Ossory, and remained the administrator of that diocese for the ensuing two years. His term in Kilkenny was productive of much good to his diocese, and he was honored in many ways while there, becoming the president and chief patron of the Kilkenny Archaeological Society, an organization that, by its publications, has done much to enlighten people about the ancient ecclesiastical history of Kilkenny county and city, and he was also chosen a member of the Royal Irish Academy.

Had Dr. Moran remained in Ireland the chances are that he would have succeeded to the see formerly held by his uncle, Cardinal Cullen. He was summoned away from his native land, however, before the death of Cardinal McCabe created a vacancy in the Dublin archdiocese. On Aug. 19, 1883, Archbishop Vaughan of Sydney, while on his way to Rome, and shortly after his visit to this city, en route for the Eternal City, was suddenly stricken down at Liverpool with a fatal illness, and his death left the see to which he had succeeded on the death of his predecessor, Archbishop Polding, in 1877, vacant. In casting about for a prelate to fill this important vacancy, the eyes of Pope Leo turned to Ireland, which country has given Australia so many priests and prelates, and they rested on the pious and learned Bishop of Ossory, who was on March 21, 1884, transferred to the metropolitan see of Sydney, as the successor of Dr. Vaughan. Archbishop Moran lost little time in taking possession of his new charge, though it cost him no small sorrow to part with the faithful priests and people of Kilkenny, with whom he had been so long associated. His departure from his Irish diocese was followed by his enthusiastic welcome at Sydney, before going to which city, however, in the fall of 1884, he spent a few days in London, and had important interviews with Lord Derby, the colonial secretary, and Mr. Gladstone.

Archbishop Moran signalized the beginning of his Australian administration by founding a seminary, the cost of which has been upwards of \$300,000, and he had hardly laid the corner-stone of that edifice before he was summoned to Rome and made a Cardinal, in the consistory of July, 1885. The following month he consecrated Archbishop Walsh of Dublin in the Eternal City, and on his return, shortly afterwards, to his see, the Archbishop and his secretary, Father Collins, were accompanied from Liverpool by a number of priests who had volunteered for his mission, some fifteen sisters, who were going out to teach or devote themselves to charitable work, and not a few people who were en route for the colonies and delighted to be on the same ship with the newly-created Cardinal.

A magnificent reception was tendered to his eminence on his arrival at Sydney, where he has been laboring ever since with such indefatigable zeal and striking success for the advancement of the Catho-

lic cause. The Catholic history of Australia does not go back even to the beginning of the present century. "Less than a century ago," said the fathers of the Sydney council, addressing the prelates assembled at the last Baltimore council, "the light of civilization had not yet arisen over this southern land; the savage native tribes roamed unchecked over its vast plains, sunk in the depths of barbarism and idolatry. Even when missionary intrepidity penetrated those almost unknown lands, the persecuting tendencies of England drove them away. But benign Providence employed other agencies to plant His church in this great land. Three priests, who were branded as rebels in Ireland, were sent as exiles to this country, and they it was who planted the seed that has grown a hundred fold. The men and priests whom England designated rebels to her were patriots in Ireland, and it was because of their love of religion and fatherland that England exiled them, little knowing they would become the pioneers of a new race and a glorious country."

It was in 1817 that England first allowed a Catholic priest to land in Australia, but no sooner had he landed than the local authorities, animated by anti-Catholic prejudices, caused his arrest and, soon afterwards, compelled him to quit the colonies. The seed sown by the felon priests, however, bore its fruit, and in 1835 the number of Catholics in Australia was such that the Holy See named Right Rev. John Bede Polding, O.S.B., the first vicar-apostolic of Australia and sent him to Sydney. Dr. Polding found five priests in all Oceania on his arrival, two doing duty in Van Diemen's Land and three on the Australian continent. Of these the name of Rev. Joseph Therry has been mentioned as "the pioneer of the faith and the true apostle of the cross" in the antipodes, and another was Father Ullathorne, the Benedictine who, afterwards, became the bishop of the English see of Birmingham. Dr. Polding was consecrated June 29, 1834; he took possession of his vicariate the following year, and on Feb. 15, 1842, he was installed the first prelate of Sydney. In an address which he delivered before the prelates of the plenary council held at Sydney, in St. Mary's Cathedral, November, 1885, Cardinal Moran, who presided over that body, thus spoke of the earlier development of the church in Australia: "When the Very Rev. Dr. Fitzpatrick, the present vicar general of Melbourne, entered on his missionary duties there he had to land from a little boat at Sandridge, and walk three miles before he could meet a human habitation. There was then only one small wooden church in all that district. . . . About 40 years ago, some religious men were appointed to the spiritual charge of the Moreton Bay territory, which included the then village of Brisbane. But they could find no means of subsistence there and were compelled to sail back along the coast in a little boat to Sydney. Even 25 years ago, the first bishop, coming to his see, though standing on the spot now crowned by the magnificent cathedral, could ask, 'Where is the town of Brisbane?' It is but 20 years since the boundaries of the sees of Bathurst and Maitland were marked out, and yet they already have so grown as to yield to few missionary dioceses. . . . When 50 years ago, his lordship of Dunedin took possession of that newly-erected see there was absolutely nothing there. No church, school and presbytery, no institutions of any kind, no sacred vestments, not even an altar stone on which to offer up the holy sacrifice."

Yet from such humble beginnings the great Catholic Church of Australia has arisen, and when it held its first plenary council at Sydney in 1884, there were present a cardinal-archbishop, Dr. Moran, a procurator of a metropolitan see, 15 bishops, a vicar-apostolic and 52 representatives of the clergy, who united in petitioning the Holy See for the erection of three new metropolitan sees, four new bishoprics, a number of vicars apostolic, and decided on the foundation of an Australian seminary at Rome. To-day the Australian church is divided into six provinces, each with a metropolitan and several suffragan sees, and there are four other districts, vicariates apostolic, immediately subject to the Holy See. Sydney, Melbourne, Tasmania, Adelaide, Brisbane and New Zealand have each an archbishop, and Cardinal Moran has no less than six suffragans in his province. According to the figures given by the Australasian Catholic Directory of 1891, there were then, a year ago, 659,505 Catholics in Australasia, New Zealand and Tasmania, included, whose spiritual needs were looked after by 25 archbishops and bishops and 784 priests. The churches were 1103 in number, there were nearly 900 educational institutions, taught by 348 brothers and 2588 nuns, and the charitable institutions of the colonies were 51.

Cardinal Moran has evidently been following his favorite bent, that of studying up the history of the land wherein he lives, since it is announced that he has in press a work descriptive of the growth of Catholicity in Australia. The address which he delivered before the plenary council of Sydney, seven years ago, demonstrated that even then he had paid great attention to the Catholic history of the colonies, and it is safe to assert that his forthcoming work will be an interesting and valuable addition to Catholic literature. His fine abilities and trained habits are certain to evolve a grand work, and it may be questioned if anywhere on the face of the globe to-day a finer field for the display of his eminence's splendid abilities and talents could be found than Australia, where Catholicity was introduced by priests who bore that badge of honor, England's felon brand, and where its progress has been so striking during the years of its existence.

A NOBLE CONVERT.

THE Denbigh peerage is not among the very ancient ones in the roll of England's aristocracy; nevertheless, the family is of noble origin, being closely connected with the royal house of Hapsburg; and the Earls bear as a secondary title that of Count of Hapsburg, Rheinfelden, and Lauffenburg in the Holy Roman Empire. The first Earl of Denbigh was created by James I. in 1620. His son took part with Cromwell, and thus father and son fought on each side during the civil war in England, some twenty years later. Rudolph, eighth Earl of Denbigh, whose death took place March 10, 1892, was not a leader of men nor a prominent figure in the history of his country; yet he has left a memory behind him, an example of consistent and practical holiness. He has shown us how a man born and bred amid the surrounding of wealth, high rank, and social position, may live as one poor in spirit and fervent in well doing.

He was born on the 9th of April, 1823, with a twin sister. His father was an old-fashioned Protestant, and brought up his family piously. His mother died in 1842. When Viscount Feilding, as he was then called, prepared for college, his father's fear was not that he should be led away by the temptations of the great universities, but that he should imbibe the errors of the day; for the "Tracts of the Times" were in full circulation, and John Henry Newman was silently meditating at Littlemore. Oxford is close to Newnham Paddox, the seat of the Denbighs; but to avoid the High Church teaching of Oxford, Rudolph Lord Feilding was sent to Cambridge. But all in vain; the young man's ardent nature took fire, and he became very High Church indeed.

He was twenty-three when he married Louisa, only child and heiress of David Pennant, Esq. He thus became possessed of the beautiful estate of Downing in North Wales. The marriage was one of those perfect unions so rarely met with. Lord Feilding venerated as well as loved his wife; she was a charming being, with many gifts and a cultured mind. She was of the same religious opinions as her husband, and was thought by his Protestant relatives to have "urged him on."

Desiring to help forward the cause of the Church of England, which they then believed to be a branch of the Church Catholic, they resolved to build at Pantasaph, about two miles from Downing, a beautiful Gothic church. The foundation stone was laid in 1849, and the preacher on the occasion was Archdeacon Manning, of Chichester, afterward the dearly loved Cardinal, who preceded Lord Denbigh but two short months to the tomb. However, before the church and land actually passed out of Lord Feilding's possession, a great change had taken place.

The year 1850 was a stirring one in England. The "Gorham case" was decided. A clergyman named Gorham had preached in the diocese of Exeter that there was no regeneration in Baptism. The Bishop of Exeter, a leading High Churchman of that day prosecuted him. The final appeal rested with the Privy Council, who declared that in the Church of England ministers were free to preach this doctrine or the contrary, as they pleased. This decision struck dismay into the hearts of the High Church party.

Lord Feilding believed in the Real Presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, and thought that the Church of England possessed this treasure. Having gone to the Protestant Communion one day in a strange church, he saw with horror the crumbs of the bread that had been used washed off to the floor. Lord Feilding remained till the church was empty, and then licked up the crumbs with his tongue. God rewarded that devotion, however mistaken in its object.

In the summer of 1850 Lord and Lady Feilding were in Edinburgh. There they happily met with the Very Rev. Dr. Gillis, Vicar-Apostolic. This learned and accomplished prelate soon convinced the young couple where they could find the true religion. All was arranged for their reception into the Church at an early hour on the Feast of St. Austin, August 28, and the preceding evening they retired early to rest. But they were not asleep when there came thundering into the courtyard of the hotel a carriage and four. It contained Lord Denbigh with his chaplain. He had guessed from his son's letters that he was danger of "going over to Rome;" and, deeming this the worst that could befall that beloved child, the old Earl posted day and night (there were few railways in those days) to Edinburgh. Hearing from the hotel servants that Lord and Lady Feilding had retired for the night, Lord Denbigh said he would not disturb them, and went to his own apartments. And there he slept soundly, when in the early August morning of the following day Lord and Lady Feilding wended their way to St. Margaret's Convent, and in the beautiful Gothic chapel were received into the Holy Catholic Church, and strengthened with her mighty Sacrament, no longer to "eat of the crumbs," but to be fed with the children's Bread.

They needed all the strength they could find, for on their return to the hotel the storm burst. Lord Denbigh's anger was excessive. He would, he said, disinherit his son, leaving away from him all the property in his power. But this threat weighed little with the fervent convert; it was far harder to bear the breaking up of family ties—the

anger of the father he loved so dearly, the estrangement from family and friends.

In gratitude for the grace received within the walls of St. Margaret's, Lord Feilding afterward placed in it a stained-glass window, with a Latin inscription composed by Cardinal Newman.

Another hard trial was at hand. The church to which we have alluded at Pantasaph had not been legally conveyed to the Protestant Bishop, and Lord Feilding could not in conscience give up the land and the partly built church to the professors of a false creed. It must now become a Catholic church. The Protestants were furious, and for a long time Lord Feilding was the best-abused man in England. But he did not quail, and bore all bravely, even joyfully, for his Master's sake. The building went on, and in 1852 the Church of St. David was consecrated to the worship of the Catholic Church, and confided to the care of the Capuchin Fathers, for whom, later on, Lord Feilding built a monastery.

Several of the winters following their conversion were spent by the Feildings in Rome, and there it may be said their spiritual life "grew into color and distinctness." When they were leaving it for the last time, Lady Feilding, who wrote graceful and pleasing verses, composed the following lines:

A FAREWELL TO ROME.

Farewell, dear Rome! a long and last farewell!
The cruel words die on my lips away;
Mournful their sound as of the passing-bell,
That o'er some moorland tolls at close of day.
Here have I learned to love and learned to pray,
Like some poor infant at its mother's knee,
Who lip the words he hardly yet can say,
Mother thou art, and yet still more to me
Than earthly mother, in thy peaceful home
I learned my Saviour's shadowy form to see,
And heard His accents mild in thine, O Rome.
In thy majestic tones His thunders roll,
And the calm whispers of His still voice,
That, like soft music o'er the weary soul,
Soothe the dark heart and bid the sad rejoice.
Farewell, dear Rome! farewell! Each well-loved scene
Shall dwell engraven in my inmost heart;
Others may love thee for what thou hast been,
But I will love thee Rome for what thou art.
Mother of Love! upon thy peaceful breast
The weary, footsore pilgrim hath found rest.

This peaceful union of heart and soul with his wife, which had brightened Lord Feilding's life for nearly seven years was about to end. On May 1, 1853, Louisa Lady Feilding died. She left no children, so Lord Feilding was alone in the utter blankness of his sorrow. The remains of his beloved wife were interred in Pantasaph church, and a place beside her prepared for himself.

Had he followed his own inclinations, he would have withdrawn from the world and remained a widower, but as time passed on he perceived this was not the will of God for him. His path was to be in the world, though not of the world, and he was to turn away his thoughts from the memory of his angelic wife, and dwell only on that blessed meeting on the eternal shore, where all are as the angels of God.

With this faithful servant, to know God's will was also to strive to do it. Conquering his grief, he began to move in Catholic society. Lord Feilding had always a great devotion to the angels, and especially to the glorious St. Michael. On the feast of the Archangel, September 29, 1858, he married Mary, a daughter of the late Robert Berkeley, of Spetchley, the head of one of the old Catholic families of England, noble by long descent, and still more by long fidelity to the faith. Mary Berkeley was born on the Feast of the Assumption, 1833.

God abundantly blessed this union, which lasted nearly thirty-five years. Husband and wife were knit together in closest affection and union of heart and mind, and saw their children grow up around them according to their hearts' desire. Their eldest son will now take, as far as possible, his father's place. He married in 1884, the Hon. Cecilia Clifford, a sister of Lord Clifford, of Chudleigh, the head of another of the faithful, noble Catholic families. A younger son is preparing for the priesthood, and one daughter is a Sister of Charity.

In 1865 Lord Feilding became, on his father's death, Earl of Denbigh. He was again the object of severe public censure for having said in a speech at a public meeting that he was a "Catholic first and an Englishman afterward." These words were, of course, tortured into an assertion of lukewarm loyalty to the English crown. They were simply meant to express the speaker's desire to follow the Gospel teaching, and to render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's.

No more loyal Englishman ever lived than Lord Denbigh, and also no more loyal and devoted son of Holy Church. His whole life was spent in doing good in lending a helping hand wherever the interests of the Church were at stake. He never lost the fervor of his youth, but lived almost to his sixty ninth year a devout and lowly-minded Catholic, crowning his well-spent life by a holy death.—*Ætæ Maria.*

THE FARIBAULT PLAN IN ROME.

SEVERAL apparently contradictory cablegrams have been published within the week in the daily press, relative to the action of the Pope in regard to the "Faribault Plan," as the experiment towards a solution of the school question on trial in Faribault and other places within the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of St. Paul, Minn., is familiarly known.

The news from Rome in connection with Archbishop Ireland seems to have been misunderstood. The decision of Rome will be, we anticipate, a sanction of the Archbishop's position, which never was to do away with the parochial schools, so numerous and flourishing in his diocese, but to try, where he thinks it desirable, a modified system a sort of co-operation between the Church and State in the education of Catholic children, such as already prevails in many places.

The full text of Rome's decision on the Faribault Plan on its way thither, will make this clear.

More than this was not asked by Archbishop Ireland, nor desired by him or any of those who have been watching the progress of the case with perfect understanding of his disinterested zeal for religion and education.

Intelligent Catholics in the West, as well as in the various parts of the East and South where similar Plans are on trial, have never claimed more for them than that they are attempts towards finding a solution of a vexed question, beginnings of justice to Catholics, and the like. No more has been claimed even where the compromise between Church and State on the matter of education has been on a national scale, as in the national schools of Ireland.

The ideal system for the education of Catholic children the only one which Catholics can accept as a finality is the purely Catholic school, whether it be maintained wholly by the voluntary offerings of Catholic parents, or by the Catholics' share of the State school tax, which in all justice Catholics ought to have.

We are not at all hopeful that our non-Catholic fellow-citizens will soon see the justice of our claim. Nor are we asking for such a division of the school fund as is above suggested. We can afford to wait.

GROSSE ISLE.

Far from their own beloved isle
Those Irish exiles sleep,
And dream not of historic past
Nor o'er its memories weep.
Down where the blue St. Lawrence tide
Sweeps onward wave on wave,
They lie old Ireland's exiled dead,
In cross-crown'd lonely grave.

Sleep on, O hearts of Erin,
From earthly travail free,
Our freighted souls still greet you
Beyond life's troubl'd sea;
In every Irish heart and home,
Where prayer and love abound,
Is built an altar to your faith -
A cross above each mound.

No more the patriot's words will cheer
Your humble toil and care
No more your Irish hearts will tell
The beads of evening prayer,
The mirth that scoff'd at direst want
Lies buried in your grave,
Down where the blue St. Lawrence tide
Sweeps onward wave on wave.

O, toilers in the harvest field,
Who gather golden grain,
O, pilgrims by the wayside,
Who succor grief and pain,
And ye, who know that liberty
Oft wields a shining blade,
Pour forth your souls in requiem prayer
Where Irish hearts are laid.

Far from their own beloved land
Those Irish exiles sleep,
Where dreams not faith-crown'd shamrock
Nor vines o'er them creep,
But fragrant breath of maple
Sweeps on with freedom's tide,
And consecrates the lonely isle
Where Irish exiles died.

—Thomas O'Hagan.

THE PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND INCITES THE ORANGEMEN TO REBEL.

LORD SALISBURY presided, on May 6, as grand master at the annual meeting in London of the Grand Habitation of the Primrose League. The meeting was one of the most striking assemblages seen in London in recent years. The vast theatre was crowded, nearly 7,000 knights and dames of the order being present. The remotest towns of the kingdom were represented. Everybody wore primroses, most of the ladies carrying huge bouquets of the symbolic flower.

In the course of a sensational speech, Lord Salisbury said: "Home Rule would place a hostile island on our flank and subject to infinite damage and to disgraceful abandonment those in Ireland who have ever fought for our cause."

"The spirit of disorder," he said, "has gradually cowed before the spirit of the law. Peace has so restored Ireland that boycotting no longer exists. Still there are men in Ireland who have resolved to undo this work and place the spirit of lawlessness above the spirit of the law. ¡Cries of "shame!"

Now that Parnell was removed, the agitation seems to have fallen back into the old groove and resembles very much the conflicts when a portion of the people of Ireland and the people of England disagreed, which have unhappily existed for many generations. On the other hand, we see the opinion of the loyalists of Ireland unchanged. Ulster's conviction of its dangers has increased every year. I do not know of any symptom more menacing than the recent declarations of Ulster leaders that they dread being put under the feet of their hereditary and irreconcilable enemies."

Lord Salisbury utterly refused to recognize the inhabitants of the southeast portion of Ireland as typical of the Catholic Church. He was the more justified in saying so because he knew that the Pope, though of course observing in a strictly political matter the utmost impartiality, strongly condemned "the immoral agencies" whereby the agitation in Ireland had striven to succeed. Though he (Salisbury) had not condemned the Catholic Church, he had condemned and would always condemn those who, holding high spiritual authority and heading a great spiritual organization use those weapons for purely sectional objects wherein no spiritual concern exists. He would condemn, whether Catholic, Anglican or Calvinist, men who thus inflicted a deep wound on civil society and fastened a profound stain upon the spiritual weapons they used. [Cheers.]

Ulsterites, he said, have been taunted on their passive attitude. "I am a Tory," continued the speaker, "but I do not believe in this unqualified doctrine of passive endurance. I believe that the title of both kings and parliaments and obedience from their subjects depends upon those kings and parliaments observing the fundamental laws and understandings whereby they rule. Parliament has the right to govern the people with laws, but not the right to sell them into slavery. [Enthusiastic cheering and cries of "Bravo."]

"I do not believe in the unlimited and unrestricted power of parliaments any more than in such power of kings. Parliaments, like kings, may take a course which, while technically within the legal limits of their attribution, is yet entirely at variance with the understanding of the constitution whereby they rule."

Was Ulster, asked Lord Salisbury, to be handed over to the tender mercies of Archbishop Walsh and his friends? Was its flourishing prosperity to be placed in the hands of an unrestricted and unrestrained majority? Home Rule, added Lord Salisbury, would be a message to Ireland, not of peace, but of a civil war animated by the deepest religious antagonisms.

Lord Salisbury never made a more impassioned speech. He was aroused to put forth his best efforts. As he warmed up in his argument the audience grew wildly enthusiastic and burst into wild and tumultuous applause when the speaker indulged in veiled threats that the House of Lords would come to the rescue of the Conservative element of the empire by rejecting Home Rule for Ireland as often as the House of Commons should pass such a measure. Another exhibition of intense feeling was evoked by the language in which the head of the Government seemed to incite the Ulstermen to a policy of violence in resisting a home Irish government should one be established.

In the National Liberal Club there is a good deal of snickering at the swashbuckler vaporings of Salisbury. Everybody knows what it all means, and not one of the Gladstonians believes the Orangemen foolish enough to resort to rebellion. The moment the Home Rule bill becomes a law, that law must be obeyed, and any attempt of the Orangemen to resort to arms would be suppressed by Imperial troops, and their leaders and some of their English backers might find themselves in the noose.

But, after all, what nonsense all this talk is about Ulster and the Ulstermen! The majority in Ulster is Nationalist, and well able to attend to the Orangemen without aid from the Imperial troops. The Nationalists, furthermore, have the majority of representatives in Parliament. Thomas Sexton was elected from West Belfast during the heat of the riots in 1886, and at the same time Justin McCarthy was elected for Londonderry, the Maiden City of the Orange Apprentice Boys. Ulster is as loyal to the Irish cause as any other part of Ireland.

Still, the fact that the Prime Minister of England advocated resistance to the decisions of Parliament and invoked civil war, will be made the subject of several questions in the Commons.

SYMBOLISM IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN IN "AVE MARIA."

We all agree that the difference in people is largely a matter of education. Temperament counts, of course, but what can not be done by education? Instruction, after all, is what the agriculturist calls "top dressing," but education permeates the very depth of the soil. One can see what the modern gardener has done by means of culture. He can not change the species, nor can he produce naturally a blue rose, but he has given us magnificent flowers in all seasons by the force of his art. If culture can produce from a rose-cutting a flower more magnificent than was ever dreamed of if it can so enlarge and beautify the wild pansy that it becomes as brilliant as gold and as soft as velvet,—what can it not do for the human race?

But instruction, as we all know, is not education. Education begins with the sights, the colors, the sounds, about the little child. He gets his first idea of heaven, not from words—words are too clumsy for the fine comprehension of a child,—but from the pictures near him. From the angels in Murillo's Immaculate Conception, which appeal to the very little one, to the face of the Mother is an easy transition. Is any man so stupid as to say that this does not count? Schopenhauer, the Mephistopheles of modern life, the devilish opponent of all hope, fears most the influence of early education. "No child," he says, "under the age of fifteen should receive instruction on subjects which may possibly be the vehicle of serious error, such as philosophy, religion, or any other branch of knowledge where it is necessary to take large views, because wrong notions imbibed early can seldom be rooted out."

Schopenhauer's "wrong notions" are our right notions; if any writer represents Satan especially, it is Schopenhauer. And if the children of darkness are wiser in their way than the children of light, his testimony is valuable. He fears early instruction and education; the more should we value it.

What child is not insensibly influenced by the habit of the teaching Sister in school? It means Christian dignity, Christian self-sacrifice, Christian charity. The child may not be able to express these phrases, but the robe and the headgear of the Sister, so unlike all the costumes around him, speak them all. If the mind be not diseased, anything can be done with it; but the work must be begun when the mind is young. The platitude about the twig and the tree is as familiar to us as any other proverb. But it is not only a question of bending the twig, it is a question of light and shade, of feeding the soil about the twig, of influencing even by such feeding the quality of the sap. By watchfulness the gardener can make his azaleas pink or red; he achieves his best results by influences.

Similarly, influence is the main factor in education. Influence directs taste, devotion, and fits the mind for true principles. "My son has no taste for solid books." Why, Madam? Because you never cultivated it. "My son does not see the necessity for so much attention to religion." Why? Because his mind was influenced neither at home nor at school by the religious symbolism which in all ages has meant so much and been so powerful.

A crucifix in the school-room means a great deal, a statue of the Blessed Virgin, of St. Aloysius, of St. Sebastian,—they speak in silence. And they who neglect symbolism as factors in education overlook a most potent influence. No art can be fine enough for children, no symbol too beautiful. When they are very little they have great powers of idealization. Witness the rag dolls or the hideous wooden horses. But, a little older, they become more critical, and when the symbolism of the Church abounds in such entrancing emblems of beauty, the children should have the best of them.

What child can forget a good copy of Murillo's Immaculate Conception or of the Sistine Madonna, seen in the school-room? The beauty of these glimpses of heaven follows it in dreams, tinctures its thoughts, keeps it from sin, leads it to contrition, and helps to excite its love at the hour of death.

Our non-Catholic friends are coming back to the use of Christian symbols. Look at the Christmas and Easter cards,—when Puritanism had exhausted its symbolism of the May flower, it had to turn to the Catholic Church. So far, among cultivated Americans, the Church has triumphed by the beauty of its symbolism, is the step so very far to a doctrinal resurrection?

The school-room can not reasonably be a mere cave for instruction, a vault of pedagogy: its walls must speak of God, of the divine mysteries, limned as the greatest masters of art have painted them, and the voice of symbols, all the more powerful because it is silent, becomes a great part of education. It is not the cord that bends the twig, but it is the quality that colors the sap, that tinges the blossoms, that kills the canker; it influences, it strengthens, it heals. To turn our back on the use of spiritual symbols in the home and the school-room, is to deny the wisdom of the Church and the experience of all men who have intelligently considered the subject of education.

AN "AUSTRALIAN REFORMED PRIEST."

The following communication speaks for itself:—

Lincoln, Ill., May 4.

EDITOR OF *The Pilot*,—Michael V. O'Riordan alias V. M. Riordan, alias Keith Ruthven, a "so-called reformed Australian Catholic priest," came here in the summer of 1891, after graduating at the Keely Institute for Drunkards at Dwight, Ill. His credentials as a so-called reformed Australian priest, and as a Presbyterian minister in good standing, were endorsed by the pastor and elders of the First Presbyterian Church here, and he was immediately installed as temporary pastor of the First Presbyterian Church on the strength of these credentials. He preached against the Catholic Church and sold a vile book called the "Escaped Nun."

He lately abandoned the Presbyterian faith and was joyfully received by the Baptists and was immersed a Sunday or two ago. He is an arrant impostor, as he never was a Catholic priest and never received any orders. He was expelled from St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N.Y., in 1878. He never had a rich uncle by the name of Ruthven, at whose request he says he changed his name, and his statement that he was never in this country before three years ago is a lie. *The Daily Courier* of this city tells the rest.

Truly yours,
JAMES TUOHY.

Keith Ruthven will not refrain from notoriety. When he changed his religion by stopping from the Presbyterian to the Baptist Church, the act being the third or fourth in his brief career, it was hoped that the agitation he was the cause of would die out. That instead of being hunted from place to place like a wolf, that peace, rest and contentment would be his; but such is not to be, it seems. At the time he was preparing to enter the Baptist Church he was guilty of conduct which no Christian, much less a minister of the Gospel, would indulge in. Under a discarded name he wrote the following letter to the president of the Diocesan Seminary, No. 1 Hartstough Street, Limerick, Ireland:

LINCOLN, ILL., U.S.A., March 22.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER: I write you for information, if you can give any, concerning a low fellow who is delivering most blasphemous and indecent lectures against our Holy Church. This person's name is Joseph Slattery. He claims to be a priest and says that when twelve years old he entered your seminary in January, 1869; to have been ordained on May 24, 1880, by "Dr. Cooke, Archbishop of Cashel," and to have been appointed "curate to the Rev. Father Barry, of Saggart, county Dublin." Later he says he had charge of St. Joseph's Monastery, Clondalkin, County Dublin.

This abandoned creature has been lecturing in the Eastern States for the past three years and has now come to trouble us in the West. He has a woman going about with him who claims to have been a nun, and who also gives disgusting discourses wherever the people will listen to her.

Now, my dear Father, we are determined to expose this fellow and hope you will aid us by sending us, as far as you can, his record in Ireland.

I am yours very sincerely,

(Fr.) V. M. RIORDAN.

Lincoln, Ill., U.S.A.

P. S. Might I ask you to communicate with the present parish priest of "Saggart" and ask him to favor me with particulars of Slattery.

V. M. R.

This letter is in the handwriting of Keith Ruthven. The envelope in which it was enclosed and directed to "The President, Diocesan Seminary, No. 1 Hartstough St., Limerick, Ireland," bears the stamp of the Lincoln post-office, March 22; 3 p.m. On the back of the envelope are the New York, Cork, Ireland, and Limerick, Ireland, post-offices. This letter was received by the President of the Diocesan Seminary, at Limerick, Ireland, and immediately forwarded to the Rev. Father Tuohy, of this city. It would not be used for publication if Mr. Ruthven had not represented himself as a defender of the Church as he has abused worse than Slattery ever did. Worse than all the attempt to palm himself off as a priest by signing "(Fr.) V. M. Riordan," when his legal name is Keith Ruthven. It does not speak very well for a Christian, especially a person pretending to be a minister of the gospel, to indulge in the subterfuge contained in the above. If Mr. Slattery has been delivering "most blasphemous and indecent lectures against our Holy Church," let him answer to his God and to the officers and members of the Roman Catholic Church, who are capable of taking care of and exposing Slattery as they did Riordan. In all candor, Mr. Ruthven has about as heavy a burden to bear as he can proceed without adding Slattery's weaknesses and offences to his own. Tricks and dodges such as are exposed in the above letter do not tend to strengthen the cause of Christianity with unbelievers.

Mr. Ruthven's career in Lincoln has already caused disturbances in the denominations and has positively done harm to the churches by disturbing their peace and tranquillity, he has ruptured pleasant relations which existed previous to his appearance, and by the discussion his conduct has provoked he has created such doubts that all the churches in Lincoln will not be able to overcome the scruples he has built in the minds of men who were disposed to be friendly to the

continued on page 249

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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 Carberry, of Hamilton.

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

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1892.

TO OUR READERS.

With this issue Mr. Ph. DeGruchy severs his connection with the Review. Identified with the progress of the paper since its inception, he is pleased to be able to state that, in resigning his post, the paper, having passed through the stages of infancy and boyhood, has now reached a vigorous manhood, and travelling on the high road to success. Mr. DeGruchy in bidding good-bye to the readers of the Review and thanking them for courtesies extended to him, has pleasure in stating that the business management in future will be conducted by Mr. J. D. Macdonell, and we trust that the consideration given to the Review in the past will be continued in the future.

The policy always governing the paper—sound Catholic and non-political—will be carried out in the future as in the past, and THE REVIEW pushed still further forward toward the high pinnacle to which it aspires.

THE PROHIBITION QUESTION.

So eager is Mr. John Charlton to place the country under the Draconian law of prohibition that he is not satisfied to wait for the report of the Commissioners appointed by the Dominion Government to make the sworn declarations as to the consensus of public opinion on this much-tried and much-vexed question. On Monday last the member for Norfolk moved in the House "that the state of public opinion upon the question of the manufacturing, importation and sale of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes should be ascertained by the reference of the question to the electors of Canada at the polls." He belittled the lately appointed Commission, and held that the delay in its operations was evidence of its intention to shirk inquiry into the matter. Both Government supporters and Oppositionists ridiculed the motion of the hon. gentleman, who must have felt abandoned by his friends and sat-upon by the entire House. It might have been just as well, however, had the opponents of Prohibition, and their name is Legion, adopted the course laid down by Mr. Charlton.

It is not by any means presumable that the sad experience of the Scott Act, with all its accompanying evils of lawlessness, perjury, and drunkenness, so lately felt in the Dominion, and so fresh

in the minds of all, would have obtained a majority of the people's votes for Prohibition, which is but an extension of the abominable Scott Act. The most experienced legislators in the United States, who have witnessed the working of Prohibition, look upon it as a curse to any country, and as a synonym for "free whiskey." In several towns and cities where drunkenness among juveniles was unknown, and where intoxication was frowned down by public opinion as a disgrace, the Scott Act had the effect of creating whiskey-clubs among young people, and of raising drunkenness to the dignity of a noble and daring act of manliness. The Maine Liquor Law has never been a success except in creating a community of hypocrites. Men who travel through that Prohibition State find all the liquor they want in any hotel, and almost in every private family. John Charlton, who is American by birth and education, knows all this better than we can tell him. But since he espoused the cause of the fanatics, and cast away his chances of becoming an honored statesman, by pursuing a course of bigotry, he sees no chance now of lifting himself into prominence except by acting as advance agent and mouthpiece of the W.C.T.U.

Wine is at present manufactured in several counties of our Western Peninsula, and if encouraged, instead of being denounced, the day may come when every farmer in the country may have light wines for table use instead of tea,—for which millions are sent out of the country every year to enrich the Hindoo and the heathen Chinese.

LORD SALISBURY'S SPEECH.

It was at the grand habitation of the Primrose League that Lord Salisbury delivered himself of his latest unmanly and ungenerous pronouncement against any concession of national freedom to Ireland. All arguments founded on the political exigencies of the Empire, or the peace and prosperity of the Irish nation, must have been utterly exhausted or have failed to convince the English people of the necessity of perpetual coercion, when the noble lord is forced into the ignoble path of persecution, misrepresentation and bigotry. His only remaining argument against doing justice to the Irish people is founded on the disagreeable fact of three-fourths of them being Roman Catholics, and of a very small majority of them, in one small province, being Protestants. Upon these admitted facts alone the noble lord rises to the height of assumed indignation, and appeals to the loyal Protestants of England for protection and mercy in favour of their co-religionists in Ireland. How can we even for one day, or for one moment, consent to have the Protestant minority in the sister island legislated for by a Catholic majority in Dublin? How can we spare British troops, he continues, for the sickening spectacle of coercing the Protestants of Ulster into submission to Romish domination: and perhaps for the shedding of the blood of Protestants who will take up arms and die valiantly before subjecting themselves and their children to laws framed in Rome and enforced in every portion of Ireland, whether Catholic or Protestant? All this Rhodomontade is absurd enough and absolutely disgusting to the minds of all persons acquainted with the principles and teachings of the Catholic Church. But Lord Salisbury does not tell the truth when he declares "that if Home Rule were granted to Ireland all the wealth and commerce of the nation would be placed at the mercy of the majority, and that every thing the Ulsterman holds dear would be in the hands of Archbishop Walsh and his political friends."

The Toronto Mail commenting on this piece of political prophecy of evil, declares that the noble lord tells the plain truth when forecasting that all the linen factories and flax mills in Belfast will be at the disposal of Rome; or, in other words, that when Ireland is allowed her own parliament in College Green,

Dublin. Archbishop Walsh, instructed by the Pope, will not only compel Protestant children to attend Catholic schools, but will also determine the price and the value of linen exports.

It is very difficult to grasp the idea, that a majority of the common sense people of England, or that any appreciable number of them, may be swayed in their political leanings by such flimsy and obviously absurd arguments as these. Such varied reasonings and such fantastic forecastings must furnish abundant matter to Hon. John Morley and Sir William Vernon Harcourt for honest merriment and peals of laughter at political gatherings, where Lord Salisbury will be held up to well-earned ridicule, and his prophecies treated with merited contempt.

The *Toronto Mail* backs up the contention of Lord Salisbury, and expresses its conviction that the noble lord is correct in stating that, when Home Rule is granted to Ireland, the growth of flax in Ulster will be restricted by a fulmination from Rome, and that Archbishop Walsh will put a corner on the linen. "*People in Great Britain,*" writes the *Mail*, "*do not perhaps know so much of the result of the political ascendancy of the church as we in Canada know.*" But there is enough dislike of clerical domination and enough acquaintance with history to make the majority of voters scout the idea of a liberalism which has an old-man-of-the-sea on its back."

The people of Great Britain and of the whole world may very easily discover the condition of things as they exist politically in Canada. The laws and institutions of our Dominion are open to the world's inspection. Whoever wants to study them can find, without much difficulty of research, that in no other country under the sun are the parties so evenly balanced, or the religious minorities so well protected, especially where church ascendancy is considered to be best established and acknowledged. There is no country on this broad earth where a religious minority enjoys all the privileges and immunities conferred on the Protestant minority in the Province of Quebec. There, according to the admission of Hon. Mr. Colby made publicly in the House of Commons, Protestants have the making of their own school laws and church laws in their own hands. Whatever changes or improvements they wish to make in either are ratified and sanctioned by a Catholic government without ever a word of objection or protest on the part of the church ascendancy party. The Protestants in Quebec Province have all the Protestant Separate schools they desire, with a Protestant clergyman, the Rev. Elson J. Rexford, as secretary to the Protestant Council of Public Instruction, who is virtually the sole manager and chief superintendent of Protestant Separate schools in that Province. The Protestant institutions of superior education receive, according to the admission of Rev. Elson Rexford, large sums annually from the church ascendancy government of that Catholic Province. For instance, McGill University gets \$4,150, Morin College \$1,750, Bishop's College \$2,250. The Protestant high schools of Quebec and Montreal get between them \$2,470. Protestant Academies obtain an annual donation of \$6,075. They are twenty-one in number. Our Catholic colleges in Ontario do not get one cent from the liberal Protestant government of Ontario. Our ladies' academies, conducted by religiouses of different orders, instead of receiving any favour are now compelled to pay taxes for the land and premises on which their magnificent academies are erected.

The Protestant Model Schools in Quebec receive an annual grant of \$2,850. The total amount of money granted annually by the Catholic Government of Quebec to Protestant High Schools and Colleges is \$20,545. Besides this large sum, it is needless to add, that the elementary schools are supported by taxes which Protestant school trustees levy on the Protestant ratepayers of their district. In addition to this tax they receive an annual Government grant, besides a proportionate share, one third, of all the school taxes derived from the property of chart-

ered corporations, banking institutions, railroad companies, or of Jews, or neutrals, or men of no creed. So that it would be utterly impossible for the *Toronto Mail* to find any country under the sun where such liberal and generous provisions are made by any government for a religious minority as are enacted by law and custom in the Catholic Province of this Dominion, where church ascendancy mostly doth prevail. If the *Mail* people had any regard for human-freedom or the welfare of nationalities, they would send a copy of the Quebec school law to Lord Salisbury, and request him to read over its several generous enactments in favor of the Protestants of Quebec Province. They might, also, with much reason, assure His Lordship that there is a greater use made of Catholic Church ascendancy in that Province than in any other portion of the empire, or perhaps in the whole world. By comparing the Protestant minority of Quebec, which is but one-seventh of the entire population, with the Protestant minority in Ireland, which is over one-third. It might easily be inferred that a greater and more influential number of Protestants in Ireland would be able to insist upon more favorable terms and more extensive privileges than were granted to the smaller number of Protestants in Quebec.

The noble Lord who now, as it were, holds the destinies of England and Ireland in his hands, could not hesitate one moment in banishing from his mind all fears of Catholic ascendancy in Ireland, or in reassuring the fanatics of Belfast as to what future may be in store for the Protestant minority should Home Rule and peace and domestic union and happiness be once for all conceded to a long-suffering nation. The *Mail* wrote, "*People in Great Britain do not know so much of the result of the political ascendancy of the Church as we in Canada know.*" Then by all means have copies of the Quebec school laws distributed over England, and they will open the English peoples' eyes to a state of things they never suspected. And they will prove that Lord Salisbury's prophecies are idle dreams, or worse, concoctions of a perverse and fanatical brain expressed in rancorous speech, with a view to prevent his countrymen from redressing the evils of centuries of misrule, and securing peace and stability to the British Empire.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Our esteemed contemporary the *San Francisco Monitor* cannot be accused of mincing matters when it undertakes to censure men or measures, as witness the following from its last issue:—

For the last few weeks the cable has been burning with the fiery threats of Orangemen against home rule leaders and sympathizers in Ireland. There is a vast range however, between that which they boast they will do and what they will actually carry out. They are a boastful lot, these discordant Orange psalm singers and mongrel moralists. They are brave warriors, too, when armed from Dublin Castle and set forth to shoot down an unarmed population as in 1848. Lord Clarendon, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, supplied them with arms purchased with money taken from the secret service. The bloody record left by the "Peep-of-Day Boys" is still fresh on the pages of Ireland's mournful history. But let us examine the Orange oath. It reads:

"In the awful presence of God, I, John Doe, do solemnly swear that I will to the utmost of my ability support the king and the present government, and I do further swear that I will use the utmost exertions to exterminate all the Catholics of the Kingdom of Ireland."

Such are the principles of the organization which declares against home rule. The establishment of an independent government means the disbanding of the organization. It is a menace to the peace of the country. We all know that some of the Falstaffian warriors who are now threatening civil war in 1868 threatened to kick the crown of Victoria into the Boyne if she signed the bill disestablishing the Irish Church. Well, she signed the bill and she still wears the crown. The Orangemen's threats amounted to about as much as they will

when the Irish Nationalists gain Home Rule for their long suffering country

It may be asked who and what are those Orangemen for whom the present Tory government seem to be so solicitous? About five per cent of them are tory landlords the descendants of those who gained their property by confiscation in the days of James I., Cromwell and William of Orange. The remainder are made up of a sprinkling of farmers, and a large number of worthless wretches—the product of fanaticism and vice—who have no real interest in the country in which they live. Truly does the Irish poet describe this latter class in his apt strophe to his motherland, when he says:

“And what though the milk of your bosom give power and strength to his veins; He is but some foul foreign blossom blown hither to poison you plains.”

ANOTHER tribute to the worth and energy of Catholic missionaries from a Protestant source is given by Mr. F. M. Barbor, commander of United States steamship Monocacy, who has passed many years in China, writing on progress of Christianity among the Chinese, thus refers to the Catholic missions. “Of all missions, the Roman Catholic is first in point of importance and efficacy. It is the longest established, and it has the organization, and its teachings are the readiest of absorption. A map of China, showing the location of its posts, appears as if it had been systematically peppered over.”

The beneficent wisdom of the Church in not granting, under any conditions or circumstance, divorces to her people, is now becoming fully recognized by other denominations. Our neighbors across the border, where the divorce system has become a by word of reproach, are crying out for a measure of repeal. A United States contemporary in asking the question “Whither are we tending?” gives an appalling picture of the social conditions governing that country by saying:

“The rapid increase of divorce and the appalling prevalence of abortion fill the mind with anxiety and the heart with sorrow. Society has cause for alarm lest it be undermined by these two worst evils of our civilization. The total number of divorces in twenty years has been 328,716. In 1886 the divorces increased 159 per cent., while the population only increased 60 per cent. Between the years 1880 and 1890, as near as the facts can be colated, there was an increase of 30 per cent. in total population, of 29 per cent., in marriages, and of 79 per cent. in the number of divorces. In 1870 there was a divorce to every 664 marriages, and in 1880 one to every 479 marriages. In this period 112,639 divorces were granted to husbands and 216,077 to wives. In 1886, 25,535 homes were broken up, 51,070 parents bringing shame and disgrace to certainly 100,000 children.

This is certainly an alarming condition for American society. If society continues to drift along in this channel the result will be a general breaking up. The marriage law has rights; the home has rights; posterity has rights; they are entitled to protection. Women are growing up to-day without virtue and men are losing the holiness that sanctified their fathers. We need better and stronger laws to govern men and women in their relations to each other—not civil laws, but moral laws; a loftier conception of the sacredness of the marriage law and the moral strength and character to respect and obey the obligations of the domestic government. Heaven cries out against the sin of divorce and abortion and hell continues yawning for its victims.”

The prevalence of assaults upon women in English railway carriages are becoming so common of late that stringent measures should be taken to punish the perpetrators of these crimes. Despatches from London, dated May 17, says. The sentence passed upon Goodale, the evangelist, and Hon. Patrick Greville-Nugent for assaults committed upon unprotected women journeying by rail do not seem to have had a deterrent effect upon miscreants who find themselves in the compartments of railway carriages with women or girls who are travelling alone.

Yesterday a man named Windle was arrested at Batford for assaulting a cook named Hannah Cordock in a railway carriage near Babyworth. As the train approached the station he jumped from a window of the car but was captured. He appeared before a magistrate to-day and was remanded for trial.

To show the need of a measure such as the Clergy Disciplinary Bill lately discussed in the British House of Commons, another of the members of the Established church has given abundant proof. His brutal and bestial crimes in the compartment of an English railway carriage being thus spoken of in London despatches of May 17th.

At Hungerford, in Wiltshire, to-day, Kennedy Bell, a clergyman of the Established church, was brought up a prisoner charged with criminal assault on two young women in the compartments of railway carriages. Bell has heretofore been a clergyman in good standing. He is married and has three children. One of his victims is named Brittain and the other Abery. The case is without a parallel in that Bell appears to have committed the two assaults in two different compartments during one journey, in one train. He entered at Newbury, Berkshire, the compartment occupied by the young woman named Brittain. She is a respectable person belonging to the lower class of society. Soon after entering the compartment Bell, she states, tried to enter into conversation with her. As he appeared to be a clergyman she answered him modestly and respectfully. She began to get frightened, however, when he came nearer and began to fondle her. She tried to push him away, but he persisted and finally overcame her by force. The Rev. Mr. Bell kept on as a passenger in the train after Miss Brittain had left it. At Hungerford Miss Abery got into the compartment occupied by the minister. Bell began to make approaches to Miss Abery. She belongs to the same class as Miss Brittain, the poor and respectable provincial order, which feels bound to show the utmost deference to the Episcopal clergy. The Rev. Mr. Bell took her by the hand and attempted other familiarities, pretty much as in the case of Miss Brittain. The young woman did not know just how far clerical privileges extended, but at length her modesty told her that the clergyman had gone about far enough, and she told him so as respectfully as her agitation would permit. The Rev. Mr. Bell did not agree with her views and gently chided her for her lack of confidence in a pastor of religion. He said that it was her duty to submit and so forth, and as the young woman continued to resist he resorted, as in the former case, to violence. On the arrival of the train at Bedwyn the Rev. Mr. Bell left the compartment. Miss Abery caused his arrest, and this was speedily followed by information of the other crime which he had committed on the same train. The clergyman at first indignantly denied his guilt, but afterwards admitted having been too familiar with the girls, though he persisted in denying the criminal assault. At the hearing before the Magistrates sufficient proof was adduced to justify a remand, and the Rev. Mr. Bell was held without bail for future examination.

Mr. DEVLIN, M. P., has given notice of his intention to introduce into the Dominion House of Commons a resolution stating that in the opinion of the House the time has arrived when a substantial measure of Home Rule should be granted Ireland, and also that the House express the hope that in the approaching British elections a majority be returned to power pledged to enact such a measure. The house has previously expressed itself in favor of Home Rule for Ireland. We who in Canada enjoy the blessings of Home Rule, cannot but lend our sympathies to our brethren in Ireland, struggling for a like measure. Every sign of the times, however, are pregnant with victory for Mr. Gladstone at the forthcoming elections, and it may be well to consider whether such a resolution as Mr. Devlin proposes to move, the spirit of which has our entire sympathy, would be politic at the present time. Its passage would not strengthen Mr. Gladstone's hands, whilst its defeat would be certain to do harm to the cause. Would it not be preferable to withdraw the resolution entirely, and put in some hard work in organizing, calling public meetings, and securing subscriptions for the benefit of the Irish Parliamentary Party, to strengthen their hands in the coming contest instead.

A meeting presided over by the Duke of Norfolk was recently held in London to inaugurate a memorial to Cardinal Manning, and at which many notables were present. Resolutions favorable to the project were moved and seconded by the new Archbishop of Westminster the Earl of Ashburnham, Lord Herries, Sir Charles Russell, Justin

McCarthy and Mr. Costelloe. The form of the proposed testimonial will be the erection and equipment of an institution amongst the poor for the benefit of the destitute, irrespective of creed. Mr. Gladstone, in a sympathetic message, gave expression to his regards for the late Cardinal and his approval of the proposed measure. In moving the first resolution, Dr. Vaughan, Cardinal Manning's successor as Archbishop of Westminster, (who by a curious coincidence made this, his first speech to a London meeting since his accession to the office, in the same room where the late Cardinal addressed his last public audience, and stood on exactly the same spot while delivering his speech as the deceased prelate), paid a graceful tribute to the memory of his eminent predecessor, saying:

I owe to His Eminence obligations—intellectual, moral, spiritual, religious—obligations of deep friendship and of a deeper and more lasting kind than anything I can find words to portray. I feel therefore especially indebted to the Duke and to the committee for having invited me upon this the day after my arrival in London to take part in this important undertaking. I seem to see the figure of Cardinal Manning in this room, beckoning us on. I seem to hear his voice saying to us:

If you desire to raise a memorial to me, place it among the poor (cheerfully)—if you desire to honour my memory fulfil my desire. Send the West into the East and do all you can to raise, to humanize, to comfort the multitudes whose lives are upon the low level of misery and want.

During the last few years—the last two or three years especially I have had frequent, and most free and intimate conversations with the late Cardinal upon what is called the social question—upon those questions which touch the miseries and wretchedness which seem to be the property of so many millions in modern society. During the last two years he was confined to his room, and on some five or six different occasions I had to come up to London to visit different institutions in the East End, to make myself acquainted with the schemes that had been carried out by Sir Sydney Waterlow, and by others who had been interested in providing dwellings for the poor, and in examining the condition of their tenements; and on one of these occasions I thought I would obtain all the information, and whatever statistics I could, by visiting the various institutions of the Salvation Army. I well recollect that, returning every night as I did from those visits made in the day to the Cardinal's house—I well remember the effect which those conversations which we then had seemed to produce upon him.

The old lion was in his den. He was stricken in body by the illnesses of old age, but the mind and heart were clear and tender and courageous, and as full of enterprise as in his stronger and his better days. And feeling, as he did, that he was unable to go into the open air to examine for himself the condition of the poor I well remember how, with eager eye and with deepest attention, all that I had to narrate to him of what I had seen and my own impressions he would swallow with more or less of relish, for he was hungry to relieve the miseries of the people. His heart was full with the love of our Lord for the poorest of mankind. We have heard how greatly the Cardinal has been valued—his life, his example, his influence—how they have been esteemed and spoken of, and heralded by the press all over the world. Many words have been spoken in his praise; but, ladies and gentlemen, words are cheap and plentiful. We want something more than words. We may hope that the multitude of the Cardinal's friends belonging to various countries and professing all kinds of religious belief, and even persons without any belief whatever, who have been touched by his tenderness for the poor, by his great, broad, generous, loving heart.

We may hope that these may have something more than words to offer as a tribute to his memory—this coin that we need for a great undertaking—this gold and silver which is to be the tribute of his admirers in order to perpetuate his memory in the very midst of the poor. This will be participated in when the establishment, whatever it may be, will be eventually erected, by all classes of the poor, no matter of what nationality to which they may belong. And in the great east of London we know there are to be found the poor from all parts of the world—from the Continent of Europe and from Asia.

They are to be found in their hundreds and thousands, mingled with our own suffering fellow countrymen, and such an institution as that which it is proposed to open will be for the benefit of all, no matter who they may be, but who may come with the plea of real poverty and want. This money that we ask is not that we may erect a glorious cathedral, it is not for the purpose of erecting in some conspicuous spot a handsome but useless mausoleum. It is something that is thoroughly practical, that ought to command the interests of all men who value the life and public character of the Cardinal. As for my self, I can only say that whatever may be the committee, and whatever may be established to the memory of the Cardinal in the midst of the poor of London, it shall have my utmost care and attention; all the industry and zeal that I can command in order to watch over and help in the direction or management of such an institution shall be freely, lovingly, and gratefully given to it. But we look to you who are here present, we look to those thousands scattered throughout England, Ireland, and Scotland, America and Europe—we look to those persons of all creeds and of all nationalities who have been loud in their praise, in expressing their admiration of the Cardinal, to let us understand, once for all, their admiration is a real one, and not confined to plentiful words, but it is proved by the gift that they will hand to us. I have the honor to submit the following resolution.

“That this meeting desires to perpetuate the memory of the late Cardinal Manning, by some fitting memorial, in which all his friends and admirers can join.”

The Earl of Ashburnham, in seconding the resolution, said he was glad that the memorial was not to be one of those eyesores with which we are familiar in this country, but was to be a really useful institution. The meeting itself was a splendid memorial to the late Cardinal, composed as it was of people of all shades of opinion. Such a meeting would have been impossible in London a quarter of a century ago. If the Cardinal did win the hearts and respect and affection of all classes of his fellow citizens, as he undoubtedly did, it was simply because he lived the life of a good and earnest Christian.

QUEEN OF THE WORLD.

Sunbeams o'er woodland and dell are dancing,
Starry-eyed blossoms from meads are glancing,
Full-throated songsters their notes entrancing
Carol the live-long day;
Whisper the breezes of now-born pleasures,
Murmur the streamlets in blithe measures,
Nature hath lavished her choicest treasures,
Greeting the Queen of the May.

Fairest of sovereigns sung in story,
Peerless in mercy and power and glory,
Promised to earth from the ages hoary,
Destined to reign for aye;
Mary, our Mother, from Heaven's splendor
Beams on us all with a love-glance tender,
Who but shall hail and at need defend her,
Queen of the world and of May.

Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C., in Ave Maria

HOW TO MAKE CHILDREN LOVELY.

There is just one way, and that is to surround them by day and night with an atmosphere of love. Restraint and reproof may be mingled with the love, but love must be a constant element.

“I found my little girl was growing unamiable and plain,” said a mother to us the other day, “and reflecting on it sadly, I could only charge myself as the cause thereof. So I changed my management and improved my opportunity to praise and encourage her, to assure her of my unbounded affection for her and my earnest desire that she should grow up to lovely and harmonious womanhood. As a rose opens to the sunshine, so the child's heart opened in the warmth of the constant affection and caresses I showered upon her, her peevishness passed away, her face grew beautiful, and now one look from me brings her to my side obedient to my will, and happiest when she is nearest me.”

Is there not in this a lesson for parents? Not all the plowing or weeding or cultivation of every sort we can give our growing crops will do for them what the steady shining of the sun can effect. Love is the sunshine of the family, without it neither character nor morality nor virtue can be brought into perfection.

A MEASURELESS ILL.

HOW ARTHUR BERRYL KEPT HIS PROMISE TO HIS CATHOLIC WIFE.

Old John Russell and I were standing on the bridge. The afternoon was lovely, though it was a January afternoon; the air had all the softness of early spring. Faintly, yet distinctly, over the silent hills and water came the strains of that saddest of all airs, "*Ah che la morte.*" It is a lutey song, and brassy-throated singers have torn its passion in tatters, and the brassy-throated band at the fort had often practiced on it as they did now, and yet, sounding in this bright glimpse of spring in wintery weather, it seemed like a wail for all the sorrow in the world.

I listened until old John spoke:

And so you never heard of the Berryls? I thought everybody knew the Berryls for miles around. They do say that the first Esau Berryl was an awful Tory in the Revolutionary time, and that he called young George Washington "a disloyal viper" one day; but then he was an Englishman, and I don't blame him for sticking to his country, right or wrong. You don't like that? Well, young folks have their ideas and old folks have theirs, but in *my* time young folks used to follow the ideas of their elders, and it seems to me they got along well enough.

Old Esau Berryl died, and left one son, the second Esau. Young Jim Berryl, his son, was one of Moseby's men in the war, and Esau, who liked blue coats better than gray, swore that he was no true Berryl, so Jim never came home. But it's of Arthur, the elder, that I want to talk.

Arthur was a fine fellow—ono of your tall, broad-shouldered, deep-chested chaps—a real Southerner, you Yanks have nothing like it—with sharp grey eyes that could see through a bale of cotton and a forest of brown hair on his face, yes, a regular forest, more fit for a savage than a Christian—not that Arthur Berryl was much of a Christian, but never mind that just now.

He went into the No'th'n army in '61, and came out three years later a colonel, with no right hand. A cannon-ball had shattered it. This one of the Berryls hadn't much use for his right hand in the way of work. He had a house over there in Virginia, and some money that his mother had left him, and, besides, everybody knows that old Esau is a mighty rich man. And the old fellow was swelled up with pride about his son, "the Colonel." I didn't blame him, though I always was a "Reb"—every man for his own way of thinking. I say—though it made me mad when I thought of my own poor boy, who fought might and main with Moseby, and then came home to his poor old dad with not so much as a stripe on his sleeve, but *we* had neither money nor rank to throw away.

Ah, you don't see that up No'th this time of year. Yellow jessamine. I swear!

[My old friend rested both hands on his hickory stick, and paused to gaze at a negro who was passing. The negro's arms were full of yellow blossoms, though the sun was not yet warm enough to break the ice on the Potomac.]

Yes, the jessamine reminds me of that day, for there was some of it growing near the grave. I don't boast much of education, *but* I have feelings, and education can't give a man feelings, can it? and that jessamine makes me feel downhearted.

And as Arthur Berryl had nothing to do, for a man with no right hand can do precious little he went the way of all young men, and fell in love.

She *was* pretty, I tell you. Our nig, Julius—at least, he was ours before you Yanks took him—was courting her mother's Sue, and so we found out all the particulars.

Her name was Annie Desmond. Her mother was a widow with some little property. They lived over there, not far from the canal.

It was just after we were converted, my wife and I. Poor Rob, my son, would have died in prison up No'th, if the Sisters of Charity, Heaven bless 'em! had not taken his mother's place, and so when he came home, he made his mother and me believe there must be something in a religion that could turn out such women. We weren't much on religion; she was a hard-shell Baptist when she was young; I was a sort of Episcopalian, and when Rob grew up he just believed in Moseby.

Well, one fine day we three knelt at the altar-rails in Trinity Church, and we've thanked God ever since.

And so that was the way we first saw Annie Desmond. She was at Mass every Sunday. Pretty was no word for her. She wasn't tall, nor she wasn't short; but when she walked up the aisle, you felt that there was a lady coming, her step was so light and firm. I'm no hand at describing looks. I only know that her face was bright and sweet, and it was gay sometimes, and reverent sometimes; but I never saw it sad until I saw it in despair.

Her cheeks were prettier than the color of my pink oleanders, and her eyes were dark, and blue, and clear. One day, when her hat blew off on the church-steps, her hair seemed a regular shower of brown and gold threads, I never spoke to her, neither did my wife; but if

she had been our own daughter we couldn't have taken more interest in her.

Colonel Berryl was passing along the street that day when her hat blew away. He caught it in his one hand and gave it to her with a low bow. I saw their eyes meet. Ah, I know the signs; I've been young; and I told mother that I wished it was Rob, instead of Arthur Berryl. And I doubly wish it had been now!

Colonel Berryl was in love, and Annie Desmond was the girl. The Berryls brag of their family, you know. We think a great deal of family down here. I know some people around here who wouldn't be anything if it wasn't for their families, but these Desmonds, though, they hadn't any family in particular. Mrs. Desmond, it is true, did say something about being descended from the kings of Ireland; but then, that doesn't count for much down here; it's not like being descended from a Washington, a Carroll, or a Lee, and when I mention those names, I think of Russell, for we are an old family, I assure you, though we have worked hard in our time.

Mrs. Desmond was mighty glad to have Arthur come to her house, folks said. Annie liked him from the first, but I think her mother must have favored him, and made courtship easy for the young people.

Esau objected to Annie. There were plenty of girls around the District and Virginia—girls of good family and all manner of creeds. He didn't see why a Berryl should marry a Catholic.

Arthur said: "Don't you mind her religion. She's been bred in it; but she's only a girl, and after a while she'll believe just as little as either of us. I love her, and I'll do anything to please her now; and, by and by, she'll do anything to please me."

Esau didn't keep up his opposition long; he believed that Arthur had the wisest head of the family.

Esau did not believe much. He was of the school of Jefferson and Tom Paine; his son swore by Huxley and Tyndall. The old man held that there was a Supreme Being; the young man was not certain whether he believed there was or not.

Old Esau disliked all forms of Christianity, but, quite naturally, he hated Catholicity worse than all.

He said to Arthur: "If this girl becomes your wife, you may let her go to her Popish practices if you choose; but if there are any children, and you let a priest come near them, or have any superstitious mummeries over them, I leave every cent I own, and every acre of land, to Jim. So help me—!" and he swore by a Name in which he did not believe.

Arthur laughed lightly. The Berryl acres were dear to his heart. "Trust me," he said to his father.

One afternoon, just after sundown, I saw Arthur Berryl and Annie Desmond getting out of a boat after a row down the Potomac. How tenderly he helped her on shore, how proud and spirited he looked as he gave her his arm! And she looked up at him with such a light in her pretty eyes! My old heart was moved. It was a pretty sight. But the storm in the western sky made a very ugly background.

"It's all fixed," I told my wife when I went home. And, after a while, Julius came in and told mother all that Sue said. Yes, it was all fixed.

Arthur promised Mrs. Desmond all she wanted. Bless you, he was ready to promise anything. He couldn't help it when he thought of Annie. He was too deep in love to mind what he said.

They would be married by a priest. The children should be baptized, and sent to school wherever Annie pleased, and in time—who knows?—he might become a Catholic.

At the last moment, it seems, Mrs. Desmond's heart misgave her. She consulted one of the Jesuits at the college, and then she cried all night; but she, like a woman, dried her tears when the marriage took place in her little parlor, and at the wedding reception in the Berryl mansion she leant on old Esau's arm as smilingly as a darkey in Christmas-time.

Time passed. Young Mrs. Berryl was liked by everybody. There wasn't a night that Arthur did not have her at some so-ee or other among the bong-tong of Washington, as the papers say. He was very proud of her, and once or twice we saw him at eleven o'clock Mass with her.

"All went merry as a marriage-bell." That's out of Byron. You young folks don't read him or Moore nowadays. Perhaps it's for the best.

One day old Esau actually laughed. A little grandson had come into the world. He was a pretty baby, Sue said, like his mother, but he was quiet and still, and he never cried at all. All the life in him seemed to be in his pretty blue eyes.

Mrs. Desmond wanted to have him baptized at once.

This made old Esau swear. He wouldn't hear of it.

Arthur sided with his father.

Mrs. Desmond looked at the child again. She entreated Arthur to send for a priest.

"Never shall a priest enter the doors, ma'am!" roared old Esau.

"Mrs. Desmond appealed to Arthur. He said: "My father and you must settle this."

She reminded him of his promise. He only smiled. She was a

hot-tempered woman, and she let her tongue have full swing. Then she left the house.

Days counted into three weeks. The child still lived and moved a little, and cried a little. Sue said he wouldn't live; he was just like a snowflake.

Every day Mrs. Desmond visited her daughter. Every day the dispute about the child's baptism was renewed. Old Esau stood stiff; and, in this, Arthur was too much afraid of his father to yield to the pleadings of his poor wife.

Poor girl! Black Sue said it made her cry to see her young mistress' white, anxious face.

Mrs. Desmond made her usual visit, and looked at the baby. Sue said that Annie was lying back in an arm-chair, but she opened her eyes and watched her mother as if her life depended on it. Esau dropped his newspaper and watched her.

She saw something in her mother's face that frightened her.

Mrs. Desmond stood near the toilet-table with the child in her arms. Sue was in the doorway. She had left a pitcher of water on the table, and was going out, when Annie's voice, like the moan of the wind, made her turn,

"He is dying!"

They called the baby by no name yet.

The young wife knelt at her husband's feet, and clasped his knees.

"Have mercy, Arthur!" she said.

Her face turned as white as a dead woman's at the look in his face. She fell back with a dull thud.

Esau, Arthur and Sue went to her instantly.

Mrs. Desmond stood alone with the child near the toilet-table. The others had their backs to her. Whether she baptized the child or not, or whether it was already dead when she took it in her arms, she never told.

When Annie recovered her senses, the baby lay cold and still—dead.

The funeral was a grand one for such a little thing. It was a cold, damp day, but my wife and I went with the rest over to the Episcopal Cemetery, where the Berryls have a family vault.

Annie stood near the grave. I could not see her face for her thick black veil, but I could hear her sobs.

Mrs. Desmond stood next to her, stern and severe. On the other side was Arthur, as stern, but seemingly like a man in pain. Esau wasn't there.

They waited at the grave until nearly everybody had gone. My wife and I drew off a short distance and waited too. Women are so curious.

"Come!" said Mrs. Desmond sternly, and she took her daughter's arm.

Annie raised her veil. Her face seemed frozen into despair. My wife almost screamed at sight of it. Annie gave her hand to Arthur. He took it in his.

"Good-bye!" she whispered.

"Good-bye!" he said, turning away.

And so they parted.

John Russell looked thoughtfully down at the water, and a cold breath of east wind blew through his iron grey whiskers, telling us that our glimpse of spring was past. The sky was gray with evening. A spray of jessamine, crushed and broken, lay at my feet. The band at Fort Whipple again began the music. This time it was a merry chanson from the "Grande Duchesse;" but the words it suggested chimed in with my mood and the sadness around me—

"De n'avoir plus jamais sur terre,
Un moment de félicité."

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

ANOTHER SENSATION EXPLODED.

THE people who believe that the inmates of Catholic convents are kept there against their will, read with exhilaration the story that came from Connecticut last week to the effect that Sister Calista had "escaped" from a Hartford community, that she had abandoned the Church, and that she was going on the stage. They began to get up a stock of sympathy with her and to prepare a welcome for her to the lecture platform once occupied by "Edith O'Gorman and 'The Nun of Kenmare.'" But she herself has put a tombstone on their hopes. She has written this letter to the paper which started the sensation:

"Editor of Hartford *Current*, Hartford, Ct.,—SIR: Please publish in a prominent part of your earliest issue the following notice above my name:

"The statement published in your paper this morning regarding me is false in all its leading details.

"First, I have not left the Catholic Church, but shall always remain an earnest and enthusiastic Catholic believer.

"Second, I have not renounced my vows of religion, but await the dispensation from the same from the proper ecclesiastical authorities. I enjoy the privilege, like any Sister of any community of America, of

retiring from religious life when my reasons and motives are sufficient and sincere.

"Third, I have not, and I cannot have, any inclination to join operative organizations or to appear in a public career. Free to choose my state of life, I shall use my own best judgment in choosing an honorable avenue of occupation. I am yours respectfully,

"LULU WILCOX."

Even now the fanatics will not take to themselves the truth that the doors of our nunneries are open to those on the inside to go out. If a novice has only recently entered and it is found out that she has no vocation, she will not be permitted to stay. If a Sister has made her vows, but has good cause to ask for a dispensation from them, it will be readily granted. Even if a nun be called of God to the religious state and have made her profession in it, but refuses to follow it, no restraint will be placed on her to detain her from departing. The only bars and bolts for those on the inside are their wills. They come of their own accord; they are admitted only after a request and a trial; and they stay only of their own free will. There is no slavery in the service of Christ. —N. Y. *Catholic Review*.

THE VIRGIN AND CHILD.

CONSTANTINA E. BROOKS, IN *Ave Maria*.

ST. ANSELM, the great Archbishop of Canterbury, a glory of the Benedictine Order, is distinguished even among the saints for his fervent devotion to the Mother of God. The character of this illustrious Saint gained for him the love and admiration of all who were brought into relations with him. As Primate of England, he strenuously, and in the end successfully, maintained the rights and liberties of religion, suffering for this cause persecution and exile. As a theologian, he is eminent for his originality and sublimity of thought and his profoundness of erudition. That no grace might be wanting to him, he was endowed also with the gift of song. In the following poem, one of many in honor of Our Lady, the verses are addressed alternately to the Mother and the Child:

Child of the Virgin,
Glory of Holiness!
Scatter the darkness,
Shine on our night!
Mother, pure dawn
Whence the world's light is drawn,
Let us turn from the past
To a future more bright.

Unto the Father,
Co-equal in power,
Christ who didst languish
In the death-hour,
Lest passions enslave us,
Liberate, save us,
Mother, thou wonder,
Most fair of creation!
His Mother He willed thee,
With graces He filled thee;
Make for us ever
To Him supplication.

We believe, we adore;
Christ-Child, draw near us;
Be our trust in Thy mercy,
Our pledge Thou dost hear us,
Mother, whose Child
God-born, uncreated,
Is with our dust mated;
From tangle of errors,
From death in its terrors,
Save, Undeified.

Virgin-born Deity,
Lord of all space,
Dower us with holiness,
Fill us with grace,
Mother all-gifted,
To glory up-lighted
By the All-Just!
Let us come nigh to thee;
Hearken, we cry to thee
Out of the dust.

Child of the Virgin!
By the completeness
Of her pure sweetness,
From sins that entomb us
Lift us, illumine us,
Christ, intercessor
For the transgressor,
Let faith, like a ray,
Guide our heavenward way.

The day of this world
Grows dim in its west;
But Thou, living light,
By no shade art oppressed.
Mother of Light!
In light never ending,
Let us too find rest

Continued from page 243.

churches. It seems that if anything was lacking to keep him from preaching the Gospel, the tell tale letter above produced fills the chain of evidence and stamps him as a man unfit to preach in a church pulpit until he establishes beyond a doubt that he has truly repented of his past deeds, many of which are similar to the one herein exposed. Mr. Ruthven should by all means be admitted to a stringent probationary course ere he is again admitted to the ministry, or be forever dropped from the rolls of all Christian denominations, until by true repentance and true Christian walks in life he proves himself free of the deception, misrepresentation and false pretence he is found guilty of on the eve of departing from the shelter of one church and seeking the cooling shade and rest of another.

RUTHVEN'S EXPLANATION.

When Mr. Ruthven was seen and asked about the letter, he admitted writing it. His explanation for so doing was that he had read accounts of Slattery's troubles and desired to become advised as to whether or not there was any truth in the same. He admitted that if he wrote to Lamerick, Ireland, as an ordinary person or Protestant, no answer would be received, and for the purpose of eliciting an early reply he wrote as a Roman Catholic Father. Mr. Ruthven admits that he did wrong in writing as he did, but was so curious and anxious

to glean what knowledge he could that on the spur of the moment he acted hastily and imprudently.

The pastor, deacons and members of the Baptist Church were surprised and pained to realize that Mr. Ruthven had indulged in such a questionable act even to gain the information he declares he was seeking. "To save life and property a man might resort to such an expedient, but where so little is at stake I think it ill-advised," remarked a leading deacon. As the act was committed prior to joining the Baptist Church, he cannot be held amenable to its laws. The Baptist Church believes in mercy, consequently it practises helping a man rather than crushing him when he is down. They hold that Mr. Ruthven, like many others, has committed wrong, but they believe he has repented; on his application for membership and by complying with the Baptist doctrine, the Baptist Church has extended him the hand of fellowship, and if they can make a better man of him they believe they are fulfilling the mission of a Christian Church. *Boston Pilot.*

Rudyard Kipling calls New York city a "long, narrow pig trough," on account of its dirty streets, and the New York papers are not yet done calling Rudyard names because of his frankness. But the judgment of the rest of the world will be on the side of Kipling.

C.M.B.A., Address and Presentation to Bro. Coughlin.

The following address was presented by S. Michael's Branch, No 76, C.M.B.A., Belleville, at its last meeting:

To Bro. John Coughlin, President Branch 76.

DEAR SIR— Learning that you are about to remove from our midst and locate in Toronto, where a larger field is open to you in which to increase your business, and were we hope you will attain the degree of success and prosperity which you so richly deserve and to which your honesty of purpose and ability as a business man entitles you, we, the members of Branch No. 76, C.M.B.A., Belleville, wish to express to you our deep regret at your departure from amongst us, our appreciation of your worth, and the high respect and esteem in which you are held by us.

As a member of this Branch you have by your sterling qualities, endeared yourself to us all, and have won our admiration by your zeal and energy in promoting its best interests. The branch loses in you an efficient and worthy President, and the community an honored and respected citizen. We wish you every prosperity in your new field, and hope that your expectations of advancement may be fully realized.

Please accept the accompanying charm as a small token of our regard for you, and we assure you that our earnest prayer will always be that God's blessing may descend upon yourself and family, and crown all your undertaking with success. Signed on behalf of the Branch.

W. J. PATERSON, Chancellor.

F. FLANN, First Vice President.

JAMES HARTLEY, Recording Secretary.

The gentleman named in the above address has, with his brother, secured large premises at 539 Yonge St., where, under the firm name of Coughlin Bros., they will enter upon all kinds of cemetery work and also deal extensively in all kinds of marble and granite work. They come highly recommended by the business community of Peterboro and Belleville, in which places and surrounding country they have erected many of the best monuments to be found in the cemeteries. Being practical workmen and direct importers of marble and granite, they are able to give every satisfaction, and we are sure will be well patronized by our people in this city. We extend to them a cordial welcome to the Queen City of the West.

The Holy Father and the Faribault Plan of Education.

ROME, May 10. The following is the full text of the deliverances of the Vatican in regard to the attitude of the Holy See toward Archbishop Ireland's educational policy set

forth in what is known as the Faribault-Stillwater (Minn.) plan:

ROME, April 30, 1892.—To Most Rev. John Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul, Minn.

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND REV. SIR.— It has pleased your Grace to submit to the judgment of the Holy See the arrangement you deemed well to make for elementary schools at Faribault and Stillwater, Minn., in your diocese, in order to provide in the best manner possible for the spiritual welfare of the children confided to your pastoral care.

This wise resolution of Your Grace seemed all the more prudent because the aforesaid arrangement, even though it regarded only separate and exceptional cases, still appeared to many of the bishops, to the members of the lower clergy and laity as hardly worthy of approval, may be because they were not so well acquainted with the circumstances and conditions of the transaction as they ought to have been in order to have been able to pronounce thereon a fair opinion. For that His Holiness confided the examination of this important question to a committee of Cardinals chosen from the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda in a meeting held on the 21st inst., after weighing carefully the grave reasons adduced by Your Grace with so much clearness, which induced you to enter into the arrangement mentioned above, and considering the declarations worthy of our praise, which show that in the matter of education Your Grace has always wished to maintain inviolate the principles set forth by the Holy See and commended to the observance of the bishops by the Councils of Baltimore, particularly the Third Council, their Eminence gave their decision on the question submitted to them, as it is found in the accompanying document, and His Holiness has ratified and approved the same.

I hope Your Grace will be gratified by this decision of the Holy See, because though unusual provisions made by the different bishops in their respective dioceses, according to the requirement of circumstances cannot be approved directly by the Holy See when they imply a departure, to a certain extent, from a general law, nevertheless, when the Holy See declare that such provisions may be tolerated, it thereby puts an end to all indiscreet attacks upon them.

Furthermore, by order of His Holiness, and with great pleasure to myself, I must not fail to inform Your Grace that your expressions of respect, filial obedience and unalterable adherence to the Holy See and its teachings, of which you have given splendid proofs, have been acceptable to the Sovereign Pontiff and myself, and have strengthened the full confidence of the Holy See in your wisdom and piety. Finally, I pray that God may preserve

Your Grace, and protect you always.

Your Grace's most devoted servant,
M. CARO. LEDOCZOWSKI, Prefect.
IGNATIUS,

Archbishop of Damiatina, Secretary.

THE DECISION.

In special congregations of the Propaganda held on the 21st of April, 1892, to consider the question what judgment is to be formed of the arrangement entered into by Archbishop Ireland concerning the two schools at Faribault and Stillwater, Minn., in this case they decided to reply affirmatively and without derogating from the decree of the Councils of Baltimore on parochial schools, that the arrangement entered into by Archbishop Ireland concern the schools at Faribault and Stillwater, taking into consideration all the circumstances, can be tolerated. In an audience held on the same day, His Holiness deigned to approve the resolutions of the Cardinals given above.

IGNATIUS,

Archbishop Damiatina, Secretary.

The "drink question" is a huge one, and it confronts every nation. In Germany it is discussed under the title of "Die Deutsche Alkohole Frage," and the Englishman who knows no language can make a pretty good guess at what the German words mean. The discussion of the question has brought out some statistics which are altogether startling and depressing. "One quarter of the productive energy" of the country is devoted to making some kind of intoxicating drink. That is one fact. Another is that the production of material manufactured into beer, wine and spirits in Germany occupied in 1889-90 just about one-fifteenth of the cultivated land of the country. As a consequence "bread riots" break out occasionally, and the food question is seen to be intimately related to the "drink question," and both to the stability of the government and good order throughout the empire.

...Donahoe's Monthly Magazine, for June, is brim full of excellent articles. The leading article is on Rev. Minot J. Savage and Evolution, by H. L. R. Rev. James Halpin, C.C., continues his subject on the Irish Crisis. Rev. Thomas Mulvany, of St. Francis College, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes on Manliness. There is a biographical sketch of Patrick Egan, by J. M. T., with a portrait. The other leading articles are: Our Catholic Deaf-Mutes, their Condition and Necessities; The Basilica of St. Patrick in Rome, illustrated; Catholics in Congress; Holy Water. Together with a great variety of other articles, including the Juvenile Department.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY.

The Capital Prize \$15,000 Won By A Poor Girl.

The Capital prize \$15,000.00 4th of May Drawing, "Province of Quebec Lottery" was won by Miss May Donovan, 113 Dufresne Street, Montreal.

Dame Fortune was not blind, for once. This fortune could not have fallen into better hands.

Miss Donovan belongs to a poor but highly respectable family. The father, now dead, was one of the good parishioners of Reverend J. J. Salmon, parish priest of St. Mary's, Craig Street, who takes pleasure in recalling the merits of this good man.

The mother left a widow, dependent mostly for a living on her daughter's daily labor. She, bestowing on her mother all the care that her feeble resources permitted and very often she wished to be able to do more. It was for this end that she deprived herself in order to buy a lottery ticket, not however without adding a fervent prayer. Her hopes were not in vain as we may see.

She presented herself this morning at the Lottery's Office accompanied by her mother and Reverend Father Salmon.

The prize was paid her at once as the two following certificates may show.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY.

CERTIFICATE of the bearer of Ticket No. 18458 \$15,000.00 DRAWING OF MAY 4TH, 1892.

I the undersigned do hereby certify that on presentation of my ticket No. 18458 which draw the first capital prize \$15,000.00 at the Drawing of May 4th instant of the Province of Quebec Lottery, I have at once been paid.

Witnesses AIME MATHIEU LOUIS PERRAULT MARY DONOVAN, 113 Dufresne St., Montreal.

CERTIFICATE OF REVEREND J. S. SALMON.

I the undersigned, Cure, of St. Mary's Church, Craig Street, Montreal, do hereby certify that the above prize has been paid this day in my presence to Miss Mary Donovan.

Witnesses AIME MATHIEU LOUIS PERRAULT JOHN J. SALMON, P. P. St. Mary's "LA PRESSE," Montreal, 6th May, 1892.

The Province of Quebec Lottery

AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE

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

BI-MONTHLY DRAWINGS FOR THE YEAR 1892

7 and 20 January, 3 and 17 February, 2 and 16 March, 6 and 20 April, 4 and 18 May, 1 and 15 June, 6 and 20 July, 3 and 17 August, 7 and 21 September, 5 and 19 October, 2 and 16 November, 7 and 21 December.

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CAPITAL PRIZE

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LIST OF PRIZES.

Table with 2 columns: Prize amount and Approximation Prices. Includes 1st Prize worth \$15,000, 1st Prize worth \$5,000, etc.

3134 Prizes worth \$52,740 S. E. LEFEBVRE, MANAGER, 81 St. James St.,

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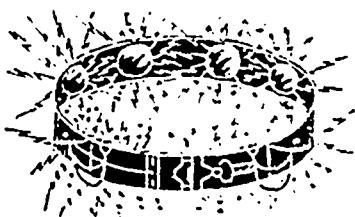
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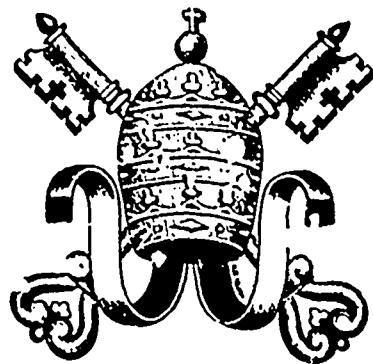


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Advertisement for Scott's Emulsion featuring 'The Cod That Helps to Cure The Cough' and an illustration of a man carrying a large fish.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething.

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of May 1892, mails close and are due as follows:

Table with columns: Close, Due, a.m., p.m. Lists destinations like G. T. R. East, O. and Q. Railway, etc.

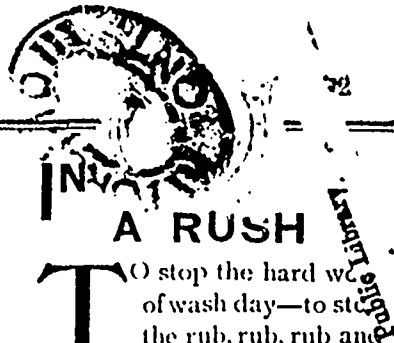
English mails close on Monday and Thursday at 4 and 10 p.m., and on Saturday at 7 p.m. The following are the dates of English mails for May: 2, 3, 5, 7, 9, 12, 14, 16, 19, 21, 23, 26, 28, 30.

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