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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Reddite que sunt Cesaris, Cesari; et que sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. III

Toronto, Saturday, Feb. 1, 1890.

No. 50

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Notes.

Mr. Chapleau, speaking in the House of Commons on Wednesday last on Mr. McCarthy's dual language motion, said he wished to quote, without delay, the opinion of an experienced statesman who had given warning of the impolicy of all such attempts to denationalize the French. "If successful," he had said, "what would be the result? You may Americanize but you can never Anglicize. Let them feel that their rights and privileges are respected and the last hand that waves the British flag in the Dominion will be that of a French Canadian." Those were the words of Lord Elgin, and he asked the House to remember and deliberate upon them.

The somewhat serious charge brought by the *Empire* against the *Mail* and its Editor-in-chief, Mr. Farrer, that the latter, while in Washington, actively, and personally, and secretly sought to promote the annexation of Canada to the United States, forms the subject already of judicial investigation. It rests, therefore, with the Courts, to whom the accused parties have appealed, and to the Courts only, to determine just what amount of truth there is in the charges, whether they are supported by definite and incontestable evidence, or whether Mr. Farrer is merely unfortunate in having hobnobbed while he was in Washington in a conspicuously friendly way with certain United States Senators composing the committee upon Canadian Relations. This question being now *sub judice* it is no longer proper to discuss it.

We may, however, without at all touching upon the question of the truthfulness or untruthfulness of the particular charge which forms the subject of legal inquiry, say a word upon a question extraneous to and outside of it, the question of the course of the *Mail* newspaper in its treatment of Canadian affairs for some years past. For certainly three years past the *Mail* has devoted itself with great skill and energy towards creating dissatisfaction in the different provinces of

the Canadian Dominion with our existing political condition. The language and race differences between Ontario and Quebec have been exaggerated and embittered by its utterances; the constitution has been criticized as defective and insufficient; the North-West and the Maritime Provinces alike have been encouraged in the belief that they have no economic interests in common with Quebec and Ontario; and the impossibility of the geographically attenuated sections of the Dominion doing business with each other, iterated and reiterated till any one, as the *Montreal Gazette* truly says, reading and accepting all the paper's statements "would be convinced that the federation was on the verge of dissolution and that the longer the collapse was delayed the greater would be the risk for a violent disruption." That, we think, is a fair statement of what the *Mail* of late years has been doing. It has gone in for a propaganda of political pessimism; and so far as we can judge the programme has not been remarkably successful. The *Mail* has been a great public irritant, but it has not yet led Canadians to lose confidence in their country. Canada, as the *Gazette* says is too great a country to be swayed from its national course by the influence of any journal however powerful, or the action of the legislation of any foreign nation; and before any change in the direction of annexation can be brought about Canadians will have to be convinced that it is to their political and moral, as well as to their commercial, welfare. The annexation idea has made no progress in Canada; its adherents are not more numerous to-day than they were a quarter of a century ago. On the other hand those who have faith in Canada's national future, as a nation politically and commercially autonomous, have multiplied many times; and this too in the face of many invitations to throw in our lot with our American neighbours, and even of coercive action on their part designed to hasten that end. For example the reciprocity treaty of 1854 was abrogated by the United States for no other purpose than to commercially starve Canada, into consent to political union. Yet for a quarter of a century we have lived and thrived without the advantages of that treaty; formed a great Confederation; added to our territory; doubled our population; and linked it from sea to sea by a great system of internal communication. That being so there is no occasion for us after all to become excited or alarmed. There are two main forces at the bottom of all national vitality—the sentimental, that is to say the pride of country, the instinct of nationhood; and the economic. The first of these we believe to be strong in Canadians; and with regard to the second, while reciprocity, we cannot doubt, would be a good and desirable thing, yet events have abundantly demonstrated that it is not absolutely essential to our progress or happiness. Some United States legislators, it may be, think otherwise. They are gentlemen perhaps who have indulged a good deal in the American dream of Continental Empire, and who from too much dreaming have passed beyond dreamland and into the domain of delirium.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF JOHN LONGWORTHY.

M. P. EGAN IN AVE MARIA.

I.—Broadway at Night.

John Longworthy walked up Broadway, swinging his umbrella rather recklessly. Fortunately, there was not anybody in lower Broadway to be prodded by its gyrating point; for eight o'clock had just struck, and, until he came to Fulton Street, Broadway was a desert. He walked rapidly, unheeding a slight drizzle of rain. He had no need to be in a hurry as he had just dined and yet he dashed under the heads of the horses of a street-car that was turning into Broadway, as if it were twelve o'clock noon and he were a broker late for an expected arrangement on change.

Longworthy was not satisfied with himself or the world. He had dined at the Twilight Club, which met periodically in a restaurant in the top of a great building down town. He had heard a number of speeches on the subject named for discussion at this symposium. Mr. Henry George and Mr. Redpath had spoken; a popular Baptist minister, a Conservative young lawyer, and a Catholic priest had given their opinions; and yet nobody had quite convinced Longworthy that there was any way out of the muddle into which modern civilization had gotten itself. The question had been, "How Shall We Help the Poor?"

The Catholic priest's utterance had struck him as having a practical ring, but it seemed to Longworthy that he laid too much stress on the spiritual condition of the poor in New York. And yet he seemed to know them better than the others, and that was an advantage. Most people whom he had heard talk on this burning question seemed to feel that the less you knew of the poor personally and the more you knew of them statistically, the better you were qualified for defining their wants. The priest seemed to know the poor of New York, and in them John Longworthy was very greatly interested. But, not being a Catholic, he failed to understand why the priest put so much stress on sin and so little on sanitation. He was of the opinion that if you gave poor people light, pleasant rooms, gymnastic apparatus, swimming schools, good music, and lectures improving to their literary taste, you would make them as contented as mortals could be. It suddenly occurred to him, as the priest spoke, that perhaps it would be well to know the poor and what they considered their needs before prescribing for them.

John Longworthy was forty years of age and a bachelor. There had been a romance in his life ten years ago. He had admired intensely a young Italian girl, but religious differences had been an insuperable barrier to their marriage. This experience made him graver in tone than he had been. Being moderately well off, he travelled much in out-of-the-way places. He had written two books—on "The Science of Politics" and on "Social Questions and their solution." It was the prestige of these volumes which had earned for him many invitations to the Twilight Club. He had gone thither in search of light on questions which—his books said—he had already answered. Somehow he felt that he was outgrowing these volumes, although they continued to sell. He had in contemplation an article for the *North American Review*, in which he would show that the essence of all religions was to be the religion of the future, and that this essence was reverence for ago and love of little children. Apart from those feelings possible of cultivation in every breast, and which should be cultivated by the State, religion was a collection of ancient odds and ends, barnacles,—*roba di Roma*, and other effete places. Reverence for the old and love for the young should be cultivated by perfect plumbing, annual poetical celebrations, good music, and the introduction of Longfellow's poems as a text-book in all schools. He had determined to find out who said "I love God and little children," and to put it—if it happened to have been written by Jean Paul Richter—at the head of his paper. It meant really the essence of all religion,—for of course "God" stood for the forces of nature.

All this ran through Longworthy's mind as he walked up Broadway in the rain. To passers by he was a tall, well-dressed man in a hurry. If you had seen him in the *Herald* office—into which he dropped to give an advertisement to the clerk at the desk—you would have seen that he was a man

with a high forehead, a healthy color, kindly blue eyes, a rather long blonde beard and mustache. His eyes were grave eyes with a latent spark in them; he carried a light overcoat over his arm; he wore a dark frock-coat, gray trousers, and a silk hat; a bunch of violets in his lapel did not distinguish him particularly, for the New Yorker has become as fond of flowers as the ancient Roman. He paid for his advertisement—he wanted a copyist, and turned away from the desk, forgetting his umbrella. The clerk called after him, but Longworthy did not hear him. It had ceased to rain. Before the clerk could get out from behind his rampart, Longworthy, had jumped into a *coupe* which happened to be passing.

The clerk looked at the umbrella curiously. It was a good one, with a handle of some foreign polished wood, and the initial "L" on a little silver plate. The clerk thought with complacency that his own name was "Long." He went back to his work, feeling that the day had been a lucky one; for a man who was capable of leaving an umbrella behind him on a damp night would in all probability not remember where he left it. The clerk reflected that a man who could afford to take a *coupe* when he felt like it, and to wear a nosegay of Parma violets in December, would not miss his umbrella much; and he examined the engraved "L" again, with a certain feeling that virtue, in his case, had been rewarded. A newsboy who had watched the clerk congratulated him, and said "the bloke that lost that umbril was his uncle, and that the property ought to be given to him to take home."

The driver of the *coupe* stopped at Canal Street. Longworthy had told him to drive to the Union League Club, where he expected to meet his publisher, and he introduced to a member of Parliament who had read his "Social Questions." There was a block at Canal Street, because a circus company was moving its luggage and animals. The carriage paused ten minutes; when it stopped again, in front of the Union League, the driver waited a moment in the hope that his "fare" would open the door himself and get out. As there was no sign, the driver descended and opened the door. There was nobody inside! The driver was astonished; he lit a match and found a two-dollar note on the seat.

"It's queer!" he said to himself. "The man looked like a gentleman—and so he was!" he concluded, as he fingered the note. "Some people, if they wanted to try this game, would have beaten me out of my fare."

He did not say anything about the matter, until he saw in the papers of one day after that Mr. John Longworthy, an eminent man of letters, had disappeared. The last people who had seen him were the clerk in the *Herald* office, the driver, and the newsboy. They were heroes of the moment, and the umbrella with the "L" on it divided public interest with them.

The clerk described the upper part of John Longworthy—the forehead,—he had taken off his hat at the window, for the walk had heated him,—the violets, and the color of his coat. The newsboy described his trousers and the pair of white over-gaiters he wore. He had gone, and his friends believed that he had been murdered; but the driver scoffed at this, until his hat, with a card pasted in it, was found, battered and almost shapeless, in a gutter in Canal Street. Even then he reluctantly assented to the theory; for it was his opinion that a gentleman who might have had a free ride and did not take it was too good to come to any bad end. He was alone in this opinion, though John Longworthy's friends, in a series of interviews, declared that he had not an enemy in the world. As his publisher, too, was loud in this assertion, it seemed to be true. He had disappeared,—that was certain.

II.—The Scent of the Violets.

All the daily papers had theories about John Longworthy's disappearance. It was a case of murder or suicide. He had been dragged from the *coupe* and sandbagged. He might have walked into the river in a fit of temporary insanity. He was considered to be eccentric at times, and perhaps some sudden trouble had driven him mad. But there was no trace of sudden trouble. His last letter to a friend in Paris lay half finished in his study. It was printed in all the papers. It ran:

"Your report of the condition of the poor in Paris makes

me shudder. You say that the work of the sisters of Charity and of other 'religious,' male and female, seems to be all that is effective in the worst parts of your city. How do you account for it? Is it because the people really love the poor, or because they live with them and are poor like themselves? There is positively not much left to me in life, except an intense interest in the great problem of raising the poor above their present level. They suffer like driven beasts, but they are not beasts. Sometimes I think that, if I were a Catholic, and could understand what 'vocation' in the religious sense means, I might get nearer to the poor. Do not fancy that I mean the poor in the New England towns of our boyhood, who merely were not rich, and who worked every day to gain what the rich got without working. Write soon, my dear Dick, and let me know more about the Parisian poor—"

His servant said he had looked at his watch, ordered him to lay out his evening clothes before half-past eight, and written on a card, to be delivered if a certain friend called: "I shall be at the Nineteenth Century Club in time to meet you late—I have heard all the people there have to say about Socialism before. Shall drop in at the Union League to see Brooks for a minute."

He had not seen Brooks; his evening clothes still lay on the bed; he had not appeared at the Nineteenth Century Club, by which Socialism had been discussed, and now he was—where?

It came out that he had been paid two thousand dollars on the day of his disappearance. Mr. Casper Mollenhauser had gone to his office after banking hours on that day, and paid him a mortgage in bills of one hundred and five hundred dollars each. This fact was a great support to the murder theory. But the carriage driver laughed at this. How could anybody be dragged out his of *coupe* early in the evening at Broadway and Canal Street without his hearing a row? Mr. Longworthy might have jumped out—he probably did—leaving two dollars on the seat for him. As to sandbagging and that sort of thing, he had no patience with it.

John Longworthy's will was discovered. He was a fairly wealthy man. He had no relatives living, except a rich uncle in Liverpool. The will made the town stare. He left all his money for the purpose of investigating the tenement house question, and magnificently endowed a chair of sanitation at Yale College. This seemed very absurd to his friends, who thought he might have done so much for Italian Opera, the propagation of fox-hunting on Staten Island, the new Episcopal Cathedral, or toward founding a school of Ethnical Culture. But as his death could not be proved, his will remained a dead letter.

Various societies and clubs, all more or less interested in Socialism, drew up resolutions and made panegyrics. His acquaintances talked over the mystery, and one or two friends earnestly lamented him. Many, neither friends nor acquaintances, to whom he had been kind in various ways, missed his face and were sincere in their regret for his loss.

The police worked silently—more efficiently than they were given credit for. Nobody seemed to think that the search for the missing man was made more difficult by the tendency of the newspapers to make public any clue the moment it was discovered. The detectives were obliged to work in the light, instead of the dark, as they preferred, and all the time were held up to derision by the daily papers, which tried to outdo one another in showing the public how much cleverer than the police they were.

It happened, however, that the only reasonable clue was made out by a young man who had read the minute descriptions of John Longworthy's dress given by the clerk in the *Herald* office and by the newsboy. His name was Miles Galligan; having no regular employment—he was one of those unfortunates who had held political place, and henceforth live on the hope of more office—he amused himself by doing some amateur police work. Longworthy's clothes were good. The *Herald* clerk, who evidently knew about such things, declared that the coat was of French make. A glance had told him that; for the shoulders were sloped in a manner not affected by English or American tailors; and, then, the collar was very high. The clerk was positive that Mr. Longworthy's hat and coat were of foreign make.

So much stress was laid on the victim's clothes that Miles

Galligan determined to see whether he could find any trace of them or not. They were so peculiar in cut that the murderer or murderers would not wear them and yet much too good to be thrown away.

In the public mind John Longworthy had become "the victim," and his inexplicable disappearance was generally called a "murder." Galligan, having plenty of time on his hands, went the rounds of the "misfit" and second-hand tailor-shops. Time and patience finally brought him into the quarter of the Polish Jews. He permitted himself to be almost torn to pieces by the proprietors of the various caves; for their favorite method is more forcible than that of the spider who wanted to entice the fly into his parlor. A man who falls into the hands of two of these old-clothes dealers will be so tattered and torn by the time they let him go that he will need new attire.

Galligan, in his search, saw many strange garments,—which represent the foam cast up by the tide of humanity, ebbing and flowing in the metropolis. In one place was a draggled skirt of green tulle—the cast-off property of some dancer at the theatre,—hung next to a pilot coat, fished out of the river and probably lost by some drunken seaman; a little child's frock—bought at a pawnbroker's sale,—dangled near a frock-coat of dark blue, which looked fresher than the rest of the contents of the place. Galligan's eyes brightened. He pretended to examine the pilot coat. The proprietor was assisted by an aged woman, who wore a light brown wig, and carried a string of dried mushrooms and an antique goose. She had come in to bargain for the child's frock, but she diverted her attention to support the efforts of Isaac Zeayski in selling the pilot coat. She was the widow of Isaac's cousin, hence the wig; for the widows in the quarter of the Polish Jews always cut off their hair and wear wigs of unparalleled ugliness.

The pilot coat? Surely the young man was charmed by its warmth, its softness as of velvet,—look at the lining! It alone was worth the whole price of the garment. Galligan was coy. Then the widow of Simon Zeayski began. Her husband had one like it; he could not wear it out; it was buried with him. Galligan understood little of their gabbling; he examined the pilot coat carefully. It was too big!

"Too big!" Both the Zeayskis raised their hands in horror. "Too big!" they shrieked. "Why, it fits like the skin of a fat goose! It is worthy of a prince. And so cheap: three dollars and a half,—only three dollars and a half!"

Galligan turned away. The Zeayskis almost wept. "Ah," said the widow, with a flash of inspiration, "the young man is a nobleman; he would have the coat of a nobleman. Behold!" and she pointed, like a sibyl, to the dark blue frock-coat.

Galligan turned away sulkily. Isaac clung to him. "I am ruined if you do not buy. I have sold nothing to-day. It will give me bad luck if you leave my shop!"

The widow added her pleading, and put herself, the goose and the dangling mushrooms in Galligan's way.

Galligan took the coat; he turned down the collar and read the label on the inside: "Sturm, Paris." It had been made in France, and yet that told nothing. He did not dare to search the pockets, with the eyes of the voluble Polish Jews fixed on him; he held the coat in his hands, and ran over in his mind the descriptions he had read—"Dark blue frock-coat, rather long in the tails and tight in the waist, high collar, a bunch of violets."—He brought the lapel close to his face.

"Ach, Rachel," cried Isaac, "he will find the stitches beautiful, done in real silk! The button-holes are alone worth the price of the coat. I wish I were rich—I would wear such a coat on all feasts."

A faint, sweet odor became apparent to Galligan. Caught in the button hole was a withered Parma violet, hanging dry on its limp stem. Galligan's heart jumped, but he sulkily threw the coat across the clothes-line on which it had hung.

"Not to-day!" he said.

Isaac called down the vengeance of heaven on him. Rachel wiped her eyes with the string of dried mushrooms. Could human nature be so depraved as to slight such a bargain?

Galligan yielded to their ontreaties and reluctantly took the coat again. He turned the pockets inside out—he found nothing; he turned the label in the inside of the collar, and read, embroidered in white silk on the reverse of it, "J.L."

Ho had no doubt now that it was John Longworthy's coat. After some haggling he paid just half what Isaac asked for it and took it away.

To be continued.

THE TASK OF THE PEACEMAKER.

If we have not already referred to the Hon. Mr. Joly de Lotbiniere's remarkable letter on the Jesuits' Estates question, it is because we hesitated to take any share in a discussion which we have hitherto purposely avoided. The unhappy controversy which, passing the bounds of its original platform, raged last year through the entire Dominion, was to us, as to many of our compatriots, a source of sincere regret. We did not think we were likely to add to the edification of our readers by mingling our voices with the chorus of conflict. What was needed was not more noise but an interval of silence that would give the contestants a chance of asking what it all really meant. There is nothing more easy than to excite a popular clamour. Even when a community is homogeneous in race and creed, design or chance may cause a storm of indignation against some policy, class or interest, which it may require able and patient statesmanship to calm. How much more liable to gusts of popular feeling are populations of a composite character like ours! Here in this fair land Providence has placed side by side the children of two great races—representatives of the three great elements to which the western half of Europe owes its civilization. The nations from which, in different proportions, we derive these elements, are among the greatest in the world. There is no reason why, being thus complex, being able to claim a part in the traditions and literatures of them both, and being a constituent portion of one of them, Canada should not have a destiny worthy of her two-fold origin, why each section of our people should not recognize in the other its essential complement, a fruitful source of strength and grandeur and stability. Certain it is that only on the principle of complete oneness, of perfect and willing co-operation, can we expect to build up on this continent a power that will take rank in the van of civilized nations. A house divided against itself, we know on the best authority, cannot endure. Whatever tends, therefore, to create dissension, to set race against race and creed against creed, in this great French-English Dominion is to be condemned by the patriot, and whoever wilfully encourages division, on whatever plea, is guilty of treason to his country.

It must not, of course, be supposed that on great questions of policy it is possible to avoid divergence of view. All progress, all reform involves more or less of political conflict. There are, indeed, theorists who hold that we might do without parties altogether, but no practical substitute has as yet been devised. To give up our traditional party government for a system of random faction under which no ministry could have a year's lease of life would not be a happy exchange. That, in the due course of that constitutional development which has already given us the boon of "responsible government," a time will come when, as the poet sings of the early Roman Republic, none will be for a party, but all will be for the State, it is, at least, permitted to hope. Meanwhile, if it can be shown that, even under our actual dispensation, it is possible to escape the bitterness of those old-world feuds, racial and religious, the revival of which during the past year is a deplorable anachronism, we ought to accept the lesson with gratitude and lose no time in turning it to good account.

The Hon. Mr. Joly has a peculiarly happy vantage-ground from which to address words of counsel and warning to the people of both races and communions in this Province. Representing one of the oldest families of the once dominant nationality, he is at the same time a member of a Protestant church. He is, moreover, qualified by training and experience to speak *ex cathedra* on the legal and political aspects of the question at issue. While the controversy was at its height, Mr. Joly abstained from meddling with it. Like many patriotic men, who saw that it had been given a direction which

could only lead to mischief, he felt that, till the excitement had somewhat quieted down, it would be vain to advise calm deliberation. In the heat of conflict the peacemaker is liable to be misunderstood by both sides. Now, however, that there is a pause—a permanent pause, we trust—in this long warfare of charge and recrimination. Mr. Joly seizes the opportunity of saying a few temperate words to those of his own creed. While he connects the latter agitation on the Jesuits' Estates Act with the earlier Riel movement, he acquits the *Parti National* of having foreseen the larger and deeper significance which the latter has assumed. But he adds: "If they will put themselves for one moment in the place of the English Protestants of Canada, they will easily understand why it was taken by them as a serious provocation." Nevertheless, neither in the execution of Riel nor in the Jesuits' Estates Bill does Mr. Joly find justification in the appeals made by both sides to religious and national feeling. As to the adverse sentiment that leading Protestants have aroused against the Act, Mr. Joly, though he shrinks from accusing them of wilful misinterpretation, or the desire to stir up religious antipathy, is forced to conclude that the result is as deplorable as if they had been blameworthy in both instances. As for the mass of the agitators, he doubts whether they have read the document. At any rate it is evident that it has not been carefully studied by those who use such terms as "endowment" and "confiscation" in dealing with the subject. The property of the Jesuits was not confiscated, he maintains, but escheated to the Crown through the failure of lawful heirs. The Order had committed no offence against the laws of England which would justify such a proceeding. As to the fear, to which some writers and speakers have given expression, lest the payment of the \$400,000 should be but the instalment of a larger sum, Mr. Joly points out that in the statute itself there is an explicit and absolute bar to any further claim. The introduction of the Pope's name in the preamble which gave so much offence to Protestants is by Mr. Joly deemed so essential for the final settlement of the question that, had he been a member of the Legislature at the time of its passage, he would have insisted on its insertion. If in any ordinary contract the sanction of the head of the firm or corporation that is a party to it is requisite to make it legally binding, surely it would have been strange to leave the Pope's name out of a settlement in which the Church was concerned. In fact, what to the lay mind might appear superfluous in the preamble, is, from a legal standpoint, "evidence of the minute precautions taken to secure a valid and final discharge and settlement for the Province of Quebec."

Such, in brief, is the view that Hon. Mr. Joly takes of this vexed question. We know that different judgments have been pronounced—even by Roman Catholics—of the wording of the Bill. His object is not to revive controversy, but to suggest methods of conciliation, and with the spirit of his letter and the desire which animates him we fully sympathize. "Every effort," as he says, "must be made to preserve the old feeling of mutual trust and forbearance, which has made us Canadians—English and French, Roman Catholics and Protestants live happily side by side in peace." He feels that the task is not easy; that whoever undertakes it runs the risk of giving offence. We are sure, nevertheless, that there are many who will applaud the mission of the peacemaker. Mr. Joly is not alone in wishing to see the end of the reign of rancorous controversy. Months ago, our correspondent, "W." in his pamphlet already noticed in our columns, preached that conciliation and good will of which his long life has set the example. While both sections of our people have such representatives, we need not despair of the restoration of harmony.—*Dominion Illustrated.*

The London *Echo* says:—"This story is from the Vale of Clwyd. Among the passengers in a train running between Rhyland and Denbigh were a very high dignitary of the Protestant Church, but who does not look his office, and an old Welsh farmer. The agriculturist, getting into conversation with the dignitary, remarked, looking at the clerical cut of his fellow-traveller's clothes. "I suppose you are a curate?" The dignitary, from very modesty, did not like to answer out that he was above a curate, so he simply replied, "I have been a curate once." "Dear me," exclaimed the old man, "'tis a great pity, young man; the drink again, no doubt."

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT IN MONTREAL.

On Tuesday evening, the 21st inst., the officers, members and friends of the St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Benevolent Society of Montreal, met in St. Patrick's Hall to learn from the President, Rev. J. A. McCallen, what arrangements had been made for the celebration of the golden jubilee of the Society. Father McCallen announced that the celebration of this most interesting anniversary of the oldest Catholic temperance organization on this continent would be both religious and social. On Sunday, February 16, the religious celebration would take place in St. Patrick's church, and would consist of a general communion of all the members of both sexes and both branches of the Society at the 8 a.m. Mass. The Mass would be celebrated by His Grace Archbishop Fabre, the great patron of the temperance cause, who had also kindly consented to give a solemn Benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament after the temperance lecture at 7.30 o'clock on the evening of the same day. The social celebration would take place in the Queen's Hall on Monday evening, February 17, at 8 o'clock, and would consist of a grand concert given by a choir of sixty voices and several talented soloists under the direction of Prof. Fowler, and of a lecture by Father McCallen on "Lights and Shades in Human Character." The Rev. speaker then urged his hearers to make their influence felt among our politicians and legislators for the cause of high license. He quoted His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, the great champion of the laboring class, as saying that every blow struck for the cause of temperance was a blow struck for the cause of the labouring man. He likewise quoted Father Nugent, the great temperance orator of England, who, during twenty-five years of spiritual ministrations to over 200,000 convicts in one of the largest penitentiaries, "that out of every ten convicts, eight had been led to the penitentiary by intemperance." In Philadelphia, his own native city, high license in one year had diminished the number of saloons, from 6,000 to 1,800, and the number of convicts by 8,000, had doubled the revenue to the city by the license tax, besides saving the enormous sum that would have been required for the support of so many convicts. "Let us try high license in Montreal," continued the speaker. "let us separate the liquor from the grocery trade, let us diminish the number of taverns, and by a high license tax increase the revenues of the city and Government. Let us abolish the low grogeries which are leading our people, not by hundreds, but by thousands, to crime and pauperism. Let the Sunday law be most rigorously enforced, not only by fines, but if necessary by imprisonment. Then will our Society and the numerous societies of the city be enabled to fight for their cause against less fearful odds, and succeed in elevating and making prosperous the now degraded poor who have not the strength to overcome the numerous temptations which beset their daily path through life. Legislators give us high license. Voters see that your representatives respect the will of their constituents."

WHY NOT GIVE THE PEOPLE A CHANCE.

In every Catholic church which has seriously taken up the experiment of congregational singing it has been a success. Success means more than musical success. It means that one of the greatest of arts, one of the most elevated of sciences has been turned to the glory of God and the blessing of His people. Sculpture, painting, architecture, the skill of the decorator, have been combined everywhere for His glory. Why not give the people an opportunity to praise Him in still another art?

Pastors are timid lest the attempt shall fail. There is no need of failure. The number of Catholic churches in which the congregation participate in the music service far exceeds the number in which that beautiful privilege is left to a few chosen voices which, however excellent from the technical side of the matter, scarcely increase devotion, which adorns ritual but does not make hearts more fervent. All over the Continent of Europe the Catholic people sing in the churches.

In every great church there is a choir of boys or of male voices, and in most of them a special quartette, with or with-

out chorus. But while each of these shares in the rendering of the service, the people also have their share. They chant the Psalms, they sing antiphona, they join in the magnificent rendering of august Gregorian melodies for which the most brilliant modern composers of sacred song have not yet supplied equivalents that can hope to displace the glorious strains of Ambrose and his successors. In the Catholic churches of England the people sing. In the Oratory at Brompton, London, the congregational singing is a feature of the Vespers, and of many special devotional seasons. In Ireland the practice has long been lost.

It was lost under those shocking ordinances known as the penal laws. A people intensely fond of melody, and among the first of nations to produce national music, law came in with hideous punishments for those who would attend Mass or say it, for all who in any manner approved or practised the Catholic faith. The fine old churches were abandoned. The shades of the groves, the sheltered deeps of the glens, the fastnesses of the mountains, the caves of the sea and of the lakes became the resorts of priests and people. Silence was indispensable for their safety. They spoke only in whispers, they lost the ancient privilege of sacred song. This loss still carries with it natural consequences. They sang in Latin and in their rich sonorous Gaelic. Both languages became felonious, and with their silence, the practise of congregational singing died out in the chapels of the Isle of Saints.

Happily we are under penal laws no longer. Our Catholic people may sing as freely as they pray. The only question to be considered is the practical one of the means and method of reviving the ancient rule. At Brompton the young clergy seat themselves at intervals among the people in the pews, and, blending their voices with those of the laity, strengthen the chant, giving confidence to the weak and courage to the inexperienced. In the same way men and women, who have some knowledge of music and fair ability to sing, can be induced to take places in our American Catholic congregations and help re-establish a custom too long in the breach. There is plenty of simple, noble music which requires only a moderate range of voice.

It is a fact, not open to contest, that every congregation which sings in church is larger, more devout and more intelligent than the congregations that do not sing. One must think of God when chanting His praise. One may think of many other subjects when praising Him only by proxy. As a means of concentrating the heart and the mind music is an invaluable agent. It should be taught regularly and efficiently in all Catholic schools. It is a more effectual discipline than birch rods. It maintains order better than monitors. By cultivating it in the schools the material for congregational singing in the churches is being formed. Meanwhile, let the people have a chance to sing. They will never give it up after once fairly trying.—*N.Y. Catholic Review.*

PRESENTATION AND ADDRESS TO REV. J. J. McENTEE, OSHAWA.

The Catholic people of Oshawa, who are on the eve of losing their beloved pastor, gathered in all their force, on Sunday the 19th inst., at 7.30, to pay their faithful father and friend a spontaneous testimony of their love and respect in the shape of a beautiful address and a well filled purse. Grand musical Vespers and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, were celebrated in the presence of an immense audience, at the conclusion of which Mr. J. Brockman stepped forward, on the part of the congregation of St. Gregory's church, and read the following address, to which Rev. McEntee made a very touching and sympathetic reply, in well chosen and happy words which evidently deeply affected many of his hearers:

To Rev. J. J. McEntee, P. P., Oshawa.

DEAR FATHER,—We, the people of St. Gregory's parish, have assembled here to testify our deep feeling of regret at your departure from among us. We cannot allow you to sever your connection from us without expressing our appreciation of the many noble acts performed by you. And your unselfishness in promoting the welfare of others deserves to

be followed by every one who desires to see the brotherhood of man inaugurated. You have spent the better part of your life amongst us and we are all witnesses of the vast amount of good you have effected by your untiring zeal and pastoral solicitude for the space of twelve years. A cemetery artistically laid out, fenced, treed, and decorated, and which would be an ornament to a more pretentious place. The pastoral residence and grounds are unique in their excellence, taste, and fitness. A stable and coach-house combined at a cost of over \$1,200 which is a necessary accommodation and adornment to any place. All costing over \$10,000 and nearly paid for with the exception of a few hundred dollars. Rev. Father, we cannot now retain you, though we have done our utmost to do so, because the authoritative and firm resolve of our beloved Archbishop has gone forth, to which we bow and obediently submit. We can only now awake remembrances of the many words and deeds of loving kindness you have continually lavished on us, even when we rendered ourselves ungrateful and unworthy of them. Words of ours are but weak and feeble to fully express what we feel. Our deep sense of sorrow for past ingratitude and lack of appreciation of your tireless care and devotion in your behalf, your constant attendance on the sick and sympathy in their sufferings. Your love and solicitude and unremitting attention to our children's spiritual and temporal welfare were kindness and blessings we can never forget. We desire your acceptance of this purse as something to keep in your remembrance and as a small token of the esteem in which you are held by the Catholics of Oshawa. And that you may long be spared to labour in the future as in the past, is the sincere desire of the members of the parish. In conclusion we implore your forgiveness, your prayers, and a place in your memory. And in the pain of parting there comes a cheering hope that Almighty God will one day re unite us in love and friendship when we shall have made ourselves worthy to be all able to meet in the paradise of his eternal joys.

Committee.—Messrs. Rich. Troy, *Chairman*, Patrick Wall, Arthur Wilkinson, T. Leonard, Jas. Mulien, Thos. Conlon, John Hart, Sr., Geo. O. Roberts, P. Creighton, John Wilkinson, Henry Hill, Wm. Brasley, Martin Screen, Wm. Cushing, E. McNally, Joseph Brockmar, Rich. Stapleton, D. O'Leary, Dan Healy, John O'Leary. Thos. McKittrick, *Sec.*

On Saturday evening, the 18th inst., at 8 o'clock, the children of the Separate School invited Rev. Father McEntee to be present at a beautiful entertainment gotten up in his honor by the more advanced pupils, under the superintendance of the good sisters of St. Joseph. To those present the musical treat was most enjoyable and successful in every sense of the word. At the termination of the programme, Miss Jennie Phair came forward and read a very feeling address, the heartfelt sentiments of every child in the school, who were evidently grieved at the idea of losing him who had constantly and persistently taken such a decided interest in their welfare and progress. The children also presented the Rev. Father with a beautiful surplice trimmed with oriental lace, and two magnificent bouquets of natural flowers, the odoriferous perfumes of which were to remind him of the love and innocence of the juvenile donors.

Rev. and Very Dear Father.—It is with feelings of regret and sorrow, we learn that you are soon to depart from our midst, that the bonds of our holy relationship are to be severed.

We have assembled in our class room, through which, sad echoes are stealing, to say farewell and to express to you our sentiments of gratitude for the many blessings your sojourn amongst us has occasioned.

Memory will ever revert to the period of your ministry as one of joy and happiness.

Your presence has enhanced our childish pleasures, your words of earnest encouragement have cheered our youthful hearts, when the dark veil of sorrow, or affliction enshrouded our homes. Always have we found you a true Father, friend and guide.

Of old our blessed Lord looked with tender kindness on the little ones. Following this model you too have said, by your actions "Let the little ones come unto me and forbid them not."

May He who is of all friends the best, pour forth choice blessings on your path through life.

May your new mission, dear father, be a veritable garden of delight, yielding in abundance blossoms and fruits for life eternal.

In conclusion we beg your acceptance of this simple offering, regard not its value but the affectionate hearts of the givers, your devoted children of St. Gregory's school.—*Oshawa Indicator.*

Men and Things.

There is a movement in Cork to erect a statue to the memory of "Father Prout" (Father Mahony) in the art museum of that city. Father Mahony was a native of Cork, and was, we think, a member of the Mahony family who own the celebrated cloth mills at Blarney, where the famous Irish frieze is manufactured.

The London papers record the death of Mr. Frank A. Marshall, the literateur, dramatist and Shakesperian scholar. He was a Catholic, and, as the *Universe* says, "a gentleman of sincere and unobtrusive piety, as edifying a model in that respect as Mr. Frank Burnand of *Punch*." Mr. Marshall is the author of a tragedy on the fate of Robert Emmet, which he wrote for Henry Irving, but has not yet been acted.

Colonel Sir Wm. K. Butler (the husband of Miss Thompson, of "Roll Call" celebrity) is likely to be the next commander of the troops at Alexandria, possibly with the rank of Major-General. "Sir William," says the *London Universe*, "is one of the 'Wolseley gang' and is a brilliant writer, a Catholic, an Irishman, and a Home Ruler. We wish him luck, as his is one of the rare cases where merit goes more by merit than favour."

Sir John Pope Hennessy has returned to England, and may woo the voices of a constituency in Ireland at the next general election. He will not have the ghost of a chance of success unless he is "sound on the goose." At the outset of his Parliamentary career he was a brilliant young Tory and a very ready rhetorician, and got in for the King's County principally on the recommendation of the late Cardinal Wiseman. But that hybrid sect of Irish belief no longer exists. The Tory Nationalist is as extinct as the dodo.

The Rev. Dr. Barry contributes to the *Tablet* an admirable study of Robert Browning. He expresses what we all know when he says that Browning's Catholics are not Catholics at all, and that his pope and his cardinals are merely creatures of his fancy, but he congratulates the world on the fact that Browning's activity "should have been directed to a vivid and deeply-moving illustration of the principles which a Christian holds to be everlastingly true." It would be well if the scoffers at admiration for Browning would learn something of his best work before talking of "affectation."

Mr. Jose Navarro, father of the young man to whom Miss Mary Anderson was reported recently to have been engaged, says: "I think Miss Anderson is more likely to enter a convent than to get married. She is almost as much attached to the Church as to the stage. Recently in London she scrubbed the floor in one of the hospitals as an act of humility. She is as modest as she is unpretending, and as pure as she is good. I have not seen a word on the subject of an engagement or a proposed marriage in the letters I have received from my wife and son, and I received letters from both on Wednesday, January 1st."

Autotype machines have just been served out for the first time to some of the copying clerks at the Vatican; but (according to the Continental correspondent of the *Glasgow Herald*) they are only to be used for the roughest kind of proof-work which has to be done in a hurry. The Pope dislikes the innovation, for he is anxious—and rightly so—not to break up the admirable school of penmanship which flourishes at the

Vatican. There is no such writing in the world as that which is seen on the documents sent out by the Curia. All the copying clerks of the first rank are priests and monks, and many of them real artists in calligraphy. They are allowed to exercise their fancy in the tracing of illuminated capitals and ornamental rubrics or margins, but there must not be a single erasure on a page which has to be issued in the Pope's name. A misplaced comma causes a whole page to be re-written.

Here is one of the beautiful passages of Father Fidelis' splendid discourse, at the inauguration of the Catholic University. He had been describing what the Church had done in the past, and he exclaims. "All this she has done in the past and much more. And now she is here in the midst of us. For a hundred years she has been here, and she is at home in this land. Look upon her, I say, and tell me what think you of Christ's Church? Whose spouse is she? Is her form bent and her forehead wrinkled? Are her sandals worn and her garments moth-eaten? Is her gait halting and feeble, and does she walk with trembling steps? Think you, forsooth, that she is afraid to trust herself to our new civilization? that she clings reluctantly to the mouldering fashions of an age that has passed? Oh, see! her face is radiant and her brow erect and starlit, and on her lips is the smile of peace; her robes are beautiful with variety and fragrant as with spices, and the step with which she advances is elastic with triumph. *Vera incessu patuit dea*. Her movement betrays her divinity. She is the Daughter of the King."

Current Catholic Thought.

THAT PAPAL DIPLOMAT.

A Catholic exchange says:

"For reasons of religion we should be very glad to see a gentleman in purple soutane among the diplomatic corps at Washington. We should be delighted to see the Pope's representative taking rank over all the foreign ambassadors there. We should be delighted to find the Papal flag flying over the Papal embassy, and the Papal coat-of-arms mixing among the brilliant equipages at the grand receptions."

Tastes differ. We, somehow or other, prefer the democratic ideal of the missionary age, when all idea of brilliant equipages was thrust aside for the real growth of the Church. The place of the Christian is in the Master's vineyard and not in the vanity and worldliness of brilliant receptions. A Papal diplomat at Washington would be a useless ornament and needless expense.—*Milwaukee Citizen*.

BLACKGUARDISM.

It is reported that Father Phelan, editor of the *St. Louis Western Watchman*, while in Europe last summer purchased a ring that had once been the property of Pius IX. and had been worn by that saintly Pontiff. Alluding to this, a Baptist paper, called the *American Baptist*, published at St. Louis, and edited, doubtless, by a minister of the Baptist sect, said:

"But what if the old hypocrite, Pius the Ninth, did wear that ring? That would not make it any better than if it had been worn by a baboon."

We believe there are but few men and women in the United States who, when they see the language here quoted, will not characterize it as the language of blackguardism. The man who wrote it is a blackguard, even though he wear the garb of a clergyman and try to pass as a gentleman.

We do not know how the Baptist papers of the country will deal with this blackguardism; whether they will censure or commend the blackguard who penned and printed the above gross and uncalled for insult to the memory of the saintly Pontiff, Pius IX. But we thank God that the leading Protestant paper of the United States, the *Independent*, has not waited for any of the Baptist papers or preachers to utter condemnation. In its issue of last week it characterizes the language of the *American Baptist* as "scandalous, insulting, and in every way unworthy of a religious paper." It adds: "We had, not long ago, in this city, an exhibition of relics of Washington, all great, valued because they belonged to

the Father of this country. There is nothing discreditable or calling for a jest or jibe about a Catholic priest valuing a ring which belonged to the Head of his Church."

The editor of the Baptist paper would honour the man who would cherish a relic of Washington, Darius, or Nebuchadnezzar, but to cherish a ring that belonged to Pius IX.—that excites in him only the spirit of the blackguard.—*Michigan Catholic*.

THE LATE FATHER DAMEN.

Apart from his preaching he was a great man. He was a founder, an organizer, a carrier of the Gospel over a broad continent. Even among the Jesuits—those tireless energetic souls—he was great. He was foremost in a society which has done so much for American civilization, which, taking its life in its hand, has explored the almost boundless forests of North America, and erected monuments which shall never perish, and which will always call to mind the achievements of a great order. It is easy enough to go into Montana in our days, to cross the Sierra Novadas, to penetrate to Oregon. There is the railroad and there are the steamboats, but those agents of travel did not exist when Father Damen and his co laborers crossed the continent and took the Gospel of Christ to the Indians of the Northwest. It is easy enough now for the Protestant missionary, with his wife and children, to sit down under the shadow of a United States fort and scatter his little tracts among what are left of the nomads, but forty years ago it was difficult for all and impossible for the Protestant missionary. It was not impossible to the Jesuits though. They knew what was expected of them. Staff in hand they explored the forest in search of souls to be saved, and whether those forests fringed the banks of the mighty Amazon, the winding Orinoco, or the majestic St. Lawrence, it was all the same. They left their bones to whiten on the wilderness unknown to any one but God, whose servants they were. Did they survive they built churches and schoolhouses; did they die of cold, hunger, exhaustion, or the tomahawk of the savage it was the same to them. Among such heroic souls Father Damen was one of the chiefs. He survived to preach eloquent sermons, to preach the Gospel, to found colleges and to convert the Indians; he passed the span allotted to man and he died full of years and honor.

Why it is so who can say, but, in the mind of the average Protestant of limited range, the Jesuit stands for all that is subtle and cunning; intriguing and cruel. Thus we are informed that the Jesuits ruled Dom Pedro in Brazil, and again that their hand can be observed in his expulsion and the overthrow of the monarchy. The Jesuit from his cloister intrigues against education and civilization, in fine, the Jesuit is the incarnation of persecution. To the Catholic who knows him how different is the Jesuit. Why have the European despots warred so relentlessly against the order? Because their influence is fatal to despotism and absolutism.

The men who explored the wilderness had not the time, even if they had the inclination, to sit in the closet and there conspire darkly. They were too busy building schools, churches, colleges and preaching Catholic doctrine. As for Father Damen—poor Father Damen—so styled lovingly by the women, he was candor and open-hearted loyalty personified. He labored long and he accomplished great things. May his soul rest in peace!—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal*.

The Rev. Father Charles Murray, during his residence in Cornwall, not only won the love and respect of his congregation but also the admiration and esteem of his brother priests in the eastern portion of the diocese. Previous to his departure from his old home the clergy of the eastern section deemed it right that they should mark their admiration of Father Murray's qualities as a priest and a gentleman, and ordered an oil painting of the rev. gentleman, which was forwarded to him last week to Trenton. The painting was forwarded by Father Macdonnell of Alexandria acting for his brother priest, to whom Father Murray has written a letter of grateful acknowledgment.

Besides paying your arrearages, renew your subscription for 1890, and send us the name of one new subscriber.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto.

The Most Rev. C. O'Brien, Archbishop of Halifax.

Rt. Rev. T. J. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto.

The late Archbishop Lynch.

The late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carbery of Hamilton.

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

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, Feb. 1, 1890.

Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, during his recent visit to his old home, St. Louis, addressed an immense audience, taking for his subject "Christianity, the preserver of our civilization." In the course of this lecture, remarkable for power and eloquence, his Grace referred to the sufferings of the Irish people under coercive mis-government. Speaking of the Irish cause the Archbishop said:

"But how trifling was this privation to the enormities that have since been enacted? Poor, wounded Ireland has suffered from them, but she has one consolation in seeing that what is noble and generous in the English heart has been touched by them, and Liberal England blushes to-day at the brutality of her Tory government. These indignities have thus done good to the Irish cause. Mr. Parnell struck the right chord when he said. "I appeal to the great heart of England." Every people that God has made has a great heart, if we can only pierce the prejudice around it. It is this great heart of the people that will yet rule the world. For kings and oligarchies in many instances are proving recreant to their mission, and God is sending His prophet with oil to anoint the foreheads and consecrate the hearts of the brave, pure, honest peoples."

A writer in the *New Review* says:—"Lord Spencer is apparently the Premier designate. Like Lord Granville, Earl Spencer has, in spite of many temptations, remained a Liberal. His mind, less active than that of Mr. Gladstone, did not wake one morning to find his old convictions on the Irish question "all dead corpses," like the hosts of Sennacherib when they came up against the fenced cities of Judah. It is true he is now a Home Ruler, whereas four years ago he was not only opposed to Home Rule, but, as Lord Lieutenant, was actively engaged in putting into prison the advocates of Home Rule. Yet public criticism, exceedingly sharp on this question and not loth to fling about sneers at sudden conversions, has spared Lord Spencer. Probably his adhesion to Home Rule has had wider effect among thinking men than any incident in the great transmogrification. Painstaking, prudent, just, chivalrous, a man of great natural

capacity, and enamoured of hard work, Lord Spencer will not be a brilliant Prime Minister, but he will command both respect and regard. Considering that even in increasing degree the weight of political power will remain in the House of Commons, Earl Spencer is marked out by special fitness for Premier in the Liberal Administration following upon the retirement of Mr. Gladstone. He will be an admirable compromise for the politician (Sir W. Harcourt,) whom force of circumstances irresistibly points to as leader of a Liberal House of Commons."

We publish in another column the letter addressed by the Very Rev. Vicar-General Rooney to a city paper in reference to the malicious and misleading statements that lately appeared in its columns upon the subject of the recent changes and appointments among the clergy of the archdiocese of Toronto. In this article it was asserted that the transfer of two or three well known and much-respected city priests from Toronto to outside parishes had excited unbounded dissatisfaction among their parishioners; the changes, it was added, were as unjust as they were unnecessary; while with respect to one appointment at least, that of the Rev. Father Walsh to the rectorship of Our Lady of Lourdes in this city, it could be ascribed, so it was insinuated, to no other cause than archiepiscopal nepotism. With these unworthy and utterly untruthful innuendoes, the Very Reverend Vicar-General fully deals in his letter. That the changes in each case were made at the request, and with the consent of the priests named, is a sufficient answer to the laboured and malevolent accusations contained in the *World's* article.

The *World* has explained in answer to the Vicar-General's letter, that it was actuated by no malicious motive in publishing its false and slanderous article; and that it simply gave the news of the changes and what was said "by some Catholics thereat." It is to these words that we call attention. One is lost in amazement at the petty malignity of the men who could inspire an attack upon the Archbishop of so utterly wanton and personal a nature. And that they come from a *soi-disant* Catholic source we are informed is unquestionable. There is just a certain section among the Catholics of this city who for two or three years past, by the frothings and brawlings which attended their endeavours to turn the Separate School Board of this city into a department of the Toronto Branch of the Irish National League, and by their subsequent antagonism to the late Archbishop Lynch and the ecclesiastical authorities in Toronto, succeeded in making the very name Catholic a reproach and a public by-word. Quite recently, however, the conscience of the Catholic body became aroused, and such members of the gang as held positions of responsibility or of trust in connection with Catholic interests were replaced by men who were alive to the necessity of conducting such interests as are committed to the care of laymen, with a little respectability. In employing themselves now, in revenge for having in an open fight been driven from the field, in shooting at an Archbishop from behind a hedge, these chivalrous gentlemen perhaps congratulate themselves that their identity is beyond detection. We venture to think that they are in this mistaken, and that they hide themselves behind a thin and an insufficient entrenchment. We are perfectly aware that until these gentlemen are permitted by the ecclesiastical authorities to twist the tail of the British Lion within the rails even of the sanctuary, Freedom, in their opinion, will remain a bruised and bleeding corpse.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE CONFESSIONAL.

The republication recently, by the enterprising editor of an English Catholic magazine, who fished it out of the forgotten folios of an extinct publication in which it had appeared anonymously some forty-five years ago, of an article by Mr. Gladstone reviewing Lady Georgiana Fullerton's novel, "Ellen Middleton," in which the reviewer makes a defence of, and even a plea for, the Confessional, appears to have raised a storm of Nonconformist wrath around the ears of the Grand Old Man, in whom a hankering after theological disquisition has always been one of the chief of his many conspicuous and marvellous mental characteristics. In fact, what tree-felling has been to him in the physical order, theological controversy seems to be to him in the intellectual order—his favourite method of recreation.

Beyond doubt the publication at this day, and over his signature, of the long forgotten article has embarrassed Mr. Gladstone, and a chorus of complaint has gone up from the newspapers. "That unfortunate article," says the *St. James Gazette*, "a rock of offence and a grievous scandal to the Dissenting parsons who ask him out to pious breakfast parties." The *Methodist Times* excuses Mr. Gladstone on the ground of his momentary forgetfulness of the fact that he had consented to the request of the editor of *Merry England* for permission to make use of the article. "If," says that journal, "Mr. Gladstone on his eightieth birthday, had publicly instituted a disparaging comparison between John Wesley and John Newman; if in his present responsible position, he had argued that confession, penance, and absolution were necessary to the highest Christian character—it would have been a public duty to examine that statement in the light of Scripture and history." It is not likely, however, that any examination the *Methodist Times* might make would lead Mr. Gladstone to alter or retract what he has written. The *Observer* tells Mr. Gladstone, sulkily, that his "view of the spiritual life and of the revival of the practice of confession will certainly cause considerable excitement in religious circles," whilst the *Scots Observer*, more dejected still, says of the article that it is "portentous as a revelation of the inconstant nature of our only moral statesman." It adds that it will chiefly damage him with his Nonconformist admirers "who will be puzzled, if not alarmed, by his dark and wordy advocacy of priestliness and ritual, and by his ill-suppressed longing for the confessional." And so on, the mass of articles in provincial papers ranging, says the *Weekly Register*, from high politics to the lowest sort of personality, one writer suggesting that Lord Roseberry should assume the Liberal leadership; and another that Mr. Gladstone is a part proprietor of the magazine whose circulation he has so greatly benefited.

It is hardly fair to Mr. Gladstone to suppose that this literary resurrection, written anonymously forty-five years ago, represents his views at the present moment; and some surprise was, not unnaturally, expressed, that there was no word of explanation as to Mr. Gladstone's reason for re-issuing an essay belonging to a past phase of his life, and having no particular bearing on the controversies that now interest him. Many were under the impression that the re-issue of the article was due to Mr. Gladstone's initiative, and was carried into effect with his co-operation. But that there was some misapprehension in regard to it is apparent from a note from Mr. Gladstone addressed to the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It ran as follows:

"I am entirely in the dark about the re-publication of a paper which I do not recollect to have read since writing it forty-five years

ago. I am sure Mr. Meynell would not consciously do wrong, and I presume he has acted under a mistake, and supposed a permission which is imaginary.

"Yours faithfully,

"December 20, 1889.

W. E. G."

This letter may be taken to show that Mr. Gladstone took no active part in the republication of the article, but that his memory played him false in the matter of the permission; for the editor of *Merry England*, when he sometime ago conceived the idea of reprinting the article, asked Mr. Gladstone's permission and received the following reply on a post card:

"I should be indeed sorry to repay your courtesies by declining your request. Pray proceed as you think fit."

Evidently when Mr. Gladstone wrote the post card addressed to the *Pall Mall* in the midst of the birthday celebrations at Hawarden, he forgot his earlier communication to the editor of *Merry England*. It is quite possible, too, that when he gave this permission, Mr. Gladstone may have forgotten the drift of the article. At any rate from a letter which he has written in regard to the matter he gives it to be inferred, that though it is now apparent that he did give consent to the republication of the article, he could not have fully apprehended the nature of the request, nor that the magazine was one devoted, however honourably and ably, to the interests of a particular religion.

It would not be at all surprising indeed were this unburied article to cause Mr. Gladstone to be, for a time, as distrusted by the evangelical Protestants and Dissenters, as a later and more ambitious dip into theological controversy—his pamphlet on the Vatican Decrees—caused him to be amongst English speaking Catholics. It would be the irony of events. Meanwhile the magazine has run into four editions already; and meanwhile, too, that very strange person, Mr. Stead, who has exchanged the chair of the *Pall Mall Gazette* for that of a new *Review* is offering himself as a Confessor-General to the "Ellen Middletons of both sexes." Writing of the story and Mr. Gladstone's review of it, he says:

"The moral of the tale, however, seems to be quite different from that which they deduce from it. What Ellen Middleton needed was not a priest in a confessional, but a sympathetic, level-headed friend to whom she could have told her trouble. It was not absolution that she needed; it was advice and sympathy. No doubt there are many Ellen Middletons in the world of both sexes, who, if they could but disburden themselves of the horrid secret which poisons their existence, might once more breathe freely and live blithely, on God's earth. But either because they have no confessor or no friend whom they dare trust, they bury it in their hearts until, like hapless Ellen, it destroys the life of their soul. Now, is this so? It is a very simple question, and one on which a conclusive reply can soon be forthcoming. Are there any among the readers of this review who feel the craving for counsel, for sympathy, and for the consolation of pouring out their soul's grief? If so, may I ask them to communicate with me? If there be, as is possible, enough members who reject priestly guidance, but who nevertheless long for friendly counsel, that is a human necessity which ought to be met. The names of my correspondents will, if they so desire it, remain only known to me. Their case, as they submit them, will be placed before such competent and skilful advisers as I am able to gather round me from among the best men and women in the English-speaking world. In this suggestion, which I put forward tentatively, there may be the germ of useful service for many of the troubled and tired. I invite communications and will respect confidences."

This is Mr. Stead's idea of what should be the modern equivalent for the Confessional.

MODERN MORALITY.

Our excellent contemporary, the *Catholic Mirror* of Baltimore, calls attention in a late article to the obvious and very lamentable fact that to the sentimentalists who seem to monopolize the field of modern fiction, belongs, to a great extent, the responsibility for the the morbid and unwholesome notions of "love" that are becoming more and more common from day to day among all classes of society. To this pass have things come, that apparently there is no folly, and even few serious crimes that now-a-days many people will not excuse if only this much abused word "love" be put forward as the palliating cause. The word has been given a distorted and an unnatural meaning. Love, says the *Mirror*, excuses every weakness and nearly every vice. And it is this popular doctrine that has done as much as anything else to popularize divorce among Americans and render possible the lax moral tone that makes the violation of family ties tolerable.

Our contemporary points to a recent number of one of the American reviews in which the opinions of several well known female fictionists were given at length. In a majority of cases the writer favoured divorce, and professed to regard the institution as not only a desirable, but an indispensable one. And this conclusion, it adds, invariably was reached by a process of reasoning, the central idea of which was the popular supremacy of "love." If a young man and a young woman fall in love, they ought to marry. They owe that much, we are told, to this abstraction "love," as a duty. If the infatuation wear off, and the young people discover in the stern school of experience that they have made a mistake, and are unsuited for one another, sentimentalism and modern morality have a simple method of disposing of the conjugal complication. "Love," they say, is the divine principle, and at any price must be vindicated—the young souls must be released from the unpoetic relationship. "It is quite reasonable," says the *Mirror*, "that the opinions of women who have consecrated their lives to "culture" and high-wrought paganism of this kind should be influenced entirely by sentimentality when approaching the question of divorce. In this gigantic evil they see only a fortuitous means whereby the beautiful, fragile, sensitive flower of womanhood, who is wedded to an "unsympathetic" husband, may be expeditiously released from the dreadful bondage and allowed to fly tremblingly to that other "paradise of love," which is already waiting to receive her through the thoughtful tenderness of a devoted masculine heart that has been hovering all the time at a respectful distance in the background."

During the conduct of a recent divorce case in New York, Col. Ingersoll made one of his usual fantastic and florid appeals in behalf of his modern paganism—this mixture of animalism and sentimentalism. Mr. Ingersoll is pre-eminently, and by profession, an emotional atheist. He is, besides, something of a success as a music-hall rhetorician, and, by the ingenious grouping of a few gaudy commonplaces, can play with great effect upon the feelings of weak and imperfectly educated people. Mr. Ingersoll's strong point is pathos and imagery, and "the Mother," "the Babe," and "the Sunshine," form the chief and most effective of his oratorical accessories. As a writer in *The Review* of last week said of him, "he talks of tears and kisses, kisses and tears, of flowers, birds, and butterflies, and other golden slobber, to ragged women and starving children." Col. Ingersoll, as has been said, has been speaking of "love," and of the beneficence and beauty of the American institution of Divorce,

for the release of the victims of "unrequited love" from the terrible servitude of marriage. All that can be said is that if his views of marriage are to obtain in the United States to any greater extent than the divorce statistics of that country indicate that they already do, a lovely state of society must in the ordinary course of things follow. "It is very fitting," says the *Mirror*, "for Mr. Bob Ingersoll, who pretends that he doesn't believe in God or in anything but materialism, to air his views in respect to what constitutes marriage in the divorce courts. In a grandiloquent burst of sentimentalism he proclaims that marriage without love is immoral—immoral according to the pagan code. 'I don't care how many forms you go through, I don't care if all the churches in the world united beneath the dome of heaven, filling all the air with incense, pronounce them wedded, if that sweet perfume called love does not arise, there is no marriage.' The "love" that the infidel lecturer upholds is the love that pervades the literary trash that is undermining public morals, the love that the queer female romanticists and the still queerer female realists breathe through the unwholesome exotic fiction, and in the atmosphere of false culture, in which they have done so much to enwrap the intellects of shallow, bumptious American youth of both sexes."

"It is not a little funny" says the *Montreal Gazette* "to hear of Mr. Wiman attacking Mr. Farrer as a foe to Canadian autonomy because he opposes commercial union. If anything has been made evident by Mr. Wiman's commercial union speeches in the United States, it is that he regards the fad as a means to the political union of Canada and the United States. It is a case of the pot attacking the kettle's purity."

VICAR GENERAL ROONEY UPON THE RECENT CLERICAL APPOINTMENTS.

The following letter appeared in the *World* of Saturday last.

To the Editor of the World: Although as a rule it is neither desirable nor profitable for us churchmen to notice the false and malicious attacks that are betimes made upon us by newspaper scribes, yet the attack made in to-day's issue of *The World* on His Grace the Archbishop and his council, in connection with recent pastoral changes and promotions is so singularly false and unjust that I deem it my duty to make a few remarks upon it.

1. It is implied that the Archbishop is guilty of favoritism because he has appointed his nephew to the rectorship of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes. But is this appointment an enviable one? Does the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes afford a very fat living? What are the facts of the case? Father McBride has acted as pastor of this church since the death of Archbishop Lynch, and, when a few days ago he presented the accounts of the church to the Archbishop he admitted a deficit of \$400. Add to this the fact that there is a debt of \$9000 due on that church, and that every cent of interest accruing from that debt has had to be paid by Father Laurent out of diocesan money, as the income of the Church of Lourdes was not able to pay a dollar of it. Such is the extraordinarily fat living given by the Archbishop to his nephew!

2. Father McBride was offered his choice of two good missions and he accepted the one of his choice.

3. Father Hand has been promoted to the pastorship of Oshawa at his own request, and entirely by his own choice.

4. Father Morris has repeatedly requested to be removed from St. Paul's, but at the present writing I do not know whether or not he has been removed. It is quite certain, however, that it entirely depends on himself whether he goes or stays, as the matter is left to his own option. We do not believe that the aforesaid good priests will thank the writer in

The World for misrepresenting and traducing our distinguished Archbishop on their account, nor do we think they wish to pose as martyrs because they are allowed, in this instance, to do their own will.

Toronto, Jan. 24.

F. P. ROONEY, V. G.

The World in answer demurs at the imputation of malice in its report, and says that it simply gave the news of the changes and what was said "by some Catholics" thereat.

General Catholic News

The prevailing epidemic has not spared Rome, and especially in the neighborhood of, and in the Vatican itself, several people are laid up with influenza.

Lippincott's Magazine has secured the right of publishing Mr. William O'Brien's novel, written during his recent imprisonment. It is to be called "When We were Boys."

His Grace, the Archbishop preached a Charity Sermon in St. Michael's Cathedral, on Sunday evening last, in aid of the funds of St. Vincent de Paul Society, about \$100 was realized.

The Press Association says:—"The total number of letters and telegrams congratulating Mr. Gladstone on the attainment of his 80th birthday, which have reached Hawarden Castle since Saturday last, numbered 3,000." This was only what was to be expected.

Most Rev. Archbishop Cerrigan had a great "send off" upon his departure for Rome. It was no formal, perfunctory affair, but a hearty spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm on the part of a loving people. The good wishes of Catholics throughout America accompany him upon his journey.

The following additional appointments and changes are announced in the archdiocese of Toronto:

The Rev. Father Merris of St. Paul's, Toronto, to the parish of Orangeville, Rev. Father Jeffcott of Orangeville to the parish of Pickering. Other changes are likely to be made shortly, which we will announce.

St. Alphonsus, Y. M. C. A. held their Annual Meeting on Friday evening Jan. 10, for election of officers for 1890. The officers elected were President, James I. Travers, Vice-President, W. Murphy; Recording Sec. V. McBrady, Financial Sec, J. Callahan; Treasurer, A. Cottam, Father Henning, Director. This Society now has a membership of 150 and is progressing favorably. Its rooms are at St. Patrick Hall.

The remains of Sister Mary Claver O'Brien who died at St. Joseph's Convent on Monday the 20th inst were interred in St. Michael's Cemetery on Wednesday the 22nd.

The funeral took place from the convent and was largely attended by friends of the deceased, chiefly from the parish of St. Mary's, where she was well known as a teacher. Very Rev. Vicar General Rooney conducted the funeral mass, and among the priests who assisted were Rev. Father Hoars of St. Michael's College, Rev. Father Hand, Rev. Father Jeffcott and Rev. Father Morris. The chief mourners were Mr. and Miss O'Brien, (brother and sister of the deceased) Guelph, and numerous other relatives.

Sister O'Brien was 44 years of age and had been ill for some time with consumption. She was Canadian by birth and had been a member of the community of St. Joseph, for 18 years. She was also head teacher in St. Mary's School for nearly 10 years and was beloved by all.—R. I. P.

On Tuesday evening, the 21st inst, Very Rev. Vicar General Rooney, entertained the members of St. Mary's Choir to their Annual Supper. On the following Thursday, the collectors of the church, to the number of 30, were entertained in like manner by the Very Rev. gentleman. Amongst the toasts proposed were, "The Collectors of St. Mary's Church" responded to by Mr. D. Kennedy. "The Very Rev. Vicar General Rooney" accompanied with very eulogistic terms of the love and esteem in which he is held by the people at large,

to which he ably responded. "The Assistant Clergy" responded to by Rev. Fathers Cruise and Kiernan. "The Catholic Press" coupled with the name of the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW responded to by Mr. Ph. DeGruchy.

Rev. Father Hand left St. Michael's Parish last week for Oshawa, where he assumes charge of the congregation there. On Thursday night he was invited to attend a meeting of the Sodality of Notre Dame in the convent of Notre Dame des Anges, Bond-street. There he was presented with an address expressive of the regret of the sodality at losing him from their midst, \$50 in gold, and other tokens of their esteem of equal value. The rev. father replied in a feeling address. He spoke of the sorrow he felt at leaving a parish in which he had labored so long and asked the sodality not to forget his memory, even though circumstances compelled a separation. In leaving them he felt like severing himself from near and dear friends.

Later in the evening the members of C. M. B. A., branch, No. 4, of which Father Hand is president, assembled in St. Vincent Hall to wish him God speed. On behalf of the branch, Mr. E. J. Reilly handed Father Hand an elegant gold cross and chain as a token of its appreciation of his past services. After Father Hand had replied in suitable terms, he was presented with check of \$100, subscribed by his friends as a slight testimony to his worth as a priest and citizen.

REPRINT OF A CELEBRATED PAPAL BRIEF.

To our Venerable Brother, John Ireland, Bishop of St. Paul, Minnesota, Leo XIII, Pope.

Venerable Brother, Health and Apostolic Benediction.

The admirable works of piety and charity, by which Our faithful children in the United States labor to promote not only their own temporal and eternal welfare, but also that of their fellow citizens, and which you have recently related to Us, give to Us exceeding great consolation. And above all, We have rejoiced to learn with what energy and zeal, by means of various excellent associations, and especially through the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, you combat the destructive vice of intemperance. For it is well known to Us how ruinous, how deplorable, is the injury both to faith and to morals, that is to be feared from intemperance in drink. Nor can We sufficiently praise the Prelates of the United States, who recently in the Plenary Council of Baltimore, with weightiest words condemned this abuse, declaring it to be a perpetual incentive to sin and a fruitful root of all evils, plunging the families of the intemperate into direct ruin, and dragging numberless souls down to everlasting perdition; declaring moreover that the faithful who yield to this vice of intemperance become thereby a scandal to non-Catholics, and a great hindrance to the propagation of the true religion.

Hence, we esteem worthy of all commendation the noble resolve of your pious associations, by which they pledge themselves to abstain totally from every kind of intoxicating drink. Nor can it at all be doubted that this determination is the proper and the truly efficacious remedy for this very great evil; and that so much the more strongly will all be induced to put this bridle upon appetite, by how much the greater are the dignity and influence of those who give the example. But greatest of all in this matter should be the zeal of priests, who, as they are called to instruct the people in the word of life, and to mould them to Christian morality, should also, and above all, walk before them in the practice of virtue. Let pastors therefore do their best to drive the plague of intemperance from the fold of Christ, by assiduous preaching and exhortation, and to shew before all as models of abstinence, that the many calamities with which this vice threatens both Church and State, may, by their strenuous endeavors, be averted.

And We most earnestly beseech Almighty God that, in this important matter, he may graciously favor your desires, direct your counsels, and assist your endeavors, and as a pledge of the Divine protection, and a testimony of Our paternal affection, We most lovingly bestow upon you, venerable brother, and upon all your associates in this holy league, the Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, from St. Peter's, this 27th day of March, in the year 1887, the tenth year of Our Pontificate.

LEO XIII, POPE.

KILLED ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE.

"You scoundrel," yelled young Jacob Green,
 At his good neighbour, Brown,—
 "You kissed my wife upon the street,—
 I ought to knock you down."
 "That's where you're wrong," good Brown replied,
 In accents mild and meek:
 "I kissed her that I've not denied,
 But kissed her on the cheek—

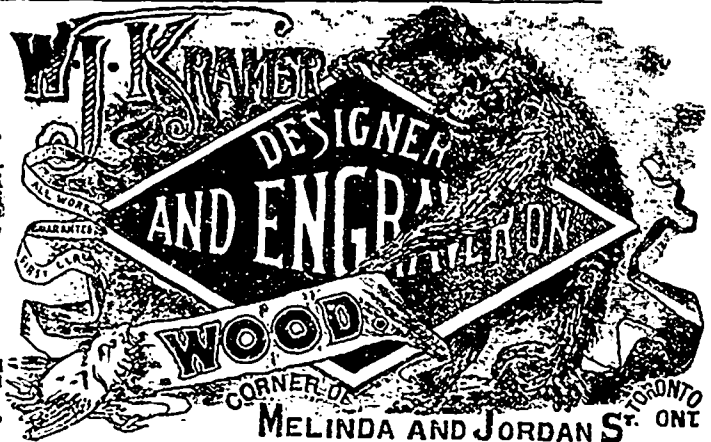
and I did it because she looked so handsome—the very picture of beauty and health. What is the secret of it?" "Well," replied Green, "since you ask it, I will tell you: she uses Dr. Pierce's Favourite Prescription. I accept your apology. Good night. Favour its Prescription" is the only remedy for the delicate derangements and weaknesses of females, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee of giving satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it returned.

For biliousness, sick headache, indigestion, and constipation, take Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

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The SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT which appeared in our columns some time since, announcing a special arrangement with Dr. B. J. KENDALL Co., of Enosburgh Falls, Vt., publishers of "A Treatise on the horse and his Diseases," whereby our subscribers were enabled to obtain a copy of that valuable work FREE by sending their address (and enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) to Dr. B. J. Kendall Co. Enosburgh Falls, Vt, is renewed for a limited period. We trust all will avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining this valuable work. To every lover of the Horse it is indispensable, as it treats in a simple manner all the diseases which afflict this noble animal. Its phenomenal sale throughout the United States and Canada, make it standard authority. *Mention this paper when sending for "Treatise."*



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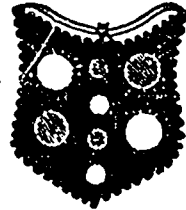
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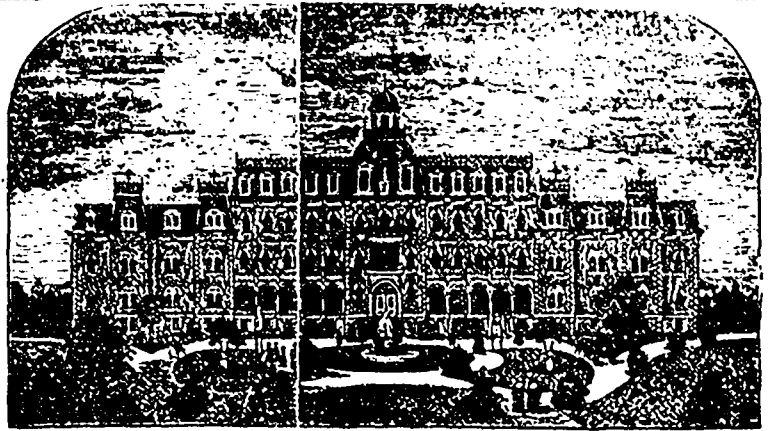
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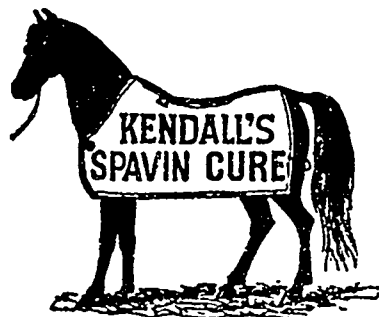
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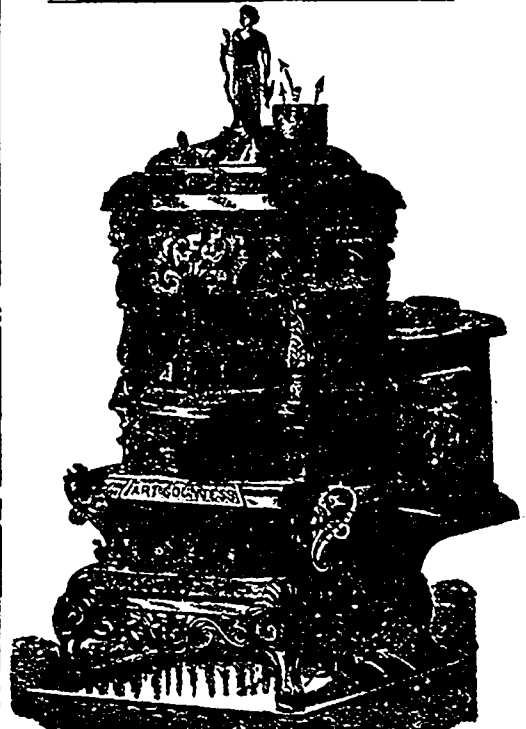
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