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

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Vol. V

Toronto, Saturday, Feb. 14, 1891.

No. 1

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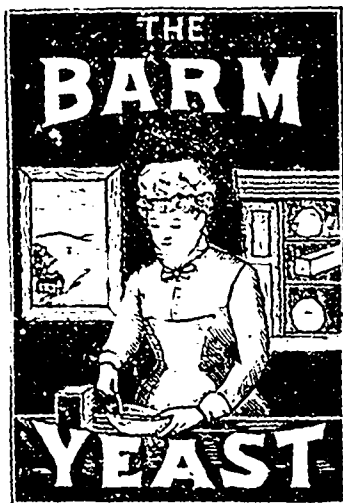
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Notes.

In the English House of Commons on Wednesday of last week Mr. Gladstone moved the second reading of the Bill to remove religious disability, of which a description was given in this REVIEW on the occasion of its first submission in Parliament a year ago. Mr. Gladstone said that he undertook by this Bill to remove from the statutes an injustice and an anomaly which were a discredit. He hoped it would be necessary to spend only a few minutes in introducing the Bill. As Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1868 he pleaded for the opening of the most difficult offices to which the most objection was taken. It is seriously doubtful now whether Roman Catholics are legally disabled from holding the offices of Viceroy of Ireland and Lord High Chancellor of England. The Catholic Relief Act did not impose in so many words disability to hold these offices. It provided that no Catholic should be entitled to hold them otherwise than as now legally entitled.

"WHAT," Mr. Gladstone asked, "was the Catholics legal position before the Act of 1829? Every subject was entitled presumably to hold any Crown office, but Catholics were debarred by the Test Act." Mr. Gladstone added that he and a number of good lawyers, including the Chief Justice, were not aware that there was any disability except the Test Act, which was repealed in 1868. It was contested whether the repeal effectually qualified Catholics. Parliament, when it repealed the Test Act, had no specific intention to open those offices, and it was therefore his duty not to be deterred from prosecuting this Bill, the object of which was simply to remove an anomaly, which was supposed to exclude, and perhaps did exclude, certain of the Queen's subjects from holding certain offices. If the Bill was read a second time he proposed to move that it be passed through committee *pro forma*, reserving that the substantial committee be taken after the report of the Bill from that committee. The Bill, Mr. Gladstone said further, did not affect the succession of the Crown, because the Crown was not open to competition. The Home Secretary, he added, is himself a Catholic, and he stood as near the Sovereign as the High Chancellor and nearer than the Viceroy of Ireland, yet no one disputed his right to hold his office, and he (Mr. Gladstone) knew of no obstacle against a Jew, Mohammedan, Hindoo, or non-religious person being Chancellor.

MR. WILLIAM HENRY SMITH asked why Mr. Gladstone's

speech was made now instead of during the many years he had held office.

Mr. Gladstone retorted that he had delivered similar speeches in 1867.

Mr. Smith replied that Mr. Gladstone then was in the Opposition, and that moreover in 1881 Mr. Gladstone, in answering a question on the same subject, said that the Government did not intend to advocate the abolition of all the remaining religious checks, such as prevented the Chancellor or Sovereign being Catholics. Catholics did not demand the Bill. Mr. Smith opposed the Bill because it applied to two persons only, and moved that it be read for the second time six months hence.

After further debate Mr. Gladstone's motion for the second reading of the Bill now was rejected by 256 to 223.

In the division in the House of Commons on the Bill Home Secretary Matthews and Sir William Vernon Harcourt abstained from voting. Three Conservatives and nine Unionists, including Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Henry James, supported the Bill. The Irish members, including Mr. Parnell, voted solidly with Mr. Gladstone.

The failure of the Boulogne conferrings to bring about any *modus vivendi* between the two sections of the Irish party has at last, as unfortunately for some time past was foreseen, resulted in failure. The end of the negotiations was announced finally on Wednesday.

Mr. O'BRIEN expresses gratitude for the attitude of helpfulness and sympathy of the bulk of the English and Irish people, and of his colleagues of both sections of the Irish party, who, he believes, are ready to make any sacrifice of personal feeling or punctilio for the restoration of the priceless blessing of national unity. "This acknowledgment," he says, "is especially due to the loyal, high-minded efforts of several of the very foremost men on all sides." In conclusion Mr. O'Brien says, "One of the saddest things in this tragic business is that circumstances have rendered it impossible to give organized effect to the overwhelming public longing for a reconciliation while the field is held by heated partisans, who, impelled by motives which I do not question, but who are fatally deceived as to their own and their opponent's strength, and the consequences of continued discord, have done their worst by exasperating language and insulting suspicions, scarcely veiled threats, and rumours and intrigues to make the work of peacemaking impossible."

Continuing, Mr. O'Brien said:—"The irreconcilables of all sections have carried the day. Mr. Dillon and myself can no longer stand between them and their deplorable work. We should have been more sensitive to the obloquy we incur by refusing to participate in such a conflict had we ever shrunk from a conflict with Ireland's enemies. We can do nothing more till we have recovered freedom of action by getting through the sentence standing against us. On the expiration of that term I shall be happy to submit myself to the judgment of my constituents, and if I cannot otherwise assist I can enable them to commit their interests to other hands." Mr. O'Brien expresses the hope that the inevitable conflict forced upon the country may be conducted without personal bitterness and degrading personalities, so that when the unhappy passions of the hour have exhausted themselves all may again co-operate in the nation's cause.

THE WAYS TO ROME.

Conclusion.

But the Roman landlord now found an enemy with which he could not deal as with those of his own kind. When the cultivation of the soil had ceased and only great herds roamed over the broad Campagna there came forth a subtle influence from the land which, little by little, has reduced it to its present desolate condition.

The soil is made up of the friable *tufa* coming from the decomposition of the great streams of lava sent forth ages ago by the Alban Mountain. It is only along a narrow strip of the plain, beginning just here at the tomb of Cecilia Metalla, that we find the strong lava rock resulting from a later eruption over the earlier *tufa*. It is the property of this volcanic soil greedily to suck up moisture and tenaciously to retain it. In autumn and winter all this land is brown and bare with little but dry stubble upon it, because the intense heat of summer has at the very last dried up its moisture. But with the heavy rains of winter and springtime the soil will again become spongy and damp, and so remain month after month through the greatest heats into the Dog-days.

Then such vegetation as can be seen, perhaps, nowhere else in the world, will spring up on every hillside. Myriads of flowers, homely or exotic elsewhere, will here bloom together—crimson-tipped daisies, daffodils with perfume as of the tuberose, fox-gloves and hollyhocks, lupins and gorgeous scarlet poppies that wave from the top of every tomb and crumbling tower—even the very thistles will flaunt their purple tufts and give a crown of glory to the land. But then the tourist will be warned not to pass through these beautiful vales after the sunset, for it is the hour when the subtle influence is rising to stalk abroad through the land. It is the dreaded malaria, generated by the moisture left stagnating in fertile soil through lack of cultivation; and the lack of cultivation began with the great landholdings, when the people were driven away and all this fair region was turned to the pasturage of cattle by landlords "absentee" in Greece or by the Hellespont.

This is the state of the Roman Campagna down to the former Neapolitan frontier. Perhaps no government will ever command the necessary means and men to bring it back to that state of fertility when fifty independent nations two thousand years ago lived from its broad acres. But their natural fertility is so great that they prove a source of riches to the few owners who can brave the deadly fever. Even so, in the summer season all with the night seek the protection of some neighbouring hill, or of the city itself, against the subtle enemy.

But so far we have said little of the tomb before us. It is an immense round tower of Roman brick, once cased with marble, resting on a square foundation of massive blocks of travertine. Nearly all that remains of ancient adornment is a band of ox skulls alternating with festooned garlands round the upper part. From this the neighbouring peasants have called it for centuries the Tower of the Bull's Head. Conspicuous above it are the forked battlements which distinguished the Ghibellines of the Middle Ages. For these Roman tombs have suffered many a curious change in the course of time. This one was used by the great Gaetani family as their stronghold; and from its wall to the ruins across the road they extended their castle like a monstrous toll-gate whence they might domineer over the whole Appian Way, lords or brigands as we choose to consider them. The great tomb far away at the end of the long line was used in like fashion by the Orsini family, which still remains in its broad possessions of the Roman Field.

Another curious thing of this tomb is that it has the same buff colour which distinguishes ruins and ancient buildings alike through all this part of Italy, as if the Italian sun had somehow got into the eyes of men and created in the colour-sense a craving for something of its own sheen.

The period of Rome's boundless wealth and luxury passed away, and with it the memory of most of these great landed proprietors who, to the ruin of their country, built up these monuments of an idle ostentation.

... much alone we know—Metella died,
The wisest Roman's wife: behold his love or pride.

It was in those last days of human vanity, which were to end in the subtle malaria of these fields, that another influence sprang up, subtler and more powerful and which from here was to spread little by little through the whole world. This was the religion of the Christian Martyrs who lie by hundreds of thousands in the Catacombs beneath these fields.

From his prison in Jerusalem the Apostle Peter came out hither to the Jews who had settled around the gate opening on the Appian Way. They were the lowly and despised of this world; but their traditional industry and enterprise, and the purity of their social relations had already made them felt as an element in the corrupt Roman society. Along this Appian Way St. Peter, and later on St. Paul came to find their countrymen and to spread among them, and among the Romans in whose midst they lived, the faith of the Crucified God. To Him they had given up their lives, and for Him they were to suffer death in this same Rome. St. Luke, who was St. Paul's companion, in the *Acts of the Apostles* tells how the new Christians of this Jewish colony came out to meet them far along the Appian Way when the great Apostle was brought as a prisoner to Caesar. But there is something more interesting yet about this Way than the passing over it of those who were to give the beginning to the Roman Church. It is connected with the great estates whose palaces and monuments lined the Queen of High Ways.

The Cecilian family, as has been said, found its crowning glory in the Martyr St. Cecilia, who was laid to rest with countless other martyrs, Popes and priests and simple faithful, in the Catacombs on her own estate. But these Catacombs had long before been opened to Christian burial by a more ancient member of her race, one who has been eulogized by no less a pagan than the historian Tacitus and who may have received St. Peter himself when he first came to Rome. It is only the diligent deciphering of inscriptions long hidden under the ground, which has made it possible during the last few years to identify this noble matron. Tacitus, who saw in the Christian religion only an "execrable superstition," was still able to appreciate the fruits of that religion in a saintly life which he wondered at and eulogized without understanding.

In the year 48 after Christ, shortly after the arrival of St. Peter in the Capital of the world, Pomponia, a matron of high rank, suddenly changed her worldly life to the unqualified astonishment of her pagan friends. She withdrew from society, she put on the garments of mourning, and went to live retired on her country estate. Some thought she was mourning her intimate friend Julia, of the family of Caesar, who had been put to death under Tiberius in one of the endless intrigues of his corrupt court. But the years passed by, and there was no change in the manner of her life. "She lived long," says Tacitus, "always in her sadness. During forty years she wore only the habit of mourning."

At last this existence, so singular in the world of that day, excited suspicion. Pomponia was accused of joining in "foreign superstitions." According to the Roman law, she was handed over to the judgment of her husband. He was an old consul, who had a hand in the conquest of Britain. He seems to have had something of the old-time honour. After holding a council of his noble family, he declared his wife innocent and free to continue in the way of life she had chosen. Recent discoveries made in the excavation of the first Christian cemeteries along the Appian Way show that the famous crypt of Lucina, which ran into the Catacombs of St. Callistus where St. Cecilia was buried, was the private property of Pomponia. Among the earliest Christian inscriptions there is one narrating the virtues of a young Pomponius, two generations later, showing that this Christian matron had left the heritage of her faith to her descendants. It is not certain even that the name *Lucina*, which means the "enlightened one" and which is attributed to the powerful Roman matron who preserved the bodies of the first Christian martyrs, is not the mystic name of this same Pomponia.

So does this Appian Way bring back the memory of the

good and the evil of ages past. In its present desolation, it tells the story of that "foreign superstition" which from Rome and the See of Peter was spread and subtly transformed the whole civilization of the world and the lives of men, even of those men who would now drive it from the earth. Without Rome the world had not been *Christian*, nor without Christianity had our brief life been worth the living.

Awe-struck I gazed upon that rock-paved way,
The Appian Road; marmorean witness still
Of Rome's resistless stride and fateful Will,
Which mocked at limits, opening out for aye
Divergent paths to one imperial sway.
The Nations verily their parts fulfil;
And war must plough the fields which Law shall till;
Therefore Rome triumphed till the appointed day.

Then from the Catacombs, like waves, up-burst
The Host of God, and sealed, as in an hour,
O'er all the earth the mountain seats of Power.
Gladly in that baptismal flood immersed
The old Empire died to live. Once more on high
It sits; now clothed with immortality!

Aubrey de Vere.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY ON PARNELL.

THE *North American Review* for the present month contains a very interesting article on "The Deposition of Mr. Parnell," from the pen of Mr. Justin McCarthy, the successor of Mr. Parnell in the leadership of the Irish party. We make the following extracts from the article:—

The cause of Home Rule for Ireland appeared during all the earlier and most even of the latter part of the last year to be moving on from steady success after success to a soon and complete triumph. The whole object of years of deliberate obstruction and also of deliberate self-sacrifice seemed to have been accomplished. The attention of the public of Great Britain had been aroused to the Irish claims. The democracy of England, Scotland and Wales had been brought into cordial alliance with the Irish Home Rulers. The whole Liberal party had made Home Rule the foremost plank in their platform. Mr. Gladstone had proclaimed it everywhere that the rest of his splendid political career was to be given up to the carrying of Home Rule. Victory after victory at the bye elections had shown that the constituencies of Great Britain everywhere were won round to the Home Rule cause. There was not a reasonable man on either side of the field who did not feel quite satisfied that the result of the next general elections would be to bring into power a Government pledged first of all to Home Rule. The Irish Parliamentary party were acclaimed by everybody as an example of discipline and unity never seen before in any of the constitutional struggles of Europe. The change was sudden. The Irish Parliamentary party is split in two—the small minority following Mr. Parnell; the majority having formally deposed him from his place as leader. The Tories are triumphant and exultant. The Liberals, who were longing two months ago for a general election, now pour forth fervent, although mostly silent, prayers that the dissolution may be long postponed. The *Times* newspaper praises Mr. Parnell, and says the cause of Home Rule is dead and buried, for our generation at all events.

Mr. Parnell has lately compared himself to Wellington and Washington and other great soldiers and conquerors. Washington and Wellington were very great men, but neither of them could have carried his cause to victory without the aid of certain numbers of men to do the fighting. If we of the Irish party had absolutely the whole Irish representation in our hands we should still be but a miserable minority in the British Parliament. One might as well tell Washington and Wellington to go in and win without cannon, bayonets, and powder as tell an Irish Parliamentary party to go in and win Home Rule without the votes of either Liberals or Conservatives. After years and years of a policy specially designed and conducted to that end we had won over the support of the great Liberal party of England, Scotland and Wales. We had won over to our side the greatest Parliamentary orator, the most influential Parliamentary leader of our time.

Therefore, when we heard that Mr. Gladstone could do

nothing more for us and must give up the fight we at once called to mind the fact that it was for us not merely the going back to the position of ten years ago but the going to a very much worse and weaker position. We felt that we should be like poor Hector when he has allowed himself to be deprived of the sword and armour and is confronted with the enemy whom under the very best of conditions he could scarcely hope to master.

Still we did not think of absolutely deposing Mr. Parnell. We desired to confer with him upon the actual facts. We desired to hear from him what, under these new conditions, he deliberately proposed to do. We assumed that any patriotic man would have said under the circumstances:—"I will not stand in the way. If my leadership threatens to be fatal to the present chances of Home Rule, I will at once withdraw from a position in which I can only be a peril to my country." Therefore we summoned by formal requisition a meeting of the party—summoned it after the regular and ordinary fashion—in order that a resolution might be proposed which invited Mr. Parnell simply to reconsider his position. We hoped even still that he would be a help to us, and not a hindrance. Now, the policy of Mr. Gladstone in issuing his letter has been much criticised in Ireland. It was precipitate, some people say; he might on a subject of such great importance have more fully consulted Irish opinion before he made up his mind. I am not so much concerned to argue or to enter on this dispute. I have, as a party man, nothing to do with it. If Achilles determines to withdraw from the fight, the one fact which concerns me, a poor ally of the Greeks, is that Achilles is withdrawing from the fight and that we must see whether we can get on without him or not. It will be of some historic interest years hence to consider whether Mr. Gladstone might not well have given us a little more time. But at the moment, and even still, that did not seem to be a matter to make much talk about. I do not deny that it might properly occupy the attention of those who are mere outsiders and lookers-on, but I say that we who were in the fight had little or nothing to do with it. What we had to face was the fact that Mr. Gladstone had made up his mind under certain conditions to withdraw from public life. I may say, however, that I fully believe Mr. Gladstone had no alternative. Strong as he is in the affections of his people, he could not have stood up against the storm of public opinion if he had endeavoured to continue in alliance with Mr. Parnell.

The manifesto, I think I ought to say, did not come upon me by surprise. Mr. Parnell told me he was going to publish it, and gave me a general idea of what its contents were to be. I remonstrated as strongly as I could against any such publication, and I prevailed on Mr. Parnell to delay its issue for one day; this was all the delay I could obtain. Mr. Parnell afterwards invited me to the house of a colleague in London to hear the manifesto read. I objected, of course, to the whole thing from beginning to end, and I told him and his friends that I firmly believed its publication would render reconciliation impossible. That is exactly what its publication did. The conviction was brought home to the minds of most of us that the man who published such a statement was absolutely unfit for any position of leadership. The English people had been slowly but very steadily growing into sympathy and affection for the Irish people. Suddenly the man who claims to be the leader of the Irish race breaks into a shrieking denunciation of the English people and the English leaders, and does his very best to rekindle all the fierce and destructive fires of race hatred which we had all believed to be happily extinguished. And what was the object of all this? Simply to maintain himself in the position of leader of the Irish Parliamentary party—in the sessional leadership of the party!

We, the majority of that party, had no power to depose Mr. Parnell from the leadership of the Irish people. Only he himself and the Irish people could do that—as he and they have, in fact, since done. But we could not do it. The only place in our gift was that of sessional chairman of the Irish party—a place for which there is an election at the opening of every session. We did not propose to expel him from Parliament and public life. We have no power to do anything of the kind. If Mr. Parnell's presence in public life were so

necessary for the salvation of Ireland that it was worth throwing over Gladstone and the English people to secure it, surely such a man must be powerful enough to command in politics even though he had ceased to be sessional chairman of the Irish Parliamentary party.

I endorse all that I have ever said about Mr. Parnell's services in the past. I say that when he was among us there was no man on the whole equal to him. But then, I cannot forget the fact that he was not often among us, and that it was sometimes very hard indeed to get within hearing of him when a crisis was at hand. The English Liberals would not have endured even Mr. Gladstone as a leader for a single year on such conditions. We were willing to endure almost anything rather than find public fault in the face of the enemy with a leader gifted with such rare gifts and crowned with such splendid successes. But I may ask any one who knows anything about our struggle where the Irish Parliamentary party would have been years and years ago but for men like William O'Brien, John Dillon, Thomas Sexton, and T. M. Healy.

Mr. Parnell justifies his persistence in holding out against the majority of the Irish party, and, as I believe, against the Irish people, on the ground that he is the only man who can save Ireland. I have myself a general distrust of self-proclaimed saviours of society. When a mortal creature is sent to be a saviour of society or anything else, he generally does not know it, and goes about his great work because he cannot help it, modestly and unconscious. When Mr. Parnell did best, his very best, work for Ireland he never talked about his being the only man who could save the country, and probably never had a thought of the kind in his head. I cannot think so poorly of Ireland and Ireland's National cause as to believe that the hopes and the lives of both are dependent on the brain-pan of one man.

Mr. Parnell asked again and again what had caused the crisis—what but Mr. Gladstone's letter? The answer was plain—Mr. Parnell was the crisis. He had made himself the crisis—first in the divorce court, next in the manifesto, and finally in committee room No. 15. We had seen individual authority rise to dictatorship, and the reverence for dictatorship degenerate with some into an absolute fetish worship. The time came at last when we were forced to act. For every one of us the decision was a cruel wrench—a pain never to be forgotten. But the decision had to be taken. We put it off and allowed it to be put off as long as we could, but at last we had to face it. It was made difficult by old allegiance, old friendship, old memories. But the principle of the decision was clear enough, and we saw it.

There was no choice for us between one policy and another; there was no choice for us between one leader and another. Before us lay the deep and dreadful decision between the rescue of our country's fructifying hopes and a slavish adherence to the man who can never now help us to fulfil those hopes, the man who sowed the seed and then blighted the harvest. Yet it was no light choice, nor was it lightly made. Ireland can say now whether she knows herself to be first in the hearts and minds of the men who made it. "After me the deluge," is an intelligible saying—"With me the deluge," was the invitation which Mr. Parnell seemed to offer to his country. "Hold to me, and let us be ruined together, cause, country, and all." We did not feel tempted by such a proposition. Nothing but the course we took could have prevented the indefinite delay of the measure that is vital to Ireland's prosperity and progress.

No man's past services make him worth the prolongation of a state of things in which thousands of our people may die in despair, or, worse still, be born into misery, while there are yet helping hands, willing, eager, and near to bring succor to a cause that has never before been so near to success. We have been accused, when all is said and done, of nothing worse than a determination to sacrifice, if needful, the political eminence of a man rather than submit to the ruin of a national cause.

Lent begins early this year, Ash Wednesday falling on Feb. 11, and bringing Easter on March 29. This is almost as early as Easter can come, but whoever lives until 1891 will celebrate the feast four days earlier.

FATHER DRUMMOND, S.J., ON TRUE AND FALSE IDEALS OF EDUCATION.

THE best education, said the Rev. Father Drummond in his last conference at the Gesu, is that which draws from the soul all it can produce. Memory, imagination, intellect, and the will, are generally accepted as the most convenient division of the faculties of the soul, though, accurately speaking, memory and imagination are material or sense gifts rather than intellectual faculties. A good memory is not an indication of a great mind. Very few geniuses have phenomenal memories. Lord Macaulay was an exception, and even his memory seemed to overshadow his intellect. We are only beginning to understand the structure of the brain. When we hear a word, a certain cell in the brain receives a slight impression, just as the wax or tin foil in the phonograph is punctured by the sound spoken against it. The difference between a good and a bad memory is that the former receives vivid impressions which the latter does not. The brain in childhood being much softer and more impressionable than in later years, children should be taught to exercise their memories by learning off by heart. The child who never commits to memory a beautiful passage or remarkable expression will never be accurate, and inaccuracy is the great bane of the present day. People have a smattering of many things and know nothing. To cultivate the memory we must cultivate the impressions, and that is done by noting resemblances and contrasts. The two great sources of memory, Aristotle points out, are similarity and contrast. Desultory reading of newspapers and light literature has a weakening effect, because it renders us impervious to anything but sensational effects. How many men, after reading through the paper, will say, when asked the news; oh, there is nothing in it.

The imagination is a servant of the intellect. An incorrect use of it is the cause of most of the social errors of our time. Theorists make magnificent presentiments of their views by ignoring all the difficulties against them. Bellamy's "Looking Backward," is an illustration of this, as the author carefully avoids everything opposed to his theory. The best culture of the imagination is obtained by studying the masterpieces of Greek and Rome. The old Greeks went on the principle that you should never exaggerate. What they had to say they said strongly and avoided useless words, and that is why they are models of taste. John Bright is cited as a master of English, who never studied the classics, but he would not compare in the perfection of written style with Newman, Ruskin or Macaulay. Next to the classics comes the study of the best English authors. Examine how Thackeray and Dickens succeeded in producing such strong impressions in their character sketches. We should beware of letting the imagination of those confided to us run wild. Novels are dangerous to the memory but still more to the imagination. Under the spacious pretext of describing something beautiful in art, an author, without conscience, may defile the soul and undermine more effectually the true education of the mind than if he were to attack it by false principles.

The intellect or reason is the master faculty—that which distinguishes us from brutes. It is a power of putting two and two together and of drawing conclusions. Carlyle said: "Intellect did not awaken for the first time yesterday, but has been under way from Noah's flood downwards, and her best progress was in the old times when she said nothing about it." The theory of evolution is a work of imagination rather than of intellect. Darwin is careful to say his conclusions are not certain; and no amount of "perhaps" can warrant any conclusion but "perhaps." The ordinary omnivorous reader, however, who is not accurate, draws conclusions from his impressions. Were not the ordinary educated man of to-day so badly educated the theory would not have taken such a hold; still it has done good by promoting scientific research. The best training for the intellect is a course of mental philosophy, and in England excellent manuals of Catholic philosophy, which is based on Aristotle, are being published.

The will is queen of the mind. Those nations which have been strongest have had the most powerful wills. The

Romans ruled the world, not by the strength of their intellect, for in that they were inferior to the Greeks, but by their strong will. That same force is the secret of England's influence. The Englishman will bide his time and reach his end despite every obstacle. Such has been the history of England's diplomacy for the last two hundred years. To be able to use our wills properly is the most precious power. It is the first thing we begin to learn and the last we acquire. For the young the best training is that of the will, and self-denial is the means. Everybody has a will, and no faculty is so susceptible of improvement or the reverse. In institutions where young men are allowed too much license they are tempted to abuse it, and become useless members of society. We can in no way train our wills more effectually than by daily self-examination. "Know thyself," is a cardinal Greek motto, or, as Burns says:—

"Would the Gods the gifti gie us,
To see oursel as ither's see us."

By details and small practices a man trains his will. Daniel O'Connell's diary contained, day after day, the entry: "Slept too long again this morning." and in the end, by dint of this daily self-reproach, he acquired the habit of rising at five o'clock. Professor Huxley says: "Perhaps the most valuable result of all education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you have to do when it ought to be done whether you like it or not." The training of the will to do the right thing is the perfection of the human soul. A man may have a good memory and be a fool; a brilliant intellect and imagination and be a scoundrel; but every man, however dull otherwise, has a will, and that will is the only thing he will be called on to account for. He will not be asked on the last day by the Great Educator if he had a good memory or a bright intellect, but whether he made right use of his will. A really good man is infinitely superior to a clever man who is not good. Weighed in the balance the pious aspirations of a poor old woman are worth more than the discovery of the law of gravitation, and the highest merit will be found among those to whom are addressed the divine words: "Peace on earth to men of good will."

CARDINAL NEWMAN AS A FRIEND.

From a charming article in the *London Month*, entitled "The Loyalty of Cardinal Newman," we cite some passages illustrative of the tender and abiding affection for his friends, which was always a marked trait in his character.

There is a third aspect of loyalty that invariably accompanies those we have already mentioned, and it is one that has more frequent opportunities of displaying itself in the ordinary intercourse of daily life than either of the others. Loyalty to God and to authority necessarily carries with it loyalty to personal friends, and of this Cardinal Newman afforded indeed a striking and signal example. It is indeed a natural consequence of forgetfulness of self, and though it is often found very strong and beautiful even in the natural order yet in the Cardinal its natural intensity was at the same time heightened and purified by being supernaturalized. The following words, addressed to Father St. John, in the pages of "The History of my Religious Opinions," are a wonderful expression of devoted friendship:—

"And to you, especially, dear Ambrose St. John; whom God gave me, when He took every one else away, who are the link between my old life and my new; who have now for twenty-one years been so devoted to me, so patient, so zealous, so tender, who have let me lean so hard upon you; who have watched me so narrowly; who have never thought of yourself if I was in question.

"And in you I gather up and bear in memory those familiar, affectionate companions and counsellors, who in Oxford were given to me, one after another, to be my daily solace and relief; and all those others, of great name and high example, who were my thorough friends, and showed me true attachment in times long past; and also those many younger men, whether I knew them or not, who have never been disloyal to me by word or deed; and of all these, thus various in

their relations to me, those more especially who have since joined the Catholic Church." (pp. 283, 284).

So, too, when he was asked to say a few words respecting one whose friendship with him had been less intimate, this same tenderness of love manifested itself. It was in 1873, on the occasion of the funeral of Henry Wilberforce.

"For some minutes, however, he (Dr. Newman) was utterly incapable of speaking, and stood, his face covered with his hands, making vain efforts to master his emotion. I was quite afraid he would have to give it up. At last, however, after two or three attempts he managed to steady his voice, and to tell us 'that he knew him so intimately and loved him so much, that it was almost impossible for him to command himself sufficiently to do what he had been so unexpectedly asked to do, namely, to bid his dear friend farewell. He had known him for fifty years, and though, no doubt, there were some there who knew his goodness better than he did, yet it seemed to him that no one could mourn him more.' Then he drew a little outline of his life—of the position of comfort and all that 'this world calls good,' in which he found himself, and of the prospect of advancement, 'if he had been an ambitious man.' Then the word of the Lord came to him, as it did to Abraham of old, to go forth from that pleasant home, and from his friends, and all he held dear, and to become—'here he fairly broke down again, but at last, lifting up his head, finished his sentence—'a fool for Christ's sake.' Then he said that he now 'committed him to the hands of his Saviour,' and he reminded us of 'the last dread hour, and dreadful Judgment, which awaited us all, but which his dear brother had safely passed through,' and earnestly and sweetly prayed 'that every one there present might have a holy and happy death.'"

This tenderness of heart extended itself to places as well as persons. The reader of "Loss and Gain" will remember how the hero, when about to leave Oxford, walks for the last time round the walls at Magdalen and kisses the trees there in the intensity of his love for the University, where he has spent so many happy days and met so many faithful friends. The sentiment is one that was but the echo of that which was entertained by the author of the book. There was probably no Oxford man alive who loved his University more than Cardinal Newman did, or would have more willingly sacrificed his very life to bring it back to the paths of truth. And in Oxford, his own college was especially dear to him, especially the college where he had spent his undergraduate days, and which in later days invited him back to join himself to her once again. Even before he was elected an Hon. Fellow of Trinity, he speaks of it most affectionately.

"In him (Dr. Ogle) I took leave of my first college, Trinity, which was so dear to me, and which held on its foundations so many who had been kind to me both when as a boy, and all through my Oxford life. Trinity had never been unkind to me. There used to be much snapdragon growing on the walls opposite my freshman's rooms there, and I had for years taken it as the emblem of my own perpetual residence even unto death in my University." ("History of my religious Opinions," p. 286).

Cardinal Newman's loyalty was perhaps of all the beautiful traits in his noble nature the most beautiful and the most noble. In his relation to God it was but the echo of the loyalty of Him who said: "In the head of the book it is written of Me, Lo! I come to do Thy will, O My God! I am content to do it, and Thy law is within My heart." In his relation to earthly friends it was no less a stream from the unmeasured font of loyal friendship that led the Son of God, having so loved His own that were in the world, to love them even to the end.

Four French priests whose stipends were stopped on the ground of political interference in the elections of 1889, and who have been especial objects of attack on the part of Freemasons, have just received honorary titles from the Pope. Two of them, the Abbe Hirlort, cure of Begnois, and the Abbe Meriatoguy, cure of Saint-Just, are named Missionaries-apostolic,

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 Doed of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.
And by the leading clergy of the Dominion

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEB. 14, 1891.

THE REVIEW'S FIFTH VOLUME.

WITH its issue of this week THE REVIEW enters upon another volume, and upon another year of, it is hoped, renewed prosperity and increased usefulness. Four years ago THE REVIEW was called into being for a special purpose—to provide a journal for the defence of Catholic principles and the diffusion of Catholic sentiment, which should compare, in the quality of its contents and in point of literary treatment and excellence, with the best non-Catholic periodicals. What measure of success has attended THE REVIEW'S endeavours in that direction is best attested by many and generous commendations bestowed upon it by distinguished Churchmen, and by well known *litterateurs* and scholars; as well as by the *prestige* and influence which it enjoys among the best Canadian publications. During the four years of its existence THE REVIEW has succeeded in winning a foremost place in the ranks of Catholic journalism, and of earning the acknowledged reputation of being one of the ablest and best conducted publications of its class in America. The many assurances which continue to reach us of the appreciation in which THE REVIEW is held by its subscribers and contemporaries are not only an encouragement but a source of pride to all connected with it.

It will be the aim of THE REVIEW to maintain more and more in future the high standard of excellence to which in the past it has steadily adhered. The most careful supervision will be exercised over its columns in every department, and its pages will continue to be a reflex of whatever best, in the Catholic world, has from week to week been thought and said. Its selected articles, always a conspicuous feature in THE REVIEW, will be chosen with the same care and discrimination, and on the sole ground, as hitherto, of their timeliness, scholarship, and literary excellence. It has been

by providing from week to week reading matter of the most edifying and improving character—reading matter, we beg leave to add, of a range and excellence not to be met with elsewhere outside of the magazines and high-priced monthlies, that has given to this REVIEW its already high reputation, and its strong claims, now so generally acknowledged, to the interest and support of the Canadian Catholic public.

It is needless for us to refer at any length to the merits of THE REVIEW, or to discuss its claims upon Canadian Catholics for support and encouragement. Of its pages and of its usefulness its pages are the best testimony. While it has been said THE REVIEW will continue on the same general lines as its conductors have invariably adhered to, it will yet be their aim to make from time to time such additions and improvements as experience and enterprise may suggest. THE REVIEW will, next week, be still further enlarged, and such other Departments added as, while maintaining its past excellence, will widen its scope and greatly extend the field of its endeavours.

That we may be enabled to realise these expectations we rely upon the co-operation and practical support of all zealous Catholics, and especially upon the many old friends of THE REVIEW who have so loyally stood by it. Of one thing our readers may be assured, that if the efforts of THE REVIEW are at all adequately seconded, they will be furnished with a journal of which the Canadian Catholic public will have reason to be proud.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

WITH the present issue of THE REVIEW the editorial management devolves upon Mr. Ph. DeGruchy, whose connection with the publication has been continuous from its first issue. THE REVIEW being now fairly well established, and advanced on the way to permanence—which has been the sole concern, we need scarcely say, of all connected with its foundation,—Mr. Fitzgerald, its first editor, finding himself at length, after four years of arduous service, able to retire from its active direction. Though relinquishing the editorship, which falls into other and trusted hands, Mr. Fitzgerald retains, of course, his old time interest in the paper, and in all that concerns its usefulness and welfare, his solicitude will be not less great in future than it has been in the past. Of what THE REVIEW has been under his editorship, Mr. Fitzgerald would not wish one word to be written here in eulogy. The best eulogy is THE REVIEW, and the four bound volumes of which repose in many a subscriber's library. His hand will still be felt, it is hoped, at intervals as a contributor, and so far as his time and opportunities permit. Mr. De Gruchy, in assuming the active editorial supervision, for which his ability and experience fit him, will have the assistance of several able contributors, and under his direction THE REVIEW, we believe, will make still further marked and rapid advances.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH ON CANADIAN AFFAIRS.

THE REVIEW has steadfastly maintained its reputation as a non-political paper, and no line of partisan politics ever crept into its columns. That attitude of independence THE REVIEW is not likely to abandon on the eve of a General Election; and for this reason, and especially in view of the political circumstances of the hour, we are prevented from commenting at any length upon the recent address delivered by Professor Goldwin Smith on public affairs in this city, in which that gentleman dealt with certain questions of party and political issues. Our purpose in making reference to the subject is merely to call the attention of our readers to the remarkable freedom of speech and license of opinion which Mr. Smith, who, when it suits him, can be unsparing in his criticism of others, can himself, on occasions, indulge in.

Mr. Smith devoted a considerable part of his address to answering the question: What is Loyalty? "It is not wonderful," he said to his hearers, "that you wish just now to get all the information you can about loyalty. The air is full of loud professions of it, and still louder denunciations of disloyalty. The suspicion of disloyalty evidently entails serious consequences extending in certain contingencies to being sabred by some terrific warrior in the street. What is perhaps of more practical importance is that the cry, by its effects on nervous persons, is likely to prevent the fair consideration of questions vital to the welfare of our people." Further on, he said: "There certainly is something peculiar about this virtue. There is a species of it, at all events, which very happily coincides with self interest. The loyal are something like the Puritan saints, who deemed it their religious duty to inherit the earth. Conquerors and oppressors, for instance, always call submission loyalty and patriotism treason. Again, loyalty seems, unlike other virtues, to find a home in breasts in which no other virtue can dwell."

Aside from any question of their correctness or incorrectness we venture to think that to many of our readers these opinions coming from Professor Goldwin Smith will seem surprising. Not any longer than four or five years ago Mr. Smith himself in the newspapers and on the platform in Toronto chanted many a hymn to loyalty. In the days of the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union of Toronto, an organisation mainly composed of North of Ireland Orangemen, and of which Professor Goldwin Smith, if we are not mistaken, was the president, that gentleman did a good deal to extol the virtue of loyalty, and to accustom the public ear to such words as "treason," "secession" and "sedition." We say that at the time that Mr. Gladstone submitted in 1885 his Home Rule measure these were the epithets with which those who sympathised with the Irish cause and welcomed Mr. Gladstone's efforts, were met, and which, in Canada at least, were used by no one more unstintedly than by Professor Goldwin Smith himself. Of his consistency all that we can say is that for a man who is now so very sensitive apparently of adverse criticism in his own case, he can be singularly free in his aspersions of others.

Mr. Smith made it evident in many portions of his address that there is a certain liberty of speech regarding loyalty allowable to an Englishman, that would be flat treason, if, indeed, not blasphemy, in an Irish subject. Take for example the following passage: "Sunday after Sunday,"

said the speaker, "we solemnly pray to God that Her Majesty and Her Majesty's representative may be enabled to govern us well. Let Her Majesty or Her Majesty's representative presume to do a single act of government against the wishes of the Tory Prime Minister: let either of them veto a single job or bribe, and we know what would be the result. Yet we presume to believe that God is not to be mocked."

With what a storm of indignation, may we not ask our readers, would an expression of this sort be visited if it fell from the lips of an Irishman or Catholic. But seemingly the profession of such sentiments is a luxury permitted in Canada only to distinguished members of St. George's Societies, and ex-presidents of Irish Loyal and Patriotic organizations.

In the remainder of his address Professor Smith dealt with the question of Canada's political destinies, and declared that for himself he was wholly in favour of what he conceived to be the inevitable outcome of our development, political union with the United States. "I hope and steadfastly believe," he said, "that some day the schism will be healed, that there will be a moral union, which alone is possible, of the American colonies of Great Britain to their mother country, and a complete re-union with the hearty sanction of the mother, of the whole race upon this continent. Great Britain will see at last that she has no real interest here but amity and trade. The unity of the race, and the immense advantage of a settlement which would shut out war from this continent and make it an economical whole, will prevail." Mr. Smith, seemingly, does not take much account of the aspirations of young Canadians, which surely is an inspiring and noble one—to build up here along the north banks of the St. Lawrence and in the rich regions of the north and west a vigorous Canadian Nation. But we are convinced that the sentiment is none the less a powerful one.

Amongst the interesting disclosures with regard to Newman made in Mozley's account of his life in the English Church which has just been published, none will be read with wider interest than the Cardinal's remark on style, of which he was such a master. Newman wrote: "It is simply the fact that I have been obliged to take great pains with everything I have written, and I often write chapters over and over again, besides innumerable corrections and interlinear additions. I am not stating this as a merit, only that some persons write their best first, and I very seldom do. However, I may truly say that I never have been in the practice since I was a boy of attempting to write well or to form an elegant style. I think I never have written for writing sake; but my one and single desire and aim has been to do what is so difficult—viz, to express clearly and exactly my meaning; this has been the motive, principle of all my corrections and rewritings. As to patterns for imitations, the only master of style I ever had (which is strange considering the differences of the languages) is Cicero. I think I owe a great deal to him, and as far as I know to no one else." It is, indeed, remarkable that the rotund periods of the Roman orator should have formed a model for what, on the whole, a chaste style. Of Newman's writings it could certainly be said as of Cicero's orations that they were the result of consummate art, combined with unwearyed industry.

THE *Catholic Review* of New York is one of the few American journals that realise that there is such a thing on this continent as an independent Canadian public opinion. In the general election now pending many leading American journals profess to see another sign pointing to certain and immediate annexation. Such journals, the *Review* says, are acquainted with the strength of the commercial spirit, and count on it to overwhelm both the popular sentiment against annexation, and the Canadian spirit of independence. It is not to be doubted, as it says, that commercial considerations enter into the question, and that they will influence some people. Mr. Wiman for example seems to rely wholly upon its force, and addresses his argument solely to American and Canadian avarice. Mr. Goldwin Smith, on the other hand, mentions other conditions which he is of opinion will ultimately induce Canada to enter the Union. But it is refreshing to find that the *Review* does not form any too exaggerated estimate of Mr. Goldwin Smith's influence and leading. "It must ever be remembered," it says, "that Goldwin Smith is utterly incapable of forming a clear opinion on Canadian questions. He sees nothing save through the glass of anti-Catholic prejudice. He desires only to see the French of Quebec turned into Protestant Englishmen and the Catholic faith destroyed. Any measures which do not tend to these results he cannot understand. Now the French of Quebec are increasing and overflowing, they love their own language, they are industrious, virtuous, organised, have a literature, a political tradition, and an aspiration for independence. They cannot be destroyed, therefore, and this fact puts Mr. Smith out of court at once as a practical politician. It is superfluous to quote him as an authority."

A BETTER guide, our contemporary correctly surmises, to the real condition of feeling in Canada on the subject is furnished by the letter of the Archbishop of Halifax, who is neither a politician or a land-holder, and he knows his breviary. Of His Grace's letter, some portions of which (not having, unfortunately, the full text) we published in our issue of last week, our New York contemporary says:—"The quotation exactly represents the real temper of the mass of Canadians, high and low, French, Scotch, Irish, English, with regard to annexation. We make no comment on the question of the clergy in politics. We only point out the fact that not only do the Canadians reject annexation, they also regret every step in its direction. This is the force of the Archbishop's letter for us, and it is worth more as an index of Canadian opinion than all the curious utterances of the Wimans and Smiths, actuated by commercial ambition or religious hatred."

If the Orange body, our contemporary is further of opinion, could be rooted out of Ontario, there could be no question whatever regarding annexation. "Their deep-seated anti-Catholicity," it says, "is the perennial spring of disorder and wild discussion in Canada. They cannot perpetuate their race or their bigotry in the Dominion, while they see their deserted farms bought up by French Canadians, and the Catholic religion flourishing. To avoid the inevitable future they would betray their country as they betrayed Ireland, or flood it with Chinese."

THE year's numbers of THE REVIEW, detached from the advertisement covers, make a handsome volume of over

600 pages, and contain so much good reading that is never republished in book form, that those who fail to bind them are losing an opportunity of forming, at slight expense, a useful family library. Subscribers are urged to complete their files, and have the numbers bound. Those who have not hitherto done so will be pleased with the fine volume the year's REVIEW makes.

LENTEN REGULATIONS.

The following are the Lenten regulations for the Archdiocese of Toronto:—

1st. All days of Lent, Sundays excepted, are fast days.

2nd. By a special indult from the Holy See, A. D. 1884, meat is allowed on Sundays at every meal, and at one meal on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, except the Saturday of Ember week, and Holy Saturday.

3rd. The use of flesh and fish at the same time is not allowed in Lent.

The following persons are exempted from abstinence, viz: Children under seven years; and from fasting: persons under twenty one; and from either or both, those who, on account of ill health, advanced age, hard labour, or some other legitimate cause, cannot observe the law.

Lard may be used in preparing fasting food during the season of Lent, except on Good Friday, as also on all days of abstinence throughout the year by those who cannot easily procure butter.

LENT.

LENT opened on the eleventh of this month. It is a season of penance. The Church directs us throughout its course to prepare ourselves by fasting, abstinence, humiliation, almsgiving and prayer for the anniversary and death of our Saviour which its closing week enfolds, and to prepare also for the greatest feast of the ecclesiastical year which follows its termination. The laws governing fasting and abstinence in the days of early fervor were rigorous. They were obeyed with docility. The Church has relaxed those laws owing to the greater difficulties in the struggle for life and perhaps owing in some degree to the decay of that sublime spirit of mortification which is so noticeable at the present day. But while she relaxes her laws as to fasting, etc., she insists on implicit obedience to them. Her commands are the commands of Him who founded her. They must be implicitly obeyed. But she is in all things reasonable. If one feels that his health would suffer; that the arduousness of his labour, whether his toil be by his hands or by his intellect, demands that he should not fast, she, on the conditions being placed before and she being satisfied of their sufficiency, uplifts the obligation as to fasting and commutes them by the imposition of other obligations. He must in obedience, go to his pastor, state the grounds for exemption he possesses, and if he gain a dispensation he must faithfully fulfil the obligations to which the fasting is commuted. Many deal too lightly with the Church's commands as to fasting; they pretend to think that they have regard merely to pious old women and that the day for their observance by men is past. Too much of this sort of talk is often heard. Catholics have to remember that to disobey the commandments of the Church is no light thing. Wilful breach of them means mortal sin, mortal sin at life's close means eternal punishment. Throughout Lent the Holy Rosary should be said in common in every Catholic household. It groups the scenes in the Saviour's life; it pictures His death, resurrection and ascension; it places before us in striking figures the joys and sorrows of His Most Blessed Mother.

C. M. B. A. News.

We regret very much to hear of considerable inefficiency on the part of branch officers in several places and one or two instances of grand officers. We do not wish to be understood as laying any blame on these persons. There may be two principal reasons for their inattention to, or non-performance of duty. They may be overburdened with private affairs, or other public duties that left them an insufficiency of time at the proper periods at which they should perform the duties they owe to their C. M. B. A. position. Or they may allow themselves to consider such a position as being of such a charitable or fraternal nature as not to be positively binding as to the time or moment when duties that are really imperative in the nature of being attended to with promptness, should be performed. Those of the former class should resign, or should never aspire to such positions, as they do and irreparable injury to the association they attempt to serve, and prevent it from enjoying the services of those that would be able to perform them more fittingly. The latter class are clearly incompetent and must be entirely devoid of any true interest for the welfare of an association like the C. M. B. A. But alas! for the imperfection of human understanding and conceptions of duty; men will stand up and take the most solemn obligations to perform all sorts of duties but never after give the least consideration as to the nature of the obligations taken, and hence it must be that so many men fail to live a christian life according to the most solemn vows made at baptism or when receiving the sacrament of matrimony, or on the acceptance of some important trust, or some high public office. If so many are indifferent to so many sacred and solemn obligations, self-imposed by voluntary acceptance, we should hardly dare to expect that the same class of people would be more faithful to the obligations imposed by the written law of a fraternal or mutual benefit society, which the person who in such instances take upon themselves so lightly and inconsiderately that they will not even take the pains to acquaint themselves with the duties that are expected they will faithfully attend to.

This state of affairs can only be remedied by Supreme Deputies or Grand and District Deputies, who know the history of the association, are fully and readily conversant with its laws, who can give reasons for the reforms they might seek to have carried out, who would have the ability to discover delinquency of duty, or abuses of power, or failure to administer the law properly, and know how to proceed to remedy all such abuses and such defects. Deputies who would have the courage to say to a branch officer or a grand officer, that he was in error, and that unless such officer at once began to take proper measures to comply with the letter and spirit of the law, that he should be removed for incompetency, or for refusing to obey the instructions of superior officers. Then the C. M. B. A. would be greatly improved over its present excellent condition. Much depends on the visiting deputies, and here let it be borne in mind that Grand and District Deputies of the Grand Presidents are to examine branches and branch officers. Supreme Deputies in grand council jurisdictions are to examine into the actions of grand councils and their officers, and they have the same power to compel a grand officer to carry out the law relating to such councils and officers as the deputies of Grand Presidents have over branches and their officers. In the branches under supreme council jurisdiction, Supreme Deputies have the same powers and duties as Grand Deputies in relation to visiting branches or organising new ones in new territory. Supreme Deputies are subject in all things to the supreme president, and their duties are defined in the constitution. We hope the new deputies in all the jurisdictions will not only seek to correct all abuses but do their best to find them which if done with a proper spirit could not fail to advance the true interests of the association, more than anything else that has been accomplished so far, for then the association would be in a better condition to take up the fraternal features which are so sadly neglected, and make of the C. M. B. A. the ideal Catholic society of the age.—*C. M. B. A. Weekly.*

On Thursday evening Feb. 5th, several members of St. Joseph's Congregation and members of Branch 139 C. M. B. A. met at the Church to present Rev. Father Trayling, on the eve of his departure, with an address and a well filled purse from each body. The following address on behalf of the congregation was read by Mr. P. J. Reagan.

To The Rev. Jas. A. Trayling, P. P.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER:—We the parishioners of St. Joseph's Church, Fort Erie, Ont. who for the past three years have been committed to your spiritual care, take this opportunity, on the occasion of your present departure from amongst us, of addressing you and of expressing the deep sense of love and gratitude we have towards you; whilst under your charge our Church has in all things prospered, and under your guidance we have always found you attentive to our wants, zealous for our spiritual progress, and ever ready to sacrifice yourself on our behalf. You have been truly a pastor to us, and at all times shown yourself a worthy priest of God and one possessing the qualities of a christian gentleman; therefore it is that we deeply mourn your loss. Please accept this purse as a slight token of our regard for you.

We beg that you remember us at the holy altar, and rest assured we will be ever mindful of you in our humble prayers.

On behalf of the parishioners of St. Joseph's, we remain,

Gratefully Yours,

W. MITCHELL,
A. G. THOM,
W. E. EDWARDS,
P. J. REAGAN.

Bro. W. E. Edwards then read the following address on behalf of the Branch:

Rev. J. A. Trayling, P. P., First President of Branch 139, C. M. B. A., Fort Erie.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:—We, the members of the C. M. B. A. Branch 139, on the eve of your departure from our midst, desire to express our appreciation for your unrivalled services so cheerfully rendered to advance the interests and well-being of our beloved society. Through your untiring efforts this Branch was organised, and during your short incumbency as President your words and acts have at all times been such as served to increase and deepen the respect felt by all for you as a Christian gentleman, as well as to increase our admiration of your splendid abilities in the post of presiding officer. We can only trust, Rev. and dear Father, that our deliberations may in the future be marked by the same, wisdom, prudence, and foresight as have characterised them under your able guidance. We cordially agree in wishing you the same success in your future fields of labour as has your footsteps here. In saying good-bye we beg your acceptance of this purse as a slight token of our love, and be assured the members of the C. M. B. A. in this village will hold your name for all time in respect and veneration.

J. J. KELLY, Pres.
J. C. STEWART, 1st Vice-Pres.
W. E. EDWARDS, Rec. Sec.
Wm. MITCHELL, Fin. Sec.

The reverend gentleman replied briefly, being deeply affected. This being his first parish he was loathe to leave it. He assured them of his appreciation of their kind feelings toward him expressed in the addresses, and would always cherish them in remembrance of his happy stay with them.

Some important features have been added to *Hoffman's Catholic Directory*, which makes a volume of nearly 750 pages, exclusive of advertisements. The diocesan reports are arranged according to provinces; there is a complete list of the Catholic papers published in the United States and Canada; also a report of the Bureau of Catholic Indian missions. The publishers seem to have spared no pains to make their Directory as complete and reliable as possible.

THE articles in THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW are worth many times the price of a year's subscription. Send for a sample copy.

General Catholic News

The head of the Dominican Order, Father Larroca, died on Jan. 8 at Rome.

Two new Catholic papers have been founded in Brazil, with the approval and support of the episcopate.

Archbishop Tache, of Manitoba, who has been very ill for some time at the Grey Nunnery in Montreal is slowly recovering, and expects to be able to leave for home in a couple of weeks.

Recent advices are to the effect that the Czar has sent no reply to the appeal of the Pope in behalf of the persecuted Catholics of Russia and Poland. The Government authorities continue to close Roman Catholic churches throughout Russia, and the people of that faith are altogether deprived of any place of public worship.

On Friday evening last a very successful concert, under the management of Mrs. Tapsfield, and in aid of St. Patrick's Church, was given in the Hall on McCaul St. As is usual with any entertainment which this lady undertakes, it was a pronounced success, and netted a handsome sum.

Vicar-General Routhier, of the Archdiocese of Ottawa, has had the title of Monsignor conferred upon him by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. Mgr. Routhier is a brother of M. Routhier, ex-member of the Canadian Parliament, and also of Judge Routhier, of Montreal.

The Pope has authorized the important provisions of his will to be published. In this document he leaves to his relations the property inherited from his family, amounting to about \$2,000,000. The residue of money and personal property which he has acquired since he became Pope, including the many presents made to him on the occasion of his jubilee, he leaves to the Church for its missions, its anti-slavery campaign and for religious instructions.

A concert was given on Monday evening last in the Auditorium, under the auspices of the ex-pupils of De La Salle. The concert was a success in every particular. The singing of Miss Kate Clarke, Miss Pringle, Prof. Baretta Mull, and J. Costelloe was much admired, and received merited encores. The proceeds, which were considerable, will be devoted to purchasing necessary appliances for the De La Salle Institute.

On Sunday evening last grand musical vespers were sung in St. Mary's Church. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity, over 1800 people being present. The sermon was preached by Rev. Dean Cassidy of St. Helen's Church, who took for his text "The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a Grain of Mustard Seed." In the course of his instructive and eloquent sermon he showed how the Catholic Church had sprung up as from a grain of mustard seed, until it now covered the earth with its faith and fulness.

Senator Dawes recently in a communication to the Washington Correspondent of the *Freeman's Journal* said as follows:—"I bear testimony to the practical, business-like way in which the Catholic church deals with the Indians. True, she receives the largest share of the Indian appropriations set apart for religious purposes, but she deserves it. When other religions are asleep the Catholic church is up and doing. As she shows the most practical results, I don't see why the other religious bodies should envy her share.

The academic hall of the University of Ottawa was well filled, on Thursday night of last week, with parishioners of St. Joseph's church, and personal friends of Father Pallier to welcome him on his return in the parish.

Father Pallier entered the hall shortly after eight.

Hon. Mr. Scott read an address expressing sentiments of love and sympathy towards Father Pallier who for nearly a quarter of a century has been parish priest of St. Joseph's. In that interval of time the sympathetic tie between the pastor and his flock has year by year increased in warmth and strength. The address is signed by R. W. Scott, Chairman; W. H. Barry, Secretary; and P. Baskerville, J. J. McGee, Wm. Kehoe, John O'Leary, M. C. MacCormac, T. J. Richardson, Geo. Duval, Committee.

Hon. Mr. Scott then presented Father Pallier with a very rich gold chalice and paten, with cruets, bell and dish, enclosed in a handsome walnut box with an inscription engraved on silver to the following effect: "Presented to the Rev. A. Pallier, O. M. I., by the congregation of St. Joseph's, Ottawa, 5th Feb., 1891."

The presents are valued at \$250 and were bought in Montreal.

Father Pallier was evidently much affected and made a very appreciative reply. While in Montreal, he said, he had spent many hours in seclusion and sickness, and during that time he had visited in mind every family in the parish, and had offered thousands of prayers for every one of his parishioners. He paid a high compliment to the skill of the doctor who had operated on his eye.

The Grand Opera House, Hamilton, was filled to overflowing last Tuesday evening, on the occasion of the 38th annual Festival in aid of the orphans under the care of the Sisters of St. Joseph of that city. Protestants as well as Catholics respond nobly to the appeal made on behalf of the poor children, making these entertainments the most successful of any given in the season.

For many years past the "Festival" has been kept up by a high class concert, carried out by noted artists, assisted by leading local talent. That on Tuesday evening could not fail to be appreciated. The names on the programme being: Mrs. F. MacKelean, Miss Clarke, Miss Schumacher, Miss Herald (elocutionist) Mr. F. Warrington, Mr. J. F. Egan, Mr. J. A. MacPherson, Mrs. Driscoll and Hamilton's renowned XIII. Battalion Band, with Prof. D. J. O'Brien as accompanist. A pleasing feature, and one which perhaps gives more satisfaction to the majority of the audience than the concert, is when at the intermission, the boys from the House of Providence, Dundas, and the girls from St. Joseph's, Hamilton, are ranged upon the stage, their happy countenances, cheerful voices, healthy and scrupulously clean appearance giving evidence of the tender care bestowed upon them by the good and devoted sisters. Advantage is taken of this intermission by leading citizens to speak cheering and laudatory words. On this occasion the vast concourse were briefly addressed by His Lordship Dr. Dowling, Ald. Blaicher (representing the Mayor, who was unable to attend owing to illness), Col. Monaghan (U. S. Consul) and G. M. Barton, Esq. So popular has this "Festival" become, it was found necessary a few years ago to supplement the regular entertainment by a matinee, so as to give every person an opportunity to assist. The programme for the matinee is especially arranged to interest the children, thus preparing them for the continuance of the work which their parents are now so grandly prosecuting.

Jean Baptiste Victor Coquelle, of the editorial staff of the *Paris Univers* since 1845, is dead. Eugene Veuillot, in a leading article of that great journal, pays a tender tribute to the sterling qualities of his friend and companion. The work of M. Coquelle, from the first article to the last one, which appeared a few days before his death, bore the character of a master hand and of one devoted to the interests of the Church. Under no circumstances was he willing to compromise a single doctrine, and his whole life was a compromise for the truth. Privately, his wife says of him, he spent his time between his duties on the paper, the public libraries, and his domestic circle, varied occasionally by an evening in some cafe with well-chosen friends. Death he met with the tranquility of an easy conscience, fortified by the last Sacraments. It is seldom that so beautiful a sketch can be written of a journalist.

THE ABBE OF THE BIRDS.

From the Catholic World.

1.

WHEN we were all young together in the Academy of Montpellier their was not one of us but predicted for Cyprien Coupiac, the smallest boy in the school, honour and advancement in the priest's calling for which he was preparing himself. Such ardor, such unselfishness, such sweet humility and devotion distinguished him that it was hard to tell whether we most loved or admired him. The professors alone shrugged their shoulders--from jealousy rather than from judgment, according to our theories--when they repeated as they often did, "That boy's vocation runs away with him." But there was no one to agree with them.

The one weakness of this pure and ardent soul was his passion for birds. As we took our daily walks together in the park of La Vallette or in the fields near the sea-shore, he would raise himself on tiptoe, with hands and eyes lifted to heaven, at the least whir of wings or ripple of song, murmuring in an undertone of ecstasy, "Ravishing! ravishing!" Sight or sound of the flying creatures seemed to carry him wholly out of himself. But who could reproach so amiable a fault when he shared it with such good company as St. Bonaventura, friend of the sparrows, and St. Francis of Assisi, who loved all those "small beasts of God?" Little we dreamed, as we laughed at his foible, how it was to affect his life.

After ordination he was sent to the best living in France. But how could a fastidious congregation tolerate a curate who ran through the streets like a boy with a nest of linnets or a twittering finch rolled up in the skirt of his cassock? You may be sure it was not the poor or the maimed of body and spirit that found fault with him; his ministrations to them were so tender and constant. But when his rare moments of leisure came he was off to the woods or the marshes with horse-hairs and his little pot of glue; and the bare walls of the presbytery were filled with cages and with chirping, flying morsels which were a heavy weight to the heart of Angeline, his housekeeper, and a subject of gossip to the town. His parish priest expostulated, but he might as well have hoped to keep the sun from shining. So a fine day came at last when he was met in the churchyard, his soutaine torn in two places and the heads of a brace of red partridges showing through the rents, and the outraged superior appealed to the bishop. A week later he was transferred to Roquesels a village of three hundred souls, as poor as St. Fulcrans had been rich.

Here for a year he kept clear of temptation; but alas! one September morning as he read his breviary in the little garden a shadow fell on the book, a jubilant trill of voices fell from heaven, and a long line of larks dropped into a neighbouring cornfield. Next morning all the empty cages in Roquesels were borrowed and filled; Angeline's life was again a burden; and history repeated itself to a certain degree. The vicar-general, coming with the cure of the next parish to visit, surprised the little abbe returning from the fields, hatless, collarless, scratched, breathless, and happy. In two days came a mandate from the bishop, citing Monsieur the abbe Cyprien Coupiac to appear before the official tribunal of the diocese. In the midst of his larks and finches sparrows and blackbirds, Angeline saw her master shrink away before her very eyes, day by day, like a prisoner awaiting execution. Was he to be degraded again in the eyes of men? Keener torture yet--were his beloved companions to be taken from him? Driven to desperation, the good soul, who did not want for courage to scold her master on ordinary occasions but who had kept silent now for very pity, came to him one morning where he sat feeding a sick dove with little pellets of meal.

"If I were you, monsieur. I would go to-morrow, without waiting to be called, and ask pardon of monseigneur."

"Pardon?" stammered the cure; "pardon?"

"Yes, pardon!" repeated the house-keeper firmly. "Perhaps monseigneur is not so bad a man as they make him out to be."

"Monseigneur Charles Thomas Thibault bad? He is goodness itself, Angeline; goodness itself!"

"Then, if you're not afraid of him, what makes you waste away from morning till night and from night till morning?"

"I waste away?"

"Why, you dance in your clothes until it's a pity to look at you."

"Me? I dance?"

Pere Coupiac, flushing to the roots of his thin hair, put the dove back in his basket, unfastened the big linen apron he wore while attending his pets, bent his head for a moment as if in meditation, and then:

"Yes, Angeline, you are right. *Peccavi*, and I should ask pardon! But it is now I will go, without waiting for to-morrow. Quick, my Sunday soutane and hat!"

"Ah! here you are, monsieur, the relapsed sinner!" said the Bishop as he entered.

"I am come to throw myself at the feet of Your Grace. The knowledge that I had offended you was killing me!"

"Killing you!" Then, with a kindly look at the kneeling figure before him: "Rise, my child; this is not a hanging matter."

"I have disobeyed my Bishop."

"Your Bishop remembers the best boy in his seminary long ago; he does not confound your edifying virtue with this foolish fancy. Simply he would like to see your deportment as dignified as your character is true."

"I understand you, Monseigneur. Unhappily, even the seminary could not weed out of me the peasant nature which loves every winged creature. I have trouble--oh! such trouble--in--"

"In separating yourself from birds! Are you insane?"

"If you could but know the snares I used to make in my native woods of Ginestet! All my family were the same; my father was known through the whole country-side as 'Coupiac, the Partridge.'"

"And you cannot but know that, partly from your size and partly from your bird-loving mania, you are called 'Abbe Coupiac, the Wren?'"

"I like the nickname, Monseigneur! It is such a slender, bright, brisk little creature. Only its voice is somewhat dry and weak--"

"Precisely like your own, my derr abbe. But with your sportsman instincts--or poacher's, I should rather call it--you must live on game all the year round."

"I eat game, Monseigneur? I could not touch it!"

"What do you do, then?"

"Why, my sick people and my poor! who never have a good morsel if I could not help them," stammered the poor little cure of Roquesels, his eyes cast down, half in sorrow, half in shame. "But even for them I could not kill my little creatures. I give them away, and then--"

The Bishop stretched out both hands and pressed those of the abbe warmly.

"You are from Ginestet?" he asked, after a moment's silence. "Isn't Cabrecolles somewhere near it?"

"Just a short league away, on the mountain spur."

"Knowing now better than ever your love for the poor, it will not be painful to you--answ. --is now frankly. I do not wish to leave you at Roquesels under the authority of those not in sympathy with you. The Abbe Calmels of Cabrecolles is dead. Would it please you to have the parish?"

"Ah! with what gratitude, Monseigneur! To go back to my own country. To be among the graves of my own people. To live among the mountains where I was born. Monseigneur! Monseigneur!" And large tears welled his pale cheeks.

The Bishop lovingly embraced him. "Monsieur, the Abbe Wren," he said with a smile, "my dear brother, to-morrow you will pack your trunk for Cabrecolles. All your sins of bird-catching are forgiven." And lifting his arms over the bowed head of the cure, who had fallen again on his knees: "*Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum.*"

To be Continued.

NORTHROP & LYMAN'S

VEGETABLE A Great Blood Purifier

A Sure Cure for DISCOVERY Dyspepsia

A Medical Triumph!

HOW THE HEALTH OF
ONE OF BELLEVILLE'S CITIZENS
WAS RESTORED.

Remarkable Cure of Dropsy and Dyspepsia.

Mr. SAMUEL T. CASEY, Belleville, writes: "In the spring of 1884 I began to be troubled with Dyspepsia, which gradually became more and more distressing. I used various domestic remedies, and applied to my physician, but received no benefit. By this time my trouble assumed the form of Dropsy. I was unable to use any food whatever, except boiled milk and bread; my limbs were swollen to twice their natural size; all hopes of my recovery were given up, and I quite expected death within a few weeks. NORTHROP AND LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY having been recommended to me, I tried a bottle with but little hope of relief; and now, after using eight bottles, my Dyspepsia and Dropsy are cured. Although now seventy-nine years of age, I can enjoy my meals as well as ever, and my general health is good. I am well known in this section of Canada, having lived here fifty-seven years; and you have liberty to use my name in recommendation of your VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, which has done such wonders in my case."

A Very Bad Case!

DYSPEPSIA VANQUISHED.

Mr. JAMES JOHNSTON, 4th con., 7th lot, Amaranth, writes: "Two bottles of NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY cured me of Dyspepsia. Mine was a bad case and I had tried a number of other preparations without getting any benefit from them."

Dyspepsia Had to Go.

Mr. W. J. DEYELL, Wingham, carpenter and builder, writes: "Three years ago I was greatly troubled with Dyspepsia; a pain between my shoulders was so bad that I thought I would have to quit work altogether. No medicine gave me ease until I got a bottle of NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, which gave me relief. I continued using the medicine until I had taken three bottles, when I was perfectly well. I consider it invaluable as a cure for Dyspepsia. I know of several persons who have used it with the same benefit."

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A house containing twelve apartments and with all modern improvements, situated in its own grounds at five minutes walk from the pilgrimage church of the good St. Anne. There are gardens, orchard and ice-house adjoining.

Apply on the premises or to M^{me} P. Poste Restante, Ste. Anne de Beaupre.

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THE DR. TAFT BROS. M. CO., ROCHESTER, N.Y. FREE

DROPSY Treated free. Positively CURED with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousand cases pronounced hopeless. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. BOOK of testimonials of miraculous cures sent FREE. TEN DAYS TREATMENT FURNISHED FREE by mail DR. G. H. GREEN & SONS, Specialists, Atlanta, Ga.

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Of Roxbury, Mass., says

My Medical Discovery seldom takes hold of two people alike! Why? Because no two people have the same weak spot. Beginning at the stomach it goes searching through the body for any hidden humor. Nine times out of ten, inward humor makes the weak spot. Perhaps its only a little sediment left on a nerve or in a gland; the Medical Discovery slides it right along, and you find quick happiness from the first bottle. Perhaps its a big sediment or an open sore, well settled somewhere, ready to fight. The Medical Discovery begins the fight, and you think it pretty hard, but soon you thank me for making something that has reached your weak spot. Write me if you want to know more about it.

Sir Alex Campbell, President. John L. Blunkle, Esq Vice-Pres.

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A STRANGE VERDICT.

HAVE THE JURY ARRIVED AT AN CORRECT
CONCLUSION?

There can scarcely be any doubt that the investigation of Dr. Koch the German Specialist, will lead to radical changes in the treatment of tuberculous diseases. That the eminent physician has discovered a specific for certain forms of skin diseases, the Medical fraternity have already admitted, but that he has made any advance in the treatment of pulmonary affections, they are not prepared to certify to, nor are they willing to believe that disintegrated tissues can be restored by the mere process of subcutaneous injection. On the other hand, the people at large have rushed wildly to Berlin with the firm conviction that Koch's lymph will stay the progress of advanced consumption and lend them a new lease of life. Some have been benefitted—not cured—for the very simple reason that the entire nervous system is overlooked in the treatment. No character of disease that assaults the vital organs can be successfully treated without reaching the nerve centres. In this very particular, the public appears to have rendered a strange verdict in favour of Dr. Koch, strange for this reason:—for many years the remedies discovered by Dr. T. A. Slocum of New York, now manufactured at 186 Adelaide street West, Toronto, have been supplied to the afflicted and so far have proved unfailing as curative agents. They have been introduced into hundreds of thousands of households free of cost, have been given grateful testimonials from numberless thankful hearts, have been publicly endorsed by successful practitioners and are to-day the indispensable articles of the family medicine chest. With such a record the hazardous verdict of the people in favour of Dr. Koch does indeed seem strange. Dr. Slocum's treatment has been common property for years, has given incalculable relief, and is still administering its generous, life-giving nourishment to stricken humanity. Consumptives or those disposed to pulmonary complaints, should consult Dr. Slocum's pamphlet and make immediate and methodical use of his remedies. Address a letter to T. A. Slocum, M. C., 186 Adelaide st. West, Toronto, and you will receive by Express two free sample bottles with full information regarding lung troubles and their proper and successful treatment.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for excavations for New Drill Hall Toronto," will be received at this office until Tuesday the 17th Feby., 1891, for excavations required for the New Drill Hall to be erected in the rear of Osgood Hall Toronto.

Tenders to state the price per cubic yard for excavating and carting away the material from the premises and also excavations required for draining the site.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on form supplied by this Department and must be signed with the actual signatures of the tenderers

Conditions and forms of tender can be obtained on application to the undersigned.

An accepted bank cheque for \$200.00 payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, must accompany each tender.

This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
E. F. E. ROY,

Secretary.

Department of Public Works }
Ottawa, 9th Feby. 1891. }

NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY

Under the patronage of Rev. Father Labelle.

Established in 1884, under the Act of Quebec, 32 Vict., Chapt. 38, for the benefit of the Diocesan Societies of Colonization of the Province of Quebec.

CLASS D
The 40th Monthly Drawing will take place
WEDNESDAY JAN. 21st
At 2 p.m.
PRIZES
\$55,000
Capital prize \$5,000.00

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Real Estate worth	\$5,000	5,000
1 do	2,000	2,000
1 do	1,000	1,000
4 do	500	2,000
10 Real Estate "	300	3,000
30 Furniture sets	200	3,000
60 do	100	6,000
200 Gold Watches	50	40,000
Approximation Prizes		
100 Silver Watches	25	2,500
100 do	15	1,500
100 do do	10	1,000
1000 do do	10	10,000
1000 Toilet Sets	5	5,000

It is offered to redeem all prizes in cash, less a commission of 10 per cent.
Winners, names not published unless specially authorized:
A. A. AUDET, Secretary
Offices, 19 St. James street, Montreal Can.
TICKERS \$1 11 TICKETS FOR \$10.00



The Antidote to Alcohol found at Last!

A NEW DEPARTURE
The Father Mathew Remedy

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

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

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

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

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

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.

MONTHLY DRAWINGS FOR THE YEAR 1891

January 14, February 11, March 11, April 8, May 13, June 10, July 8, August 12, September 9, October 14, November 11, December 9.

EIGHTH MONTHLY DRAWING FEBRUARY 14, 1891

3134 PRIZES
WORTH \$52,740.00
CAPITAL PRIZE
WORTH \$15,000.00
TICKET, . . . \$1.00
11 TICKETS for \$10.00

Ask for circulars.

LIST OF PRIZES.

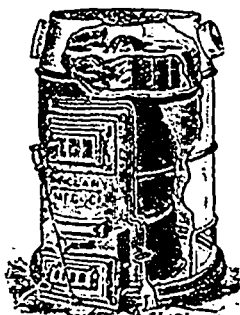
1 Prize worth	\$15,000	\$15,000
1 " "	5,000	5,000
1 " "	2,500	2,500
1 " "	1,250	1,250
2 Prizes	500	1,000
5 " "	250	1,250
25 " "	50	1,250
100 " "	25	2,500
200 " "	15	3,000
500 " "	10	5,000
Approximation Prizes.		
100 " "	25	2,500
100 " "	15	1,500
100 " "	10	1,000
999 " "	5	4,995
999 " "	5	4,995

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

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

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

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Stoves Ranges Heating Apparatus Etc.

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McClary's & Copp's FURNACES

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

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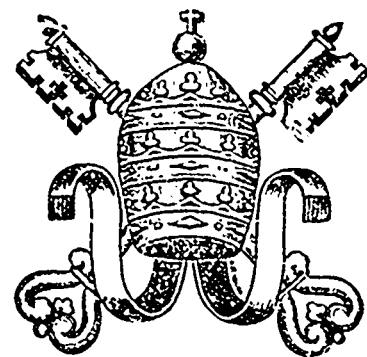
TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE

Best Teeth on rubber, \$5; on celluloid \$10
All work absolutely painless. Vitzlitz Altr
C. H. RIGGS, L.D.S., South east cor. King & Yonge sts. Toronto. Telephone 1-78

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of January 1891, mails close and are due as follows:

	Close.	Duz.
G. T. R. East	a.m. p.m. 6.00 7.35	a.m. p.m. 7.45 10.30
O. and Q. Railway	7.30 8.15	8.00 9.20
G. T. R. West	7.00 8.20	12.40 7.40
N. and N. W.	7.00 4.10	10.00 9.10
T. G. and B.	6.30 3.45	11.10 9.00
Midland	6.30 3.35	12.30 9.30
C. V. R.	6.00 3.20	11.55 10.15
G. W. R.	a.m. p.m. 2.00 9.00	a.m. p.m. 2.00 8.20
	6.00 4.00	10.30 8.20
	11.30 9.30	
	a.m. p.m. 6.00 4.00	a.m. p.m. 9.00 7.45
U. S. N. Y.	11.30 9.30	10.30 1.00
U. S. West States	6.00 9.30	9.00 7.20
	12.00	

English mails will be closed during Jan. as follows: Jan., 1, 5, 8, 12, 15, 19, 22, 26 & 29.



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MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

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Dominion : Line : Royal : Mail
STEAMSHIPS
WINTER SEASON.
Liverpool Service—Sailing Dates

	FROM PORTLAND	FROM HALIFAX
Oregon	Thur. Jan. 20th	Sat. Jan. 31st
Toronto	Feb. 12th	Feb. 14th
Sarnia	26th	28th

No passengers carried Bristol
RATES OF PASSAGE.
Cabin from Portland or Halifax to Liverpool \$ 6, \$20 and \$60. Return \$80, \$200, \$110.
Intermediate \$25. Steerage \$20.

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



FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC
A NATURAL REMEDY FOR
Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness, Hysterics, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Inebriety, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Brain and Spinal Weakness.

This medicine has direct action upon the nerve centers, allaying all irritabilities and increasing the flow and power of nerve fluid. It is perfectly harmless and leaves no unpleasant effects.
Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.
This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the
KOENIG MEDICINE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
Price \$1 per Bottle. 6 Bottles for \$5.
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Suits, Dresses, Table and Piano Covers Cleaned or Dyed.
Lace Curtains Cleaned or Colored in all the Newest Shades and finished perfect
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An Only Daughter Cured of Consumption...
When death was hourly expected for Consumption, all remedies having failed and Dr. H. James was experimenting, he accidentally made a preparation of Indian Hemp, which cured his only child, and now gives this recipe free on receipt of two stamps to pay expenses. Hemp also cures night sweats, nausea at the stomach, and will break a fresh cold in twenty-four hours. Address: Craddock & Co., 1032 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa., naming this paper.

MERCHANTS GARGLING OIL LINIMENT.
CURES Rheumatism, Burns, Scalds, Chills, blains, Frost Bites, Sprains and Bruises, Chapped Hands, External Poisons, Flesh Wounds, Toothache, Cramps or Internal Pain, Bites of Animals and Insects, Galls of ALL kinds, Lame Back, Spasms of the Stomach, Asthma, Ringbone, Scurf, Colic, Garget in Cows, Spaying, Pail Evil, Internal PAINS Sweeney, Stringhalt, Foundered Feet, Foot Rot has been, Scratches or Grease, Romp in Poultry, Windgalls, Contractions OF THE Muscles, Fistula, Cracked Heels, Mange in Dogs, Epizootic, Chills and Fever, Sand Cracks, Caked Breasts, and many other diseases incident to human, towt and animal FLESH.
Large bottles, \$1.00; medium 50c.; small 25c.; small size for family use 15c.. Sold by all druggists and dealers in general merchandise. Manufactured by Merchant's Gargling Oil Co., Lockport, N. Y., U. S. A.
JOHN HODGE, Sec'y.

THE GREAT REMEDY!
W. RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER

By Destroying all Living Poisonous Germs IN THE BLOOD,
RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER
is a Safe and Sure Cure for all Diseases of Throat and Lungs, Kidneys, Liver and Stomach, Female Complaints and for all Forms of Skin Diseases.
Making Inquiries; no charge; convincing Testimonials at hand, write to, Ask your druggist for it, or write to
Wm. Radam Microbe Killer Co. Ltd.,
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Beware of Imitations. See Trade Mark
Please Mention This Paper

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