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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. III

Toronto, Saturday, Dec. 7 1889.

No. 43

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Notes.

The Catholic public could almost afford to ignore the cowardly attack made upon Archbishop Walsh on the night of his arrival in Toronto, more especially since it has elicited, so thoroughly and unmistakably the indignation of good men of whatever belief, in every part of the Dominion. We go so far even as to say that the incident, so unhappy in itself, will have been not wholly deplorable if it have none other effect than to make apparent to what a state of society the "No Popery" course of the *Mail*, and the incendiary screeds of its clerical allies, would legitimately bring us. It is however a serious thing that an assault of so premeditated a kind, can be made under the nose of the police, and in the public streets of the city, and that justice should be unable to overtake the offenders. There is a sense, we are aware, in which justice ought to be blind, but it ought not to be blind in these instances, and the helplessness of the police, we can only say, in the face of an organized and wanton attack such as was made upon the Archbishop is in sorry contrast to the sprightliness and readiness which they showed the night following in smashing the heads of Professor Adam Wright and a handful of students, and in checking the mild exuberance which they displayed on their return from the Trinity Medical dinner.

No such fate has overtaken the ruffians who attacked the Archbishop. It is bad enough that such an assault could be made in the city, it is intolerable that the community should harbour unwhipped the criminals engaged in it. The police are apparently without an idea as to how to proceed to discover the perpetrators. And yet it is presumptively probable that the very men are not outside the ranks of the organizations whose members on two or three occasions within the past year have mobbed our Catholic institutions. The precise connection of certain Orange societies with the event, should, to begin with, be closely inquired into. If the police authorities of Toronto do not see fit to do this, it will not be amiss in outsiders to ask a few questions, say when the application of the Orange Society for incorporation comes up next session before Parliament.

Sir Edward Cecil Guinness, the wealthy Dublin brewer has made a munificent gift to the poor of London and Dublin, and his benevolence has taken a wise and practical shape. The sum of £250,000 is placed in trust for the erection of dwellings for the labouring poor. Of this amount £200,000 is to be expended in London and £50,000 in Dublin, the income to be derived from the rents of these houses is to be re-invested with a view to the further development of the scheme. In a communication to the trustees Sir Edward Guinness has informed them that he has long felt the gravity of the evils which follow from the unsanitary nature of the

dwellings inhabited by large numbers of the poorest of the labouring classes, and that the object he has in view is to provide clean and healthy homes for the people somewhat poorer than those who, as experience proves, at present avail themselves of the existing artisans dwellings, and to show that this can be done on a sound financial basis. Sir Edward Guinness believes that this object can be accomplished and the tenements let at such rents as will place them within reach of the poorest of the labouring population. "Rarely," says the *Irish Catholic* of Dublin, "has such a splendid piece of benevolence reminded the world of the fact that a man may be possessed of great wealth without ceasing to have thought for his poorer fellows." The pity is that actions of the kind are of such rare occurrence. While the philanthropy of Sir Edward Guinness' act must command the admiration of men of every creed and every country, yet we may be permitted to add, in no spirit of petty or unworthy cavilling, that there is something of justice and of fitness in the source from which the gift comes and the direction which it takes. The great wealth of the British brewers—the Besses, the Guinesses and the Allsops—has been built up on the spendings of the labouring masses, as a glance at the drink bill of Great Britain will testify.

Mr Stead's visit to the Vatican, as we wrote last week, was a failure, at all events, in one important particular. Mr Stead did not succeed in obtaining an audience with the Holy Father. Yet that circumstance has not deterred him from writing to the *Pall Mall Gazette* several columns of fanciful rubbish about the policy of the Holy See and the trend of opinion at the Vatican. That the Sacred Colledge did not assemble to meet Mr. Stead was proof positive, we presume, to the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* of how completely obscurantism directs the counsels and the policy of the Papacy. Mr. Stead's letters imply as much. For instance we find him expressing "regret" that "the Church can no longer even pretend to be the leader of the onward march of humanity;" and again he declares "I must put on record my conviction that so far as I can see, the Vatican, as at present constituted and controlled, is about as fit to undertake profitably the guidance of the social revolution of Christendom as the ruins of the Forum—after the Forum the Vatican is almost the most archaic ruin in Rome—are competent to undertake the Federation of the British Empire." Mr. Stead premises this with the statement that he "can speak without fear of giving offence" even to "the best Catholics," who, he says, "are anything but motionless sphinxes." Beyond doubt a man who has the surpassing impertinence to seek an audience with the Holy Father for no better reason than a sensation monger like Mr. Stead sought it, can without much extra effort convince himself that he "can speak without fear of giving offence" to anybody. There is no need, then, to be astonished that Mr Stead goes on to sneer at what he calls the Pontiff's "solemn apparatus of Masses and prayers," or to declare that he can only hope that the Pope "will scrupulously abstain from intermeddling any further in matters which he has neither the training to understand, the advisers to correct his ignorance, nor the information necessary to enable him to pronounce an intelligible judgment." Now it was to write all this rubbish that Mr. Stead made a journey to Rome, and yet the same kind of thing has been proclaimed by every Protestant bigot and pervert for the last fifty years. That Catholic journals have felt themselves compelled to notice it is owing only to its having wantonly been intruded upon the attention of the public. The sum of all Mr. Stead says is that the Papacy is dead—an opinion which is shared with Professor Goldwin Smith, of Toronto.

The Arrival of the Archbishop,

The installation of his Grace Archbishop Walsh in the Metropolitan See of Toronto took place on Wednesday evening, the 27th ult., at St. Michael's Cathedral. The distinguished prelate was received by the clergy and laity of Toronto and the archdiocese with every mark of affection and gladness. He did not come to his new charge as a stranger, for in earlier years he had laboured in Toronto, and friendship and love had grown around him here. This relationship the Archbishop himself referred to in a few beautiful words which he delivered with much tenderness and with evident feeling. "You are no strangers to me," he said, "for I spent thirteen years of my priesthood among you. I left you in the summer of my life. I return in its advanced autumn. I come back to you changed in appearance, it is true, for time and labours and cares have left their marks upon me, but unchanged, I am sure, in my heart's best wishes for you."

Dr. Walsh's return drew forth the most joyful manifestations of the respect and affection felt for him by the Catholic people, and his entrance into the city would have been a royal one had not a violent storm of rain and snow rendered impossible the carrying out of the programme arranged upon. Not by Catholics alone, but by the citizens generally of all denominations, was the coming of Dr. Walsh, as Archbishop of Toronto, looked forward to with satisfaction. That this was the true feeling in the city was evinced by the deep sense of pain and indignation which on all sides found expression when next day it became known that an event so pleasing to all had been disturbed by the blackguardism of a band of hoodlums. A cowardly outrage on the distinguished prelate was perpetrated on the public streets. The details which will be found in this report tell the nature of the attack, which was so sudden and so silent as to have attracted scarcely any attention at the time. To say that it marred the spirit of the popular demonstration would be an exaggeration. The welcome which the new Archbishop received at Hamilton by a representative body of the Catholic citizens of Toronto must have given him an idea of the warm feelings with which his people awaited him. The throng which assembled at the Union Station on the arrival of the train in the city left no room for questioning the affection which ruled aside all sense of inconvenience by weather. All along the streets through which the Archbishop drove to St. Michael's Cathedral enthusiastic cheers everywhere greeted him. At the Cathedral, after the pontifical brief had been read by one of the administrators of the archdiocese, addresses by the clergy and laity were presented to His Grace. His replies to these will be read with much interest. They were clear, strong, deliberate expressions upon the responsibilities of the high office which he had accepted.

THE FAREWELL AT LONDON.

The farewell to Archbishop Walsh at London was marked by everything expressive of regret and affection. At 9 o'clock on the day of His Grace's departure solemn High Mass was sung in St. Peter's Cathedral in the presence of Archbishops Walsh and Cleary. Rev. J. Bayard, of Sarnia, officiated, assisted by Rev. Fathers Brady, of Woodstock, and Aylward, of St. Thomas as Deacon and Sub Deacon, Rev. Fathers Tiernan and Kennedy being Masters of Ceremonies. The departing Archbishop was attended by Rev. Father Kilroy, of Stratford, and Rev. Father O'Conner, of

Sandwich administrator of the diocese. Archbishop Cleary was attended by Fathers Wagner and Murphy. The Mass comprised Mozart's Twelfth and Haydn's No. 3, and was beautifully rendered.

At the conclusion of the Mass the priests of the diocese advanced and formed a half circle around the Archbishop's throne. Their address was then read by the Rev. W. Flannery, P. P., of St. Thomas. The address recounted, in eloquent words, the meritorious works which were the results of the Archbishop's life and labours as a priest and bishop; the growth of the Church and the multiplication of all institutions of charity and religion; His Grace's many acts of private charity, his personal kindness to his priests, and his practical sympathy with the poor and afflicted. The address spoke also of the sadness which His Grace's departure brought them, and was supplemented with the gift of an archiepiscopal outfit, the joint offering of the clergy and laity of London.

The Archbishop replied in a very feeling manner. He thanked the priests for their address, and for the magnificent gift of the friends, whose friendship was that of a lifetime. He was grateful also for their support and constant co-operation. If he had succeeded in building schools and churches it was because of the hearty support he had received from the priests. Some time ago, when the late Bishop of Peterboro' was in that diocese collecting, he said that during the whole time that he was among the priests of the diocese no word of disloyalty against their bishop was ever uttered, nor any criticism of his actions ever spoken. This statement rounded more to their glory than to the glory of the bishop whom they respected so much as to have that said of them. It showed, too, the spirit of true faith. For true priests of the church and ministers of the Gospel, the only true happiness was to keep as near to God as possible, and to be true priests, not only in faith, but in an honest, conscientious performance of their Christian duties. He hoped and prayed that they might keep loyal in their adherence to the church and in their support of and co-operation with his successor.

At the conclusion of the Archbishop's reply, about 40 gentlemen of the cathedral congregation, advanced to the sanctuary where Mr. Thomas Coffey read an address on behalf of the laity of the diocese.

The Archbishop's reply was very affecting. After thanking them and exhorting them to go on bravely for the cause of God and assuring them of his love, the Archbishop's concluding words of farewell were almost inaudible, his feelings apparently overpowering him, while traces of emotion were visible on many faces in the cathedral.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies in the cathedral a banquet was given in the palace to the Archbishop, at which good music and social intercourse were prominent.

An address was presented to Father Walsh, nephew of the Archbishop, by Father Corcoran, of Parkhill, on behalf of the priests of the diocese. The address spoke of their regret at parting, and was accompanied by a well filled purse. Father Walsh replied suitably. An interesting part of the proceedings was a speech by Archbishop Cleary.

At about 1.30 the congregation re-assembled at the cathedral, and escorted the Archbishop to the Grand Trunk station. The procession was headed by the 7th band. At the station a last farewell was given.

MEETING HIS GRACE.

At 3.40 p.m. a special train was in readiness at the Union Station to carry the Toronto Reception Committee, and the representatives of the several societies and parishes to Hamilton, and to return with them in time for the public demonstration and the ceremony of installation at St. Michael's Cathedral. A Director's Car of the Grand Trunk Railway contained the members of the Committee, and in it the Archbishop and Bishops were brought down from Hamilton to Toronto.

Hon. Frank Smith, as chairman of the Reception Committee, was in charge of the deputation, and the following members of the committee accompanied him: Mr. D. M. Defoe, secretary; Mr. Patrick Hughes, Mr. Thomas Long, Mr. Hugh Ryan, Mr. George Keiloy, Mr. James Mason,

Mr. Boyle, Mr. James Murray, Mr. Gerald Fitzgerald, Mr. Joseph Connolly, Mr. T. W. Anglin, Dr. O'Sullivan, Dr. Cassidy, Mr. Eugenio O'Keefe, and Mr. W. T. Koiley.

Among the clergy on the train were . Rev. Father McCann, St. Helen's; Rev. Father Campbell, Orillia; Rev. Archdeacon Cassidy, Adjala; Rev. J. J. McEntee, Oshawa; Rev. P. O'Donohoe, St. Basil's; Rev. Father McPhillips, St. Helen's; Rev. Father Teofy, St. Basil's; Very Rev. P. D. Laurent, Lindsay; Rev. Father Vincent, Toronto.

Arrived at Hamilton there was some delay on account of the London train being behind time. On the railway platform the following joined the rank of the Toronto deputation; Rev. Dean Harris, St. Catharines; Father Sullivan, Thorold; Father Allain, Merritton; Father Shanahan, Niagara; Father McRae, Smithville, Father Trayling, Fort Erie; Father Smith, St. Catharines; Capt. Larkin, St. Catharines.

The following were also waiting to join the special train for Toronto: Bishop Dowling, Vicar-General Heenan, Dundas; Father McEvoy, Hamilton; Chancellor Craven, Hamilton.

AT HAMILTON.

When the London train drew into the platform the joint delegations drew up in line and when Archbishop Walsh appeared on the steps of the last car three loud welcoming cheers were sent up.

During the short delay which occurred at Hamilton his grace held an informal reception in the car and all whose names have above been given congratulated or welcomed him.

Beside Archbishop Walsh during the reception were Archbishop Cleary, of Kingston, and Father Walsh, his secretary, who had accompanied him from London, also Bishop Dowling and Vicar-General Heenan. A large party of both priests and laymen from the diocese of London accompanied the Archbishop to Toronto.

ARRIVAL IN TORONTO.

The Union station could not hold all the faithful people who braved the storm that they might properly welcome the archbishop to Toronto. The crowd overflowed out to York street, and although the rain pelted unceasingly and relentlessly down, they patiently awaited the arrival of the train bearing the Archbishop. Although the surroundings were of the most depressing sort everybody was cheerful and enthusiastic. Of course, the idea of carrying out the original programme had to be abandoned, as an organized street procession would have been an utter impossibility.

The train should have arrived at seven o'clock, but it was thirty-five minutes past the hour when the first gleam of the head light burst upon the assemblage as the engine swung round a curve and a moment later rattled into the station with its load, pulling up at the north platform. A mighty shout of welcome went up from the crowd as the archbishop appeared, and then the people with a little persuasion from the police fell back to make room for his grace. Attended by Hon. Frank Smith, he walked briskly to the carriage of the latter, which was in waiting and entered, followed by the senator and Father Walsh. It was at this juncture that the cheering began in real earnest, and there was no cessation of the enthusiasm on the part of the crowd until the archbishop was safely within the portals of the cathedral. Those who had accompanied him entered the fifty or more carriages that were there, and the procession on wheels started up town with the archbishop in the lead. Guarding his carriage was a cordon of police on horse and on foot, and it is well that they were there, for before the procession had reached Front street it became evident that in the great throng were persons who were not so cordially disposed towards the archbishop as those who were participating with such unrestrained ardor in the receptive demonstration. The first indication of hostility was conveyed by a few derisive shouts, to which little attention was paid, but as the aggressiveness of the shouters became more manifest a score or so of sturdy young men formed themselves around the archbishop's carriage, to defend him should any attack be made upon him.

At Wellington and York streets missiles were hurled at his

carriage. To add insult to injury the archbishop's ears were greeted by the song, "We'll Hang the Pope on a Sour Apple Tree." The line of carriages turned into King street and moved rapidly to Yonge, where the hooting was recommenced with increased vigor. The vigilance of the police was redoubled and their strength augmented by the officers who joined them along the route. The crowd became more dense as the procession passed up Yonge street, and at Queen street a blockade was only prevented by the exertions of the police. When the archbishop's carriage was opposite Bond street it was assailed by a regular fusillade of missiles projected from a knot of disapproving toughs who stood on the corner. The windows of the vehicle were shattered, but the occupants escaped without injury. The long line turned up Church street, and proceeded without interruption to Shuter street where another cowardly attack was made upon his grace. A chorus of derisive hoots and groans was followed by a shower of stones, one of which entered the carriage and struck his grace upon the wrist, lacerating it badly, and causing an extremely painful wound. His carriage finally drew up opposite the main entrance of the cathedral on Bond street and he passed in. Be it said to the credit of the followers of the archbishop they made no attempt to retaliate upon the hoodlums who had so unjustifiably insulted and assaulted him, for a move of that kind would undoubtedly have precipitated a riot. The police as soon as possible put an end to the frequent manifestations of hostility. They were under the command of an Inspector and numbered 190 men.

AT ST. MICHAEL'S CATHEDRAL.

Crowds had assembled at the cathedral long before the arrival of the archbishop there, and at 8 o'clock there was not one vacant seat in the great building. The high altar had been illuminated for the occasion. A large cross surrounded by a spray of shamrocks shone above, and beneath was the representation of a Mitre, all shown in brilliant gas lights. Numberless candles shone on the altar, and sprays and bunches of delicate flowers enhanced the beautiful effect.

On arrival at the Cathedral His Grace was received by the clergy of the diocese and visiting clergy and escorted to the chancel. Rev. Father Laurent, V.G., intoned the versicles. The choir sang the *Te Deum*. The antiphon to the titular saint—St. Michael the Archangel—was intoned by Father Laurent. Rev. Father Rooney V.G. ascended the pulpit, and read the Papal brief conferring upon His Grace the Episcopate of the Archdiocese of Toronto, and transferring him from London to this city. His Grace, wearing the robes and insignia of his office, and holding a crozier in his hand, took his seat on the throne. The clergy gathered around him and Rev. Father McCann read the following address:—

Most Reverend John Walsh, D. D., Archbishop of Toronto:

MOST REV. FATHER.—We, the priests of the archdiocese of Toronto, hail with gladness your advent to this, your archiepiscopal city. Joy fills our hearts because once more we have a father to love, a spiritual chief to guide, and an authority, divine in its origin, to sustain and direct us.

The sorrow-stricken church of Toronto, which has bitterly deplored the loss of the good and illustrious Archbishop Lynch, at last lays aside the garb of mourning and puts on the robes of gladness. A new era has dawned upon her. New life and energy are about to be infused into the religious life of the archdiocese. Its progress will be made commensurate with the material advancement of this great city. Your presence will wield more closely the priests, religious communities, and faithful into one united and harmonious body.

Years ago your distinguished career in the priesthood of Toronto created bright anticipations of a glorious future in the church of God. These anticipations have been abundantly realized. Your fellow-priests and devoted people in this diocese hailed with unfeigned joy your elevation to the episcopate. Your successful labours and illustrious regime in the diocese of London have been at once our distinction and our pride.

It is not necessary to recall all the good that your admin-

istration has effected, the majestic cathedral you have reared, the many charitable, educational, and religious institutions your activity and zeal have originated and fostered for the glory of God, the sanctification of souls, the advancement of learning, and the solace of human sufferings. With a learned and zealous priesthood, a faithful and pious people, you have built up in sublime proportions the mystical body of Christ.

Great indeed is the sacrifice you have been called upon to make. When in the natural course of events you should be expected to rest from your labours and enjoy the well earned fruits of your long and energetic career as Bishop of London, the voice of Christ's Vicar calls you to a more extended field of action, and puts on your already tired shoulders the heavier burden of the archiepiscopate in the great metropolis of Ontario. You have magnanimously responded to that voice. You were the first of the priests of Toronto honoured with a mitre. You are again to bear upon your hallowed shoulders the pallium of the metropolitan jurisdiction. The brilliancy and lustre that distinguished your rule in London will be excelled in the important charge of governing the archdiocese of Toronto. We assure your Grace that as far as in us lies the burden will be made light by the devotedness, love, and obedience of the clergy whose chief you have now become.

May your sojourn in our midst be a long and prosperous one. May heaven crown your labours is now and ever will be the prayer of our obedient and devoted children, the priests, secular and religion, of the archdiocese of Toronto, who humbly ask your paternal benediction.

Signed on behalf of the committee,

REV. FATHER BERGIN,
REV. FATHER CASSIDY,
REV. FATHER HAND,
REV. FATHER HENNING, C.S.S.R.
REV. FATHER McCANN.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S REPLY.

His Grace replied as follows :—

REVEREND FATHERS,—I am extremely thankful for the dutiful address and the priestly sentiments to which it gives expression. I am aware that I cannot appropriate to myself all the good things you have been kind enough to say to me, but at least I can offer one thing, and that is my good will. I come amongst you to do my utmost in co-operation with you for the glory of God and for the salvation of souls. I count largely, reverend fathers, upon your help and co-operation, for as a general can do nothing without his soldiers, so a bishop is powerless without his priests. You are necessary to me as I am necessary to you. You are nothing without the authority of the bishop, and the bishop is useless in the diocese without the help of his priests. As Moses on the mount lifted up his hands in prayer to God, and his arms were upheld by those around him that in that posture victory might come, so I will count upon you reverend and dear fathers, to uphold my arms in the work that the Holy Church of God has called me to do in your midst. We must try to be animated by the spirit of our holy vocation—our opportunities are great and our responsibilities are great also. We are surrounded by a loyal and devoted laity. It was for us to work for them, and to expend ourselves upon them if necessary for their salvation and sanctification, and for the spiritual welfare and progress of the Church of God in this free and noble country. The Holy Catholic Church was the first religion in this country except Paganism. The Catholic Church in the blood of its priests consecrated the country to God, and please God we will hold this country and work in this country no matter what opposition we may meet with. We shall, with the grace of God and the blessing of our divine Saviour, work together in unity and harmony, and with priestly zeal, for the honour and glory of God and the triumph of our holy religion. I thank you, reverend fathers for your words of promise, which bring great consolation to me. I shall bear them in mind, for from them I know that you will at all times loyally and faithfully co-operate with your Archbishop. It will be my pleasure to become amongst you as I was with the clergy of London—a father rather than a bishop. I shall seek to enter into relations of friendship with you, and so I say to you as Christ said to His disciples, *non*

dicem servos sed amicos. I will not call you servants, but friends.

The clergy present passed before the Archbishop singly, kissed his ring, and received his greeting.

LAY ADDRESS.

The members of the laity who accompanied His Grace from Hamilton, then gathered around him, while Mr. D. M. De-foe read the following address :—

To the Most Reverend John Walsh, D. D., Archbishop of Toronto.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE :—The Catholics of the archdiocese of Toronto hasten to avail themselves of this occasion, when your Grace is taking possession of the See of Toronto, to offer you their heartfelt congratulations, and to express the hope that you may be long spared to fulfil the duties of your high office. They rejoice that one who has so successfully directed the interests of a great diocese in the Province should be placed in charge of the Metropolitan See of Toronto, and they feel assured that the good feeling which is mutually entertained between you and the people of this Province, will the more easily enable you to guide the new charge allotted to you. In welcoming you back to renew the work of the church, but in a higher function, all are delighted, as well those who profited by your former ministrations as a priest in this city, as those who now hope to receive your benedictions as an Archbishop.

They doubt not but that the fatherly care and anxiety for the general good which characterized the late Archbishop Lynch will be shown by your Grace for the advancement of the Catholic people.

The Catholics of the archdiocese offer their respectful obedience through you to the Holy See, and hope that peace and good will still may prevail with all classes of people under your episcopate.

HON. FRANK SMITH, Chairman of Committee,
D. M. DEFOE, Secretary.

REPLY TO THE LAITY.

His Grace replied as follows :—

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN.—I need hardly assure you that I am sincerely grateful for the magnificent reception and hearty welcome which greets me this evening on this my first appearance as your Archbishop amongst you. Cold and hard indeed would be the heart that would not be touched to its centre by such a reception, given under such trying circumstances and such disagreeable weather. I have done nothing personally, to merit this ovation at your hands. In my humble person, however, you behold the Archbishop whom the Holy Ghost, through the Vicar of Christ, hath appointed to rule the church of God through the Metropolitan See in this diocese, and your spirit of faith and your love for holy church it is that have prompted you to turn out in such great numbers to receive me in the right royal fashion which you have, and to greet me with this noble public demonstration of your homage, fealty, and love. In some countries bishops on their first entrance into their dioceses are received by princes, nobles, and military escorts, but in the better condition of things existing in this free and happy country bishops are received and welcomed by a free people whose hearts and hands are at their disposal, whose obedience and homage are the outcome of their faith, and whose loyalty and love come fresh and warm from hearts that go out in gratitude to the great Catholic church which has been always in active sympathy with the toiling masses; which has ever laboured for their spiritual welfare and social improvement, and which, Veronica like, has, during the past ages, ever striven to wipe the sweat and tears from the face of suffering humanity. I come amongst you as the representative of Jesus Christ and with undoubted credentials of a divine commission to teach and preach the Word of God, to rule and guide souls and to shepherd the flock of Christ submitted to my pastoral care. The Divine authority and power which Jesus Christ possessed as the teacher of mankind and the sanctifier of His people, He has committed the church which He founded on the apostles, and especially on Peter, and of which He Himself is the chief corner-stone. " All

power," He said to His apostles, "is given to Me in heaven and on earth, go, therefore, teach all nations, teaching them to observe all things, whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold I am with you all days down to the consummation of the world." (Matt. 28: 18-20) "He that heareth you heareth Me, and he that despiseth you despiseth Me." "As the Father hath sent Me I send you." The commission is to the Apostolic body, and to it alone. It is as broad as the world, as universal as men and as lasting as time. The evident meaning of the commission is that the Apostolic ministry is to last in the world to the end of time; that there must be always in the church a public, perpetual, unbroken succession of pastors; that though the Apostles must die they will live on in their successors, and the Apostolic church, commissioned and chartered by the Son of God, would continue forever in its office of teaching the doctrines of Christ, and in the administration of His saving ordinances as long as there lived men to be taught or souls to be saved. Now, dearest brethren, the Catholic Episcopate, in communion with the See of Peter, are the successors and heirs of the Apostolic mission and the Apostolic power; they are, in other words, the chief pastors of the Apostolic church that has come down through the ages to our time with its divine authority to teach and govern, and with all its inexhaustible wealth of spiritual powers, gifts, and graces. I come, therefore, with the authority of Christ to lead you, my dear brethren, in the way of salvation. The task is beyond human strength, and the burden too great for angels' shoulders—*onus angelicis humeris formidandum*. But God, who is Almighty, loves to do great things through weak and frail human instruments. St. Paul tells us that the foolish things of the world God hath chosen that He may confound the wise, and the weak things of the world God hath chosen that He may confound the strong, and the base things of the world and the things that are contemptible, and the things that are not God hath chosen that He might bring to naught the things that are, that no flesh should glory in His sight. (I. Cor. 1: 27.) The Apostles were poor, illiterate fishermen, and yet they were commissioned to teach the world the sublimest doctrines that ever fell on human ears, and truths that towered away into the clouds of mystery, far above the flight of human reason. They went forth in obedience to the divine commission, and the folly of the cross, which was preached by them as the power of God and the wisdom of God, converted the world. This is God's way. The work of the Church is God's work, carried out not unfrequently through weak and feeble human agencies. This fact is for me a ground of hope and encouragement in accepting the very responsible position that has been assigned me. Paul may plant and Apollos water, but it is God who gives the increase.

Indeed, I need this Scriptural assurance to lean on in view of my heavy duties and of the great examples that have gone before me, for this cathedral is rich in great and holy memories. Its founder and first bishop—the learned, accomplished, and devoted Bishop Power—died a martyr to his heroic zeal and charity. In the discharge of his pastoral duty, which, however, he could have delegated to others, he fearlessly entered the fever sheds to bring the consolations of our holy religion to his stricken people. Into those Gethsemanes of human sorrows and agonies he entered like an angel of comfort to minister to the dying victims of the terrible typhus, to lift their thoughts and hopes far above this world of pain and to fix them on God and heaven. While engaged in this Christ-like occupation he himself was stricken down by the un pitying plague, and, good shepherd as he was, he literally laid down his life for his flock.

His successor, the good Bishop de Charbonnel, was a prelate on fire with holy zeal—a man of prayer and self-sacrifice, of sublime devotion to duty and of perfect disinterestedness. His life was one of labour, of energy, and of action. He laid the foundation of our holy religion deep and broad and solid in this diocese and in Western Ontario: and having, as he thought, fulfilled his mission, he resigned his See, not for repose, or ease, or enjoyment, but for a life of poverty, obscurity, and mortification, hiding his fame and merits and the splendour of his virtues under the cowl of a Capuchin friar.

Of the late Archbishop Lynch it is unnecessary for me to speak, for the memory of his great virtues, of his unceasing labours, of his zeal for the salvation of souls, and of his tender sympathy and love of God's poor is still fresh and living amongst you. These great examples and holy memories that cluster around the walls of this venerable cathedral, whilst they are inspiring and provoke to imitation and call for lofty aims and lives Christ consecrated, are nevertheless calculated to discourage one who is conscious of his many deficiencies and who can only hope for help and strength and fruitful labour in the goodness and bounty of Him who can level the mountains and fill up the valleys, and who can make the crooked paths straight and the rough ways plain. But besides the spiritual assurance that, according to the divine economy, there may be strength in weakness, I find another source of encouragement in the good will of the clergy, religious communities, and faithful of this city and of the archdiocese at large.

You are no strangers to me, for I spent thirteen years of my priesthood among you. During that time I learned to respect, esteem, and love the Catholics of Toronto and many citizens at large, independently of all religious considerations, and acquaintances were then made and friendships formed that have never since been forgotten. I left you in the summer of my life, I return in its advanced autumn. I come back to you changed in appearance, it is true, for time and labour and cares have left their marks upon me, but unchanged, I am sure, in my heart's best wishes for you. I trust, therefore, that we shall labour together in harmony, good will, and zeal for the furtherance of the great interests of our holy religion. Union is strength; union is charity, which is the bond of perfection, union is a necessary condition of success in any great undertaking where multitudes are concerned. How much more necessary is it in the building up of the Church of God in our midst. St. Cyprian, one of the early fathers, has said that the Church consists of the people united with their pastors, and the pastors united with their bishops. That, he says, is the Church. St. Paul likens the Church to the human body, all the members of which, though having different offices, yet minister to each other, feel for each other, and work together in harmony and in obedience to the head for the well-being of the whole body. So it should be with us. We should work together under the guidance and direction of our chief pastor, in harmony, and with resolute earnestness and zeal for the promotion of the cause of Christ amongst us, which is the cause of Christian virtue, of holy living, of peace and charity amongst all men, and of works of mercy to the poor and suffering.

I count upon your co-operation, your obedience and loyalty to the Catholic Church. Any persons who are endeavouring to disturb this Catholic community are the enemies of the cause of God and of God's Church. There should be no such persons amongst us, and I hope there will be none. Let us all be united in the great work of building up the Church of our fathers in this free and noble country. I have come amongst you to promote this cause according to my opportunities and the measure of my capacity. This is my mission, this is my only policy, to promote to the best of my ability and with the Divine assistance, glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will. I shall need your sympathy and your encouragement, and I fear I shall need patience and forbearance. May the peace and blessing of Almighty God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost descend upon you and abide with you always. Amen.

His Grace then sang prayer and pronounced a solemn benediction upon the congregation.

The installation was followed by a supper in the Palace.

THE ASSAULT UPON THE ARCHBISHOP

The coachman of the carriage containing the Archbishop was struck on the neck with a half brick, and nearly knocked off the box. There was a wild injustice in this for the coachman happened to be a sturdy Protestant.

We endorse what was said by our contemporaries in Toronto about the disgraceful attack on Archbishop Walsh. It is difficult to understand such senseless and blackguardly

ebullitions. In Archbishop Walsh's case personally, the attack was particularly senseless, for that prelate has never, given any cause of offence to even ignorance or bigotry. It is to be hoped the offenders will be brought to justice and severely dealt with.—*Ottawa Journal*.

REV. DR. POTTS ON THE OUTRAGE.

To the Editor of *The Empire*.

Sir,—According to the report in your paper the enthusiastic and affectionate reception of his grace Archbishop Walsh was worthy of our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens.

One thing, however, occurred which particularly interests the citizens of Toronto outside of the Roman Catholic church, and of that I desire especially to write. I am sure I am expressing not only my own feeling but that of every Protestant in Toronto when I express my unqualified disapproval of the dastardly misconduct of the rowdies who insulted our Roman Catholic friends, and especially his grace the Archbishop of Toronto. Roman Catholics were insulted, but, in my opinion the Protestants of Toronto were grossly insulted by such villainous conduct.

Yours, etc,

JOHN POTTS.

Toronto, Nov. 28.

It is greatly to be deplored that Archbishop Walsh should have been insulted on his arrival here the other night. There appears to be a disposition in some quarters, however, to magnify the affair and make it appear that the stone-throwing was carried on by grown-up persons. The police say good order prevailed along the route except at the point where a stone was thrown through the carriage window. It so happened that those in charge of the reception changed the route without forewarning the police, and that there were no officers at or near the spot where the stone was thrown. It is tolerably certain, from all that can be gathered, that the act was committed by some lad. This of course does not relieve the city of the odium attaching to such ruffianly work, but Archbishop Walsh is too sensible a man to approve of the exaggerated accounts which have found their way into print, both here and in the United States. The non-Catholic citizens of Toronto as a body desired to show him the respect due to his position as an ecclesiastic and a new-comer, and it is rather hard on them that the throwing of a stone, probably by a street arab, should have been described to the world as an organized onslaught. The police should make every effort to secure the offender. We cannot afford to let him go unpunished.—*The Mail*.

The scenes which took place last evening on the occasion of the official entrance of Archbishop Walsh to his archdiocese were such as will make every respectable citizen of Toronto blush that the city contains people who could so disgrace themselves. The age and calling of the venerable prelate, as well as the fact that he is the ecclesiastical head of a large section of our people, should make even those who differ from his views treat him with the respect due to his position. That this is the feeling of our citizens as a whole no one can doubt, and therefore they feel it all the more keenly that a few rowdies should bring disgrace upon and compromise the fair fame of the city. We have no doubt the hoodlums who have been guilty of this outrage imagine themselves champions of Protestantism and will be found loud-mouthed in vaunting their superior enlightenment as compared with Roman Catholics, but it is a pity they do not give evidence of it in their acts, their conduct showing them to be simply champions of scoundralism. It is to be hoped the authorities will spare no effort to ferret out and bring to justice the perpetrators of this outrage, which is of a class that has become far too frequent, and that when discovered their punishment will be such as will wipe out the disgrace they have put upon our city. *The Empire*.

The Mayor has received the following letter from the Chief of police regarding the attack by hoodlums on His Grace Archbishop Walsh :—

In reply to your letter of this date asking for the particu-

lars of the disturbance which took place last evening on the occasion of Archbishop Walsh's arrival in Toronto, I beg to state that the facts are very brief indeed. The occurrence was of such short duration, the stone-throwing being limited to a few seconds of time, that the police who were at the corner of Church and Shuter streets when the Archbishop's carriage drove up claim the number of stones thrown did not exceed a dozen, and that being thrown so simultaneously there was no repetition to give them any chance whatever to arrest or identify those who committed the outrage. It seems most likely that the parties who threw the stones were part of a crowd, which did not venture to commit themselves along that part of the route which was guarded by the police, but when they found the procession had turned off Yonge street and moved by Queen and Church streets to Shuter where no police were stationed, they seized the opportunity and took a miserable advantage of it. I had been furnished by the Secretary of the Committee with a printed programme of the reception, which stated that the route was to be up Yonge street to Shuter, thence to the Cathedral; over this line, therefore, I had made my dispositions, covering the ground with an ample supply of men all along the whole distance, there being close upon 150 police on duty. At the last moment, however, the route was changed without intimation being given to any one except to the sergeant in charge of the mounted men just as the procession, was moving off, too late to change those men from Yonge and Shuter streets to Queen and Church. The closest inquiry among the police that were in a position to see what occurred fails, so far, to reveal the identification of any of the stone-throwers, but I am causing inquiries to be made in every direction where it is likely information would be forthcoming, and no exertion will be spared by the department to bring to justice any one connected with the outrage.

NOTES ABOUT THE ARRIVAL.

On Monday last His Grace the Archbishop appointed the Rev. Father Vincent, of St. Michael's Collogo, a Vicar-General of the archdiocese.

On Sunday last the Archbishop celebrated Mass at 8 a.m., at St. John's church, Sherbourne St., and at High Mass at St. Michael's Cathedral preached to a large congregation.

Following the Archbishop's carriage in the procession came the Lieutenant-Governor's, containing Commander Law, A. D. C., representing the Lieutenant-Governor. The windows of this cab were shattered by missiles.

On the day following His Grace's arrival, Thursday, the Lieutenant Governor called upon His Grace, tendering his welcome and his congratulations, and commiserating, we may be sure, the unfortunate incident of the previous evening. We happen to know that it was the wish of Sir Alexander Campbell to give a dinner at once at Government House in honour of the Archbishop, but owing to the nearness of Advent His Grace's desires were against it. After the New Year, however, there will be a brilliant gathering in his honour at Government House.

The Chairman of the Toronto Reception Committee was the Hon. Frank Smith, and we feel it to be due to him to say, what otherwise perhaps might not generally be known, that the official car, and special tram which carried the Committee from Toronto, and returning conveyed His Grace from Hamilton to Toronto, was provided by his thoughtfulness and liberality. Mr. Smith is not often seen as a host, outside of the circle of his family, and it is as a host that Mr. Smith is happiest. There was a certain fitness, too in its having fallen to Mr. Smith in the present instance to preside over the arrangements for Archbishop Walsh's reception, for the reason that just twenty years previously, in 1869, in which year he was Mayor of London, it had fallen to him to receive Dr. Walsh in that city upon his appointment to the See of London.

AT ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE

On Thursday His Grace visited St. Michael's College, accompanied by Archbishops Fabro and Cleary and Bishop O'Connor. The students were present in full force, and gave the distinguished prelate a rousing reception. After the students had been presented to the Archbishop, Richard Breen, on their behalf, read the following address of welcome:—

To His Grace the Most Rev. John Walsh, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto:

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,—It is with the deepest feelings of our young hearts that we offer to Your Grace our respect, our loyalty and our affection. We have looked forward to this day with eagerness and now hail it with joy, not only because it gives so distinguished a prelate to this Archdiocese, but more particularly because it gives this College so devoted a patron, father and friend.

We welcome Your Grace on account of the sacred authority which rests in you, and to which we humbly bow in filial submission. We welcome you on account of the light which your high office bears with it, a light intensified by your long experience and careful study; and we deem it a great privilege that we can turn to Your Grace for guidance and direction in the formation of our intellectual and moral character. We welcome you on account of the love you bring—that divine charity increased by your life-long devotion; and we turn to you as children to a father in confidence and love.

Thrice welcome, therefore, to these halls from which in the future, as they have done in the past, will go forth generations of devoted priests and laymen, to be your strength, your joy and your crown. For our part we strive to walk in the path of faith and honor, and we hope to merit by our conduct Your Grace's continued esteem.

May the sacred relations existing between Your Grace and this College be ever fostered by the industry of its students, the zeal of its faculty and your own loving care. May God grant unto you peace and health and length of days in your new home and more exalted sphere, is and ever shall be, our constant prayer.

We welcome your Grace's distinguished visitors and thank them for coming amongst us. We congratulate His Grace the Archbishop of Kingston upon his elevation to the archiepiscopal dignity, and most sincerely pray that God may spare him to exercise his zeal and influence in the cause of religion and Catholic education.

When the Archbishop rose to reply he was cheered to the echo by the students. He said:—

REV. PROVINCIAL, REV. SUPERIOR AND FACULTY.—This is my first visit as Archbishop of Toronto to St. Michael's College. I think this is a sufficient indication of the place it occupies in my heart and of the feelings I have towards it, namely, that it is the first place it has been my pleasure to visit. For we need Catholic men in this country, a Catholic population, and this College must be the place of their training. Therefore I was glad of this opportunity of coming in your midst and impressing on your professors the necessity of toiling earnestly in your vocations, and on you students the obligation resting upon you of improving your opportunities.

The opportunities we have impose duties upon us. Therefore in this College we expect the boys to profit by the opportunities given them to improve their minds with knowledge, extend the boundaries of their intellects by the diligent use of the means in their reach under the careful guidance of the professors of this College. For knowledge is strength and knowledge is power, and knowledge cannot be acquired without application, study and labor. As you pass along through the country you see fields overgrown and covered with weeds and thistles and say to yourself. "That is cultivated by an indolent, idle farmer": on the other hand, you may see land thoroughly cultivated. "There," you say, "is a man who labors earnestly and enjoys the reward of his labors." Now if this be true in the cultivation of the soil, how much more true is it in the cultivation of the mind? Therefore you must be laborious diligent, painstaking, for I tell you, boys, a great weight of responsibility rests upon you.

You must be Catholic boys, boys of culture, boys of talent, to take your place in the public life of this country. In the past we have been backward in this regard, but we must now come forward and take our place side by side with our fellows in moulding the institutions and making the laws of this country.

But intellectual worth is nothing when compared with moral worth. Knowledge is a power which may be used for evil as well as for good, a double-edged sword which cuts both ways; but moral worth is the power we Catholics ought to possess—that power which is always used for good, that power which has changed the face of the earth.

There were clever men before Christ: Horace, Cicero and Virgil. The Athenians and Greeks were intelligent giants, and yet the world was sunk in barbarism. And what first brought about a change? The Apostolic Mission, carrying with it a perfect change. Goodness, virtue, holiness of life is the mission of the Catholic Church, the mission of Catholic Colleges.

You see, therefore, the responsibility resting on the Catholic youth of this country. You as Catholics must be good, virtuous and holy men. For how many do you see clever and skilled, yet when a good Catholic cause needs defence they stand aloof. We want not clever men alone: we want good Catholic men, who will identify themselves with Catholic life. These are the men we want, virtuous and honorable defenders of God's Church.

Boys, be clever, be studious, be good. I thank you for the reception you have given me to-day.

I promise you to take the very liveliest interest in the welfare of this institution and in the faculty, and to endeavor to raise the faculty to that pinnacle which it taught to occupy, and to increase its usefulness.

Archbishop Fabro and Cleary also spoke, and their words were of counsel and advice. Bishop O'Connor, who was educated in St. Michael's, told some college stories, and the students were delighted. The local clergy present were Fathers Rooney, Laurent, Archdeacon Cassidy, Father Kilroy, Davis, Hand, Cruise, Shannahan, McRae

ARCHBISHOP WALSH AT LORETTO ABBEY.

The "Children of Loretto" tendered a welcome of song and flowers on Friday afternoon to Archbishop Walsh.

The chapel of the Abbey was profusely decorated with flowers, and the front of the platform swung a motto reading,

"A JOYOUS WELCOME TO THEE."

The room speedily filled up with a large number of ladies and a scattering of gentlemen, and a little after four the Archbishop came in at the head of a body of clergy. As the party found their seats at the front of the room, the children, who had formed in a crescent on the stage, sang, "Jubilantes in Aeternam." The priests who sat about the Archbishop were. Fathers Cruise, Corduke, Rooney, Laurent, McCann, McPhillips, Teffy, McBride, Hand, Flannery (St. Thomas), Murray, Walsh, Cassidy, MacCrea, Jeffcott, Slavin, Grenothner, McIntee (Oshawa) and Minahan (Penetanguishene). Among the laymen present were Mr. T. W. Anglin, Mr. Ph. DeGruchy, W. Burns, J. J. Dutton, W. A. Leo and Wm. Gormally.

Miss Denovan stepped forward between the flowers and read to His Grace an address of welcome.

A delightful programme of music followed, beginning with a welcoming chorus.

At the close of the cantata a presentation of myriads of flowers was made to His Grace, in which the larger floral offerings were borne by Miss Masurett, of London, (a lily), Miss Keilling (a crown and stars), and Miss Helen Mason (a horn of plenty).

The music of the afternoon was of a high order, being led by Messrs. Downard and Torrington at the piano and violin. One selection brought out the excellent orchestra of the Abbey, composed of Misses Masurett (guitar), Matthews (guitar), Moore (banjo), McDonald (harp) and Cook (harp).

As the entertainment closed, the Archbishop arose and

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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 29th Dec., 1889.

GENTLEMEN,—

I have singular pleasure indeed in saying God-speed to your intended journal, THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. The Church, contradicted on all sides as her Divine Founder was, has with peculiar pleasure the assistance of her lay children in dispelling ignorance and prejudice. They can do this nobly by public Journalism, and as the press now appears to be an universal instructor for either evil or good, and since it is frequently used for evil in disseminating false doctrines and attributing them to the Catholic Church your journal will do a very great service to Truth and Religion by its publication. Wishing you all success and many blessings on your enterprise.

I am, faithfully yours.

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX.

HALIFAX, July 11, 1888.

DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

I have been very much pleased with the matter and form of THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. The high moral Catholic tone, the fine literary taste displayed make your paper a model of Catholic Journalism. May it prosper much so long as it keeps to its present line.

Yours very truly.

G. O'BRIEN,
Archbishop of Halifax.

FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, March 17, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

You have well kept your word as to the matter, style, form and quality of the REVIEW, and I do hope it will become a splendid success.

Believe me, yours faithfully,

JAMES J. CANNERY,
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, Dec. 5, 1889.

A French-Canadian gentleman, Mr. Charles Thibault, has in some lately published writings predicted that the day is not far distant when the French-Canadians will capture New England and make it "New France." The question is one only of time, he believes,—probably a matter of fifty years. The French-Canadians, he adds, have already made a start in that direction, and will keep on until they become the dominant race on the continent. Beyond doubt the French-Canadians are a hardy, and prolific and expanding people, having many of the strong features of the parent stock, and others peculiar to themselves, the outcome of the stern environment of the New World of which they were the earliest colonists. But although the French are a people, admittedly, of great possibilities, the idea, which some few enthusiasts among them cherish, of domination, is a dream. It is well, as the Boston Pilot says of them, to have confidence in one's race; but it is not well to boast for boastings sake. "The French," that journal says, "are going to be a valuable addition to New England's strength. They are sober, strong, religious and industrious. But as to domination they are like the fly on the driving wheel." The fact is, as the Pilot adds, that the French are not builders of new nations like the English, and the Irish, and the Spanish. They are conservative, and cling too long to old habits and associations. They do not build on new and independent conditions, they are not adventurous by spirit; and do not emigrate from the parent country "in waves of popular volition" as the Pilot puts it, as does the genuine pioneer and colonist.

THE ANGLICAN PARADOX.

Next to the arrival of Archbishop Walsh in Toronto, the most interesting event in religious circles during the past week has been the Anglican Jubilee, and the special series of services commemorative of the fiftieth anniversary of the creation of the Anglican diocese of Toronto. The occasion drew together many representative men belonging to the communion of the Church of England, and their proceedings were marked with enthusiasm and with the pride which came of the consciousness of their good works and their progress, and with a dignity, let us add, which is not common among other Protestant bodies. The doings, however, of our Anglican brethren, if we may say so without disrespect, must be regarded as mainly interesting for the evidences which they supply of the intellectual change which within late years has come over the Church of England. Not so long ago they were wont to regard the Catholic Church as the anti-Christ and Babylon of the Apocalypse, now the position that they assume can only be described as a repudiation of Protestantism. Now they are concerned to claim that their church is a branch of the Catholic Church, the true Church of God, of which they regard the Greek Church and the Church of England as the second and third branches. Similarly, so far from holding in abhorrence, as they did before, the Church of the Middle Ages and of the pre-Reformation, they now claim it to be identical with their own; and that the Church of England, after the Reformation, was one and the same continuously with the Church of England before that time. Finally, in support of this changed position they claim that her bishops are true bishops, and their ministers true priests; that they have been validly ordained, and that they have preserved in an unbroken succession all the powers of the priesthood vested by Christ in the Apostles. These three claims—the Branch claim, the Continuity claim, and the claim of Apostolic Succession—make up the latest and most advanced school of belief in the Anglican Communion.

We do not blame the respected Bishop of Toronto, Dr. Sweatman, and his episcopal brethren, for taking a cheerful and optimistic view of their church's position. Nor do we question their good faith. And yet Catholics cannot admit their incoherent, inchoate and illogical pretensions. What these pretensions are will be made clear in their own words.

"Out of weakness" said the Bishop of Toronto "had sprung strength. The gloomy outlook of half a century ago had vanished before the sunshine of brightest promise. Today the Church was prosperous and united. Never was there a time when the clergy laboured so earnestly for the good of souls. Never was there a time when the clergy were so well equipped for their work and doing more effective service for Christ than at present. The historical claims of the Church were now recognized and her glorious and unbroken succession was no longer disputed." Continuing Dr. Sweatman spoke of the attitude of the Church of England to the great question of the re-union of Christendom. In this movement the English Church, Dr. Sweatman said, "has been permitted to take a leading part, and it seemed as if she had been specially prepared by the Providence of God to bring about reconciliation."

At All Saints' Church on Sunday morning, the Bishop of Ontario spoke upon the subject of "Modern Heresies." The history of the Church of England, he claimed, was "coincident with the life of Christianity." Altogether his sermon was of a sort to be studied by a psychologist. For example we find his Lordship bemoaning "the setting up of one's own private

judgment against the evidence of the historical Church;" lamenting "the brood of modern heresies," the prevalence of schism, the making of new creeds and denominations. Could men but realize the sinfulness of heresy, he said, they "would understand that whatsoever is new in religion is not only *ipso facto* false, but dangerous by false." Of the antiquity of the Church of England his Lordship spoke in this wise. "In its temporal as well as in its spiritual procedure the Reformation produced no breach in the continuity of the Church of England, and every constitutional historian would ridicule the idea of celebrating the tri-centenary of Anglicanism in the same sense as it is proposed to celebrate the centenary of Methodism." "It is a satisfaction," he continued "to know that as Churchmen we belong to the same household of faith not only as Latimer and Ridley, but as Wyckliffe and Bede and Augustine."

An even more paradoxical statement was made by the Bishop of Nova Scotia, Dr. Courtney, in St. James' Cathedral on Sunday evening. "In the Church of England," we read, "was to be found the arena in which men might advocate and oppose ideas and conclusions. of this Church the high, broad, and low were alike a part. *Diversity was not antagonistic to unity, but tended to unity*"—a strange proposition, the converse of which would, we think, be the more probable. "A history of variations" said Bossuet "is a history of errors." And so, too, with diversities; diversities of belief and opinion cannot lead to unity of doctrine. Dr. Courtney cannot employ the *lucus a non lucendo* principle in logic.

These extracts from the addresses of the several bishops will show pretty clearly in what key their notes were cast. Protestantism as Protestantism is what the Anglican authorities are now mainly concerned to explain away. An eulogistic editorial in the *Mail* of a few days ago sums up in these words their claims and pretensions;

"English Churchmen regard their church as the pioneer church of the British Isles, the predecessor thereof of the Roman Church, the repudiator of Papal pretensions, the leader in the struggle for liberty of thought and freedom of conscience, and the preserver in its ceremonies and prayers of all that is Scriptural and beautiful in the practices of those Christians who lived nearest to the apostolic age. There is something in this catalogue of virtues that compels the Anglican to be proud of his ecclesiastical antecedents, and that in consequence holds together in one Church so many differing opinions."

Now this three fold claim of the Anglicans, that they are a branch of, and continuous with, the Church Catholic, and have with it the apostolic succession, is met by the authoritative representatives of the Catholic Church with a three fold denial. Fortunately the question is one not so much of theology, as of history. It is, briefly, whether the Church which existed in England up to the time of the Reformation was Catholic and Roman, or that form of religion which is taught and professed by the Church of England. There are two reasons which make the question easy to answer. The first is that no one can mistake the difference between our doctrines and those of the Church of England. The second is that history furnishes us a clear and certain picture of what the Church was in the pre-Reformation period. For the moment we shall not stop to contrast the Anglicanism of the Establishment with the Ancient Faith, which the Reformers stamped out by force of penal statutes. With all respect to Bishop Sweetman, these claims of Anglicans to identity and continuity with Catholicism are the proper themes for the wit and the satirist;

they do not make a demand upon serious argument. We pass on rather to observe how the Anglican Establishment, which to our Anglican friends, looks so well from within, appears to the outsider. And to any student of ecclesiastical history, there is one point which is absolutely certain. It is that whatever be historical Christianity, it is not Protestantism, and Protestantism includes Anglicanism. It was this overwhelming conviction that the Church of England was a historical delusion, and the Reformation a great wrong, that drove so many great men—men like Newman, Manning, and Faber, of intellect, of genius and of the highest erudition—out of the communion in which for a time they laboured. To the Christian world the English Church is seen but as a State Establishment, a State creation, a department of Government, a collection of officials depending on and living at the pleasure of the civil power. It has no descent from, or doctrinal connection with, the Church of the first ages. The term of its continuance is conditional. "While the nation wishes an Establishment," Cardinal Newman has said, "it will remain, and that which determines its existence will determine its voice. As the nation changes its political, so may it change its religious, views, the causes which carried the Reform Bill and Free Trade may make short work with orthodoxy." To outsiders it is seen as a creed based on no one principle, but propping itself upon several, and containing within it the seeds of ruin, which time only is required to ripen.

An equestrian statue of King William was unveiled by the Orangemen at Belfast a few weeks ago. There was a procession, it seems, and fifeing and drumming and drinking and shouting—the four prime accessories of an Orange holiday. The Rev. Dr. Kane—he who visited Canada a few years ago—made an oration on the occasion, in which occurs the following passage:

There are 600,000 Orangemen in the British dominions who can be confidently counted upon by their brethren in this country, and I further know that in every arm of Her Majesty's service, both by sea and land, there are men who, in the mystic bonds of the Orange institution, are pledged to maintain the Protestant religion and the constitutional liberties of the people of these realms, and I submit that it is of more consequence to ascertain what course this powerful association will take than what any individual, however illustrious, will do.

Now, if this passage means anything at all it means that "in every arm of Her Majesty's service" there is a honey-combing of sedition; and that such soldiers and sailors as are Orangemen are bound, not by the oath of allegiance, but by the edicts of a secret society, and that if the Queen dares to oppose them "she may go hang," as the *London Universe* puts it. Another example of Orange loyalty was furnished by Colonel Saunderson, the leader of the Ulster Orangemen, in his speech at the celebration. This light of Orangeism said:

If it came to the worst, and if the Parliament of England in an insane moment should attempt to set up in Ireland an alien authority and an alien Parliament, as long as they had their right hands to strike with they would never be ruled by that body.

In other words, if the Sovereign and Parliament of Great Britain established an Irish Parliament in Ireland for the management of Irish affairs, these "loyal" gentlemen would rebel and set at defiance the will of either Sovereign or Parliament. The famous threats to "Kick the Queen's Crown into the Boyne," and to "Line every ditch from Belfast to the Boyne with rifles" have never proceeded, it is to be borne in mind, from any but the leaders of Orangeism—the men who masquerade as "loyalists," in Ireland.

The Rev. Father O'Dwyer, who has been imprisoned for a term of months under Mr. Balfour's Coercion Act, has been refused the use of books in prison, and has applied to the Prison Board for permission to lighten the burden of his solitary hours by reading. "It seems incredible," writes Miss Mulholland to the *Weekly Register*, "that in a Christian country any educated gentleman should be condemned to solitary confinement without the solace of a book—and this for a political misdemeanour. To a clergyman the privation is perhaps even more intolerable than to a layman."

The *Catholic Citizen* of Milwaukee, one of the cleverest and most caustic of American Catholic papers, makes the following comment upon a question which will be fresh in the minds of our readers:

"Referring to the greed of some people for flattery and their incapacity to listen to criticism, the *Toronto Catholic Weekly Review* says:

'Even so good an Irishman as Rev. Father Foley, of Baltimore, one of this journal's contributors, was held up as 'a slanderer of the Irish,' and as *particeps criminis*, because of the powerful articles which he wrote, dealing with the deplorable connection of such large numbers of our Irish Catholic people with the disgraceful traffic in whiskey. It was very evident proof of how hard professional demagogism had been hit. One would almost have thought that the whiskey interest was the most vital point of Irish feeling.'

The proper thing to do in order to please such people is to expatiate on the wonderful sobriety of the Irish people and the corresponding intemperance of the English. We must call attention to the large number of Catholic temperance organizations in the city of New York or in Brooklyn as an evidence of the zeal for moral reform, which is so strongly apparent among the people's guides. Then there is John L. Sullivan—isn't he the strongest man in the world?

Let us flatter each other, dear brethren. We publish this paper to flatter you. We don't need to improve. No use pointing out ways in which we can be more intelligent, more thrifty, more thoughtful and more of a power in the life of the country. We're perfect as it is. We're all right. We won't go home till morning."

The *C. T. A. News* of Philadelphia, the organ of the Catholic Total Abstinence Movement, says that the *Milwaukee Catholic Citizen*, the *Cleveland Universe*, the *Church Progress* of St. Louis, and the *Sacred Heart Review* "should be reinforced in their temperance work by the editorial support of the other Catholic papers." It gives due credit, it says, to the words of approval that appear at intervals in such papers as the *Baltimore Mirror* and *Boston Pilot*, but since the Baltimore Council has spoken so strongly upon the subject of the liquor evil, the Catholic Congress has added its voice and Cardinal Gibbons has publicly advocated high license in Maryland, the Catholic press, it considers, should do more than encouragingly pat on the back the members of temperance societies and bid them God speed. It is failing in its duty, it says, if it does not help to extend the work of the Catholic Total Abstinence movement. We agree in the main with what the *News* says on this subject, but in enumerating those journals that have devoted themselves with some fidelity to the extension of the cause of Temperance, we do not think it can, in fairness, complain on the part of *THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW* of any want of interest in the matter. *THE REVIEW* has, in fact, been unceasing in its endeavours to foster and promote a temperance sentiment among Catholics in Canada, and its plain-spokenness in regard to such cognate points of the liquor question as the connection of Catholics to the saloon business has given it much of its reputation for force and individuality.

Continued from page 679.

warmly thanked the school for its kind welcome. He was not surprised at the welcome for he had expected it from the ladies of Loretto and their pupils. He was not a stranger among them. Many years ago he had been charged by Bishop Charbonnell with the spiritual care of Loretto Convent. He noticed, too, in all this joy a note of sorrow, because of the absence of one whose life had been spent in the Abbey, Mother Theresa. Her memory now would come back to their thoughts as sweet as the flowers that grow on the graves of the saints. He highly complimented the school on the great talent and training that they showed, and impressed the pupils with the value of a Christian education. In closing he, by way of reward to the little ones, declared a holiday—a real holiday, beginning the night before and running into the following morning—a holiday that would be reflected on the refectory tables.

The gathering broke up, and the chapel emptied amid the strains of "God Save the Queen."

HIIS GRACE AT ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY.

On Monday it was the turn of the pupils of St. Joseph's Convent. They tendered a reception to Archbishop Walsh which, as his grace remarked at the close of the entertainment, was a credit to themselves and to the institution. The children were all delighted to meet their parents, who, no doubt, had watched with pride the entertainment from start to finish. The decorations were exquisite, the hall being a perfect flower show when all the bouquets had been laid at the feet of the archbishop. Quite a number of designs in autumn maple leaves, with welcoming inscriptions, were set up all round, and over the platform in gaslights was the word "welcome."

Bannerettes with appropriate mottoes decorated the entrance corridor and hall, and a band of rosy faced little chaps, each with a similar bannerette in his hand, met the archbishop at the front entrance, and escorted him in among the visitors.

Archbishop Walsh was accompanied by Vicars-General Laurent and Rooney and Fathers Teefy, Hand, McBride, McJann, O'Donohue, O'Reilly, McPhillips, Lynch, Vincent, Hours, Egan, Murray, Kiernan, Cruise, Guinane. An audience numbering over 350, filled the hall to overflowing, a fine programme of music had been prepared for the occasion, and its rendition was excellent. The singing of the children was especially winning, and the presentation by the little ones of a lyre of natural flowers to the archbishop was a graceful and charming incident of the entertainment.

His grace thanked the pupils in very affectionate language for the pleasure which the entertainment had given him. Then he talked about little children and the education which is best for their young minds, the love of their parents for them, and the care and solicitude of their instructors. He spoke of the beauties of Christianity, which counts the child something sacred and worthy of especial care. Christ said to His disciples one day when they would have turned back the children which His presence always attracted around him, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them: not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Christ loved the little children, and His church takes them up into her arms and protects them. He then referred particularly to the refining influences of St. Joseph's in moulding the character of the young women, and making them fit to fill the noblest sphere in life to which woman is called.

Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland and the Rev. James Nugent, of Liverpool, Eng., addressed last Sunday in Baltimore an immense mass meeting of citizens of every form of belief, in the interest of high license as the only feasible and hopeful means of stemming the torrent of vice and crime of which drunkenness is the source. Resolutions in this spirit were adopted, and American Catholics pledged to range themselves with their fellow-citizens, irrespective of creed, in working for a license which shall be practically prohibitory of the multitude of brutalizing and demoralizing low saloons.

CARMEL.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

II.

CARMEL.

The roses cluster around the gallery of Donna Flora, for the whole town is a nest of roses at this time, pink, crimson, white, and gold. Just beyond that adobe house is an arching group of bananas, under which a dark-skinned Mexican, in sombrero and gray blanket, is selling the pecan candy which is so common an article of merchandise. The Angelus tolls from the cathedral, and the market people in the plaza cross themselves, while cabs rush past and the thrifty Germans hasten to dinner. A Mexican caballero, velvet-jacketed, with silver buttons flashing in the sun, dismounts, and passing contemptuously the signs which offer refreshment in the shape of St. Louis beer, enters El Globo Potosino, as the Mexican restaurant is named. Thriving German burghers enter to the low houses, and a noontide stillness settles over the white expanse of the plaza.

James Delaney watches the San Antonio and murmurs the Angelus. Dona Flora has shaken down a great bunch of pale-tinted bells from a dagger-leaved plant, and left the gallery, to forget the stranger in her enjoyment of her beloved dish of *chile con-carne*.

Delaney's arm is lightly touched. He turns, and sees two black, frightened eyes looking into his.

"Senor—" says a trembling voice. He takes off his hat, for it is a lady who addresses him. A young lady, clad in black, who, in stature, scarcely reaches his shoulder; she is agitated, and she pauses nervously in her speech.

"Senor, I beg that you will stay with my father. He is very ill, and I must go for a priest."

The young lady pointed to a *jacal* that stood a few yards from the river. Delaney hastened toward it. In order to enter he was forced to stoop. On a bed of dried leaves, hardly covered by a scanty blanket, lay an old man. He was evidently not a Mexican. His features were pinched and his complexion pallid. He opened his eyes as Delaney knelt near him, to feel his pulse.

"Where is Carmel?" he asked, feebly. "Has the priest come?"

"Not yet." Delaney gave him some water, and then began to recite the litany for the dying. The sick man responded almost inaudibly. Suddenly he asked.

"Your name? Tell me your name."

"James Delaney."

"An Irishman or an Irishman's son. I can trust you. I want my daughter to reach the North in safety. I had something, but these accursed Mexicans robbed me. See her safe out of this accused place. Swear that you—"

The old man raised his arms in the air, as if to grasp the words he could not utter. He caught sight of the crucifix tattooed in blue ink on his arm and kissed it. There was silence. A few minutes afterward the priest entered. In half an hour Carmel Boynton was alone in the world.

Her story was simple and short. Her father had been a miner in Mexico—a "boss." He had married a Spanish woman, and had adopted her religion. There had been a dispute over some land with his wife's relatives, after Mrs. Boynton's death, and Boynton and his daughter were compelled to leave the place, and they were going North when Boynton fell sick.

Carmel had sufficient funds to bury her father decently. Delaney went to the funeral, and accompanied her to the hut which she had never called home. He was struck with her gentleness and good sense. At this time he did not notice how beautiful Carmel was for the grief surrounded her with such a halo that he thought as little of noticing the regularity of her features, or the splendor of her eyes, as he would have dreamed of criticising the looks of the angels in a picture by Murillo. He felt that she was very pure, and fair, and very much above him.

After he had said good-evening to Carmel on the afternoon of the funeral, a woman approached and addressed the girl.

"I have heard of your misfortune, my dear. I have seen you several times and taken a fancy to you. Come home

with me, my dear." The woman was not young, but she was painted to the eyelashes and dressed gayly, with banded hair, fluttering ribbons, and bangles. Delaney turned and looked at her. Her looks and her cracked voice made him sick. He went up to Carmel, who seemed surprised at the woman's kindness.

"Miss Boynton," he said, "let me decline this offer for you. You are under my protection."

The woman turned toward him.

"Oh," she said, with an equivocal laugh, "I did not know that this young woman had so soon found a friend."

"Miss Boynton," said Delaney, shuddering as he thought of the dangers the young girl might be thrown into, "you must leave San Antonio. Have you friends in the North?"

"Friends of my father's" she said, "Yes many of them. They are in New York. But I cannot leave. I must stay here and work."

"You must not stay here."

"Why not? There are persons here who will help me. These kind friends have promised. You have been very good, and even strangers, that American lady who spoke to me the moment ago, she will—"

"You must avoid her," interrupted Delaney, impatiently, for the simplicity of the girl exasperated him. "This is a lawless place, in many ways, you must learn."

"But I cannot leave it, Senor. I am poor, and I cannot beg. I must work," she answered, with a proud look in her eyes.

This girl ought not to remain, he reflected a moment.

"Senorita," he said, "your mother could tell you or a priest would tell you to go."

A faint tint of red colored Carmel's cheeks, and a look of horror flashed into her eyes.

"You must go," he continued, "you will be safe among your friends in New York. I have some money that I can spare. Let me lend it to you. You can repay me." He took the wallet from his pocket and counted out all the money he possessed, with the exception of five dollars. She watched him thoughtfully; drew back her hand and then held it out again. She unlocked a little box which contained her belongings, and after a few moments' search, handed him a roll of parchment.

"Keep that, Senor, and if I should die or not be able to repay you, you can perhaps make that useful. It is the deed of my father's land in Mexico."

He refused it.

"No," he said, with a blush and a bow, "your word is enough."

She gazed at him with a thoughtful look in her large, dark eyes—a look that seemed to pierce his mind and hers, and measure the motives in one by the motives in the other.

"I do not know the English well," she said, timidly, "but I do know what the word gentleman means. I will take your money, and Our Lady of Mount Carmel will never forget you."

He heard her fasten the door of her little house, and he went away with a light heart to sup in a most frugal manner. He was almost penniless, yet was gayer than he had been for many a day. He did not seek shelter for that night, but lay down under the clear, bright sky, as many do in that happy clime. He went to sleep and dreamed that the woman he had seen was armed with the claws of a vulture and a terrible beak, and that she was about to pounce on a little white dove which had the eyes of Carmel. He awoke with a start. The San Antonio murmured softly, the scent of the roses came faintly to him, and he went to sleep again, for he could see the little nest in which the dove reposed peacefully.

It happened that some of the Ursuline Sisters were going North, and, through the influence of the priest who had administered the last sacraments to her father, Carmel was placed in their charge.

"Adios, mi amigo," she said.

"Adios!"

Something fell into his hand. It was a pair of brown scapulars, with a little gold medal. Simple-hearted, generous fellow that he was, it never occurred to him to imagine that he had made a sacrifice. He was not inclined to give himself any credit for what he had done. He watched the flying train and an involuntary sigh escaped from him. The deli-

scious air, the flower-scent, the novel sights, had no charm for him. Yesterday he was not unhappy. To-day he felt as if he had lost a friend. He made a rapid sketch in his notebook of the bearings of the land which Boynton had owned. He had asked Carmel about it. "Something may come of it," he thought.

Brain-work was not wanted in San Antonio, so our collegian, obeying Solomon's injunction to do what his hand found to do, tried brick laying. He worked hard—that is, as hard as any man is expected to work in San Antonio—venison and turkey were cheap, so was good beef, and he lived well; but there was not much to hope for in a worldly way. He led a pure, simple life, making no friends—indeed the men who came his way, idlers and refugees, were not to his taste—and conning his old books.

If he had had a little money, he would have gone to Kimball county, and started a sheep ranch in a small way; but, as we all know, he had disposed of all his money. After a time, when brick-laying was scarce—and this came about just as he had become expert—he went out with a party of stockmen; and, after a time of probation, he became a ranchman, earning the munificent sum of twelve dollars a month and "found." "Found" expresses roughly the husks of the prodigal son. That's what it means when used in connection with cattle-drivers in Texas.

To Delaney this was a miserable life. There was no one to whom he could speak his thoughts. All day he was in the saddle; at night he lay under the stars and tried to feel resigned. He prayed a great deal; and thought very often, in a hopeless way of Carmel. Oh, why had he been brought up to hear and see things which were unseen by other men? Every day, as he looked on the exasperatingly unvaried prairie, he asked this question. Why had he been obliged to spend the best part of his life over his Greek and Latin books, if this was to be the end? If he had only been taught to do something useful as well as it could be done, he might have found a place in that busy, heartless New York. He never, in his deepest despair, reproached anybody. The thought of his father and mother was a weight upon him; but that meeting was the only foundation for golden castles such as he only whose blood is young and Irish-tinctured can build; for all Irishmen are poets.

And thus his life went on. His fellows respected him as one more learned than they. Despondency, warranted by circumstances, and hope, warranted by none, alternated with him; but hope always stayed the longest.

(To be continued.)

You may sing of the beauty of springtime
That glows on the cheek of the young,
But I sing of a beauty that's rarer
Than any of which you have sung.
The beauty that's seen in the faces
Of women whose summer is o'er,
The autumn-like beauty that charms us
Far more than the beauty of yore.

But this beauty is seen too rarely. The faces of most women, lose the beauty of youth too soon. Female disorders are like frosts which come to nip the flowers which betoken good health, without which there be no real beauty. If our American women would fortify themselves against the approach of the terrible disorders so prevalent among them, by using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, their good looks would be retained to a "sweet old age." This remedy is a guaranteed cure for all the distressing weaknesses and derangements peculiar to women.

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The most hopeful feature of the Catholic Congress in Baltimore, last week, was less the remarkable group of nationally eminent Catholics which it brought together, than the hundreds of young men—ranging from twenty-five to thirty-five years of age, alert, ambitious, enterprising, in a word, American in secular pursuits, and yet fervently Catholic. The Church that can thus hold the young men has the future in her hands.

General Catholic News

A Musical and Dramatic Entertainment in aid of funds of Sacred Heart Church will be held on 18th Dec. in Temperance Hall, Temperance St.

St. Mary's Conference of St. Vincent de Paul society will hold a Concert in aid of the poor on Monday Evening Dec. 16 in St. Andrew's Hall.

Rev. John McHale, grand nephew of the great Archbishop of that name, having arrived from Ireland, has been appointed assistant to Rev. J. P. Moloney, rector of St Malachy's Church, Cleveland, Ohio.

The letter of Cardinal Gibbons on the Centenary of the establishment of the Hierarchy in America has been translated into French and published complete in the *Moniteur de Rome* as, says the journal, "this act has an historical importance."

The oldest bishops in the Catholic church in America present at the Baltimore congress were Monsignor De Goesbriand, bishop of Burlington, and Monsignor Loughlin, bishop of Brooklyn. Both were consecrated on the same day, October 30, 1853, by Mgr. Bedini, in the Cathedral of New York.

The new American periodical to be published by the Jesuit Fathers will appear next month. It will be called the *Monthly Review*. Successful publications already in the field, under the management of the Jesuit Fathers, are *The Month*, of London, Eng., the *Lyceum*, and the *Irish Monthly*, in Dublin, Ire., the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, Philadelphia, Pa.

Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, Ire., in his recent great discourse on the educational grievances of Irish Catholics points out the remarkable fact that despite the Government's discrimination against the Catholic colleges, one of these, Blackrock, took 118 honors at the recent Royal University examinations, or more than the two favored Queen's Colleges, of Cork and Galway together; while the college at Stephen's Green took 168 or forty-five per cent, more than the combined winning of these two Queen's Colleges.

Father Perry, S. J., the well-known astronomer, says the *Stonhurst Magazine*, sailed on November 14th, on the Nile from Southampton for the West Indies, for the purpose of viewing the eclipse which is to take place there on December 22nd. Arriving at the West Indies, he has at his command a small fleet consisting of a man-of-war, the *Cornus*, and a gunboat, the *Forward*. Thence the reverend admiral makes for Cayenne, in the Salut Islands, which has been appointed as the post of observation for his party. As our readers are aware this is not the first occasion on which the British Government have recognized Father Perry's rank as a scientist by entrusting such a mission to him.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

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

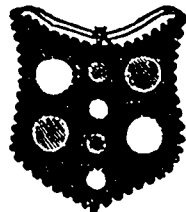
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Rev. Chas. Mole, Halifax, is happy to testify to the benefits received from Butterfly Belt and Actina.

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Mrs. McKay, Ailsa Craig, after suffering 13 years, our Sciatica Belt cured her.

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Chas. Cosens, P.M., Trowbridge, general Nervous Debility, now enjoys good health. Thomas Bryan, 371 Dundas st., general Debility, improved from the first day, now perfectly cured.

Wm. Cole, G.T.R., fireman, cured of Liver and Kidney troubles.

A. E. Colwell, engraver, city, Rheumatism in the knees, cured.

J. A. T. Ivy, cured of nightly emissions in 6 weeks.

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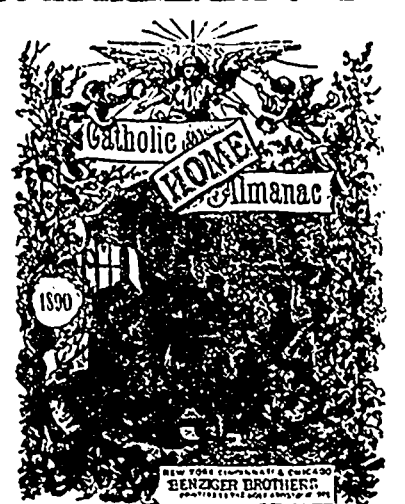
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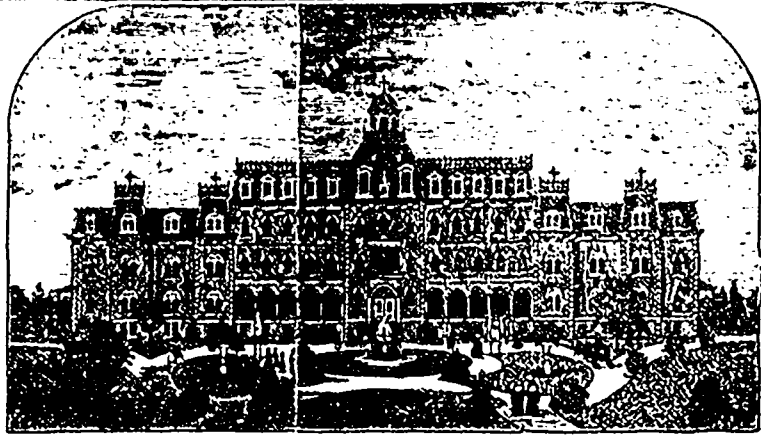
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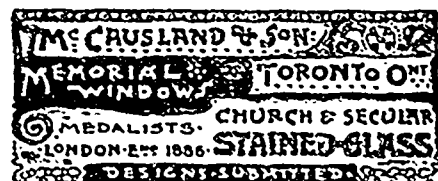
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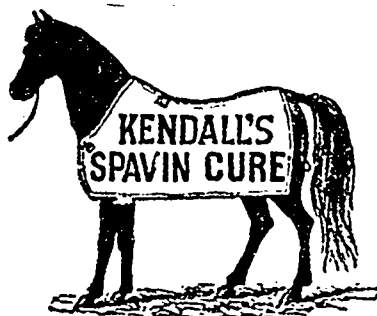


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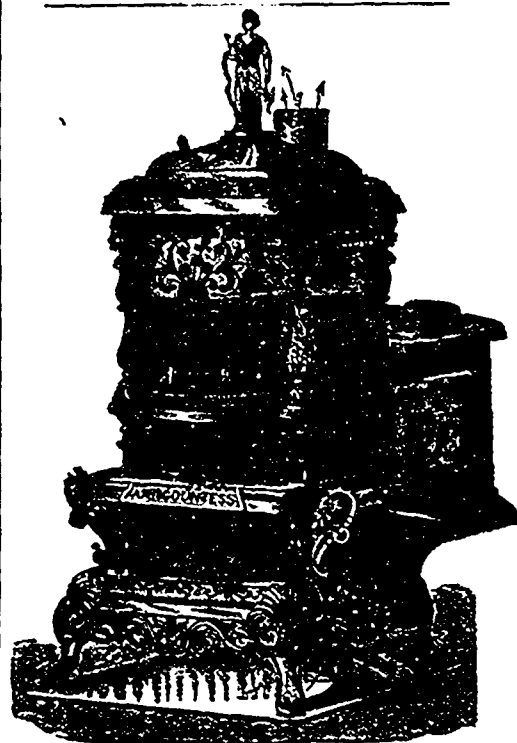
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