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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. III

Toronto, Saturday, May 18, 1889.

| No. 14

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Notes.

The lecture and other published utterances in this city of the unfortunate woman known as the "Nun of Kenmare," prove her to be no exception to the general rule as regards apostates. With the shipwreck of her faith she has suffered also the loss of her conscience and her respectability, and, turning her back upon all that is honest and of good report in her career, has joined herself to that sorry company whose only gospel is hatred of the Catholic Church. The loss is hers and hers only. Not to have profited by the examples of Dollinger and Hyacinth, of Gavazzi and Chiniquy, is bad enough, but to go back on so great a grace as conversion is at once a crime and a misfortune so terrible as to be beyond the power of human speech to describe. But the unhappy woman has deliberately chosen her part and must abide the consequences. Henceforth she must seek her reward in the applause of those to whose morbid tastes she panders. Falseness and calumny are weapons necessary to this end, and that she has already learned well the use of them, is evident from the published reports of her lecture. The end is not difficult to foresee.

The darkness in which such careers close, as contrasted with the peace and joy and benediction which crown the end of the "faithful unto death," is tersely expressed by the *N. Y. Review*. It says, "The notorious founder of the Free Church of Italy, Gavazzi, the ex priest, ordered his remains to be burnt after his death. He was obeyed, and the world is rid of a shape which well disgraced it among men. The cremation of this character was preceded by the death of Dom Bosco. They were nearly of the same age, and both

had received the indelible character of the priesthood. The latter was content to work in the bosom of the Church, submissive to all trials and undisturbed by any calamities. The other became a disseminator of his own pride and rebellion. He died the despised and obscure head of a mushroom organization which no amount of money could vivify, a mere rafter whom revolutionists despised and Crispi laughed at. Dom Bosco died with the respect of all classes, with the admiration of his country, the gratitude of thousands he helped, and the love of those who knew him well. His work in Italy and abroad will live. It has influenced the Church and the nation to which he belonged in a degree as far beyond Gavazzi's influence as something is beyond zero. Yet we heard nothing of the most remarkable man of Italy from our Protestant friends; nothing of the gentlest and truest Christian of his time; nothing of the great works he undertook in Christ's name. But the journals were full of impotent Gavazzi, who, after his death, as before it, was proud to violate the spirit of Christianity.

"Senator Murphy," says the *N. Y. Catholic Review*, "made a curious mistake last month, in the Albany Legislature, when he made himself responsible for denying to Hon. Oliver Mowat the privileges of the floor. Mr. Mowat is the Premier of the Province of Ontario, Canada, a distinguished gentleman and an honourable man. On this ground alone he was deserving of honours. But when we add to this the facts that Mr. Mowat has been for twenty years the consistent friend of Irish Catholics in the virulent pro English and Orange province of the Dominion, the pasture of Goldwin Smith, and such stock; that he has held the Government for the same length of time against the ordinary political enemy and against these unprincipled factions; that there are Catholics in his Cabinet and in the offices at his disposal; that he was the friend of the late Archbishop Lynch; that he is the representative of Irish-Canadian influence in Ontario, Senator Murphy must begin to see that he has been concerned in a large blunder, and that he cannot apologize too soon to Mr. Mowat. It is an instance of how much Americans know about Canadian affairs, when they thus deliberately insult their own friends in Canada. The Senator ought at once to invite Mr. Mowat to New York, and get him presented the freedom of the city."

The character here given to Mr. Mowat will hardly please the faction represented by the so called Citizens' Committee, but that is very far from being to his discredit. The *Review*, however, but expresses the opinion of all sensible men, and we quote it as an evidence that Senator Murphy was very far from voicing the sentiments of the Irish Catholic community of the State of New York.

THE ROMANCE OF A JESUIT.

From the French of *Do Bengny d'Hagerne*.CHAPTER IV. (*continued.*)

After a poor repast, Marguerite again asked whether his decision was made and he told her that he was going to accept the mission. He explained to her that he would have to be away in the provinces for some little time, but that she herself would stay in her beloved *Convent des Oiseaux*, where she would be very happy. This news about herself gave her great satisfaction for she desired to finish her studies in order to be in a position to gain her own living and thus come to her brother's aid, instead of being a charge to him.

The next day, then, Charles presented himself at Mous. Meynaudier's.

"I have thought over everything, and, for my sister's sake, I accept your offer."

"I am delighted. Yesterday evening I saw the Minister and told him of your hesitation, which he quite understood and appreciated. When I told him that I felt certain you would decide on accepting, he begged me to tell you that he would undertake to recompense you liberally. When will you be ready to start?"

"Not till my examination is over. I have but a few days to wait and when once that is over I shall be at the Minister's disposal."

The examination took place and Charles was most successful.

The next day he presented himself at the deputy's, who told him that it would be necessary to make himself acquainted with the imputations made against the Company, and then he would be better able to know where to turn his attention.

"Do you know '*les Provinciales*,' by Pascal?"

"Yes."

"Have you read any other books on the subject?"

"Not any."

"Well, then, here are some books I have got ready for you, '*Memoire de la Chalotais*,' '*l'Histoire d'Ollendorf*,' '*Extrait des assertions*,' '*Monita Secreta*,' &c. Read them carefully and come to see me again for your final instructions."

Three days afterwards, everything being arranged, Marguerite returned to "*les Oiseaux*." Charles having carefully studied the history of the Jesuits in the writings of their bitterest enemies, had been informed in minutest detail of what was required of him.

The ministerial deputy gave him a roll of 500 francs for his expenses, and an instalment of the salary allotted to him. Lastly, he gave him a letter addressed to the Father Rector of St. Acheul.

"We thought that perhaps you would not be admitted," he said in explanation, "without a letter of recommendation. For a moment we feared we should have great difficulty in procuring one, but I remembered that one of my friends had had some literary business with an old Jesuit. I placed myself in communication with the Father and represented you as a new Paul, struck down on the road to Damascus. Since, according to their own axiom, the end justifies the means, I told him that not only did you desire to live henceforth as a good Christian, but that you even aspired to the honour of one day belonging to the Company. The good old man was completely taken in, and here is his letter to me enclosing the one I have given you."

"Dear Sir, — It is with the greatest pleasure that I send you the letter of introduction which you have asked for. I thank Heaven for having allowed me to co-operate in assisting in the salvation of a soul which seeks to escape from the temptations of the devil and the seductions of the world by giving its whole self to Jesus Christ.

God will reward you, honoured sir, for lending your aid to this good work. I pray Him to bestow His choicest favours and blessings on you, in this world and in the next.

I have the honour to remain, &c.,

VERMONT S. J."

CHAPTER V.

Charles Durand having arrived at Amiens early in the day, employed a few hours in visiting the beautiful cathedral and

the other sights of the town. At about five o'clock in the evening he knocked at the door of the Jesuits residence of St. Acheul.

He delivered to the porter the letter addressed to the Father Rector, of which he was the bearer, and was shown into a spacious wainscoted room, the whole furniture of which consisted of a large table and a dozen chairs ranged against the wall. All around the room were hung framed engravings representing a crucifixion, a Madonna and various Jesuit saints.

He was in the old college parlour.

After having glanced round the room he approached the windows, which looked out on a tolerably large, paved courtyard, at the end of which stood a large building having wings at right angles to itself. Before the Revolution this fine structure, in the Louis XV. style, had been an Abbey of the Canons Regular of St. Genevieve. To the left this building and the one from which Charles was gazing were connected by a third structure, which was dull looking and built of plain red brick.

To the right there stretched a second yard planted with lime trees and in this yard stood a fourth building, quite detached, and as inelegant as the one to the left already mentioned. Calm and silence reigned supreme; no living being was to be seen! no noise to be heard! Charles experienced a strange sensation of torpor mingled with fear and for a moment almost thought of taking to flight. But he had gone too far to recede and must now continue. Besides, he felt an intense desire to penetrate into this mysterious and unknown region. Everything was new to him and he wanted to find out what these men were doing shut up, as they were, night and day in this lugubrious monastery.

Were they passing their time in utter idleness? in secret debauchery? in never-ending conspiracies? or, as they themselves pretended, did they divide their time between study and prayer?

He would solve these problems by living in their midst, but was there no danger in so doing? If he were found out to be a spy would they simply shew him the door? His reading had taught him to look on these men as capable of any crime, as making little of assassinating kings, emperors or anyone else who attempted to counteract their plans; would then these Jesuits, who for three centuries had been the instigators of every political crime, hesitate at the destruction of a foolishly young man, whom they had detected in attempting to fathom their secrets? In imagination he beheld all the horrors with which Eugene Sue's romances had familiarized the world.

His romantic ideas were put to flight, however, by the sight of an old priest, with an open letter in his hand, who was crossing the courtyard and coming towards him. Hardly had he time to compose his countenance when the Jesuit entered, and, saluting him, said:

"I believe you are Mons. Charles Durand?"

"Yes, Father."

"The Father Rector is occupied just now and has sent me in his place, begging you to excuse him. Father Vermont's letter mentions that you have some thoughts of entering our Society."

"Such is my most ardent desire."

"Have you already been acquainted with any of our Fathers?"

"I have never had that good fortune."

"You know nothing then concerning the formalities necessary to be gone through before entering the novitiate?"

"No, Father, but I am ready to go through with whatever you may deem necessary."

"The old Father replied smiling. I hope you do not imagine that we submit our neophytes to anything like what the free-masons are said to impose on their aspirants."

"I know nothing, imagine nothing. I have come here prepared to comply with whatever you may require of me."

"My dear son, your dispositions are all that could be desired. Our rule requires that an eight days retreat should be made by aspirants to the novitiate. Have you ever made one?"

"Never."

"Then the one you are about to make will have all the

better effect. It is I who am entrusted with giving it to you. Do not be afraid; you are willing to do your best and all will be well. I will now show you your room."

They went out in the direction of the building which stood among the lime trees to the right. The old priest explained that formerly this had been the college, and that now the rooms of the upper story were used for guest-chambers. They mounted a steep, narrow staircase and landed in a corridor with doors on each side of it. The Father opened one of these doors saying: "My dear son, this will be your room. For the present you can rest yourself and do what you please; at half-past seven I will come and shew you the way to the strangers' refectory, and after supper I will bring you the subject of your meditation for to-morrow morning. There are some books on your table and here is a paper or Rule of Life, explaining the order and hours of the exercises of those who are making their retreat; read it over attentively so as to be able to conform to it."

"Be sure, Father, that I shall scrupulously observe it."

"Very well, my son. May God bless your good will so that you may reap the best effects of your retreat. Do not make any noise that you can help, so as not to disturb those who occupy the adjoining rooms."

"Then this building is uninhabited?" asked Charles, who thought he was alone in it.

"There are six or seven in retreat, whom you will see presently."

(To be continued.)

ST. PATRICK'S DAY BANQUETS.

That intemperance is the worst enemy of the Irish race some may deny; that it is one of the great curses of this people no one, whose opinion is worth having, will gainsay. Strange it is then, that so many men of Irish blood, who freely make great sacrifices in the endeavour to free Ireland from English chains, should never give even thought to the liberation of besotted brethren who, not in one land only but in many lands, wear manacles fashioned in the vestibules of hell. Strange it is, that so many in America who see some at least of the evils under which their race in the Old Land groan, seem not to see the dreadful evils that drink brings to brethren here at their very doors.

In Canada and this country, Irishmen and their children are as free as the freest, with every avenue to honourable advancement thrown open to them. Yet thousands of them are a scandal and a stumbling-block to those around them—those thousands who prostitute great gifts to degrading service behind the counters of rum shops, and those other thousands who grovel in abject slavery to the death-dealing bottle. And of the millions in these lands, Irish by birth or descent, how few, comparatively speaking, have ever even lifted a finger or undergone the slightest voluntary mortification to aid in removing this scandal and this stumbling-block, to aid in saving these brethren from their deadliest sin!

Do the men, who at banquets on St. Patrick's Day drink stoutly of fine wines and whiskies, as they profess unbounded love for St. Patrick and the Church of St. Patrick, for Ireland and the children of Ireland, ever realize that they are doing a great deal to encourage humbler folks to begin or to continue that species of self-indulgence, which has done so much to make the children of St. Patrick hewers of wood and drawers of water in every land under heaven, and to bring the religion and the land of St. Patrick into contempt and disgrace.

Glance for a moment at the reports given in the American secular newspapers of the last St. Patrick's Day celebrations, note the solemn Masses, the panegyrics, the lectures, the concerts, and last, but far from least, the banquets. Some of those present at the last named gatherings were total abstainers. But surely the majority were not so, else why at so many of them the lavish profusion of intoxicants? Let us take two specimen news reports; the one from a Canadian, the other from a United States journal.

The Toronto *World* tells of a festive gathering of "Irish journalists" in that city, and brings into bold prominence as salient features of that joyous occasion—"Irish punch, an

Irish punch-bowl and an Irishman from Cork." These "Irish journalists," these men of intellect and culture, these lovers and teachers of their brethren, have oftentimes seen and described the frightful ravages of intemperance among their race, and they have sickened at the sight and mourned over the recital. Yet they do not seem to have remembered that their profession makes them debtors to their brethren in more than goodly words. We hear much of the "apostolate of the press," tell us, "Irish journalists," what significance this term has for you. But after all, why ask such a question of journalists in a land where so many, whose mission is infinitely higher and holier than that of journalism, appear utterly indifferent to the moral and social degradation brought by drunkenness to vast numbers of those entrusted to their care? Apostles of the press and of the pulpit in Canada and elsewhere would do well to ponder these words published a few months since in the *Buffalo Catholic Union and Times*. "The liquor curse is a terrible and growing one. Hardly a day passes that columns of the daily press are not freighted with murders, suicides, outrages and atrocities, directly traceable to the devilish influence of rum. On the Irish brain especially, liquor acts like a maddening fury, and many an otherwise harmless man has filled a felon's grave because of its withering blight. When one pictures the abject misery to which wives and shivering little ones are subjected in the squalid dives of the great city, in order that red-faced and brutal saloon-keepers may live in comfort, he cannot but hope that the State Commission for the revision of the excise laws may find some remedy for the suppression of the infamous traffic. . . . Every decent, temperate, God-fearing man or woman should join heart and hand in this work of temperance reform, and the Irish especially should lend their hearty support, for whiskey and English mus-rum have been the twin curses of their race." Coming as they do from the grief-stricken heart of one who represents in his person the apostolate both of pulpit and of press, such utterances have a special weight and significance.

Leaving far away the Canadian border, let us turn to the good, old Catholic city of Baltimore, to the mother See of this country. There, if *noblesse oblige*, we have a right to look for the leaders in every field of Catholic thought, for the foremost exemplars of every phase of Catholic life. Read the Sun's account of Baltimore's last celebrations in honour of Ireland's patron saint. In the morning, the shamrock was entwined about the cross, in the evening, it was wound around the bottle. What an incongruous and nauseous jumble was there of piety, punch and patriotism! Let any Catholic say that he read of this most delectable conglomeration and felt no shame! Let any Catholic say that reverence for one of Christ's greatest saints is fittingly shown by copious libations at the shrine of Bacchus! Verily! Burchard was not without some show of reason for two of his Rs.

Archbishop Ireland, speaking to the members of a total abstinence society in St. Paul on St. Patrick's Day of last year, said: "I cannot but regret that as a rule Irishmen of wealth, high position and influence keep aloof from the total abstinence movement. They patronizingly tell you that your work is an excellent one for the masses. . . . But as to themselves, privileged freemen, they must, of course, pilgrim to alcohol's respectable shrines, the counters of the so-called orderly and fashionable saloons. They must, as hospitable entertainers, offer to lips of visitors in their houses the best of imported brandies and wines, their banqueting tables must exhale odours of Bordeaux and Champagne." Plain words, and each one, alas, but too true!

Holy Writ tells us of a great banquet given by Baltassar, King of Babylon. The "nobles" of the land were there. And from the sacred vessels of Jerusalem's temple, host and guests drank deep to the gods of heathendom. And lo! the revellers, terror-stricken, saw the hand of a man writing upon the wall dread words of doom. When the magnates of a drink-cursed people pay homage at the festive board in the sacred names of religion and patriotism to the demon who holds so many of their brethren captive, do these banqueters hear no clanking of chains, no moans of children, no sobs of wives or mothers, no cries of dying drunkards—do they see no "handwriting upon the wall?"

REV. M. F. FOLEY.

FROM THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Ottawa, May 14th, 1889.

Quiet reigns in the long and dim corridors of the House, and the echoing aisles prolong with wonderful distinctness the tread of the unfrequent foot; the noise, bustle, hurry, and din of session, with the presence of a mixed multitude, are but things of the past, dreams of what was but is no longer. Here, but a few weeks ago, the focus of all news and centre of all excitement, everything indicates cloister solitude. Methinks it is a fitting time to contemplate the gothic beauties and the artistic attractions of this great pile of national buildings. Silence and solitude fall naturally upon the scene and seem to constitute the true element of the place. When Scott chose to picture, in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," the scene about to take place in the cloister of famed "Melrose," he did not introduce William of Deloraine amidst the noise and life of even the religious day, but he selected the stillness of night, when the surroundings were in harmony with the solemnity of the event.

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go, visit it by the pale moonlight,
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted areal glimmers white,
And the pale moon's uncertain shower
Streams from the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately
Seem framed of ebony and ivory,
And the scowls that teach thee to live and die,
Then go! but go alone the while,
And view St. David's ruined pile;
And home returning, soothly swear
Was never a scene so grand and fair!"

Not at night will I ask the reader to come with me; but during the day time, when the halls are deserted, the lobbies in silence wrapt, the faint twilight of the edifice penetrating, like a spirit of the dim world beyond, and penetrating every nook and corner, when each particular detail of the vast structure stands out in relief, and the minutest parts may be studied in undisturbed tranquility. Come at that hour, and entering under the stately tower, with its gothic pillars, its marble and granite columns, its capitals, fantastic with quaint devices, its vastness, its solemnity, its majesty. How many pass in and out, day after day, and see not for familiarity destroys admiration the countless attractions of the Ottawa Parliament Buildings. You would travel to other lands, ransack the debris of the old world, and stand in mute wonder amongst the ruins of the Coliseum, or the fallen pillars of the Athenian Parthenon, you would spend hours amidst the ruined shrines of Mukcross or Clonmacnoise, there drinking in the shattered relics of a once pompous civilization; and you too often forget to study that which is nearer home and which one day may be, for future generations, an object of veneration and an heirloom of national glory. Stop then! And in the dawn of our country's history let us study our monuments, even as the Greek in the days of Pericles would have studied the Acropolis, the Roman in the days of the Consuls would have studied the Pantheon, or the Druid in the days of dim fable, ages ago, would have contemplated the Guebec Towers.

This week I will not take you far with me, we will merely gaze upon the site and exterior of the first, the grandest and the most truly national of all Canadian structures.

Not Quebec, with its magnificent panorama of landscape, seen from Dufferin Terrace, not Montreal, with its multitude of attractions gazed upon from the Mountain Park, not the Bay of Naples, viewed at sunset from Castellamare or Mollé di Gasta; not the "Isles of Greece," seen from the olive clad, vine-entwined slopes of Lycabettus, not Dublin Bay, flashing in its mirrored splendour, with its Hill Hewath on one side, its mountains of Wicklow on the other, and its valleys of Meath forming the back-ground, with white-washed cottages, like eagles nests on the cliffs, not any or all of these can surpass the site of the Parliament Buildings of Ottawa, situated on the old Barrick Hill of the days of Bytown. In front the grounds are as perfect as those in the park at Versailles;

the position of the three structures forming a complete and harmonic surrounding; its walks, flowers, green swarth, rising mounds, shade trees, summer houses, rustic seats and finally, the inimitable picture that nature unrolls before the eye, are so many objects that harmonize with the whole design. Standing in rear of the library, you have the whole city beneath you to the south; hundreds of feet below, on the north, east and west, rolls the majestic Ottawa; towards the north-west is seen the roaring cataract of the Chaudiere, trembling and tossing under the suspension bridge; off and away above it the numberless green islands that dot the "Grand River." And as if to contrast nature with the advance of civilization, miles upon miles of pine streets, with its tenantless city of slabs extending before you. Then over the city of Hull, with its clash of mill wheels, and smoke of factory chimneys, the eye rests upon "woods over woods in gay theatric pride," away, away up the slopes of the bounding Gatineau; to the foot of the purple Laurentines, away, away over mountain bleak and fertile valley, until vision ceases where the horizon's blue blends with the purple of the Chelsea hills. Such the picture that we gaze upon to-day. One hundred years ago the Indian chief stood amidst the pines upon this hill and contemplated that scene in its primeval glory, to-day we stand on the same spot, beneath the shadow of our grand and stately towers to study that picture in all its variations and kaleidoscopic changes; one hundred years hence, some other son of the soil shall occupy our place and while gazing upon still more wonderful transformations, he will tell his children the history of this national spot. Let it be our care to write that history in letters of gold, and fill its pages with acts to be proud of.

J. K. F.

TEMPERANCE QUESTION IN MONTREAL.

At last the public seems to have grown tired of the anti-Jesuit agitation and now the attention of the fickle age is centred in the *Mail* libel suit. Judging from the first stages of the proceedings the case promises to be a protracted and tedious one. Meanwhile the influences of a healthy public opinion have been enlisted in another crusade of a more beneficent nature and that will likely achieve practical results -- the crusade against drink. In our strong climate this is not a temptation of one nationality or one section of the people, or even of one sex. All, especially in winter time, are exposed to its insidious attacks and baneful consequences.

The present movement was inaugurated by a League of prominent citizens, mostly Protestant. They understood, however, from the outset that they could do little without the co-operation of the Catholic clergy. The Archbishop and pastors readily lent their aid, so we have a League of all the influences making for goodness working in the cause of temperance. They do not purpose to lay the axe at the root and destroy drunkenness at a single blow by a Scott Act or prohibition law, but they hope to confine its sphere and restrict its ravages by helping to enforce laws already in existence. They supervise the granting of licenses. The clergy especially impress on those taxpayers who sign license petitions the responsibility that attaches to their signatures urging on them the necessity of diminishing the number of saloons and drinking resorts. A committee is appointed to protest before the courts against granting licenses to those who have abused them or who keep saloons in localities where there are too many. Owing to such efforts the number of licenses granted has been considerably reduced and new petitions are being daily rejected. The success which has so far attended the movement ought to be an encouragement to its promoters and inspire us with the hope that the blot on the moral fame of our city caused by too free an indulgence in strong drink will be gradually effaced.

J. J.

Montreal, May 14th.

Reverend Abbe Bolduc proctor of the Cardinalate, and Roman Catholic chaplain of Beauport asylum, died on Wednesday, the 7th inst., at the Cardinal's palace. He was stricken with paralysis on the previous Sunday. He was a cordial friend of all denominations and will be much missed.

REV. FATHER EGAN AND THE JESUIT
CONTROVERSY.

We published in a late number the vigorous letter in which the Rev. Father Egan, of Thornhill, replied to the attacks of the Rev. Mr. Percival, of the same place, on the Jesuits. The last number of the Richmond Hill *Liberal* contains another letter from Father Egan in answer to Mr. Percival's rejoinder. After a word of introduction he says:

Now, what is the matter under discussion and how has he met my arguments?

1st. He has stated that the Jesuits, and consequently the Catholic Church, teach the doctrine that "the end justifies the means." I denied that, and called for the proofs, and in answer he accuses me of *staring*. In order to understand this question, it would be necessary to have studied the whole tract, *De actibus humanis*. In that tract the fundamental principles are laid down, and the different kinds of human actions grouped, and when the whole tract is gone over, it will be seen that the texts, which the rev. gentleman has quoted, refers to means not bad in themselves, and consequently do not teach that doctrine. It is quite evident he has never studied the tract in question, it is probable he never even saw the outside of the book in which it is contained, and it is a marvel how much he pretends to know about it. He has got his ideas at second-hand, and has been deceived, but the worst of it is that he wants to remain deceived, and get others to share in the deception. Another man would have given up the whole thing long ago, but no, like Goldsmith's School-master:—

"For e'en though vanquished he could argue still."

Since he has not procured the endorsement of the University to his charges, I am willing to give him another chance. Let him appoint a time and place, bring a number of intelligent gentlemen with him, and I shall place the standard author (Gury), used in our seminaries as text book, and if he can, when the whole tract is seen, prove from it the odious doctrine that "the end justifies the means," I give up. If, on the other hand, I cannot prove the contrary, it will be seen also. This is the proposition which I called in question. This is the test that will show a manly attitude on his part, and not that mean smelly and garbling, and bringing up new accusations before the first is proved, which has excited the disgust and contempt of every one, even of those who would otherwise be friendly to his cause.

2nd. I have demanded proof that the Pope did curse the Jesuits with bell, book and candle. No proof.

3rd. He has stated that the Pope in his rescript goes on to accuse them of certain idolatrous ceremonies, &c.

I have asserted the falsehood of that sentence in language which no one able to maintain the attitude he had taken could have ignored. If he had, as he said, the Brief before him, I charge him with having deliberately falsified it to suit his purpose, and after that he purposes giving us a lecture on Mental Restriction as practised in the Church of Rome. It may turn out to be like some of his other lectures. We shall see.

By the way, he calls this a *Scottish Dogma*. This question does not belong to Dogmatic, but to Moral Theology—please call things by their proper names, Mr. Percival. Though all his letters are headed *Dogmatics*, not one paragraph of Dogma is in them. How is this after all the promises?

4th. He stated that the Catholic Church is opposed to the circulation of the Bible in the vulgar tongue; that the Bible is sure to make Christians; that no matter what denomination, provided they were Christians, &c. I asked him, (1st) to give proof that the Catholic Church was opposed to the circulation of the Bible—no proof, (2nd) that it is of little moment what kind, &c., (3rd) if some people are at liberty to deny perhaps what God has taught in the Scriptures, and if not, how reconcile with objective truth contradictory doctrines.

These questions are very impertinent, I am aware. He has indeed given a most intelligent answer by calling them minor points, unworthy of his notice—and in future he will despatch them by treating them "with silent contempt."

There are other and weightier reasons, Mr. Percival, which make you cautious in approaching these questions, besides there being *minor points*, and you know it, and though the *silent contempt* has a pompous sound, no one would be deceived by it. I do not think you are quite satisfied with it yourself, as clearing you out of the difficulty, but it is the safest policy under the circumstances. Now, if these are secondary points, what would the rev. gentleman call matters of real importance?

Having himself introduced the Bible question, I asked him a question relative to its inspiration. No doubt his congregation, and the public in general, expected an intelligent answer, and so far have been disappointed. Will the gentleman have the face ever again to assert publicly, that the Catholic Church is opposed to the Bible?

That the Jesuits were suppressed is true, that many accusations were made against them is true. That these accusations were proved is untrue; that the Pope accuses them, as Mr. Percival asserts, is untrue. He merely mentions that the accusations were made. Why did Mr. Percival change some words in the quotation from the Brief of suppression? To suit his purpose. Why did he put language into that Brief which it does not contain? And then, why does he build up arguments on the corruption of the text which he has made? Does he not accuse the Jesuits of tactics like these and how does it come to be lawful for Mr. Percival? Is this honest. The fact of the matter is that men of his calibre look upon anything as justifiable that militates against the Catholic Church. They look upon anything gained that is taken from her. They will any day extend the right hand of fellowship to infidels, ex-monks, or any one who steps forth as a no-popery champion. They reject no story, no matter how improbable, no food, no matter how loathsome, provided it is against the Catholic religion. Does "the end justify the means?"

The troubles of the Jesuits commenced in France, when they made Louis XV. and his mistress, Madam Pompadour, their enemies. The Jesuits, being the Court Chaplains, insisted on having the scandalous intimacy of the King with Madam broken up. Kings are not accustomed to be thwarted in their affairs, love or otherwise, and the Jesuits were banished for having done their duty. The enemies which the Jesuits had thus made, led by Voltaire and D'Alembert, were determined on the overthrow of the Jesuits, who, on account of their zeal and ability in the cause of religion, were regarded as formidable enemies of the revolutionary designs of the infidel philosophers of the day. The infidels flung themselves into the struggle against the Jesuits with terrible earnestness, gathering up for this supreme effort all their energies. Voltaire devoted to this all the faculties of his mind, and all his power of derisive ridicule and scathing sarcasm. He said, writing to Helvetius in 1761: "Once we have destroyed the Jesuits, that infamous thing (the Christian religion) will be only child's play for us." The infidel writers published all manner of lies about the Jesuits, and these are the lies now adopted in the crusade against them.

This is a fair specimen of the reasons for which the Jesuits were banished from so many countries, where infidel secret societies held power. And this is the company in which Rev. Mr. Percival is willing to find himself in attacking them. In quoting these calumnies that have been sent broadcast about the Jesuits, I could excuse him on the ground that being deceived himself he may have looked upon them as having come on good authority, but when he deliberately alters the text of the Pope's Brief, which he says he has before him, in order to suit his purpose, the idea of his *good faith and honesty* in the matter vanishes, and no soft language will suffice to characterize this flagrant breach of truth. Before I get through I hope to show the Protestant people of this locality how their confidences is abused, and their intelligence insulted by some who pretend to instruct them on the tenets and history of the Catholic Church. These calumnies have been sent over the world on the wings of an untiring press, and the truth comes slowly limping after them. They have been often repeated, but though as often contradicted it is difficult to nail every lie in particular.

He says that the Dogmas of the Church consign Protestants to an endless hell. What the Catholic Church teaches is

that "Outside of the true Church of Christ there is no salvation. I believe that nearly all the Protestant denominations have adopted the creed of St. Athanasius as a standard of faith, and that creed commences in these words: "Whoever shall be saved before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith, which, unless everyone do hold whole and entire he shall perish everlastingly. St. Paul says: "For without faith it is impossible to please God." Heb. 11: 6; and our Lord, Mark 16: 16: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be condemned. Christ established a visible church and said emphatically: "He that will not hear the church let him be to thee as a heathen and publican." Luke 10: 16.

I could multiply texts to this effect. This does not look as if Christ had left people at liberty to embrace His religion or not. The Church does not teach that Protestants will be lost, but she teaches that all who refuse to accept the true faith by doing so incur the guilt of mortal sin and thereby lose their soul. If a person is in good faith in his error, that is if he has never had an opportunity of knowing the truth, he is considered by the church in good faith and as one of her children, and if he has lived according to what he has believed to be the true law of God, he will be saved as if he were a Catholic. I think this is fair.

What would you have, Mr. Perceval? Would you have establishments, improperly called churches, instituted by every Tom, Dick and Harry, on a par with the true Church of Christ? Would you give these who are urged by ambition, vanity, or even worse, to form a new religion that Christ never taught, in fact, contradicting Christ, as good a claim to salvation as those who have believed on God's infallible word, what he has taught and tried to fulfil his precepts? We are just as much obliged to believe what God has taught as we are to obey his Commandments. I have shown that nearly all Protestant sects hold the same doctrine. You will find nearly the same doctrine, but much more rigid and uncharitable and Presbyterian like, in the Confession of Faith which I have before me. Page 125, questions 60, 61, 62, &c.

Mr. Perceval says he has punctured me with the keen lance of his sarcasm. He has done wonders. If he had punctured me with sound logic it would go farther with intelligent readers than what he calls sarcasm.

Mr. Perceval complains that I called him a "lying devil." What I said was that there were lying devils going around the country deceiving the people and misrepresenting the Catholic Church. I did not refer to him in particular. I have not spoken as severely as St. Peter, who seems to have had in prophetic view, and described exactly, some of the preachers of the present day. He says in his epistle, chap. 2: 1 2 3.—"But there were also false prophets among the people, even as there shall be lying teachers among you, who shall bring in *sects of perdition*, and deny the Lord who bought them, bringing upon themselves swift destruction." "And many shall follow their luxuries, by whom the way of truth shall be blasphemed. And through covetousness and feigned words they shall make *merchandise* of you." Let the readers please look over this second chapter.

How delicate the rev. gentleman's feelings are, while he himself is slandering Catholics without mercy, calling in the aid of infidels for that purpose, and even going the length of altering words in the Papal Brief. If he does not quit this I shall be obliged to give up my usual style, and use language that will exactly express my meaning.

J. J. EGAN.

Thornhill, May 7th.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL'S PERORATION.

As has already been announced in these columns, the great speech of Sir Charles Russell's will shortly be published in its entirety in pamphlet form, meanwhile it will interest our readers, and prepare them for the intellectual treat which is before them, to read the peroration of this remarkable piece of oratory as taken from the columns of the *London Times*.

"My lords, said Sir Charles Russell, "we have endeavoured to lay our case before you, to the best of our ability, in some methodical fashion. We have endeavoured to show,

and claim to have shown, as accounting for the crime which your lordships are inquiring into and its origin, that in former times there have been greater crimes, in greater volume, of the same class, proceeding from the same source, directed against the same class of persons; and that with recurrent distress there has been recurrent recrudescence of crime. We have endeavoured to show your lordships-- and, we believe, we have shown your lordships by contemporaneous official records mainly that there were in 1879, 1880, and 1881 widespread, deep distress and misery in Ireland. We claim to have shown that there was a failure on the part of Parliament although the House of Commons made an attempt in that direction a failure on the part of Parliament to meet the wants of the time by offering to the tenants of Ireland in their distress the means needed for temporary protection from the civil process of ejection.

"We have shown your lordships that the landlord class failed in the circumstances of the time to meet broadly, generously and patriotically the necessities that were pressing upon their unhappy countrymen, and we have, therefore, shown you that in the circumstance of the time it was nothing less than could be expected that the people thus left without the protection which the representative house of the legislature desired to give them, should resort to combination among themselves to guard against and, if they could, prevent a recurrence of the nameless horrors of the famine years of 1816 and 1817. I have said before, and I say again, that your lordships are trying the history of ten years of revolution in Ireland, a revolution partly social, partly political, and that you are trying the history of that revolution at a moment when by legal process of the Queen's Courts the Irish people are gathering the fruits of it.

"I would ask your lordships without predilection, political or of any other kind-- I know your lordships will endeavour - I have never doubted, I have never thought otherwise - will endeavour honestly to try this case upon the evidence, and will apply to the consideration of its broad details that same fair, that same generous consideration which would be applied by any body of intelligent men if they were considering a similar case of similar history in another country. My lords, I was obliged to speak early in the course of my observations of one cause which unquestionably seriously operates in Ireland to produce distrust of the law and the administration of the law, and to create a chasm-- it is said that it should be so-- between the people and the servants of the law. I have not troubled your lordships with any lengthened observations on that point, but it is necessary, as the question of the motive for the action of the men who are here accused is involved in the larger question before your lordships-- it is necessary to call attention to the causes of distrust. I shall do it very briefly, mentioning meanwhile that the Irish party have again and again tried by the action of Parliament to remove some of these disturbing causes.

"My lords, there are two parties in Ireland, and two parties only. There is the party that desires that the law, the government and the administration of Ireland should be in accord with the wishes and interests of the majority of the people. That is one party. There is another party who believe many of them I am sure honestly that they are very much better judges of what the interests of the people of Ireland are than the majority of the people themselves. The former party may be called the Nationalist party; the latter has various names. Sometimes it is the party of the respectable classes, sometimes it is the party of the loyal minority, sometimes it is the party of law and order. My lords, loyalty, law and order are words that have been much misapplied and much misused in Ireland.

"The essential differences between the two parties are these--the first look for their support, for their influence, to the people of Ireland, while the other party look for support and influence, not to the people among whom they live and from whom they derive their maintenance, but to an influence external to Ireland. The next difference is that the one party is a great political power in Ireland, while the other, as I have shown your lordships from the election returns which I cited the other day, has ceased to be a political power in Ireland. My lords, a strange phenomenon--a phenomenon, as far as I know, unknown in the history of any country in the world supposed to be governed under a constitution, and

a representative constitution the smaller party, looking for their influence and support outside of Ireland, possesses to day all the positions of executive power and administrative authority in the land. As *ex officio* Guardians they control the Unions, as Grand Jurors they control the counties. They are the class from whom the magistrates, paid and unpaid, are taken; they furnish the District Inspectors and Inspectors of Police; they crowd the Board of education, the Asylums Board, the Board of Works and the Local Government Boards all being Boards without representation. They alone are in touch with the Castle and its tenents, and the Castle and its tenent are not in touch with the popular mind and popular opinion. My lords, I am not exaggerating this story. I should like to read to you words graver and wider than mine, and to adopt them as mine the words of an Englishman who has held office in the government of his country:

"I do not believe that the vast majority of Englishmen have the slightest conception of the system under which this free nation attempts to rule a sister country. It is a system which is founded on the bayonets of thirty thousand soldiers, encamped permanently as in a hostile country. It is a system as completely centralized and bureaucratic as that with which Russia governs Poland, or as that which was common in Venice under Austrian rule. An Irishman at this moment cannot move a step, he cannot lift a finger in any parochial, municipal or educational work, without being confronted, interfered with, controlled, by an English official appointed by a foreign Government, and without shadow or shade of representative authority. I say the time had come to reform altogether the absurd and irritating anachronism which is known as Dublin Castle to sweep away altogether these alien Boards of foreign officials, and to substitute for them a genuine Irish administration for purely Irish business."

"My lords, that is not the excited language of an Irish agitator; it is the language of a man who is a Privy Councillor, and who has served in office—Mr. Chamberlain—and it was not spoken years ago, but in 1885. Again he says:

"It is difficult for Englishman to realize how little influence the people in Ireland have in the management of even the smallest of their local affairs, and how constantly the alien race looms before their eyes as the omnipresent controlling power. "The Castle," as it is called, is in Ireland synonymous with the government. Its influence is felt, and constantly felt, in every department of administration, local and central; and it is little wonder that the Irish people should regard the Castle as the embodiment of foreign supremacy. The rulers of the Castle are to them foreign in race or in sympathy, or in both. . . . If the object of government were to paralyze local effort, to annihilate local responsibility, and daily to give emphasis to the fact that the whole country is under the domination of an alien race, no system could be devised more likely to secure its object than that now in force in Ireland."

"That was the language uttered in 1885 by the same statesman. Is it wonderful, in face of this state of things, that there should be distrust and a want of faith in the administration of the law? My lords, one other point I would mention, because it affects the consideration of some branches of the case. In this country the executive stands apart, speaking generally, from the putting into force of the criminal law of the land. I am not saying whether that system is right or not, where there are no disturbing political questions, but so it is. The putting in force is in great part left to the voluntary action of persons supposed to be aggrieved. In Ireland the administration of the criminal law is set in motion by the executive, the Attorney-General being the principal officer, and there is in Ireland a functionary, unknown in this country, called the law adviser of the Castle, to whom the magistrates refer for advice, I might almost say for direction, and thus there is a ground—sufficient or insufficient I do not stop to inquire—to found in the mind of the class of people with whom the law is more commonly put in motion the idea that it is always the action of the executive, which means in their minds the action of the government. My lords, I have spoken of this small but important section of the Irish community which may be called, though a minority, the absolutely governing class in the kingdom. Mr. Parnell and Mr.

Parnell's associates have earned the uncompromising hostility of that class. It is, perhaps, the highest tribute to the worth of his labours that he has done so.

"We are told, my lords, there are signs of returning prosperity in Ireland, that there is a gleam of returning health across the face of the country. If it be so, fervently I will say, *Deo gratias!* It is said that crime is lessening in Ireland. If it be so, again I would say, *Deo gratias!* But, my lords, it cannot be a sound, it cannot be a healthy, and it cannot be a stable state of things where such scenes are now, in relation to this very land question, being enacted as are now being enacted in Donegal, and when there are no less than twenty-five representative members of the Irish people sent to prison. If they had committed crimes odious to men of moral sense, by all means, if they were ten times Members of Parliament, let them be sent there. But the unhappy condition of things in that respect in Ireland is this: that they are not, even in this free land of England, regarded by a large section of the community as criminals, while in their own they are regarded as heroes and martyrs in a sacred cause. I will not pursue that subject, though I should desire to say more upon it. I would say this, my lords—and this I believe to be true the best guarantee for peace and order and the prevention of the recurrence of crime, of the sad and painful crime which your lordships have been inquiring into, is in the belief and in the hope, strong in Irish breasts to-day, that the time is coming when the state of things that has caused this must come to an end. My lords, for their work in bringing this consummation, devoutly to be wished, closer at hand, the Irish party stand before your lordship's bar to-day. They can point to marvellous work in ten years, marvellous in the condition in which that work has been accomplished. Within the beginning of those years it is no exaggeration to say that the Irish peasant farmer stood trembling with bated breath and winspering humbleness, in the presence of landlord, agent and bailiff, for that man's fate was verily in the hollow of their hands. He had no spur to industry, and no security that he should reap what he had sown. To-day he can stand erect as becomes a free citizen in a free community, and although the charter of his liberty is not yet complete, he has derived solid protection from the legislation of 1881, and the subsequent legislation which action the agitation, as it has been called of these men, has helped to accomplish. My lords, then, too, with a restricted, narrow franchise, Ireland spoke with an uncertain, with a stifled voice. Now, with a fuller franchise, Ireland speaks as a practically united kingdom. Then, my lords, secret organizations burrowed beneath the surface of society and constituted a great political and social factor in the land.

"My lords, this inquiry, intended as a curse, has proved a blessing. Designed, prominently designed, to ruin one man, it has been his vindication. In opening this case I said that we represented the accused. My lords, I claim leave to say that to-day the positions are reversed—we are the accusers, the accused are here (pointing to the *Times*' counsel). My lords, I hope this inquiry, at its present stage and its future development, will serve more than ever as a vindication of individuals, that it will remove painful misconception as to the character, the actions, the motives, the aims of the Irish people and of the leaders of the Irish people, and it will set earnest minds—and, thank God, there are many earnest and honest minds in this land—a thinking for themselves on this question; that it will remove grievous misconception and hasten the day of true union and reconciliation between the people of Ireland and the people of Great Britain, and that, with the advent of that true union and reconciliation, there will be dispelled, and dispelled forever, the cloud, the weighty cloud, that has rested on the history of a noble race, and dimmed the glory of a mighty empire."

The late Dr. Dio Lewis, in speaking of Warner's Safe Cure, said, over his own signature: "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I would use Warner's Safe Cure." He also said: "The medical profession stands dazed and helpless in the presence of more than one kidney malady."

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

St. Michael's Palace, Toronto, 20th Dec., 1888.

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, hails 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,

C. 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. CATHERY,
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 18 1889.

Mr. Froude, however graceful a man of letters, never attained a high place as a writer of history. His "Oceana" destroyed what little reputation for accuracy of statement he had left to him after Father Tom Burke's famous refutation of Froude in his American lectures. Mr. Froude's entrance, therefore, into the field of romance and fiction, an event which is marked by the appearance from his pen of "The Two Chiefs of Dunboy," an historical novel, descriptive of Irish life at the middle of the last century, looks like a realization of the fact that his occupation is gone as a writer of history. Like all Mr. Froude's books, "The Two Chiefs of Dunboy" is admirably written, but if in point of literary style it has all the brilliancy, it has also all the defects of Mr. Froude's earlier efforts. It would seem as if Mr. Froude cannot be fair, or faithful, or exact, in describing a Catholic people. He does not possess what the historian and critic most needs—the impartial instinct. The generally received opinion in regard to Mr. Froude as a writer, *Punch* in a late issue puts in a neat epigram:

'Bout Froude there is no mystery
He writes without restriction,
His fictions full of history
His history full of fiction.

None the less Mr. Froude should do well as a writer of fiction, since even in his soberest histories he gave full proof of the possession of a bold and powerful imagination.

Mr. Oscar Wilde, in the course of a remarkable essay in a late number of the *Nineteenth Century*, on "The Decay of Lyng," has something to say of the English Establishment,

which, though it may not prove pleasant reading for his brethren, must yet strike them as not being far from the truth. "In the English Establishment," Mr. Wilde writes, a man succeeds not through his capacity for belief, but through his capacity for disbelief. Ours is the only church where the skeptic stands at the altar, and where St. Thomas is regarded as the ideal apostle. Many a worthy clergyman who passes his life in good works and kindly charity, lives and dies unnoticed and unknown; but it is sufficient for some shallow, uneducated passman out of either university to get up in his pulpit and express his doubts about Noah's Ark or Balaam's Ass, or Jonah and the Whale, for half of London to flock to his church and to sit open-mouthed in rapt admiration of his superb intellect. The growth of common sense in the English Church is a thing very much to be regretted. It is really a degrading concession to a low form of realism." Mr. Wilde evidently sees that the tendency of the Anglican Establishment, as of the other forms of Protestantism, is towards Skepticism, slightly dressed up, of course, doctrinally and, aesthetically.

The Hon. David Mills' reply to the zealots who undertook to severely criticise his course with regard to the Jesuit Question, was not of a sort to be much relished by the fanatical faction. It was a bit of rather plain speaking.

"I don't propose," he said, "to fight them by having recourse to political and religious disabilities. I leave these weapons to the wretches who are not ashamed to employ them. As long as Protestants are honest, fear God, hate oppression and persecution, and permit all classes, Protestant and Roman Catholics, to stand alike before the law, they will have nothing to fear from Jesuit aggression. It is where they disgrace the name of freedom by listening to the advice of men who, with the methods and the spirit of the Evil One, profess to serve the Lord, that our liberties will be in danger."

The *Gazette* of Montreal gives it as its opinion that the Toronto end of the anti-Jesuit agitation is rapidly bringing the movement into ridicule. As if a sufficient height of folly had not been sealed by circulating petitions calling for disallowance in the face of the report of the Committee of Council, the approval thereof by the Governor-General, and its ratification by the almost unanimous vote of the House of Commons, the Citizens' Committee of Toronto actually propose to petition His Excellency to dissolve Parliament! Says the *Gazette*:

Government by petition would be a novel and startling innovation, calculated in practice to produce remarkable results and some beautiful dissolving views of ministries. If, for instance, His Excellency the Governor-General accepted the new constitutional principle the Citizens' Committee of Toronto has set up, he would be compelled by regard for consistency, to dismiss his advisers, summon a Cabinet of gentlemen outside Parliament, and appeal to the people every time a bundle of petitions to that effect was dumped in his office. It is of no consequence, as Mr. Toots would say, in the opinion of the Citizens' Committee whether the signers of the petition are a majority of the electors, or whether their signatures are genuine, or whether any measure of responsibility attaches to them. The House of Commons under the new rule is to be dominated by any set of sore heads who can succeed in stirring up a transitory excitement among the masses, the Governor General is to be guided not by the advice of ministers responsible to the Commons, whose members in turn, are responsible to the people, but by petitions signed by no one knows whom and representative of no one knows what."

Some of the gentlemen who are eager for a dissolution may contemplate the summoning by His Excellency of Col. O'Brien, and the entrusting to him the formation of a ministry, but with what an extraordinary Cabinet would he not be compelled to surround himself. Upon every question of

public policy but one his government would be divided, while the religious minority, comprising considerably more than one-third of the total population would be without representation. How long does any sensible man suppose such a state of things could continue? A famous writer has observed that it is sometimes well to ride a hobby hard because it is the sooner ridden to death, and the *Gazette* believes that it is this course that the Citizens' Committee of Toronto are unconsciously, but none the less effectually, pursuing.

Professor Goldwin Smith, says the *Montreal Gazette*, only helps to embitter the relations between the two sections of our population, when he holds up, as in his recent letter to the *Times*, the situation in Quebec as a warning to the people of Ulster. "Whatever grounds of complaint may exist on either side," says the *Gazette*, "we have never had in Canada anything like the prolonged religious feuds of the old country. But, setting that aside, what sort of consistency is there in a plea like Dr. Smith's, which, while opposing Home Rule, on the ground that it would practically mean the loss of Ireland to the United Kingdom, finds the only remedy for the intolerable oppression of Canadian Protestants in annexation to a foreign power?" The only refuge, Mr. Smith maintains, that is left for the British and Protestant minority in Quebec is "union with the main body of the English-speaking race." And, he adds: "In that direction its thoughts are beginning to turn." Thus English readers of the *Times* are led to believe that there is a serious annexation movement in Canada, a statement for which there is no foundation. Only mischief, as the *Gazette* points out, can result from spreading such rumors.

Mr. Goldwin Smith in his *Times* letter, after describing the Jesuits Estates Act, which was ratified by the Canadian Parliament by a vote of 188 as against 13, as "an insolent and ridiculous pretext," goes on to deliberately state that the "Roman Catholic Church keeps the people of Quebec in a state of illiteracy. It is her policy, or her instinct everywhere;" and then prophesies that if Home Rule were granted to Ireland the rational system of education would perish. The *Catholic Times* of Liverpool, commenting on Mr. Smith's pessimistic plaint, observes that anyone who chooses to collect these dismal prophesies, and then when the smoke of the political battle has cleared away, to publish them with accompanying facts, would render a good service both to the Church and to Ireland. When Professor Goldwin Smith threatens that if Canadian Orangemen are not allowed to rule the Catholic majority, they will rebel and join the United States, he lets the cat out of the bag, says our Liverpool contemporary. "Englishmen," it says, "are beginning to understand that this is what Orange loyalty means:—We mean to rule; and if we cannot rule we shall rebel."

It is learned that the question of establishing a festival to be called Jesus the Workingman, has been under discussion at Rome. The suggestion came from Paris from the *Cercles Catholiques*, which M. le Comte de Mun has done so much to organize and build up. The proposal meets with favour from the Sovereign Pontiff, and we may expect ere long to see this great holiday of modern democracy sanctioned by the highest authority in the Church. Is it not strange that the recognition by Christendom of the exemplary side, as affect-

ing our work a day lives, of His character, whose praise it was that He went about doing good, should have been so long delayed? Jesus as child, as son, as healer, as quickener, as sufferer—all these and much more have we had in church calendar, in religious art, in the associations of the sanctuary, but Jesus the toiler, who laboured with hand, as with head and heart—this idea was reserved for the nineteenth century, and for Paris, pioneer in all experiment. And a grand idea it is bringing religion home to the common life of each of us—to workshop and office, to factory and desk.

Nothing could well be more appropriately beautiful in this toiling, industrial, and uncontentplative age, the tendencies and the tenor of which are not of a sort to encourage in most of us spiritual-mindedness, to exalt our sentiments, to excite our imaginations, nor to render our natures more impressionable in respect to what is supernatural, than the founding of such a devotion as that above mentioned, which will have for its centre Our Blessed Lord in His character as a Workingman. What could be more consoling to the toiling, suffering millions, to whom life is a long, bitter struggle for the barest existence. What more helpful to all of us, for we are all of us labourers, when the heart is sad, and the feet are weary, than the recollection of Our Lord as the humble Carpenter of Nazareth? "It is enough," wrote Michael Angelo, at a time when the world looked to him dark and cheerless, "It is enough to live in the Faith of Christ, and to have my daily bread." Is it not certain that the result of the growth of the new devotion will be to keep us patient in afflictions, and to surround the Social Question and the Labour Question, those two subjects which are pressing forward in our day with so much force, for solution, with an atmosphere of patient Hope and Religion?

There is another ground upon which the new devotion will be, to many, especially acceptable, and that is that it is simple, and tangible, and understandable, a Fact, a Reality, and not in the nature of, as are some devotions, an ecstatic abstraction. Brownson, whose Catholicity was as a great tree whose leaves overspread a whole people, used to complain that many Catholics associated with their faith, or at all events, did not sharply distinguish from it, a multitude of notions, which, though perhaps not held precisely and distinctly as faith, were yet, they felt, not to be questioned. These he described as "notions in great part derived from the legends of saints, alleged private revelations, or visions of some saintly monk, or some devout nun, which may float about without much harm in religious houses, and often be read for edification with profit, but which are of no basis of Catholic faith, and of no authority in the interpretation of Catholic dogma." Notions of this sort, he held, overlaid the faith in many minds, and encouraged a credulous and superstitious spirit. It was his endeavour to distinguish Catholic faith and Catholic doctrine from them. In like manner he, on more than one occasion, spoke also of popular practices, which he looked upon as superstitions, and popular devotions, good in themselves but often, he thought, abused, and placed above the more solid virtues of faith and the love of God and one's neighbours.

"People will run after indulgences," he said, "without reflecting that the indulgence is not gained when to gain it is more the motive of action than the breaking off from our sins and placing ourselves in union with God. In a word," he explains, "while we have prized the flowers of Catholic piety,

we have pointed out the mutability and danger of seeking them where there is no root to bear them. We want a strong faith, and a robust piety, that can stand the wear and tear of the rough and tumble of the work day world."

A meeting of gentlemen interested in the establishment of the Catholic Truth Society in Toronto was held in the rooms of the Chevalier Macdonell, Ban Accord Building, on Monday evening last. This meeting, which was merely a preliminary one, decided to invite the co-operation of the city clergy and of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul with a view to placing the work upon a solid footing. The objects of the Catholic Truth society are:

1. To disseminate among Catholics small and cheap devotional works.
2. To assist the uneducated poor to a better knowledge of their religion.
3. To spread among Protestants information about Catholic truth.
4. To promote the circulation of good, cheap, and popular Catholic books.

Another meeting will be held at an early date. In the meantime further information may be obtained from Mr. W. J. Macdonell, Freehold Loan and Savings Co., or from Mr. H. F. McIntosh, 180 Wellington St., West.

The papers are pointing out the decision of the Archbishop of Canterbury in respect to the trial of the Bishop of Lincoln for ritualistic practices, namely that, as Primate, it is his office to try any bishop of the Church of England, makes of him an Anglican Pope. The Bishop of Lincoln, whose prosecution has been brought about by the Low Church or Evangelical party within the Church of England, applied to be tried before a council of bishops. His opponents maintained that the Archbishop was competent alone, and the Primate has now decided with them. The Bishop of Lincoln, whose case is exciting much interest, will however, probably appeal, it is said, to the Privy Council.

THE REVIEW mails this week to all subscribers who are in arrears their accounts for subscription, upon the prompt payment of which we depend very largely for the defrayal of the heavy expenses entailed in THE REVIEW'S publication. The early attention of our subscribers to this matter will be appreciated by the publishers.

DEATH OF REV. FATHER MICHEL.

At 6 o'clock on Monday morning there died one of the best priests of the Archdiocese of Toronto, in the person of Rev. Joseph Michel, parish priest of Lafontaine, 8 miles from Penetanguishene. Father Michel was born in France 58 years ago and was the only son of wealthy parents. He received his early training in Europe and took his final theological course in Baltimore, where he was ordained a priest 23 years ago.

Nearly the whole of the clerical life of Father Michel was spent in the Toronto Archdiocese, in which he did good work, much of it in the way of erecting churches, schools, presbyteries and convents, to a large extent from his own means, having inherited a large fortune, of which little or nothing is left. His first work in this archdiocese was as curate to

Father, now Bishop Walsh, at St. Mary's, Ont. Then he was stationed for different periods at Toronto Gore, Mara, a parish near Orillia, where he built a fine presbytery, then in the parish of Adjala after the death of Rev. Father Simot. From Adjala he was sent to Niagara Falls, where he was parish priest and chaplain to the Loretto Convent for several years. Seventeen years ago Father Michel was removed to Lafontaine, which parish he held till his death; there he built a grand church as imposing as St. Patrick's in this city; a commodious presbytery and a convent for the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

He was a good and holy man, and the late Archbishop regarded him almost as a saint.

The funeral took place on Thursday morning, 16th inst., at 9 o'clock, the interment taking place at Lafontaine. A considerable number of priests from Toronto and elsewhere went up to attend the funeral.

Irish Affairs.

On Wednesday of last week Archbishop Walsh continued his testimony before the Parnell commission. He testified that facts that had come to his knowledge proved that the league tended to diminish crime. There has been a gradual decrease in the secret societies in Ireland since 1886. He was aware the league had advised tenants not to enter the land court after the passage of the act establishing that court in 1861. Subsequent events had justified that advice. He only knew of one instance where the league had been indiscreet. This indiscretion consisted of the passage of a resolution by a branch of the league to publish in its district a list of the persons not members of the league. He protested against this action, and the publication of the list was abandoned. As the league spread, the secret societies vanished. The people learned to prefer open parliamentary action and to dislike secrecy. Throughout his diocese the cases of boycotting had been few, although the league was strong in that district. The only sense the Archbishop said in which boycotting ought to be tolerated came under the name of exclusive dealing. Anything like intimidation was reprehensible. The members of the league held that boycotting kept the country free from outrage. Witness did not approve of refusing to sell the necessaries of life to a man under boycott. He understood the plan of campaign to be a purely voluntary combination, and that it did not imply boycotting.

Mr. Atkinson, of counsel for the *Times*, quoted from a pastoral issued by the Archbishop in 1882, denouncing the movement not to pay debts as forcible resistance to the law. Archbishop Walsh said the pastoral had been issued in consequence of the increase in the number of secret societies owing to the disorganization of the League under the imprisonment of its leaders and while the people were being driven to despair by evictions.

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

The heroic Rev. Father Damien, widely known as the leper priest of Molokai, died at Lahawa, Hawaii, April 10th. Father Damien was born in Belgium in 1840, and went to Hawaii in 1864. For the last sixteen years his labours were confined to the leper settlement of Molokai where he contracted the dread disease which cost his life. R.I.P.

Miss Kate Drexel the second daughter of the late Francis A. Drexel who left \$4,000,000 to each of his three daughters, has entered as a postulate or earnest seeker of the Order of the Sisters of Mercy in the mother house of the order at Pittsburgh. She is now a novice and has not yet entered the order but it is announced that this act of hers amounts to a complete renunciation of her family, her friends and her great wealth. Miss Drexel has meditated this step for some time. She is the most attractive of the daughters left by F. A. Drexel. The youngest daughter, now Mrs. C. D. N. Morrell, who was married a few months ago, and her unmarried sister, Lizzie

Drexel, will sail from New York for Europe to-day with their uncle, A. J. Drexel. Miss Drexel attended mass in St. John's Roman Catholic church in Philadelphia last Sunday, and chose that sacred place to take farewell of her relatives. She was attired in black and according to custom knelt in front of the altar to the Blessed Virgin Mary. The mass over, her distant relatives and one or two others and her old governess and her maid and one or two faithful servants crossed from the other aisle and bade her farewell. She kissed them all. Although greatly affected she did not shed tears and showed remarkable firmness. All necessary arrangements had previously been made and with her two sisters and Mr. Morrell she drove directly from the church to the station and with them took the train for Pittsburgh, arriving at the convent Monday night. Miss Drexel has shown great interest in Indian missions. Some time ago she travelled through the Indian country and gave \$150,000 for the work of Catholic missions among the Indians of the North-West. She has an amiable disposition and her mind has always had a religious turn. She was one of the bridesmaids at her sister's wedding.

CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.

The Abbe Casgrain has been elected President of the Royal Society of Canada.

The Rev. Father Twomey for many years rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston, who has been promoted to the parish of Morrisburg, was presented with an address and a purse of gold, at a large meeting in Kingston a few nights ago of the Catholics of that city. During Father Twomey's residence in Kingston his duties have been manifold. As chaplain of the Penitentiary, of the Convent of St. Mary's of the Lake, of the Convent of Notre Dame, Secretary-Treasurer of the Church Building Association, Spiritual Director of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, Chairman of the Separate School Board, and as Rector of the Cathedral, Father Twomey laboured with great zeal, and endeared himself to his people.

Archbishop Fabre has issued a circular to his clergy, in which he gives a summary of the decrees passed by the Seventh Council of Quebec, and approved by His Holiness the Pope, and comments thereon. This circular deals with the means adopted for raising money for religious purposes, and condemns bazaars, concerts, excursions and dinners, even when for charitable purposes. It also urges the establishment of Separate Schools, and commends temperance societies. It deals in the strongest terms with blasphemy, and condemns theatres, circuses, amateur theatricals, snow-shoe races, skating, clubs, and excursions for pleasure. It deals with the duties of physicians towards the dying, and advises writers to submit their works to the bishop, and the people to avoid novel reading. Bribery in election is characterized as a sin against God and against man.

HON. DAVID MILLS ON THE ANTI-JESUIT AGITATION.

As stated elsewhere the Hon. David Mills' speech in the House of Commons during the Jesuit debate did not please certain Orangemen, one of whom wrote to remonstrate with him for his speech and vote. Mr. Mills' answer to this letter is given below. It is a stinging rebuke to the bigots:

DEAR SIR, —I received your very violent letter in which you tell me you are a Reformer. You must be jesting. Neither the spirit in which it is written nor the sentiments which there find expression could emanate from a Reformer.

Reformers have everywhere opposed legislation imposing special disabilities upon any class of the community on account of their religion. You demand it. Your letter breathes the spirit of the Irish Tory, and so I can't believe you ever were, what in your letter you claim to be a Reformer.

You seem to think we have been incorporating the Jesuits. That is not so. They were incorporated in Quebec long ago,

and I am not aware that anybody objected. They have their colleges and schools of learning in England and Scotland. They have had their mission stations in Ontario, continuously, for over 220 years; they have murdered nobody; they have robbed nobody, nor have they so far as I know endangered our liberty.

Their property in Quebec, which was guaranteed to them at the conquest, was illegally taken from them; and this illegal seizure was confirmed by an act of the legislature, in the days of the Family Compact.

After long delay the Government of Quebec has, with the unanimous consent of the legislation Protestant and Roman Catholic and one fifth of the present value of the property in full settlement of all claim. This claim and settlement was purely a Quebec question, with which the Parliament of Canada had nothing to do. Now, you propose that Toronto shall govern Quebec. As a Reformer, I say Quebec shall govern herself.

Provincial rights is the very heart of our system, and you propose to do it violence. You say we ought to interfere, and refuse to Quebec the liberty to pay a long standing claim, because you do not like the creditor. Do you refuse to pay what you owe, to everybody you don't like? You say I am like Cain, because I don't make myself responsible for the Jesuits. You overlook the fact that Cain's responsibility was for what he did himself, and not for the acts of another, who had gone out of the world before he came in. But pray what have the doctrines of the Jesuits, real or fancied, to do with the justice of their claim in this Quebec case? In a court of justice you would not be allowed to refuse the payment of your debts because you did not like the person you owed. The days for calling down fire from Heaven on those who do not believe as we do, have gone by. You tell me the Jesuits have been expelled from France, Spain, etc.; and therefore, I ought not to let Quebec pay what she owes. The colporteurs of the Bible Society were expelled from Russia, but does that prove the Bible Society to be a bad institution? In one respect they are the weakest, because they are the most unpopular body in Christendom.

I don't sympathize with the Jesuits. If time permitted I could state my objections to the order. My objections, I hope, have a better foundation than the charges you bring; but I decline to persecute them because I do not agree with them. I don't propose to fight them by having recourse to political and religious disabilities. I leave these weapons to the wretches who are not ashamed to employ them. As long as Protestants are honest, fear God, hate oppression and persecution, and permit all classes, Protestant and Roman Catholics, to stand alike before the law, they will have nothing to fear from Jesuit aggression. It is only where they disgrace the name of freedom by listening to the advice of men who, with the methods and in the spirit of the evil one, profess to serve the Lord, that our liberties will be in danger. I enclose you a copy of my speech, which, if you read, may afford you some light, of which you are sorely in need, and expel that spirit of intolerance which breathes in every line of your letter, and which, wherever found, is an enemy alike to Protestantism and to free institutions.

Yours respectfully,

Ottawa, April, 1889.

DAVID MILLS.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

We have made arrangements with Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," which will enable all our subscribers to obtain a copy of that valuable work *free* by sending their address (enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) to Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO., ENOSBURGH FALLS, VT. This book is now recognized as standard authority upon all diseases of the horse, as its phenomenal sale attests, over four millions copies having been sold in the past ten years, a sale never before reached by any publication in the same period of time. We feel confident that our patrons will appreciate the work, and be glad to avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining a valuable book.

It is necessary that you mention this paper in sending for the "Treatise." This offer will remain open for only a short time.

OUR CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN.

The invitation to address you, this evening, when you formally open your club-room, with which you have honoured me, was a call so welcome that I made haste to obey it. The objects which you propose, in forming this club, are so worthy and useful in themselves, so alluring to me, as to overcome the doubts I might well entertain of my ability to bring you any thought worthy of your attention. In what I have to say, however, you may be able to find some ideas and principles that may prove of service, in working out the purposes of your admirable organization.

That such a society as yours is not only useful and beneficial to the gentlemen who make up its membership, but, in a sense, necessary, when we take account of the dangers, on the one hand, to which our young men are constantly exposed, and, on the other, their pressing wants or needs, no one, I think, will seriously question.

You come together in this Young Men's Catholic Club, as I understand, chiefly for a three-fold object: to cultivate and promote free social intercourse; to strengthen and develop your mind and character; and to enjoy that proper recreation and amusement that is an indispensable feature of club life. These, I take it, are to form the special characteristics of this Young Men's Catholic Club, which has been so auspiciously inaugurated here to-night.

Now, passing by this three-fold aim of your organization, which has been already fully outlined by your good friend, who has happily conceived the idea of starting this club, and sent it on its career, with every prospect of doing all that is expected from it, allow me to put before you as briefly as I can, a general thought as to what society at large hopes for—and quite reasonably so—from such a body of young men as will make up the membership of this club.

In the first place, let me remark, that we expect a great deal from our Catholic young men. Our brightest hopes are centred in them. The future, with its boundless possibilities, is theirs. To-morrow they are to be entrusted with weighty duties, solemn responsibilities. They are to take their place on the stage of the world, to act, each one, his proper part. They will have a voice in the affairs of men, in the government of the Republic; they will be a force, for good or ill, in moulding and directing public opinion; their influence will be felt in church and state, in the administration and making of the laws that govern the community. In short, they will have, each one of them, a man's work to do, and do it they must. Heretofore, you young Catholic gentlemen have been preparing yourselves for this world life; you have been gathering power and strength, intellectual and physical and moral, to fit yourselves for this stern and serious business of life. Hard and noble work awaits you in this busy life upon which you are entering. The time is at hand when our young man must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion. And starting out in life, I would have our young men never to forget this great truth, so beautifully expressed by Emerson: "That though the whole universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him, but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground given him to till." This is the lesson which all experience teaches. We ought never to forget it. If we do, we are lost. Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place Divine Providence has found for you; act your part like a man. It is well, then, that you should come together in such a society as this to continue that preparation for work, to hold counsel with one another, to receive aid and guidance from your spiritual director; to train, still further, your minds and hearts, so that the hopes we repose in you may be fully realized.

I need not speak to you, my young friends, of the many snares and pit falls that beset our youth in the large cities of America. Danger signals might be hung out at almost every street corner, and because the signals are absent, the danger, as you know, is all the greater.

As long as you remain steadfast to the spirit, principles, and purposes of this club you are safe, even though a thousand

may fall on your right hand and ten thousand on your left. Under the shadow of this glorious Cathedral, and almost within the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, you are safe from danger. Those who will catch the meaning and spirit of this Catholic club will aim to fill their minds with noble thoughts, noble ideals, noble memories; to inspire you with noble aims, noble sentiments, and the courage that is equal to every noble enterprise, are among the great and worthy objects contemplated in the establishment of a society like yours. Said the divine Plato,—"We have two qualities in our souls which we must preserve with equal solicitude; the one which prompts us to dare, the other which constrains us to fear; to be bold for virtue and to be afraid in respect to vice."

If we cultivate these two noble qualities of the soul, if we are bold for virtue and afraid in respect to vice, we shall never fail to act our part well. To develop and strengthen these two qualities, let me say to you, learn to ennoble every act of yours by acquiring, before and above all things, to propose as the motive of your entire life, Duty. The glory of life, my young friends, is the consciousness of having done your duty. Duty to God, to your country, to your fellows. Be bold for virtue, at all times and on all occasions, in the face of raging public opinion and the loudest clamour care not what others think of you, make for the right. Let that be your motto: *Be a man. How degrading the tyranny of human respect!*

"Lead me with irons, drive from morn till night,
I am not the utter slave which that man is,
Whose sole word, thought, and deed are built on what
The world may say of him."

The cowardly fear of a false and depraved public opinion, as is but too well known, is to-day, and has ever been in the past, the deadliest foe of truth and morality. May it never find a lodgment in this society! Again, I repeat, always make for the right; be bold for virtue, and afraid only in respect to vice.

The needs of our age demand that these two qualities of the soul, to which I have referred, be developed and strengthened among us. "If any man consider the present aspects of which is called, by distinction, *society*," observes Emerson, "he will see the need of these ethics." "The sinew and heart of man seem to be drawn out, and we are timorous, desponding whimperers. We are afraid of truth, afraid of fortune, afraid of death, and afraid of each other. Our age yields no great and perfect persons. We want men and women who shall renovate life and our social state; but we see that most natures are insolvent, cannot satisfy their own wants, have an ambition out of all proportion to their practical force, and do lean and beg, day and night, continually. Our housekeeping is mendicant, our arts, our occupations, our marriages, we have not chosen, but society has chosen for us. We are parlor soldiers; we have shun the rugged battle, where strength is born." How strikingly true is not this description of our modern society? With you, and those like you, who are budding into manhood, rests the duty, of changing things for the better, of putting more virtue into society. Great hopes, as I have said, are centred in our Catholic young men. Let us not be disappointed. Show us what you can do.

To this idea of duty and self-reliance, I would have you add two other virtues: *temperance and piety*. These, also also requisite to your success in life. Without them, you cannot hope to prosper. And now I have spoken what has occurred to me as useful and proper to speak to you on this occasion. To sum up: let each one aim at providing that he is an

"Active doer, noble liver,
Strong to labor, sure to conquer."

Let me warn you beware of false doctrines, false leaders, false principles, false practices. The world, to-day, is filled with falsehoods. In presence of wide spread political corruption, do your duty as good citizens of this specially favored land; in presence of the social evils of the day, stand immovable for virtue, and make boldly for the right.

I need not tell you, what is known to all, that if the Catholic citizen acts consistently with his religious principles, he will be the model of political virtue to his fellow-citizens. The better Catholic, the better citizen. The good Catholic will

*An Address delivered at the opening of the Catholic Young Men's Club, Pittsburg, Pa., by Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy.

show that he considers, as all ought to consider, the proper performance of his civic duty as a sacred obligation. Catholic citizens, whose consciences are guided by their religion, and who love the institutions of our country, should lose no time in calling to their aid men of integrity and intelligence; and, uniting with every honorable movement, seek to purify the public morals of our great cities, and restore to them that good name which has been so long tarnished by political crime. Keeping these things before your mind, and acting on the principles which should always guide a Catholic society, never once forgetting that you are Christian gentlemen, your newly-formed club must prosper, and its influence for good be sensibly felt in this community. - *Doughor's Magazine*.

THE MADONNA AND OUR PROTESTANT POETS.

I.

One morning during the first Christmastide a train of strange men rode down from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, and the tramp of horses and the tinkling of camel bells sounded musically on the clear, chill air. Overhead was one great white star, that moved as it shone. The caravan passed along the village street, and as it drew out of the southern gate, lo! the Star stood still above a cave hewn in the rock by the wayside; and, entering the cave, the Wise Men found the Child, and the Evangelist says they found Him "with Mary, His mother." He was to be "with Mary, His Mother," in Egypt and at Nazareth during the thirty years of the hidden life: He was to be with her often during the three years of teaching and healing; she went with Him to Calvary, and at last she met Him where the dolorous are changed to glorious mysteries; and there the Child will be "with Mary, His Mother," while God is God.

Our poets, with their keen artistic insight, have recognized the beauty of this divine companionship; and it is surprising that so many of them have sung of her, from the days of Chaucer the Catholic down to the days of Longfellow the Protestant, no matter what might be the difference in their religious belief.

In the "Blithedale Romance" Hawthorne has these words: "I have envied the Catholics their faith in that sweet, sacred Virgin Mary, who stands between them and the Deity, intercepting somewhat of His awful splendor, yet permitting His love to stream upon the worshipper more intelligibly to human comprehension through the medium of a woman's tenderness."

Charles Lamb has also written in a like strain:

Maternal Lady with the virgin grace,
Heaven-born thy Jesus see'st with sure,
And thou a Virgin pure.
Lady most perfect, when thy sinless face
Men look upon, they wish to be
A Catholic, Madonna fair, to worship thee.

Longfellow has several poems to the Blessed Virgin, one of which might well be used as an inscription for Murillo's "Assumption." It is translated from the Spanish of Fray Luis Ponce de Leon, and is found among the notes to Longfellow's translation of the *Divina Commedia*:

Lady! thine upward flight
The opening heavens receive with joyful song;
Blest who thy mantle bright
May seize amid the throng,
And to the sacred mount float peacefully along!
Bright angels are around thee;
They that have served thee from thy birth are there,
Their hands with stars have crowned thee,
Thou peerless Queen of the air,
As sandals to thy feet the silver moon dost wear.

Another poem, "The Annunciation," by this chief of our American poets, has the chaste simplicity of a Scriptural passage. Two parts of "The Golden Legend" referring to Our Lady are familiar to everyone.

Other American non-Catholic singers beside Longfellow have shown that they are not lacking in appreciation of the Virgin Mother, whom the Venetians call *Santa Maria For-*

mosa. - "Saint Mary the Beautiful." The first name in order of time is that of James Hillhouse, a poet little known by general readers. He was a native of Boston (1789-1841), and his words are more remarkable, coming as they do from the land of Puritanism. In one long poem he has this passage:

Furn now where stood the spotless Virgin, sweet
Her azure eye, and fair her golden ringlets,
But changeful as the hues of infancy
Her face. As on her son, her God, she gazed,
Fixed was her look earnest and breathless, now.
Suffused her glowing cheek; now changed to pale,
First, round her lips a smile, celestial played,
Then fast, fast ran'd the tears. Who can interpret?
Perhaps some thought maternal cross'd her breast
That mused on days long passed, when on her lap
He helpless lay, and of his infant smile.

Hillhouse has still another poem, entitled, "A Chant to the Blessed Virgin," which is entirely Catholic in its expression.

It seems strange that Whittier, the venerable man that is now perhaps our chief poet for Lowell and the others do not find his sweet cords it seems strange that he has not sung her praise. In "Raphael he says:

There droop'd thy more than mortal face,
O Mother beautiful and mild!
Enfolding in one dear embrace,
Thy Saviour and thy Child.

A fair thought, but beyond this he is silent. Bayard Taylor in his translation of Goethe's "Faust" gives a version of Margaret's prayer, but I do not know that the sentiment expressed was also his own. The prayer in part is this:

Where'er I go, what sorrow,
What woe, what woe and sorrow,
Within my bosom aches!
Alone, and oh! unsleeping,
I'm weeping, weeping, weeping,
The heart within me breaks!

Help! rescue me from death and stain!
O Maiden!
Thou sorrow laden,
Incline thy countenance upon my pain.

Poor Edgar Poe's prayer to the Madonna was almost as sorrowful as Margaret's:

At morn, at noon, at twilight dim,
Maria, thou hast heard my hymn!
In joy and woe, in good and ill,
Mother of God, be with me still!
When the hours flew brightly by,
And not a cloud obscured the sky,
My soul, lest it should truant be,
Thy grace did guide to thine and thee,
Now, when the storms of fate o'ercrest
Darkly my present and my past,
Let my future radiant shine
With sweet hopes of thee and thine.

The Ave Maria.

Dr. T. HEXMAY BRUNNER, an eminent German authority, says: "Consumption is always due to deficient nutrition of the lungs caused by bad blood." At the Brompton Hospital for consumptives, London, Eng., a statement has been published that 52 per cent. of the patients of that institution have unsuspected kidney disorder. This explains why the proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure claim that they have received many testimonials which they have not published, because of the incredulity with which they would be received were it claimed that Warner's Safe Cure cures consumption. But the fact is that if your kidneys be cured and put in a healthy condition they expel the uric acid and poisonous waste matter, and prevent the irritation of the delicate substances of the lungs, thereby removing the cause. When the effect is removed the symptom of kidney disease, which is called consumption disappears, and with it the irritation which caused it.

ABOUT DOCTOR'S BILLS.

Many a struggling family has all it can do to keep the wolf from the door, without being called upon to pay frequent and exorbitant bills for medical advice and attendance.

True, the doctor is often a necessary, though expensive visitant of the family circle; nevertheless pure and well tested remedies like Warner's Safe Cure kept on hand for use when required will be found a paying investment for every household in the land.

Sickness is one of the legacies of life, and yet every ill that flesh is heir to has an antidote in the laboratory of nature. Hon. H. H. Warner, of Rochester, N. Y., President of the Chamber of Commerce of that city, was a few years ago stricken with kidney disease, which the physicians declared incurable. In this extremity, a friend recommended to him a vegetable preparation now known throughout the civilized world as Warner's Safe Cure. He tried it, and was quickly restored to perfect health. The incident led him to begin the manufacture of the wonderful preparation, and to make its merits known in all tongues and among all peoples.

He has now laboratories and warehouses in the United States not only, but in Canada, England, Germany, Austria, Australia, and Burmah. His preparations meet the requirements and effect the cure of a variety of diseases, and are all compounded from medicinal plants of the highest virtue.

Mr. Warner is a man of affairs, of wealth, culture and the highest standing in his own city and throughout the State. His character is the best guarantee of the purity and excellence of his renowned Remedies, which may be found in every first class drug store of Europe and America.

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Queen's Printer and Comptroller of Stationery

Department of Public Printing and Stationery
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TENDERS

SEALED TENDERS, marked "For mounted Police Provisions and Light Supplies," and addressed to the Honourable the President of the Privy Council, Ottawa, will be received up to noon on Tuesday, 18th June, 1889.

Printed forms of tender, containing full information as to the articles and approximate quantities required, may be had on application at any of the mounted Police Posts in the North West, or at the office of the undersigned.

No tender will be received unless made on such printed forms.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted Canadian bank cheque for an amount equal to ten per cent of the total value of the articles tendered for, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the service contracted for. If the tender be not accepted to be returned.

No payment will be made to newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority having been first obtained.

FRED WHITE

Comptroller, N. W. M. Police

Ottawa, May 10th, 1889.

SEALED TENDERS marked "For Mounted Police Clothing Supplies," and addressed to the Honourable the President of the Privy Council, Ottawa, will be received up to noon on Friday, 31st May, 1889.

Printed forms of tender containing full information as to the articles and quantities required, may be had on application to the undersigned.

No tender will be received unless made on such printed forms. Patterns of articles may be seen at the office of the undersigned.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted Canadian bank cheque for an amount equal to ten per cent of the total value of the articles tendered for, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

FRED WHITE,

Comptroller, N. W. M. Police

Ottawa, May 10th, 1889.



NOTICE.

Weights and Measures.

TRADERS, Manufacturers, and owners of Weights, Measures and Weighing Machines generally, are specially requested to read carefully the following instructions and act accordingly:—

1. The Weights and Measures Act provides for a regular biennial inspection of all Weights and Measures used for trade purposes as well as for irregular inspections of the same, which may be made at any time when deemed necessary by the Inspector, and it also imposes a heavy penalty on any trader or other person who wilfully obstructs or impedes an Inspector or Assistant Inspector in the performance of his duty under said Act, or who refuses to produce the whole of his Weights and Measures for inspection when called upon to do so by an Inspecting Officer.

2. Every trader, manufacturer and owner of Weights, Measures and Weighing Machines, when paying moneys to Inspectors or Assistant Inspectors of Weights and Measures for verification fees, is entitled to, and is specially requested to demand from the officer who makes the inspection, an official certificate ("Form O. 6") with the words "Original for the Trader" printed at the head thereof, properly filled out and stamped, and also at same time to carefully ascertain whether or not the stamps attached to each certificate represent exactly in value, the amount of cash paid. Traders are requested to bear in mind that certificates of verification are of no value whatever unless stamps covering the full amount of fees charged are attached.

3. Owners or holders of these official certificates are specially requested to keep them carefully for two years, and in order to secure their safe keeping it would be advisable to place them in their places of business in the manner in which ordinary License certificates are done; for it must be distinctly understood that all traders who are unable to produce their properly stamped certificates, when asked to do so by an Inspector or Assistant Inspector, may, in all probability, have to pay over again their verification fees.

E. MIALL,
Commissioner.

Department of Inland Revenue
Ottawa, April, 15th, 1889.

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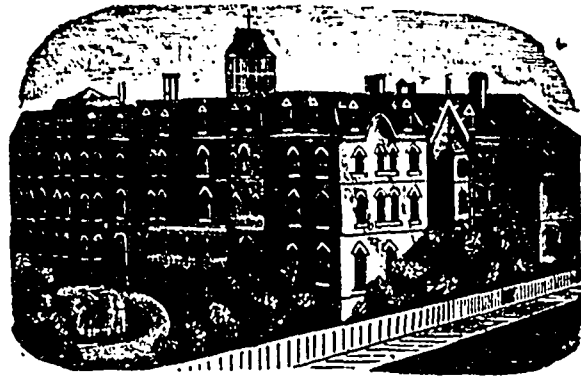
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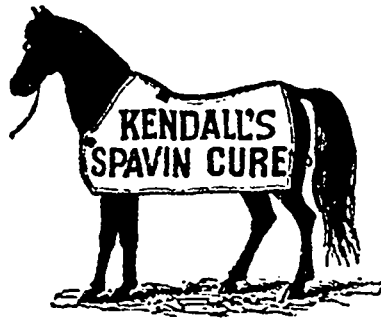
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