

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, Oct. 11, 1890.

No. 36

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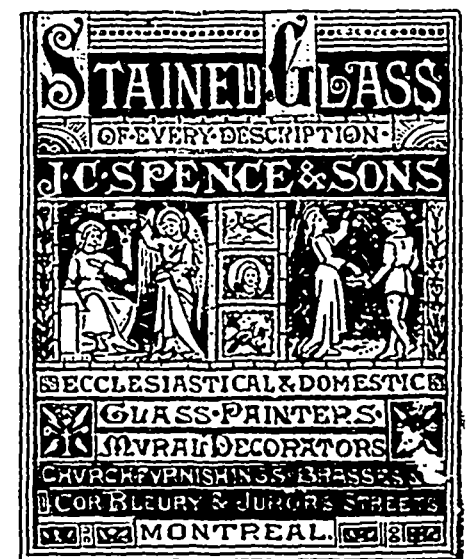
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The Catholic Weekly Review.

Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, Oct. 11, 1890.

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Notes.

SPEAKING of the proposal that the Pope should arbitrate between England and France in the Newfoundland fisheries question, a Paris journal, *La Liberte*, remarks: "What a magnificent role it would be for the Pope, in spite of his lost temporal power, to remain arbitrator, mediator, and pacifier of kings and nations. We can understand how this would tempt the ambition of the great Pontiff; how Governments would see in this religious exhibition more guarantees than in any other."

In labour troubles, little and large, says the *Weekly Register*, Catholic bishops and priests are everywhere following the lead so boldly set by Cardinal Manning. No one was more influential than Canon Scannell in bringing to a peaceful close the ill-timed dockers' strike at Southampton; and now the news comes from Sydney that the Archbishop, Cardinal Moran, has been nominated by the Labour Committee the first of three arbitrators in a dispute now proceeding between capital and labour in New South Wales.

THE *New York Herald's* London correspondent cabled on Thursday of last week the purport and trend of a leading article in the *Times*, concerning the formation of the American Committee for the relief of the famine in Ireland. "We can assure this committee of American politicians and journalists," says the *Times'* writer, "that the famine, with which they hope to angle for the Irish vote, has not yet been heard of here outside the columns of Mr. Parnell's papers, and those are not the sources usually resorted to for facts by persons familiar with their methods;" and it sneeringly adds that the appeal of the American committee "is couched in the usual turgid magniloquence of transatlantic electioneering literature."

THE Liberal papers, on the other hand, are loud in their praises of the prompt action of the American committee; while in the current number of the *Paternoster Review*, the new monthly which has been begun, and is, we believe, to be conducted by the "Old Boys" of the Edgbaston Oratory, Dr. McWeeny, an expert on the

subject, proves conclusively that the potato crop in Ireland this year will not be more than half as great as usual. His figures, which cannot be controverted, speak for themselves better than miles of editorials written by men who perhaps have never been in Ireland nor eaten the Irish potato.

SIXTY four members of the Irish Parliamentary party assembled in convention in Dublin on Monday, under the chairmanship, in the absence of Mr. Parnell, of Mr. Justin McCarthy. Mr. McCarthy in his speech explained that Mr. Parnell, though absent, was in active co-operation with what they did, and that he had seen and had sanctioned all the resolutions. There was no difference of opinion in the party, Mr. McCarthy explained, and if they met under the pressure of difficulties, they met also under conditions entitled to give them confidence and inspiration. They had faith, he said, in the unconquerable Irish people whom ages of despotic power had not subdued, and they were not likely to be greatly intimidated by the sham Cromwellism of the present day. They had faith in Irishmen abroad and in the great Liberal democracy of England. They had faith too in their leaders, and the prospect ahead was full of growing light.

MR. T. D. SULLIVAN, M.P. made a noteworthy statement respecting any famine relief. He believed that such a movement as a famine fund would not be unattended with danger. In too many cases this generosity simply had the effect of filling the coffers of Irish landlords. If Irishmen did their duty to themselves, and the Parnellites were able, as he believed they would be, to force the government to do a small part of their duty, it would be possible to tide over the coming distress without the humiliation and shame of again appealing to the charity of the world.

THE adoption of the resolutions was moved by Mr. McCarthy. The first of these pledged the fullest support of the National League to the tenants who were threatened with ruin in consequence of the course adopted by the government and the landlord syndicates.

The second resolution demands that certain distressed districts in the south and west be given special consideration by the government, and that measures be taken at once for the relief of the inhabitants. The government is called upon to inaugurate a scheme of public improvements for the purpose of giving employment to the people and enable them to support themselves without charitable assistance.

The third resolution condemns the conduct of the government in causing the arrest of O'Brien, Dillon and the other Nationalist leaders arraigned at Tipperary.

The fourth resolution says the Nationalist party is compelled by circumstances to make an appeal to its friends everywhere in behalf of the Irish tenants, and it looks especially to its friends in America to subscribe generously for the defence of a distressed people. This appeal, the resolution says, is made most unwillingly, but the desperate straits in which the Irish tenants are now placed make it absolutely necessary that assistance should be asked throughout the world.

CARDINAL NEWMAN IN THE MAGAZINES.

Mr. Wilfrid Meynell in the *Contemporary*.

It was precisely the pervading personality in Newman that distinguished him from his contemporaries. The pretentious "we" was dropped in favour of the simpler "I." The abstract was exchanged for the concrete under a pen primed with individuality. The unit spoke to the unit—to the units who make up mankind. "Heart speaketh unto heart," was his own chosen motto as a Cardinal, who bared his heart for the inspection of friend and foe; who told men how, when he was ordained an Anglican minister, "he wept most abundant and most sweet tears at the thought of what he had then become," and so on, through all the phases of his life. Only those entirely ignorant of Newman's selflessness in conduct would put down this self-analysis and self-centred measurement of men to petty vanity, which he was wholly free from, or to vulgar love of applause, of which he had none. For the most part the poet alone has shown himself so spontaneously, so autobiographically in his manuscripts; and all the world has listened. But here, at last, humanity could be studied in a priest. The personal and the human had re-inhabited poetry with Shelley, Keats, and Wordsworth; and with Newman the personal and the human entered into theology, and into his account of it. He allowed himself to be put under the microscope, and how he bore the ordeal all his contemporaries will tell.

Yet Newman's friendships, though formed and governed under exacting and unusual conditions, were extraordinarily tender. This was one phase of his character which delighted George Eliot, who writes on this and other points to Miss Sara Hemmell:—

I am reading with great amusement (!) J. H. Newman's *Lectures on the Position of Catholics*. They are full of clever satire and description. . . . It was just what I wanted to hear about you, that you were having some change, and I think the freshness of the companionship must help other good influences, not to mention the *Apologia*, which breathed new life into me when I read it. Pray mark that beautiful passage in which he thanks his friend, Ambrose St. John. I know hardly anything that delights me more than such evidences of sweet brotherly love being a reality in the world. I envy you your opportunity of seeing and hearing Newman, and should like to make an expedition to Birmingham for that sole end.

If only she had gone! There, at the Oratory, are still three of the immortal band named with Father St. John: Father Neville, the devoted "William" of Newman's last whispers; Father Ryder, a man of fine literary temper; and Father Austin Mills.

These friendships among men were less common when the Oxford Movement began than they have since become; and the present generation, if it owed nothing else to the *Newmanism* (as Bishop Hampden called it), would have reason to be grateful for this infusion of tenderness into the relations of man with man. The sentiment expressed, to George Eliot's admiration, in the closing passage of the *Apologia*, appears and reappears elsewhere; in Newman's method of addressing that best type of the modern Anglican, Dr. Church, Dean of St. Paul's, "*Carissime*," in his sudden outbreak, where, on hearing of the death of Hurrell Froude, he throws aside in one epithet the conventional stiffness of the eighteenth century which ruled nearly all his poems, and exclaims:—

Dearest! he longs to speak, as I to know,
And yet we both refrain;
It were not good: a little doubt below,
And all will soon be plain.

Newman's young men improved on their model. Faber, his "acolyte," who followed him to Rome within a month, and practically founded the London Oratory, had a greater exuberance of both feeling and expression. To the present Duke of Rutland, then Lord John Manners, he wrote:—

Thou walkest with a glory round thy brow,
Like Saints in pictures, radiant in the blaze
And splendour of thy boyhood, mingling now
With the bold bearing of a man that plays
In eyes, which do with such sweet skill express
Thy soul's hereditary gentleness.

That male eyes had "sweet skill," or that men had eyes at all worth observing by men, came as a surprise, if not as a shock, to many; and Faber himself, writing to someone who expostulated with him, says: "Strong expressions towards male friends are matters of taste. I feel what they express to me. B— thinks a revival in male friendships a characteristic of the rising generation and a hopeful one." "B—," whoever he was, was right. The shyness which made an Englishman ashamed to embrace even his father, arose from times when wine-parties and a common interest in the heredity of dogs and horses were the most sacred links between men. The Oxford Movement established different relations—of mutual confidence, mutual affection, mutual respect. Of the influence for good which these generous friendships exercised, even Mark Pattison was sensible—even Mr. James Anthony Froude. At first, when undergraduates went home raving about Newman, anxious parents shook their heads. The correspondence passing about the same date between Lord Strangford and the old Duke of Rutland reveals the perturbations of aristocratic fathers over the friendships between their sons and the plain commoner who was afterwards to make his Queen an Empress, his solicitor a baronet, and his secretary a peer. So of Newman, the fountain of so much piety for thirsty souls in future, anxious mothers were asking, as did the mother of the Mozleys: "But is he a good man?" And, "but is he a good man?" diffident fathers and confiding sisters chimed in. When the sermons and tracts penetrated into the provinces, the question answered itself; and happy were the mothers whose sons were under the influence which made religion seem to the young, and even to the ambitious, something manly and ennobling. Wordsworth read and admired them, but he drew the line at Newman's verse. Had the *Dream of Gerontius*—the composition in which Newman's sincerity of feeling clothes itself the most poetically—been then written, it might have extorted some reluctant recognition from the bard, whom one can imagine as rather bored by Frederick Faber's glowing eulogy of his friend and master, while the old man and the young walked together in the Lake country.

It was near Windermere, too, that Charlotte Brontë, as the guest of the Shuttleworths in 1850, first met her future biographer, and told her during their first talk "about Father Newman's lectures at the Oratory in a very concise, graphic way." Then follow some dots, eloquent dots. What do they conceal? Probably some phrase not much more reasonable than Carlyle's description of Newman as possessing "the brain of a medium-sized rabbit." For Charlotte Brontë combined, as no mind—thanks largely to Newman—ever will again in England, exquisite sensibility, deep religiousness, and an open intelligence, with as vulgar a notion of Popery as that of any Exeter Hall rhetorician. "Good people—very good people—I doubt not there are among the Romanists," she says in a weakly generous mood; "but," she makes haste to add, writing to Mrs. Gaskell, who had shown leanings to primitive Christianity, "but the system is not one which should have such sympathy as yours. Look at Popery taking off the mask at Naples." The last sentence reads like the text of one of Newman's lectures, a text to be torn mercilessly to tatters. By the way, Miss Brontë and Mrs. Gaskell went to tea at this time at Fox How, the house of the widow of Dr. Arnold; and Mrs. Arnold had yielded her second son, Thomas, to follow Newman to Rome. They were all in a tale, especially in homes of hereditary goodness. When, at the very beginning of things, Newman visited old Mr. Wilberforce, and saw his pious family, little did this pattern of Evangelicalism suppose that out of four sons three would become Catholics, leaving only Samuel to adorn the Anglican bench, while his unworldly brothers went their simple ways—one, Archdeacon Robert Isaac Wilberforce, to die while preparing for the priesthood in Rome, another, William, "the squire," to spend an obscure life as a humble Catholic layman; and the third, Henry—most delightful of them all—to found *The Weekly Register*, in this, as in all else, says Newman, "actuated by an earnest desire to promote the interests of religion, though at the sacrifice of his own." What is recorded of the Scotts, the Arnolds, and the Wilberforces, is

recorded of nearly every family in England. Lord Coleridge, who never showed a nobler figure than when he knelt by the coffin of the Cardinal in the dreary church at Birmingham, must have thought, amid so much Popery, of his own brother—a Jesuit priest; and Lord Selborne, lamenting Newman as the father of modern Anglicanism, also counts a brother among the band of Newman's closer followers to Rome.

Nor was this influence confined to those who came within the magic of Newman's personality, or to those who were students rather than hard-headed men of the world; or yet to men of his own generation. When a typical Yorkshireman, like Lord Ripon, with all the best qualities and sympathies which distinguish John Bull, appeared at the London Oratory to claim admission to the Catholic Church, it was to the writings of Newman that he attributed the transition which so greatly perturbed the mind of Mr. Gladstone. Yet even Mr. Gladstone, when he wrote bitterly of all others, said of Newman that, honoured as he was, he illustrated the line that "the world knows nothing of its greatest men." Newman returned the compliment by speaking of Mr. Gladstone's as "so religious a mind." But Newman also accused Anglicans, in one of his lectures to them, of "praising this or that Catholic Saint, to make up for abuse, and to show your impartiality." Whether Mr. Gladstone will plead guilty to this indictment I cannot say; but if he will look at his various and most welcome praises of Newman, and see how, by juxtaposition, they are made to imply dispraise of the brother and colleague who bears the burden of government and the responsibility of the bishopric, he will not wonder at the words of Newman coming to his reader's mind. Indeed, the throwing together of the names of the two Cardinals has been a common feat of jugglery vainly performed to annihilate the one or the other. It is delightful, despite all differences of temperament, and of the objectivity and the subjectivity with which each variously regarded the outer world, to see these two names linked together, if not in daily speech, in the unity of eternal love. When Newman was twenty-eight, the younger man of twenty was led captive by the "form and voice and penetrating words at Evensong in the University Church at Oxford; where, having once seen and heard Newman, he "never willingly failed to be." When the fury of officialdom in the Anglican Church was fulminating against Littlemore, Manning, the born administrator, the bright hope of officialdom, wherever he was found, paid a conspicuous visit of sympathy to its occupant—though his thoughts just then were not the thoughts of Newman, especially as to Rome. This was what the Cardinal Archbishop was thinking of when he said at the *Requiem* at the London Oratory the other day: "And when trials came I was not absent from him. Littlemore is before me now as fresh as yesterday." The next time they met was in Rome in 1848, when Newman was already an Oratorian, and then, four years later, the future Archbishop, having himself become a Catholic, listened once more to the "well-known voice, sweet as of old, but strong in the absolute truth, prophesying a second spring, in the First Provincial Council of Westminster." In 1857 Newman dedicated to Cardinal Manning his volume of *Sermons on Various Occasions*, "as some memorial of the friendship there has been between us for nearly thirty years;" and in 1861 the compliment was returned, Cardinal Manning testifying: "To you I owe a debt of gratitude, for intellectual light and help, greater than to any one man of our time." There the matter may be left, under the hands that have never signed insincerities. What if, between two men of character so marked, there were light difficulties in the way of a continual and close interchange of thoughts and emotions? Only the vulgar can demand of men a contact contrary to temperament, or will profess to be astonished, when Cardinal Newman's biography comes to be published, if his most intimate and frequent letters are not found to be indited to his brother Cardinal; nor even to Father Faber, that "bright, particular star," who carried the London offshoot of the Birmingham Oratory to a pitch of prosperity outshining in external show its parent home.—*Mr. Wilfrid Meynell in Contemporary Review.*

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CHATS WITH GOOD LISTENERS.

ON A CERTAIN SNOBBISHNESS.

THERE is a strange contradiction between our talk on some subjects and our practice. As Catholics, we are constantly proclaiming that we are the heirs of the ages, and are constantly exhorting our brethren to make themselves worthy of their heritage of philosophy, of art, of poetry, of music; but let one of our brethren try it, and we suddenly pounce on him with a violence of criticism which we rarely exhibit to man not of our faith.

Why is it that the name Catholic applied, in our modern time and our modern land, to a book, a picture, or a poem, causes those who in their hearts love that name to shrug their shoulders and to turn away, or to pull out their microscopes to search for faults? Why? Why is it that a Catholic will always suffer under the imputation of being second-rate until he makes a reputation among non-Catholics? Why is it we sneer at, and put on airs of superiority to, every young man of our own faith who attempts the work of devoting himself to that cause which we enthusiastically advocate—in words?

Jack Stripling, who was graduated only a year or two ago by a Catholic faculty, writes an essay in a Catholic magazine; it passes without a word of praise from the Catholic readers. But by and by it is rumoured that Mr. Andrew Lang or Mr. Stevenson or Lord Tennyson has praised it. We return again to the forgotten article, and say regretfully: "What a pity he buries himself in a Catholic periodical!"

But this does not exactly express what I mean; for praise from Lang or Stevenson or Gilder or Stedman or Tennyson would naturally incline us toward a serious consideration of the thing praised. Even if the praise comes from some non-Catholic source—a daily paper, for instance, without a shred of critical acumen,—the same phenomenon takes place.

Now, why is it? Let us admit the fact that we are mostly snobs. Thackeray had never had the opportunity of encountering our type, though he could have found plenty of it in Ireland in his time,—it is rarer there now. Miss Laffan, in one of her cynical but clever novels, makes a young Irishman hear his mentor remark, among Protestants, make yourself first of all well considered among your own people." With us it is the reverse.

If there were any reason why we should look on the title Catholic as fatal to all grace of workmanship, all literary skill, or all beauty of idea, then this feeling would not be snobbish. But there can be no such reason, since the general literary product of American non-Catholics is not so superior to that of American Catholics as to justify this coldness.

If it were true that Catholics were of such a small intellectual calibre that the artist of pen or pencil who devoted himself to their service must in doing so narrow himself to their capacity, then the *cognoscenti* might sneer. If it be true that Catholic education, which produces a few men who prefer an audience of their own people first, is cramped and limited and "provincial," then the feeling is not snobbish. The attitude of condescension which Catholics, as a rule, take toward their own men of letters implies that these things are true; for all men who write in Catholic periodicals, and whose writings are scarcely read by Catholics, can not change suddenly into literary demigods by merely passing into *The Century* or *The Atlantic*, or receiving commendation from a newspaper critic. The transformation is in the eyes of their audience, not in them.

We are snobs because we are half civilized: because, like the savage, we take the symbol for the thing itself. If robustness of character and honesty of taste came by the grace of God we should not be snobs in this way. As it is, there is a certain snobbishness among us hateful to all sensitive minds, and, what is worse, destructive to true progress.—*M. F. Egan in Ave Maria.*

"When I look around on this congregation" said a French pastor who had been soliciting alms for a charitable work, "I ask myself: Where are the poor? When I examine the contribution-box, I ask: Where are the rich?"

THE FIRST BISHOP OF UPPER CANADA: THE
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MACDONELL.*

We are indebted to Mr. J. A. Macdonell, formerly of this city, but now of Alexandria, Glengarry, for a copy of a handsomely printed *brochure* dealing with the life of the first Catholic Bishop of Upper Canada, the Honourable and Rt. Rev. Alexander Macdonell. Old readers of *THE REVIEW* will remember the interesting "Reminiscences" of Bishop Macdonell by the Chevalier Macdonell of Toronto, written for and first published in this journal. Of that first sketch this later *brochure* by Mr. J. A. Macdonell is a continuation or amplification. In the former sketch, as the present writer explains in an early page, it is the Bishop's career as a Churchman that is principally reviewed; whereas his own purpose is rather to show that it was not alone the spiritual welfare, but the worldly prosperity of his people that the old Bishop had in view, and how, though the chief bulwark of the Catholic Church in this Province, if indeed not its founder, he found time to render, during very critical times in Canada, services of the highest order to the Crown and his adopted country.

Mr. Macdonell passes in review the chief incidents of the Bishop's life; his birth and early years; the raising of the Glengarry Fencibles, and his coming to Canada as their Chaplain; his efforts on behalf of his countrymen; the part played by the Glengarryians in the stirring times of 1812; the nomination of Father Macdonell as Bishop of Upper Canada; his influence during the Rebellion year of '37; and the later incidents of an eventful and a useful career. In compiling this narrative, which has been done mainly from private papers and from traditions which would otherwise in a short course of time be lost, Mr. Macdonell has done no little service to those who put store upon our Canadian Church history, and has made withal a not unimportant addition to the military records of an eventful period in the history of the Province.

The following letter appears by way of preface to the volume:—

To Sir John Macdonald, G.C.B.

MY DEAR SIR JOHN,—I send you the advance sheets of a little sketch I have written of the life of your old friend Bishop Macdonell. It is, however, as you will observe, largely a compilation of such papers as I have been able to collect as were written by him in his lifetime, and of circumstances in his career which are stated by others.

Those who were friends of the Bishop are now necessarily few. He died in 1840—as you remember—a half century ago. The incidents which I recall will, I hope, have some interest for you and others who recollect him and appreciated his great worth; while the example which he set may well be emulated by those of younger generations.

He feared God and served his Sovereign, and his motto was peace and good will among men of all creeds, AND OUR COUNTRY FOR OURSELVES.

It is because you inculcate the same doctrine into the minds and hearts of your Countrymen that they follow you with such devotion, and will follow you to the end.

Yours always,

Glengarry, July, 1890.

J. A. MACDONELL.

The writer says at the outset:

"Unfortunately, the greater portion of the Bishop's papers are lost. I fear irretrievably, and excepting what found its way into print from his own pen during his lifetime, facts concerning him especially personally, now largely rest on tradition. But the exact date and the exact place of his birth are of no very great importance. It is of the great use he made of the life God gave him, of the talents and great parts with which he was so liberally endowed, of his usefulness to the Church of his forefathers, of his stalwart

loyalty to his Sovereign, of his services to his adopted country, and of the all-abiding love he bore his Scottish fellow-countrymen—that we have to do."

What sort of man the old Bishop was, what great things he did in those early days, and under what manner of difficulties, may be learned from the following extracts:

"One of Mr. Macdonell's first and chief objects was the building of churches and establishing of schools, for which purpose he subsequently obtained grants of money from the Home Government, but these grants were not permanent. On his arrival in Upper Canada he found only three Catholic churches in the whole Province, two of wood and one of stone, and only two clergymen—one a Frenchman, utterly ignorant of the English language; the other an Irishman, who left the country soon afterwards.

For more than thirty years Mr. Macdonell's life was devoted to the missions of Upper Canada. He himself, in a letter to Sir Francis Bond Head, referring to an address in the House of Assembly in 1836, in which his character had been aspersed and his motives assailed, gave a statement of the hardships he was called upon to endure in the discharge of his sacred functions when he first came to the country, and of his efforts on behalf of religion subsequently:—

"* * * * Upon entering upon my pastoral duties, I had the whole of the Province in charge, and without any assistance for the space of ten years. During that period I had to travel over the country from Lake Superior to the Province line of Lower Canada, carrying the sacred vestments sometimes on horseback, sometimes on my back, and sometimes in Indian birch canoes, living with savages—without any other shelter or comfort but what their fires and their furs and the branches of the trees afforded; crossing the great lakes and rivers, and even descending the rapids of the St. Lawrence in their dangerous and wretched craft. Nor were the hardships and privations which I endured among the new settlers and emigrants less than those which I had to encounter among the savages themselves, in their miserable shanties, exposed on all sides to the weather and destitute of every comfort. In this way I have been spending my time and my health year after year since I have been in Upper Canada, and not clinging to a seat in the Legislative Council and devoting my time to political strife, as my accusers are pleased to assert. The erection of five-and-thirty churches and chapels, great and small, although many of them are in an unfinished state, built by my exertion, and the zealous services of two-and-twenty clergymen, the major part of whom have been educated at my own expense, afford a substantial proof that I have not neglected my spiritual functions, nor the care of the souls under my charge; and if that be not sufficient, I can produce satisfactory documents to prove that I have expended, since I have been in this Province, no less than thirteen thousand pounds of my own private means, besides what I received from other quarters, in building churches, chapels, presbyteries and school houses, in rearing young men for the Church and in promoting general education."

The author has embodied in Appendices much valuable data, among other things a list of the names and services of the Highland Catholic officers who took part in the siege of Quebec and the Battle of the Plains of Abraham (1759), the Revolutionary War (1776-83), and the Suppression of the Rebellion of 1837-8. A table is also supplied of the grants of land secured from the Crown for the Church in Upper Canada by Bishop Macdonell. We very heartily recommend this interesting little work to our readers.

The London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* tells the following good story of Mr. Bradlaugh—"At one of his contested elections at Northampton, when the Tories had their best hopes of success, his opponent asked for his autograph, and in reply Mr. Bradlaugh wrote—'House of Commons.—Admit Mr. ——— to the strangers' gallery,' and followed this with his signature."

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

* A Sketch of the life of the Hon. and Rt. Rev. Alexander Macdonell, Chaplain of the Glengarry Fencible or British Highland Regiment, First Catholic Bishop of Upper Canada, and a member of the Legislative Council of the Province. By J. A. Macdonell, of Greenfield, Alexandria: *The Glengarryian*. Toronto: Williamson & Co., King Street, West.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

SIR.—A late article in your paper pointing out the duty of Catholics to believe without inquiry has suggested the question "Can we believe by simply *willing* it?" Taking that article as an illustration may we not conceive a reader honestly doubting some of its statements not through "pride of intellect," but because his reason or *un-reason* tells him they are incorrect. Should he deceive himself by saying "I believe," or rather by further inquiry set all doubts at rest? The truth will not suffer by the investigation and his belief, if such can exist in presence of doubt, will be all the stronger. I have neither the ability, nor the desire to be critical, but merely ask for information.

I am, yours, &c.,
"IRQUER."

[Our correspondent puts to us a question which a journal, written for the most part by laymen, is scarcely competent to answer. In inquiries of this nature it is well to turn rather to the experienced theologian. Apart from its technical difficulties our correspondent will, we are convinced, agree that the grave question of the precise relations of Reason towards Faith, is at once too vast and too momentous to be summed up, or discussed, in any two or three articles in a newspaper. The subject will be found to be pretty fully treated in Cardinal Newman's "Grammar of Assent," and in portions of the "Apologia." This much, though, we think we may venture to say: that the consensus of opinion among Catholic theologians is that the unaided reason, rightly exercised, like conscience, which has been called "the aboriginal Vicar of Christ," leads to God.

EDITOR, C. W. REV.

Book Reviews.

We have received from the Messrs. Benziger Brothers a copy of the "Chart Manual," which accompanies the "Catholic National Charts," just published by them. This "Manual" is intended for teachers only, being suggestions on the use of the charts. It contains reduced reproductions—very imperfect ones—of them. There are twenty-two numbers, each chart measuring 24 x 31 inches, price white paper sheets \$2.50, mounted on eleven boards \$6.50.

NEWMAN, McCOSH, THACKERAY.

THERE is a man in this country—an old man now, more's the pity—whose name was associated with the late Cardinal Newman's upon a time in a way he can hardly have forgotten. It was early in the fifties that James McCosh, minister of the Free Church of Scotland and rising metaphysician, was appointed to the chair in Queen's College, Belfast, which he filled with such distinction, until summoned to a still greater work at our own Princeton. William Makepeace Thackeray, of the burly body, the massive head and the big heart, was then amusing himself, in the intervals of more serious literary labour, with the composition of the rollicking verses of his "Lyra Hibernica." He was quick to see his chance and improve it. In the character of Master Molloy Malony, a youthful Irish patriot, he broke forth into impassioned yet tuneful protest against the appointment as follows:

As I think of the insult that's done to this nation,
Red tears of riving from me features I wash,
And uphold in this poem, to the world's daytistation,
The sleeves that appointed Professor McCosh.

O false Sir John Kane! is it thus that you prayche me?
I think all your Queen's Universities bosh;
And if you're no native professor to tayeche me,
I scawurn to be learned by the Saxon McCosh.

There's Wiseman, and Chume and His Grace the Lord Primate,
That sinds round the box and the world will subscribe;
'Tis they'll build a college that's fit for a climate,
And tayeche me the saycrets I burn to imbibe!

And good Dr. Newman, that praycher unwary,
'Tis he shall preside the Academee School;
And quit the gray robe of St. Philip of Neri,
To wield the soft rod of St. Lawrence O'Toole.

Not very long afterward "good Dr. Newman" was, in fact, appointed first rector of the newly-founded Roman Catholic University at Dublin. It is a matter of forty years now since the playful verses saw the light. It is over twenty-eight years since their author, was laid to rest in Kensal Green. Were he still with us, he would be of the same age as the Princeton ex-President—a white-haired man, going on eighty. Newman, the scholar and saint, has just followed Thackeray, the satirist, whose heart was as that of a little child, into the presence of their common Master. Of the three men, only "the Saxon McCosh" is left. May his days be yet many in the land that owes him so great a debt, and among the old pupils and friends to whom, as Henry M. Field wrote the other day, his serene face is as a benediction.—*Hartford Courant.*

C. M. B. A. News.

There are now 140 branches of the C.M.B.A. in Canada, with a total membership of 5,650.

B. J. Conway, ex-president of the Perth, Ont., branch of the C. M. B. A., has been appointed excise officer at Prescott, Ont.

Branch No. 15 (St. Patrick's), meets on Monday evening next, 13th inst., and Branch No. 85 (St. Michael's), on Tuesday evening.

It is on the tapis that three new branches will be formed in Toronto, by members of St. Basil's, St. Paul's, and Our Lady of Lourde's parishes.

The exertions put forth by Rev. Fr. McPhillips, President of Branch No. 111, on behalf of his branch, are showing good results, as a number of new members will be initiated at next meeting.

C. M. B. A. assessments, Nos. 12 and 13, have been issued. They call for the payment of 35 beneficiaries of deceased members—6 in Canada, 20 in New York, 4 in Michigan, 4 in Pennsylvania, and 1 in Ohio.

The C. M. B. A., both as a Beneficiary as also a Social Association, should be supported by all Catholics, and its ramifications extended amongst them more fully. There is no reason why, under the able Presidency of Dr. MacCabe, the membership of the order should not be tripled in Canada during the ensuing year. Let each member determine to secure at least one new candidate, and they, when admitted, do likewise, the result is obtained. Attend the meetings of your branch regularly, pay assessments promptly, and give your officers all the encouragement and strength you possibly can. Fraternise fully with each other, and you will be surprised at the good that will ensue in very short time. The C. M. B. A. in their Grand Officers for Canada have the strongest executive of any Beneficiary Association in existence, and great results must accrue to the order therefrom.

The following notice has been published regarding the Supreme Council Convention:—

SUP. RECORDER'S OFFICE, BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 24, '90.
To the Officers and Representatives of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association:

BROTHERS:—Notice is hereby given that the fourth Biennial and eighth Convention of the Supreme Council of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, will be held in the hall of Branch No. 1, at Niagara Falls, N.Y., Tuesday Oct. 14th, 1890, at 9 o'clock a.m., and will continue from day to day until all the business is transacted. Headquarters at the Spencer House. Application has been made to the Trunk Line Passenger Committee for special fares; if granted officers and representatives will be promptly notified.

Yours fraternally,
R. MULHOLLAND, S. P. C. J. HICKEY, Recorder.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto.
The Most Rev. C. O'Brien, Archbishop of Halifax.
Rt. Rev. T. J. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton.
The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto,
The late Archbishop Lynch.
The late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carbery of Hamilton.
The Rev. Father Dore of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.
And by the leading clergy of the Dominion

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All advertisements will be set up in such style as to insure the tasteful typographical appearance of the REVIEW, and enhance the value of the advertisements in its columns.

Remittances by P. O. Order or draft should be made payable to the Business Manager.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCT. 11, 1890.

The following additional subscriptions towards the Famine Relief Fund have been received by the Treasurer, the Hon. Edward Murphy, Montreal:

Previously acknowledged.....	\$ 98.00
D. & J. McCarthy, Sorel.....	100.00
Phileas Theberge, Ottawa.....	1.00
D. Macdonald, Montreal.....	4.00

The *World*, of Monday morning last, published a sensational account stating that the doors of St. Mary's Church were locked by order of the Very Rev. Vicar-General Rooney, whilst a collection was being taken up for the education of candidates for the priesthood, and that the Vicar-General in person scrutinized every contribution. That account, it goes without saying, is utterly false. The Vicar-General urged upon the congregation to give freely and, as the Archbishop's Pastoral upon the subject required the clergy to collect personally, the rector of St. Mary's accompanied the collectors, writing down the names of the donors. Several people, it appears, have been in the habit of leaving the church before the sermon, thereby disturbing the worshippers; and these the rev. gentleman severely censured.

In the pages of the *Paternoster Review*, Mr. Kegan Paul, whose reception into the Church took place a short time ago, supplies some "Reminiscences" of the late Canon Liddon. Though he remained to the last an Anglican the reminiscences and letters bring out three things about the deceased Canon: his great simplicity and humility, the Catholic tone of his theology, and the manner in which he sought for any token of unity underlying the widest apparent differences.

Of his last interview with Canon Liddon in the summer of this year, Mr. Paul writes as follows:

"I went to Oxford, and found him harrassed and unhappy about the book 'Lux Mundi,' and not well in body. And then we talked of old days, old friends, divergent opinions, shifting faiths, the need of a basis for life and morals. Then he spoke of himself, with all his old warmth and earnest piety. I told him I was not so apart from him as once I had been, and that the wish in his letter of twenty-two years since was nearly fulfilled. But, I added, that as I approached him, I was also on the way to pass him, and in my renewed search for orthodoxy should probably be drawn, not to the Anglican, but to the Roman Church. We neither of us felt there was need or possibility of argument. He pressed

my hand, and said with fervour, "I am very glad; God bless you." I did not misunderstand him; not glad that I was going homeward, but that I had found the Faith once more. I left him the better for that blessing. And I ought, as all his friends ought, to be better for having been privileged to know, whether in agreement or disagreement, so holy and sincere a soul as Henry Parry Liddon."

THE CASE OF THE OKA INDIANS.

The *Globe* has published several editorial articles of late designed to create the impression that, between the Dominion Government on the one hand and the Sulpician community on the other, the Indians at Oka are being badly treated; and that the threatened withdrawal of the gratuity annually bestowed hitherto on those Indians, is a breach of treaty obligations. In a recent article it says: "Mr. Dewdney has no right to threaten to withhold the Government payments from these Indians as a means of compelling them to surrender their claim. They are entitled to those payments as treaty Indians, and it is utterly wrong for him to violate the faith of the Crown with a view to forcing them to retire from a litigation with private persons."

The fact is, however, as the *Montreal Gazette* points out, that there are no Indians in Quebec entitled to fixed annuities under treaty, and therefore there are no treaty obligations as applying to the Oka Indians. The Indian Act defines its terms. An "Indian" means "any male person of Indian blood reputed to belong to a particular band." The term "band" means "any tribe, band, or body of Indians who own or are interested in a reserve, or in Indian lands in common, of which the legal title is vested in the Crown, or who share alike in the distribution of any annuities or interest moneys for which the Government of Canada is responsible." The Oka lands are not vested in the Crown, and therefore a Parliamentary grant is annually made for the destitute Indians of Quebec, from which grant the Okas have been accustomed to receive a due proportion. It will be seen, therefore, that the interpretation which the *Globe* puts upon the action of the Indian Department is not in consonance with the facts. That journal, which is probably more concerned to score a point against its political adversaries than about the welfare of the Oka Indians, complains that these poor people are punished "because they have seen fit to exercise that freedom of conscience which is supposed to be a distinguishing mark of our civilization." But so far from this being the case, as the *Gazette* says, "the whole history of the relations of the Government with the Oka Indians since they seceded from the Church of Rome, shows its desire to assist and protect them in the exercise of their religious views and preferences." Mr. Dewdney, replying to the Oka Chiefs who complained of an apparent discrimination as against themselves, says: "The Government in the interest of the Indians themselves has long been anxious to see them securely placed among influences which are not antagonistic to their religious views." But the proposal of the Department, which is to place them on the Crown Reserve lands in Ontario, is refused by the Indians, who, in refusing, virtually assert their ability to maintain themselves where they are. At all events it is quite clear that there is no violation of treaty rights in the matter, and that the Indians are being in no sense made martyrs because of their religious opinions. That much is beyond question despite the *Globe's* articles, and despite the oratorical vapidities of two juvenile political Debating Societies in this city who, on this, as on a variety of other questions, are doing a good deal to darken the air with their rhetoric.

Special Editorial Correspondence of the REVIEW.

In Ireland.

IX.

THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

MEANWHILE, fancy and imagination wandered in the expanse of possibilities, giving these airy creations a local habitation and a name. A brighter aspect was given to religion in music, and song, and sacrifice, and legends, and heroic tales; and poets watched the changing phenomena of days and nights, and summer and winter, and heat and cold, and rain and thunder, and human life, and wove them all into a mythology till there was not a river without its god, a grotto without its nymph, a wood without its dryad, a noble heroic man without a deity for his father. All went flowingly so long as the world was young.—*J. A. Froude.*

So writes Mr. Froude of the New and the Old in one of his Essays. He might have been speaking of Ireland, certainly of some parts of Ireland, for something of the same sort must have happened in the long twilight of antiquity in this beautiful land of tradition and legend. At any rate, it must be true of this glorious Killarney country, where mountain and lake, cascade and rivulet, islands and dark defiles, group themselves in the colours and combinations of an ever-changing kaleidoscope, while, over all, folk-lore and legend throw a vast and attractive fabric of unreality and enchantment. Here, indeed, if only half one hears be true, every hillside has a history, every peak and mountain pass a place in story, every lake its lyric, every glen and cave, if not its nymph, the glow of saint or angel, or the shade of some giant Irish chieftan. Beauty has brought Elysian belief here as her sister. The world is still young about Killarney. Cradled between the hills of Clare and Kerry their soft elixir comes down and kisses the lips of childhood. Exhilaration is perennial. It extends, exuberantly, from feeling unto fancy, and fadeth not away. And thus, perhaps, it comes, that in "the Kingdom of Kerry," the people imbibe something of the beauty and variety of their environment, and impress the stranger, unfailingly, as the most credulous people (and the most genial!) under the sun.

The town of Killarney is a place of little pretension, and it receives its celebrity through the Lakes. Its greatest ornament is the Cathedral, a beautiful structure designed by Pugin, which rises from the centre of a wide and level lawn, bordered by avenues of noble trees. Seen from any high point in the landscape the vista of the church is a fine one.

Immediately adjoining the town, on its western side, is the demesne of Lord Kenmare, and near by, on the Castle-island Road, is the entrance to his Lordship's deer-park, which covers a large extent of ground, and is traversed by the Deanagh, a tributary to the Lakes. This little river rushes through a deep luxuriantly wooded glen, a miniature Wicklow Dargle, and a spot deservedly admired by tourists. The walk through the demesne is a most pleasant one, and affords at many points charming views. Through it Ross Island and Castle may be reached. The island is the largest in the Lower Lake covering about eighty acres, and is connected with the mainland by a causeway. The Castle is a picturesque, ivy-clad, majestic ruin, from the summit of which fine views are to be had of the wild gorge between the peaks of Torc and Glena; but its dilapidated condition renders any attempt at ascent dangerous. The Castle confers the title of Baron Ross on Lord Kenmare. It was founded by The O'Donoghue, and continued to be for three hundred years the residence of the Prince of the Lakes, who derived

from the Castle the title of O'Donoghue of Ross. The old fortress was taken by General Ludlow through the superstitious fear of its defenders who devoutly believed in an old local tradition that Ross could not withstand an attack by water. The General, hearing of this, altered his tactics, and manned his boats to attack the Castle from the lake, at which the besieged, as the story goes, terror-stricken, surrendered.

To every point and object in this lovely environment there attaches some quaint tradition of The O'Donoghue. Lough Leane, or the Lower Lake, like most other Irish lakes, is of enchanted origin. A charmed fountain, which a wilful O'Donoghue left open, sealed, in a single night, the fate of his city, his people, his palaces. Next morning a populous city lay buried in the stretch of rolling waters. But death came not to the city or its inhabitants. At the bottom of the lake they exist in all their ancient glory, and glimpses of the submerged city are often caught by the boatmen who will point out among the curiously formed rocks and numerous islands. O'Donoghue's library, his prison, his pigeon-house, his table, and charger. Many of the rocks and islands of Muckross and the Lower Lake are traditionally connected with this chieftain, who vouchsafes, at intervals, to visit the upper world on a pure white charger. Good luck and prosperity always attend any person fortunate enough to witness his appearance.

Innisfallen, after Ross, is the next largest island, and the richest verdured and most luxuriantly wooded, in the Lakes. The surface of the island is gently undulating and is interspersed with "all that is rich and fair in scenery and situation; lake and thicket, rocks and ruins, nature everywhere," recalling Moore's impassioned lines:—

"Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well."

On the island, and not far from the landing place, are the meagre remains of an old abbey, the foundation of which is attributed to St. Finan Lobra in the sixth century; and farther in on the island is a large yew tree beneath which, there is a tradition that six monks are buried. The trunk of this tree is of peculiar formation, shooting out, before reaching the ground six (we think) wide spreading roots, and leaving an open space at the base, which tradition, with what truth we know not, claims to have been used as a safe and sheltered place of sepulture.

At the foot of the Toomies, and on the opposite side of the lake, is O'Sullivan's Cascade, named after the other great chief who disputes in legend and tradition with "The O'Donoghue" for first place as the chief historical personage in these parts. The cascade dashes in three distinct falls from an elevation of eighty feet to the glen below. After heavy rains its volume is much increased. Leaving the cascade the sparkling waters cover unfathomable depths, the boatmen tell, and here in fair weather, they aver, a marvellous carbuncle is seen illuming the buried city. Nothing is too wonderful in these enchanted regions. Rounding Glena point, the lovely Glena bay is entered, the bay of good fortune, where the boatmen will awaken echoes till mountains and islands seem instinct with life. It has been said that if Killarney were deprived of all her other attractions, Glena would repay the curiosity of a stranger. Certainly the scenery is picturesque, luxuriant, and romantic. In front lies the magnificent Torc mountain and the passage to Torc lake, the islands of Dinis and Brickeen, and the peninsula of Muckross, the shores, wherever seen, clothed in a clustering growth of trees, the foliage everywhere interpenetrated

with that tenderest accompaniment of Killarney scenery—the arbutus-bloom.

Separated from the Lower Lake by the peninsula of Muckross is Tore, or Middle Lake, about two miles in length, and one in width. Locked in by the mountains it is more sheltered and less exposed to sudden gusts than the Lower Lake, which is a wild bit of water, and in the navigation of which the boatmen have discontinued the use of sails. Neither has it the stern, wild, grandeur of the Lower Lake. All its beauties are softer, milder. Dinis Island, a romantic and embowered spot, commands some of the finest views of these romantic Lakes. The walks on the island are very charming, and from here the best views are to be had of the Eagles' Nest, a gigantic, cone-shaped mountain peak, and the Meeting of the Waters. The southern shore of the Middle Lake is formed by the base of Tore mountain, its conical point standing out in isolated grandeur between Mangerton and Gilena mountains, and separated from both by deep defiles on either side, the mountains rising in sharp and picturesque abruptness. The waters from the Upper Lake are divided into two streams by Dinis Island and form the Meeting of the Waters, (not that at Avoca, of which Moore sings) one stream passing into the Lower Lake, the other into Muckross Lake under the Old Weir Bridge, one of the oldest bridges in Ireland, and connecting the Island with the mainland. Beneath this bridge the waters are said to sometimes rush with fearful rapidity. They are a bit angry, but, we should judge, tolerably safe however; although the boatmen who took us through did it with about as much *empressement* and seemingly Herculean goings-on, as if they were navigating the Niagara Rapids. But then, Ireland is the theatre of great enthusiasms!

The majestic scenery of the Upper Lake and of the Gap of Dunloe will be touched upon in a separate letter.

SHANID AROO.

THE CHURCH AND TEMPERANCE.

Two articles of more than ordinary moment, and of more than ordinary force and outspokenness, lately appeared in these pages; the first, a paper by Father Walter Elliott of New York, on "The Church and Temperance," the second, an article by Archbishop Ireland of St. Pauls on "Father Mathew," which is to be found in our last number. They are each a plea for greater effort on the part of Catholics in behalf of Temperance reform, and a powerful indictment of the supineness and inertia which, as respects at least this most living and ever-increasing evil, seems to have settled over the Catholic body. There are two passages in particular in these articles in which the need of some slightly greater effort, and of some more general interest, in the matter is presented us, in its practical bearings, it especially affects the status of the Church and of her adherents. For, extenuate or account for it as we may, the ugly fact remains that, for obvious reasons, Catholics are more open to reproach, whether as the victims of intemperance or, more painful still, as its agents and abettors, than are the members of other communions. These two passages are quoted for the reader:—

"Let me speak as a Catholic," writes Archbishop Ireland. "I know I will be blamed for my rashness and credited with unpardonable exaggerations, and, may be, with untruths. There are those who fain would veil from public gaze the gaping wounds; there are those who, limiting their observations to their immediate encircling, do not believe in the

wide-spread disasters, the knowledge of which appalls me. But speak I will, and let me be called, as Theobald Mathew was, a fanatic and a madman. Intemperance to-day is doing Holy Church harm beyond the power of pen to describe, and unless we crush it out, Catholicity can make but slow advance in America. I would say, intemperance is our one misfortune. With all other difficulties we can easily cope, and cope successfully. Intemperance, as nothing else, paralyzes our forces, awakens in the minds of our non-Catholic fellow-citizens violent prejudices against us, and casts over all the priceless treasures of truth and grace which the church carries in her bosom an impenetrable veil of darkness. Need I particularize? Catholics nearly monopolize the liquor-traffic; Catholics loom up before the criminal courts of the land, under the charge of drunkenness and other violations of law resulting from drunkenness, in undue majorities; poor-houses and asylums are thronged with Catholics, the immediate or mediate victims of drink; the poverty, the sin, the shame that fall upon our people result almost entirely from drink: and, God knows, those afflictions come upon them thick and heavy! No one would dare assert, so strong the evidence, that the disgrace from liquor-selling and liquor-drinking taken from us, the most hateful enemy could throw a stone at us, or that our people would not come out in broad day-light before the country as the purest, the most law-abiding, the most honoured element in its population. And still—mystery passing strange!—the Theobald Mathews are few, and these few are timid. What, as a people, are we doing? We stand almost at the doors of saloons pelting nicknames at total abstainers, calling them cranks and Manicheans. We exhaust our speech in invoking maledictions upon the heads of prohibitionists and temperance agitators. We inveigh, of course, though often in softest tones, against the sin of out-and-out intoxication; but, while doing this much, lest the blows to alcohol be too serious, we are careful to emphasize certain abstract principles as to the licitness, *in se*, of saloon-keeping and liquor-drinking."

Father Elliott puts the matter even more plainly if that were possible:—

"Now, let me ask, what use have the American people at large for Catholicity? Not one in six of them is a Catholic. . . . What use have they for our religion? Will they thank us for building big churches and convents? Do you perceive any sign of gratitude for our parochial schools? As a matter of fact, the people of the United States, though without ill-will towards us, yet look upon us as besotted with love for our faith because it is an heir-loom of our race, or as men and women with little independence of character, who are willing to delegate our thinking to an hierarchical caste. Our non-Catholic Americans are a kindly people, and will not molest us until sorely provoked. But taking this standpoint to judge from, what use have they for us? The Sister of Charity is the only answer, so far given them, which they can understand. Were it not for our hospitals, asylums, reformatories, we should be without any cause at all in the court of public opinion, apart from the feelings born of personal acquaintance between members of all forms of religion among us. Our great works of charity make us good Samaritans, by proxy at any rate. Charity is always lovely, and the mere spectacle of Catholic benevolence wins honest men's hearts. In its charities, too, the Catholic Church helps to solve the most threatening of the social problems—that which is pictured by the poor man's hand stretching towards the rich man's purse. But the *faith* of the Catholic people, the sacramental life of them—these are things known as of use to the civil order only by whatever fruits of natural virtue they may bring forth. Industry, truthfulness, obedience to law, love of country, cleanliness, honesty, and, above all, sobriety, are what men outside the Church look for as the sign of her utility. Without such fruits as these bare toleration is what we may count on, and that will be swept away in the first burst of passionate religious excitement. Unless a religion makes men better *men* and better citizens, its insignificance must be its only enduring guarantee of perpetuity in the State."

The comments which these ringing utterances have evoked from one or two Catholic journals are, it is to be confessed, in sorry contrast—emasculate, and evasive. Even the *New York Catholic Review*, which used to enjoy a reputation for independence and fearlessness, speaks as if it were owned, body and soul, by a brewer. In a recent issue it gravely pool-pools Father Elliott, telling him, in effect, that he beats the air with his theorizing. He means well, of course, but his plans are not "practical." They cannot be made "practical." The priests, it adds, are the same as other individuals in matters of opinion. They do not think in unison. And it goes on to say, in what seems to us an apologetic and temporizing way:

"Even if the bishops to-morrow sent out the command to establish societies in every parish, and to fight the saloons to the death, the results would be ridiculous than otherwise. For the societies and the fighting would be as unequal as they are at the present moment. In a hundred parishes there would be one prohibitionist society and prohibition war; ten temperance societies and temperance wars; and eighty-nine aggregations of Christians, with mild temperance names, and fixed, ferocious attitudes. We have had the temperance societies; we remember the time when they were numerous and enthusiastic. They are numerous still, but where is the enthusiasm? And where is the pressure they exercise on public opinion, and where are the monuments they were to have builded?"

That is to say temperance effort has been, and, our contemporary leaves it to be inferred, will be, a failure! This seems to us a sorry and an extraordinary position.

But oddly enough a week later the *Review* makes what looks to us like a hasty, but out-and-out recantation. In its issue of the week following we read:

"The State Retail Liquor Dealer's Association had a meeting last week, and gave out their usual cant on the blessings of alcohol, the rights of American freemen, the iniquity of high license and prohibition, and in particular the pleasure of drinking beer and whiskey at a bar on Sunday. One would imagine, to hear these dealers resolve and declare in convention, that the Council of Baltimore had never put the seal of shame upon their trade; that the public sentiment of the nation had never expressed disgust at their methods and wares; that they were in so many cases the puppets of the brewers and distillers; that they were all honourable men, virtuous and high-principled, but wronged by their neighbours; and that the trade is to go on in increasing honour and esteem until the end of time. They know the value of words of course, and words must be put in a resolution, otherwise you have no resolution. However, we shall not quarrel with the resolutions on this occasion. We wish only to point out to the Catholics of the country one significant fact in connection with this last meeting of the liquor dealers. Catholics have been charged again and again with their prominence as dealers and consumers in the liquor trade. It is unnecessary to discuss the correctness of the charge at this moment. If we wished to do so, what could we say in the face of this shameful fact, that the committee appointed by the liquor dealers has a majority of Catholics."

This Whiskey Committee is composed of forty-four members from different parts of the State. The Catholics on it number twenty-four. The *N. Y. Review* publishes their names in a table. Out of pure respect for an honourable and an ancient race we omit them. The bearers of these names are the descendants of saints and martyrs. Pasted over the doors of gin-shops they proclaim a later generation's shame. Boast as we may about our progress one fact stands out and mocks at us: The seed of the martyrs have become the drink caterers and drunkard makers of a continent! "Eager as we might be," says our New York contemporary in reference to the composition of the State Committee, "to defend our

Catholic brethren against the charge of intemperate habits and prominence in the saloon business, a fact like this disarms us. Twenty-four Catholics, and perhaps more, on this committee are to do their best during the coming year to shame their brethren publicly, to degrade their neighbours and defraud them, and to nullify, if possible, the effect of the Plenary Council of Baltimore. This is, indeed, our shame!"

Our excellent and able contemporary speaks well, and we venture only the hope that it may follow up its good precepts by, in the time to come, a slightly better example. This compunction of spirit, and this improved disposition does it credit; but, if we may say so without offence, it is new to it. For example, a few months ago, Mr. E. L. Godkin, a distinguished New York journalist, and editor, we think, of the *New York Post*, contributed to the *North American Review* a series of articles pointing out the criminality and viciousness of the methods that obtain in American municipal politics. Mr. Godkin proved his case abundantly by facts and official statistics. Briefly stated, his contention was that municipal politics, in the larger American centres at least, were of a criminal character; and that the influences that controlled the municipal, controlled in turn the State organizations, and, through the State organizations, in turn the National committees. And beginning at the polluted fountain head of municipal politics he clearly showed that it consisted of a series of ward-rings; that the centre of each ward-ring was the saloon; that the saloon-keeper became, in consequence, the political "boss" of his caucus; that as such he had to be reckoned upon, and "fixed" by the ward politician (the "ward politician" being a distinctly higher caste among the American political Brahmins); and, finally, the ward politician, secured in like manner by the Municipal, State, or National candidates. The result was such a government as has obtained in New York, city and State, for many years past—government by rings and by "boodlers." With great ability, and in all its aspects, the subject was discussed by Mr. Godkin, fairly and dispassionately. A citizen of the State, a public man and a public writer, he simply pleaded for purer politics. He contended for what no unprejudiced man, we think, is likely to deny: that the American social reformer who failed to take note of the political miasma emanating from the saloon-caucuses, would proceed about his business with much the same amount of intelligence as would a health officer who pronounced upon the sanitation of a city without stopping to examine the condition of its sewers. Our contemporary, we remember, replied to Mr. Godkin. Its reply was to the effect that he was a North of Ireland man, and no doubt an Orangeman—a renegade, at any rate, and a vilifier of his race. If we are not mistaken, that was all. The evil to which he pointed was, apparently, as nothing compared to the infamy of his saying it! Doubtless our contemporary meant well, but its defence was damaging only to its friends. What is to be gained by denying what is perfectly patent, and extenuating what admits not of extenuation?

Conceal it as we may, the simple fact is, as Father Elliott points out, that however easy it be for us to measure, and however natural for us to take pleasure in, the progress of the Church in America, as it reveals itself in the yearly increasing number of schools, churches and institutions, yet so far as the great, neutral, non-Catholic public is concerned, her worth and efficacy will be estimated, less by her sacramental system, than by the class of citizen she exhibits. So long as that is the case therefore, and the position of so large a portion of the Catholic public is that portrayed by the Archbishop of

St. Paul and Father Elliott, it will be vain to hope for the body as a whole any improvement, in a civil and social sense, worth speaking of. We may be able to account among ourselves for much that is undesirable and discreditable, but those who are not of our own fold will scarcely be at the same pains when they view the matter.

HOW PERSEUS BECAME A STAR.

M. F. Egan, in *Catholic World*.

VI

But the Honourable Perseus Mahaffy was never quite himself again. One night, in the autumn, he made a great speech at the closing dinner of the trustees of the County Fair. It was said to be the effort of his life. The Colonel, who had noticed the change in him since the night of Frank Carney's death, watched his face intently. At first he sneered at the orator's grandiloquence. Then his expression became more serious, and when the Honourable Perseus began his peroration and was interrupted by cheers for the Star of Goring Creek, the Colonel noticed a fixed look in his eyes, and when he attempted to go on he stammered. Suddenly the words seemed to freeze on his lips; he looked at the large pyramid of fruit and flowers before him as if it were a human being of threatening aspect. The Colonel jumped up and saved him from falling, crying, "What's the matter?"

"I thought I saw his ghost," he whispered. "It has killed me; for God's sake, send for a priest!"

"Nonsense!" returned the Colonel. "What good will a priest do you? Here, take this brandy."

Perseus thrust the little glass away from him.

"A priest!" he whispered again and again. But the group around him thought he was raving. Who among them had ever connected him with a priest? The sneer came back to the colonel's face as he made room for the doctor. In less than an hour he was in convulsions, and so he died. The doctor gave his disease a medical name; the colonel said to himself that it was superstition acting on a weak mind. And his last words had been: "Success, gentlemen, is not measured by material prosperity. It consists in being true to ideals, in sacrificing all aims and objects which are not truth's. That is success in the sight of God. All other things named success are illusions." Certainly he had found it so; he had paid very dearly for having become a star.

His daughter did not forget the face of the old woman who had pulled her mother's frock at the funeral. She found out her name, and made her acquaintance. Poor Mrs. Carney prayed for her son only as a mother in doubt about a son's soul can pray; and Clara prayed, too, for she had been baptised, though she had not as yet made her First Communion.

"If I only knew how he died!" Mrs. Carney wailed constantly; "if I only knew how he died! I've often thought your father might know whether he was prepared or not."

Clara understood her; she knew that the mother's thoughts were on her son's soul. She could say nothing; she did not dream that her father and the colonel knew only too well.

It happened that just before the summer vacation Clara had finished a little picture of the Sacred Heart for Mrs. Carney. The chaplain, Father Morgan, was about to go to Cone City, and he had promised to take charge of it for her. Clara knew that the sight of his genial face would do Mrs. Carney good.

"Mrs. Carney?" he said, reading the address. "Is that the mother of the poor young man who died under such strange circumstances last spring? Ah! indeed," he continued, musingly in answer to Clara's assent. "I saw him that very afternoon. I was hearing confessions in the German church, and he came to me just as I was leaving the box. He introduced himself and asked for some advice about the examination of his conscience. I answered him by taking him back to the box and hearing his confession. Poor young man!"

Clara's cheeks glowed, her eyes sparkled. She had found out how Frank Carney died; now she knew that he had passed from earth with the cleansing dew of absolution upon him. She thanked Father Morgan and ran off to get permission from the mother-superior to go with him to Cone City; she gave her reason, and as a great and special favor it was granted.

"What would you like most of all to have?" she asked, when the old woman had greeted the priest and kissed her.

"To know that I should see my son in heaven, to know that he died well," she answered, with a tremor in her voice. Then Clara and Father Morgan made her happy.

Colonel Brodbeck has begun to have more than a local reputation. His *Life of the Honourable Perseus G. Mahaffy* is much praised. The description of Perseus' "conversion" from Romanism to a serene state of religious indifference is particularly well done. His sister seldom sees him; she is in doubt. "If I were anything," she says. "I would be a Catholic, like Clara—that is, if all Catholics were like her. But Perseus' example and the example of so many like him make me pause. There's plenty of time." And she says to herself: "I'll send the boys to a Catholic school next year, in the hope that they will grow unlike Perseus and the colonel."

When the Rev. Mr. Schuyler remonstrates with her, she tells him that she has tried Calvinism and agnosticism, and found them hollow; what is left to her but the Church?

Men and Things.

What a pleasant surprise, says the *Are Maria*, to the Catholic traveller, as he sadly wends his way through the cold Protestant University town of Heidelberg, ruminating meanwhile on the past glories of the Castle, to find in a public square, in the very heart of the city, a life-sized statue of the Madonna! The grand ruins of the famous electoral residence, the picturesque Neckar setting off the vine-clad hills of the Königstuhl and Heiligenberg are lost sight of; and, descending the narrow street and crossing the Kornmarkt, he comes upon the sculptured forms of Mother and Child. The following lines, in Latin and German, cut in the pedestal of the statue, proclaim to the Protestant world, in one of its strongholds, the true doctrine of the Catholic Church regarding the respect paid to images:

Non statuum aut saxum
Sed quos designat honora.--

Not the statue nor the stone,
Those they typify alone.

One of Cardinal Newman's "Old Boys" has written some interesting reminiscences of the great man. Always, (we read) a firm friend of the Howard family (the Duke of Norfolk was one of his private pupils), the last time Cardinal Newman was seen in London was on the occasion of the death of the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk: None who was present will ever forget the impressive scene presented by the interior of Brompton Oratory that day, the crowd of mourners belonging to every rank and condition of men and women, for the Duchess was one of those who did much good by stealth, and the two Cardinals Newman and Manning, officiating at the altar were each in turn casting holy water upon the coffin.

Through his connection with the present Duke of Norfolk, Cardinal Newman was more or less thrown into relations with the late Lord Granville. The two men though singularly unlike, had a great sympathy and esteem for one another, and the Cardinal promised to stay at the British Embassy should he ever spend a few days in Paris. I once overheard a curious short conversation between the Cardinal and one of his friends apropos of modern France. The latter remarked that some kind of revivalist preaching friars were sorely needed both in the towns and villages, where the ordinary services of the Catholic Church, however admirably conducted, seemed to lack vivifying power. He made a slight but poremptory gesture of dissent and said slowly: "They want saints!"

He had a great cult for the Blessed Virgin, and always impressed upon those around him the reverence and homage he felt to be due to the Mother of the Saviour, and the 'Memorare' was always quoted by him as being 'a very good prayer.' Full of infinite tenderness and pity for those in trouble and distress, his letter of condolence to the Empress Eugenie, written within a week of the Prince Imperial's death in Zululand, was one of the few which the Empress copied out and sent to some of her son's old and faithful French adherents.

The Cardinal had lately quite given up preaching; but in private conversation he was as keen and incisive in speech as ever. A personal friend of Leo XIII., a week rarely passed without some message or missive arriving at Edgbaston from the Vatican, and it is said that the attention always paid to the Duke of Norfolk by the Holy Father is entirely owing to a certain letter of introduction once written by Cardinal Newman recommending his 'old boy' to the Sovereign Pontiff's particular care.

General Catholic News

His Grace the Archbishop, accompanied by the Very Rev. Vicar-General Rooney, is at Collingwood this week.

Cardinal Hergenrother, of Berlin, the Catholic historian and the champion of the Vatican decrees against Dr. Dollinger, died on Sunday, the 5th inst, at the Mehren Monastery.

Cardinal Manning's titular church which the Italian Government had decided to close has been saved through Mgr. Stouor and a healthy fear of the effect of such an outrage upon British public opinion.

Cardinal Gibbons, on his recent visit to Boston, said to a reporter regarding the school question: "I would much rather not say much on this important subject. At the present time there is considerable unfair criticism heaped upon the Catholics, and I hope people of all denominations will look upon it in a calm dispassionate way. You can say that all we desire is to educate our children in a good, Christian way, and, at the same time, make them patriotic American citizens."

One of the pioneers of Toronto, and father of Very Rev. Dean McCann, parish priest of St. Helen's Church, St. Mark's ward, was laid to rest in St. Michael's cemetery in the person of John McCann, who died on Thursday, 30th ult., at the ripe age of 90 years. The funeral services were held at St. Helen's. Rev. Father Harold sang a grand requiem mass, with Rev. Father Kilcullen as first deacon and Rev. Father Kiernan as second deacon of the mass. There was a large attendance of priests from all over the archdiocese, among them being Rev. Fathers McBride, Walsh, Egan, Hand, Morris, Jesscott, O'Reilly, Finan, Challendard, Monaghan, Gibrat, Davies and Vicars-General Rooney and Laurent.

The following letter has been sent to the License Commissioners regarding the transfer of a liquor license to the vicinity of St. Helen's school. As will be remembered by our readers the Review entered its protest some weeks ago.

To the Board of License Commissioners of the City of Toronto:

As according to the Liquor License Act the right of making an objection to a hotel is given when such hotel is in the immediate vicinity of a school house or church, we, the undersigned trustees of St. Mark's and St. Alban's Wards, having special charge of St. Helen's school do hereby make a special objection to the granting of a license to a hotel on the corner of Dundas street and Lansdowne avenue.

We earnestly request you to refuse a license to the above premises:

1. Because said building is in immediate vicinity, being just across the street.
2. Because it is justly feared that a most pernicious influence will be exercised in the minds of the children by the

constant view of persons entering the hotel and drinking therein.

3. Because drunken men must not infrequently be seen loitering around the corner.

4. Because they will be exposed to listen to profanity and swearing.

These evils might indeed be encountered at other times and places, but in this case the children would be forced to meet them at any hour of the day during recreation. So strongly has the conviction of such danger taken hold of the minds of the parents that there is a painful anxiety at present as to the action of the commissioners. As trustees we dread the moral danger to which the children would be exposed, and from the murmurs of disapprobation heard on every side we know that the present harmony and efficiency of the school would be seriously impaired.

Hoping, gentlemen, that you will favourably consider our petition,

We remain yours,

JOSEPH J. McCANN, P.P. St. Helen's.

H. J. McPHILIPS, C.C. St. Helen's.

MICHAEL RYAN.

THOMAS McQUILLAN.

MISSIONS IN BRECHIN BY THE REDEMPTORIST FATHERS.

The parish of Brechin has lately been favoured in a religious point of view. The Redemptorist Fathers Rev. A. J. Melnerney, Rector of St. Patrick's church, Toronto, and Rev. J. H. Hickey, assistant, concluded a week's Mission on Sunday evening, the 28th of September. Of the good Fathers, I need, or, I must say, but a few words, for they would not be pleased if I were to enlarge upon their personal merits, and the services they have rendered this parish. But justice compels me to say that the labours of the Fathers were crowned with that signal success, which has happily attended them.

There are abundant proofs of the great graces Almighty God has given to this parish, through the most kind and untiring labours of these zealous missionary Fathers in giving instructions and hearing confessions. The children have been delighted and much improved, all—yes all of them, with few exceptions, went to confession, and the greater part to Holy Communion during the Mission. What a happiness for them! what a consolation for their parents! Whilst the mission lasted the people assembled twice a day in the church for instruction—instructions so plain, so fervent, so holy, that they listened to them with the greatest attention. The good Fathers pointed out so vividly the value of a soul, and evils of mortal sin, the degradation of drunkenness, the punishment of hell, the certainty of death, the happiness of reconciliation with God, by means of a good confession, the way to make a good confession and a good communion, and they painted sin in so vivid a manner, the arts, the snares and cruelty of the Devil, and the power and the love of the of the Blessed Mother of God that their listeners were struck to the heart, and sometimes one might have heard, as the saying is, a pin drop, so breathless was their attention. The highest and the holiest truths were brought home to them, and made level to their comprehension, by simple and beautiful and most striking stories and illustrations. Great has been the devotion to our dear Mother Mary which the Fathers have inspired. I do not think there is one who has attended the mission who does not wear the scapular, and use his rosary. About five hundred received the Sacraments. The mission is over, but the seed now sown by the Redemptorist Fathers, I trust, will spring up and bear fruit a hundred-fold. May God grant to all the great grace of final perseverance.

The Catholic people of Brechin beg to return thanks to their pastor Rev. P. McMahon for being so interested in their spiritual welfare.

M. P.

Brechin, Oct. 5th, 1890.

We are convinced that we never published more reliable testimonials than those for Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. This remedy deserves special recommendation, because it is given free to the poor.

LINCOLN'S MELANCHOLY.

Those who saw much of Abraham Lincoln during the later years of his life, were greatly impressed with the expression of profound melancholy his face always wore in repose.

Mr. Lincoln was of a peculiarly sympathetic and kindly nature. These strong characteristics influenced, very happily, as it proved, his entire political career. They would not seem, at first glance, to be efficient aids to political success; but in the peculiar emergency which Lincoln, in the providence of God, was called to meet, no vessel of common clay could possibly become the "chosen of the Lord."

Those acquainted with him from boyhood knew that early griefs tinged his whole life with sadness. His partner in the grocery business at Salem, was "Uncle" Billy Green, of Tallula, Ill., who used at night, when the customers were few, to hold the grammar while Lincoln recited his lessons.

It was to his sympathetic ear Lincoln told the story of his love for sweet Ann Rutledge; and he, in return, offered what comfort he could when poor Ann died, and Lincoln's great heart nearly broke.

"After Ann died," says "Uncle" Billy, "on stormy nights, when the wind blew the rain against the roof, Abe would sit thar in the grocery, his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands, and the tears runnin' through his fingers. I hated to see him feel bad, an' I'd say, 'Abe don't cry!'

an' he'd look up and say, 'I can't help it, Bill, the rain's a fallin' on her.'"

There are many who can sympathize with this overpowering grief, as they think of a lost loved one, when "the rain's a fallin' on her." What adds poignancy to the grief some times is the thought that the lost one might have been saved.

Fortunate, indeed, is William Johnson, of Corona, L. I., a builder, who writes June 28, 1890: "Last February, on returning from church one night, my daughter complained of having a pain in her ankle. The pain gradually extended until her entire limb was swollen and very painful to the touch. We called a physician, who after careful examination, pronounced it disease of the kidneys of long standing. All we could do, did not seem to benefit her until we tried Warner's Safe Cure; from the first she commenced to improve. When she commenced taking it she could not turn over in bed, and could just move her hands a little, but to-day she is as well as she ever was. I believe I owe the recovery of my daughter to its use."

Diamonds, Fine Watches, Novelties in Jewellery at D. H. Cunningham's Jewellery Store. Every satisfaction in ordered work and manufacturing. Designs and prices given for fine Diamond work, unset stones kept on hand. Best value in the city. Remember the address, 77 Yonge St., two doors north of King.



SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for the Masonry of York Bridge," will be received until Tuesday, the 7th day of October, inclusively, for the construction of the masonry of a bridge across Grand River, York Village, County of Haldimand, Ontario, according to plans and specification to be seen on application to Mr. N. H. Wickett, at York Village, Ontario, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa. Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, for the sum of \$100 must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract, or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

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

By order,

A. GOBEIL,

Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 23 Sept., 1890.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for additions, &c., to Supreme Court, Ottawa," will be received at this office until Wednesday, 22nd October, 1890, for the several works required in the erection of additions, &c., to Supreme Court, Ottawa.

Specifications can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, on and after Friday, 3rd October, 1890, and tenders will not be considered unless made on form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of amount of tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract, or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

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

By order,

A. GOBEIL,

Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 2nd Oct., 1890.



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Best qualities of Hardwood, Pine, Slabs and Coal, on cars at all times and for prompt retail delivery and lowest prices.

We also handle an article in bundles kindling at \$1. per hundred bundles, which gives great satisfaction.

A Catholic

A CATHOLIC of good habits and fair education wanted in several sections of the United States and Canada. Permanent employment and good pay to industrious person. References.

BENZIGER BROTHERS

36 & 38 Barclay st., N. Y.



Sleeplessness Cured.

I am glad to testify that I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with the best success for sleeplessness, and believe that it is really a great relief for suffering humanity.

F. FRANK, Pastor.

St. Severin, Keylerton P. O., Pa.

A GREAT BLESSING.

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 1, 1887.

I can most truthfully testify to the fact that here in Cleveland, several cases of epilepsy, which were cured by the medicine of Rev. Father Koenig, of Ft. Wayne, Ind., have come under my personal observation. In other similar cases great relief was given even if up to this time they have not been entirely cured. It would certainly be a great blessing if the tidings were more widely circulated that many could be cured by this medicine.

REV. ALARIES ANDRESCHECK, O. S. F.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MEDICINE CO.,
60 W. Madison cor. Clinton St., CHICAGO, ILL.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Price \$1 per Bottle. 6 Bottles for \$5.

Agents, Lyman & Co. Toronto

O'MEARA

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TAILOR

HAS OPENED HIS NEW STORE

561 QUEEN ST. WEST,

With an entirely new and select stock of Irish, English and Scotch Tweeds,

Worsted, &c.

Good Fit & Workmanship Guaranteed

561 Queen Street West,

Opposite Denison Ave.

BRODERICK & HERBERT

Undertakers and Artistic Embalmers

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

Open Day and Night, Charges moderate

675 QUEEN STREET WEST

NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY

Under the patronage of Rev. Father Labelle.

Established in 1881, under the Act of Quebec, 22 Viet., Chapt. 36, for the benefit of the Diocesan Societies of Colonization of the Province of Quebec.

CLASS D
The 39th Monthly Drawing will take place

WEDNESDAY OCT. 15th

At 2 p.m.
PRIZES VALUE

\$50,000

Capital prize - One Real Estate worth \$5,000.00

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Real Estate worth	\$5,000	5,000
1 do	2,000	2,000
1 do	1,000	1,000
1 do	500	2,000
10 Real Estate	300	3,000
30 Furniture sets	200	3,000
60 do	100	6,000
200 Gold Watches	50	10,000
1,000 Silver Watches	10	10,000
1,000 Toilet Sets	5	5,000
2,307 Prizes worth		\$50,000.00

TICKETS \$1.00

It is offered to redeem all prizes in cash, less a commission of 10 per cent.

Winners, names not published unless specially authorized:

A. A. AUDET, secretary.

Offices, 19 St. James street, Montreal, Can

The Province of Quebec Lottery

AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE

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

MONTHLY DRAWINGS FOR THE YEAR 1890

FROM THE MONTH OF JULY

July 9, August 13, September 10, October 8, November 12, December 10.

FOURTH MONTHLY DRAWING OCTOBER 8, 1890

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

Ask for circulars.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Prize worth	\$15,000	\$15,000
1 "	5,000	5,000
1 "	2,500	2,500
1 "	1,250	1,250
2 Prizes	500	1,000
5 "	250	1,250
20 "	50	1,250
100 "	25	2,500
200 "	15	3,000
500 "	10	5,000

Approximation Prizes.

100	25	2,500
100	15	1,500
100	10	1,000
100	5	4,500
100	5	4,500

3134 Prizes worth \$52,740

S. E. LEFEBVRE, - MANAGER,

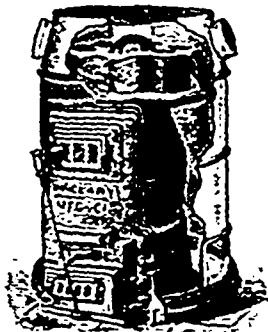
81 St. James St., Montreal Can.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM - M.C., 126 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

D. B. DENISON



581 Queen St. WEST
General dealer in
Stoves Ranges Heating Apparatus
Etc.

A complete line of Tinware, Coal Oil, etc., always on hand
Agent for the celebrated

McClary's & Copp's FURNACES

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

References given. Estimates Furnished

Eave Troughing and Jobbing attended to

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of October 1890, mails close and are due as follows:

	Close.		Due.	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.00	7.30	7.45	10.30
O. and Q. Railway	7.30	7.45	8.00	9.00
G. T. R. West	7.00	3.20		7.40
N. and N. W.	7.00	4.10	10.00	8.10
T. G. and B.	6.30	3.45	10.40	9.00
Midland	6.30	3.30		12.30
C. V. R.	6.00	3.20	11.20	9.35
G. W. R.	a.m. p.m.		a.m. p.m.	
	2.00	9.00	2.00	2.00
	6.00	4.00	10.30	7.30
	11.30	9.30		8.20
U. S. N. Y.	a.m. p.m.		a.m. p.m.	
	6.00	4.00	9.00	5.45
	11.30	9.30	10.30	11.00
U. S. West States	a.m. p.m.		a.m. p.m.	
	6.00	9.30	9.00	5.45
	12.00			7.20

English mails will be closed during Oct. as follows: Oct. 1, 2, 6, 8, 9, 13, 15, 16, 20, 22, 23, 27, 29, 30.

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE

Best Teeth on rubber, 55¢ on celluloid \$10 All work absolutely painless. Vitalized Air C. H. RIGGS, L.D.S., South east cor. King & Yonge s. Toronto. Telephone 1,478.

The Father Mathew Remedy



The Antidote to Alcohol found at Last!

A NEW DEPARTURE

The Father Mathew Remedy

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

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

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

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

S. Lachance, Druggist, Sole Proprietor 1538 and 1510 Catherine st., Montreal

EXHIBITION TIME

APPROACHING.

Important to Hotels, Boarding Houses, and Housekeepers of Toronto.

M'KEOWN & CO.

Are opening the fall season with a special sale of Household Linens, Blankets, Curtains, etc. Hotels, boarding houses, and others wishing to make extra accommodation for visitors, will find this a rare opportunity of purchasing Household Napery at less than wholesale prices.

Table Linens were sold 52c yard, offered 15c yard.

Damask Table Linens were sold 40c, offered at 25c yard.

Damask Table Linens were sold at 50c, clearing at 35c yard.

Bleached Damask Tablings for 40, 50, 60c, were sold from 60c to \$1 yard.

McKEOWN & CO.

182 Yorge Street.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.



A cream of Tartar Baking Powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—U. S. Government Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Dominion : Line : Royal : Mail STEAMSHIPS SUMMER SEASON.

Liverpool Service—Sailing Dates
From MONTREAL, From QUEBEC.

Dominion.....	Thur.	Oct. 9
Vancouver.....	Wed.	" 15
Toronto.....	Thur.	" 21
*Sardinia.....	"	" 30
*Oregon.....	"	Nov. 6

Bristol Service, for Avonmouth Dock. SAILING DATES.
From MONTREAL.

Knight Companion..... October 14th
Ontario..... " 25th

Rates of passage per S. S. "Vancouver"
Cabin \$50, to \$80. Return \$10 to \$150, according to accommodation. By all other Steamers \$30 and \$50, according to accommodation in three and two berth rooms. Return \$50 and \$90. Intermediate \$30. Return \$50. Steerage \$20. Return \$40.

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

ALLAN LINE

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT, 1890.
Reduction in Cabin Rates

Liverpool, Londonderry, Montreal and Quebec Service.

STEAMER	From Montreal At Daylight.	From Quebec 9 a.m.
Parisian.....	30 July.....	31 July.....
Circassian.....	13 August.....	14 August.....
Sardinian.....	20 ".....	21 ".....
Polynesian.....	27 ".....	28 ".....
Parisian.....	3 Sep.....	4 Sept.....
Circassian.....	17 ".....	18 ".....
Sardinian.....	24 ".....	25 ".....

RATES OF PASSAGE.

Montreal or Quebec to Liverpool.
Cabin, from \$45.00, to \$80.00, according to accommodation. Intermediate, \$30. Steerage, \$20.00. Return Tickets, Cabin, \$35.00 to \$120.00.

Passengers are allowed to embark at Montreal, and will leave Toronto on the Tuesday Mornings Express, or if embarking at Quebec, leave on the Wednesday Morning Express.

H. BOURLIER,
GENERAL WESTERN AGENT
Corner King and Yonge Street
TORONTO

EVERY BRITON IS ENTITLED TO A FAIR TRIAL!



Give one to "SUNLIGHT" Soap and try it according to directions; it will so astonish you with its wonderful labor-saving qualities that you will not require to be coaxed into trying it a second time.

You will do as millions of other wise women do—you will use it all the time for laundry and all household purposes.

Be sure you get the

"SUNLIGHT"

For there are unscrupulous imitations.



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By Destroying all living Poisonous Germs IN THE BLOOD.

RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER

is a Safe and Sure Cure for all Diseases of Throat and Lungs, Kidneys, Liver and Stomach, Female Complaints and for all Forms of Skin Diseases.

Making inquiries; no charge; conveying Testimonials at hand, write to. Ask your druggist for it, or write to

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130 KING ST. W., TORONTO, ONT.

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