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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, Mar. 22, 1890.

No. 6

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Notes.

The Bishop of Orleans asks the prayers of the faithful that the beatification of Joan of Arc may take place. He begs his diocesan to make no demonstrations, and to preserve "a complete silence" until the Holy See has spoken. It is to be hoped that by this time our separated friends have learned that the Maid of Orleans was not "put to death by the Church for heresy."

The *Week* commenting upon the address issued by the Provincial Council of the Equal Rights Association in favour of the abolition of Separate Schools says: "We are so glad to note that the Equal Rights representatives plant themselves firmly upon the ground of the right of each Province, under our Federal system, to decide for itself in regard to all matters coming within its own prescribed and proper sphere, that we shall not ungraciously remind the leaders of that society how very different was their position in the matter of the Jesuits Estates Act."

The ruffianism of the *Presbyterian Review*, a publication whose columns have been loaded lately with loathsome slanders upon the character of the apostle of the lepers, the lamented Father Damien, is disgusting even its own readers. Mr. A. F. McIntyre Q. C., of Ottawa, writes to the *Citizen of Ottawa* denouncing "as an adherent of the Presbyterian Church" the conduct of the *Review* as bigoted and coarse, and as unworthy of a religious body. The editorials in the paper Mr. McIntyre writes "would appear to represent the views of some unconverted and uncivilized tribe of South Sea Islanders," and furnish a paragon of "vulgar savagery." Of its attacks upon those who supported the Jesuit Estates legislation, more especially upon Sir John Thompson and Mr. Laurier, Mr. McIntyre adds that they are men "whose shoe latches" their insulter in the *Presbyterian Review* "is

not fit to unloose."—which is the only conclusion, in our judgment, to which any healthy minded man could come.

Of late the Pope's encyclicals have attracted much attention from the secular press, and it is not too much to hope that the time will come when they will be read from Protestant pulpits. The world already realizes its need of such teachings as are conveyed in papal encyclicals. The *London Daily Graphic* says, writing of the importance of the latest of these:

"The appeal for a more faithful practice of Christian virtue, or rather for a revival of the moral law, is well-timed. We are passing through a social crisis in which the exemplary of the Christian life needs to be emphatically asserted. The tone of society, which has so lamentably degenerated of late years, cannot be settled by legislative enactment; and if we are to be saved in the future from those terrible shocks which have lately shaken the very foundations of public and private morality, we must look for greater activity in the churches. The Pope has set a timely example. He has struck a note which should be echoed by every pulpit in the civilized world."

To those who think, says the *Ave Maria*, that we should reply to the slanderers of the sainted Father Damien we have only to say that, in our opinion, no defence of him is needed. His life and his death are his best vindication. If he had been what his calumniators would have people believe, he would not have gone to Molokai, nor would he have remained there. The world has made its estimate of the work and worth of the Apostle of Molokai. His calumniators are too late. Let the vipers alone and they will die of their own sting.

There are others who have expressed surprise that we have not had something to say of Father Damien's numerous "successors." His only successor, properly speaking, is the priest now stationed at Kalawao. Father Damien's devoted colaborer, Brother Joseph Dutton, and the self-sacrificing Franciscan Sisters, headed by Mother Marianne, who went to take charge of the leper girls at Kaloupapa at Father Damien's call, are still at their post, laboring in his spirit of self-abnegation. They do not exploit themselves in the newspapers, their portraits are not on sale, they do not court notoriety, of any kind; they care as little for the applause of the world as for its sympathy. Like Father Damien, they desire to be hidden, and it would pain them to have their spiritual grandeur trumpeted to the world. We have letters in our possession, written by Father Damien after he was stricken with the loathsome disease of which he died, in which he does not even once mention himself. Only those deserve to be associated with him and his lifework who share his self-forgetfulness. Only such are likely to follow far in his footsteps,

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF JOHN LONGWORTHY.

M. F. EGAN IN AVE MARIA.

XII.—*Esther's Music*

It would be unjust to say that Miles was not moved by Esther's evident agitation. He had never seen her in such a condition of grief: he had not thought her capable of "making such a fuss." He was one of those men who are irritated by tears, and his first feeling of compunction was quickly followed by a desire to get rid of Esther as soon as he noticed the tears gathering in her eyes.

"Well," he said, "we'd better drop the subject. The matter will have to be fixed somehow; and as long as Mary doesn't hear of it, it won't make much difference."

Esther went slowly out of the room, more wretched than she had ever been in her life since her mother died. She felt no indignation against Miles; her whole being was absorbed in passionate sorrow for Mary. She knew well that Mary did not, in her heart, believe that her brother was all that her fancy seemed to paint him; she knew well that Mary thought him selfish; she knew well, too, that, though Miles was now a man, Mary, whenever she looked at him, saw the smiling baby Miles of years gone by; and that the knowledge of his dishonesty would forever destroy the ideal picture of him to which Mary owed so much of her happiness in life.

Esther spent a night of misery. The knowledge of Miles' sin must be kept from Mary; but how? On any day her sister might go to draw some of the money from the bank, and then there would have to be an explanation. And that must not come. Esther, for the first time in her life, felt the real need of money. She thought remorsefully of the useless things she had bought at various times. If she had only known! Where could she get three hundred dollars? A dozen desperate resolutions ran through her mind. Could she sell her hair? Could she pawn her gowns and the few trinkets she owned? Could she go to one of the Messrs. Vanderbilt, tell her story—no, she couldn't tell her story to anybody!—and borrow three hundred dollars? Not one of these plans was feasible. At last she knelt down, helpless and broken, and prayed,—prayed for the rest of the night, saying the *Memorare* over and over and over again. As morning dawned she fell asleep, and Mary awakened her.

A feeling of sickness came over her as she remembered the scene of the night before. Then she looked at Mary's calm face and gained confidence. The sun was shining. Surely nothing very bad could happen so near Christmas, and with the sun shining, too! She said her prayers again, and went downstairs, believing that, since she was so utterly resourceless, God would help her.

Miles did not come to breakfast. He had a headache, he called out,—something might be sent to his room. Mary was solicitous; and when a plate of fried sausages went up, by further command of the interesting invalid, Esther had no heart to utter her usual gibes.

Mary made up her mind that Esther was ill too. "You are sick, dear," she said. "I am afraid it is the drainage that has upset you and Miles."

"Oh, no!" replied Esther, turning her face away. "I'm just a little—blue."

Mary shook her head. "I must have the drain-pipes looked into. There's a paper on sanitary drainage in one of the magazines. I shall walk over to Brentano's and look it up to day. Do you know, Esther, I think we'd better spend that money in putting in new plumbing in parts of this house."

"No, no!—oh, no!" cried Esther, aroused. "Don't think of it. I'm blue—just a little, and Miles was up late. Why, if anything were the matter with the drainage you'd hear it from the tenants, you may be sure."

Mary assented. "Yes," she said, with a sigh, "the tenants are very particular."

Esther was glad to have the matter drop so easily. Mary, to use her own expression, "never let grass grow under her feet"; and Esther knew that if the drainage idea held, she would make it concrete at once, and precipitate discovery.

All that day Esther realized how one feels who has committed a crime and would conceal it. If anybody mentioned her brother by chance, she trembled. There was no bright-

ness about her. Her lessons over, she almost ran home to think and to prevent, if possible, Mary from musing new ideas about the spending of the money. She prayed earnestly all the way home,—with all that fervor and simplicity with which young people ask of God what they want very badly. And in nine cases out of ten they get what they ask for. So Esther, repeating the *Memorare* at every step, had no doubt that a way would be opened to her.

She had hardly reached home and made herself comfortable for a long "practice" at the piano, when the bell rang. The little servant brought up a yellow envelope with the name of a well-known musical firm in the corner. It contained a brief note:

"Would Miss Esther Galligan play at a series of concerts? There would be seven concerts given between Christmas and the 1st of March. They would be of a popular nature. The *honorarium* would be fifty dollars for each concert. If Miss Galligan would come as soon as possible to the store of—& Co., their player would be glad to hear her, and decide as to whether her style exactly suited the tone of the proposed entertainment."

At another time Esther would have been frightened by such a proposition. She had never played in public, except at school exhibitions. But now she had no thoughts of fright. She knelt down beside the piano-stool, and, with tears in her eyes, made her thanksgiving. She arose, looked at the clock; it was half-past three. She determined to practice for half an hour and then try her fate. Esther had taste, a sympathetic touch, and sometimes a tendency to too much noise; for she had strong fingers—not like Mary's taper and elegant, but a little inclined to stumpiness. She tried one of Mendelssohn's "songs," and then dashed into a "War Polonaise," which made the room resound.

The music store was soon reached—for distance, except "across town," has been annihilated in New York. It was not without nervousness that she took her seat at one of the grand pianos in the back of the store. The player—a personage retained to perform new pieces for uncertain purchasers—was a little man, with a Plat-Deutsch accent and his hair on an end. He was very polite and kind. Near him stood a man whom Esther did not recognize at once, though his face struck her as familiar. She played the "Traumerai."

"Ach," said the player, "that should be only for the violin! It is not fit for the piano—it is too sympathetic; but it is well done by you."

Esther began the "War Polonaise," written by some composer with a jaw-breaking Hungarian name. Her strength of hand, her power of accurate rhythm and accent, showed to great advantage.

"Excellent, excellent!" said a soft voice behind her. "That is just what we want for a popular concert. The people heed to be roused."

Esther turned. The speaker was Rudolf Bastien: his blue eyes were lighted with interest. Esther nodded her head. It did not strike her as odd that he should be there. Her mind was entirely occupied with the business of the moment. He asked for one of Chopin's Mazurkas. She played it with ease and spirit.

"Thank you," he said; "that will do. I must tell you that the concerts are to be given to very poor people—out of the tenement houses—in a hall near the Bowery. If you object—"

"Why should I object?" asked Esther, looking at him frankly. "I don't see why very poor people should not listen to my poor music as well as very rich ones."

Bastien was silent.

"I know this hall is respectable, because this firm"—she nodded towards the player—"is of the highest reputation."

"There will be no beer at the concert, nor no pipes either," said the player, earnestly, but with the suspicion of a sigh. "At home," he added, "there is always beer with music, but here it is not respectable; the music is always dry."

Bastien opened his pocket-book and drew out an envelope.

"You will find, Madame," he said, "the retainer—the *honorarium*—for the concerts here, together with a card showing what you will have to do, the hours," etc."

"Oh, I oughtn't to take the money now!" observed Esther, flushing a little, and raising her eyes earnestly to Bastien, as she put on her gloves. "You must wait until I do some work."

"It is my custom," said Bastien, putting the envelope into her hand with an unconscious air of authority.

Esther took it meekly, and having signed a carefully-worded receipt, said good-bye. Bastien walked to the door with her, and looked after her, the gleam of interest still in his eyes.

Esther sped through the street, burning with indignation. "I hate that man!" she said to herself. "I hate him! It is his custom, indeed! I wish I could have thrown his money at him, the insufferable creature!"

A few moments before Esther had been dissolved in hope and prayer. Now she was in a different frame of mind; but, nevertheless, she was profoundly grateful. She opened the envelope. Three crisp one hundred dollar bills and one for fifty dollars lay in it. She would have gone at once to the bank, but it was too late.

When she reached home the remembrance of "that man's" odious assumption of authority had faded from her mind. She went at once to Miles' den; he was within, waiting for his dinner.

"I have the money," she said, giving him the envelope. She ran quickly through her story.

Miles' face brightened. "It's all right, then? Mary will not know—hold on!" he cried, excitedly. "Look!"

Esther took back the envelope. On the flap was the embossed Maltese cross.

"Esther," he continued, "that envelope belonged to John Longworthy."

Esther looked at his excited face for a moment. "I don't care to whom the envelope belonged," she said. "I'll earn the money honestly—for your sake. If I break down, I can pay it back. And, what is more, Miles, I shall keep both the money and the envelope in my own possession. It is an answer to prayer," she added, reverently; "and I am sure that it was not stolen."

Miles scowled. When she had gone he determined to beard Bastien in his den.

XIII.—Miles Gets His Answer.

Miles put his resolution into effect. He had never been in such a state of bewilderment before in his life. He summed up the condition of things in a few words as he made his way down the Bowery, towards Chambers Street, where Mr. Bastien's photographic studio was.

John Longworthy was dead—this was a certainty in Miles' mind. His hat had been found; his coat had been found; Arthur Fitzgerald had his handkerchief, one of the little envelopes, and possibly some of his money. However, all this proved nothing as yet; though, so far as Fitzgerald was concerned, it had an ugly look. Bastien had taken possession of the envelope and the money left by Fitzgerald; and now Esther had received money from Bastien in one of John Longworthy's envelopes.

It was plain to Miles that both Fitzgerald and Bastien not only knew of the murder of John Longworthy, but that they had profited by it. Miles made up his mind that, after his coming interview with Bastien, he would make a deposition before the nearest magistrate and have them both arrested, Esther might feel a little bad over it on Fitzgerald's account, but girls easily get over that sort of thing, he argued.

Bastien's studio was up three flights of stairs, in a dingy building in the Bowery. There was a florist's shop underneath it, and he stopped to admire the crowns, the broken columns, the vacant chairs, which filled the big window. This was a display of art which Miles could appreciate; for he had, in the pursuit of his avocation as a politician, subscribed for many such gorgeous symbols. The stairs were narrow and steep, lined with photographs of babies in every attitude, and young and old ladies in bridal costumes, with white veils and orange blossoms. Miles paused to admire these too, and then knocked at a door which bore the legend "Photographer" on a tin sign. The door opened, and a small, red-haired boy in his shirt sleeves demanded whether he wanted cabinets or vignettes." To which he replied that he wanted Mr. Bastien.

Mr. Bastien in a stained and mottled coat, was in a blue-shaded room, nearly all sky-light, watching his other assistant trying to catch the counterfeit presentiment of a small child. The child refused to stand in front of a rough sketch of a rock crowned by a bunch of daisies. The struggles of the "artist," the coaxing of a fond mother, who alternately thrust a chocolate drop into the infant's mouth and dabbed at her head with a hard brush, seemed to interest Mr. Bastien; but he turned to Miles very graciously.

"My name is Galligan—Miles Galligan. I met you—" "At Vespucci's," coolly said Bastien; and you were kind enough to ask about my friend Mr. John Longworthy. Will you sit down?"

Miles looked around. The only chair was very rustic and full of pointed corners: it was also wreathed with ivy of an ancient and dilapidated character. A picturesque bridge stood near it, with a railing on one side, also wreathed with flowers of an unknown species, only seen in pictures taken by artists in the Bowery.

"Take the bridge; it's safer than the rustic chair," said Bastien, very amiably. "The chair, you see, was made to rest against the machine that grips your head when you want to have an especially plastic picture done."

Miles sat on the bridge in the corner, and felt uncomfortably. Bastien stood in front of him, with his hands clasped behind him.

"Pardon me for standing," he said, with a laugh, "but I know that chair too well. The last bridal group that came here went away almost funerals, because they heard that this chair could be put into their picture without extra charge, and insisted on having it. They were warned that they ought to be satisfied with the rock-work you see yonder, and the bridge, and a curtain draping a pillar; but they would have this chair. It broke down, and the bride was carried out in a fainting fit—but we were talking about John Longworthy."

"I am anxious to talk about him," said Miles, sternly.

Bastien smiled slightly, cast of sidelong look at him, and caressed his smooth chin.

"Why?"

"I have determined to bring his murderer or murderers to justice. And I may as well remark that I have sufficient evidence to convict you—"

"Of the murder?" interjected Bastien, calling out the next instant to his "artist" not to worry the child too much, but to ask her mother to come again.

"Not of the murder exactly," said Miles, nettled by Bastien's indifference; "but of the possession of certain articles belonging to John Longworthy."

"I don't see why I should trouble myself about you or your evidence at all," Bastien returned. "But I suspect that your nonsensical suspicions have deprived my friend, Arthur Fitzgerald, of a privilege he values very highly—that of being acquainted with your sisters. And, besides, it will ease your mind to know what I have to say."

"If I believe it."

Bastien shrugged his shoulders. "Do you know Longworthy's handwriting? As an amateur detective, I suppose you do."

"I have studied it."

"There, then!"

He drew a letter from his pocket and gave it to Miles.

The latter examined the envelope. On the flap was the elusive Maltese cross. It was post-marked almost inegibly, and addressed to "R. von Bastien, Esq.,—Bowery, New York city." Miles recognized the handwriting of John Longworthy. He read the letter eagerly. It was dated Dec. 22 (two days past), and ran:

DEAR VON BASTIEN:—Everything is satisfactory. I consider that you have made a much better bargain in selling the Hermoso plantation than I expected. The money has been deposited in Mr. Fitzgerald's name. He will sign all cheques. If I had not handicapped myself as I have, I should have waited about the sale until the Mantanzas man consented to take La Bonita plantation as well. I have as much money as I need at present. Give my regards to the senora when you reach Havana, and to the little ones if they remember me.

Yours truly,

JOHN LONGWORTHY.

REV. FATHER EGAN ON CATHOLIC SLANDER.

The following letter appeared in a late number of the *Richmond Hill Liberal*:

During the last few days revival meetings have been held in the Methodist church here. The chief attraction was a canting hypocrite who claims to have been a convert from the Catholic Church. He kept his audience spell-bound while he detailed his experience, and the reasons which induced him to leave the Church. I shall here deal only with one of his calumnies, which has often been repeated in the interest of Gospel truth, and often contradicted:—"That when he went to confession he had to pay three pence to the priest for absolution, that absolution including permission to sin as it may suit him in the future." I wonder is it necessary that I should contradict this statement, and declare it without any foundation in fact? The priest that would accept, much less exact, any price for absolution, would be guilty of a species of simony, would commit thereby a most grievous sin, and render himself liable to suspension. There is no such practice in the Catholic Church, and never was. It would be a monstrosity so subversive of the first principles of natural morality that had the Church ever identified itself with such a practice it is no exaggeration to say that it would long ago have been swept away by the just indignation of Christendom.

I hold Rev. Mr. Locke, the pastor of the Methodist church here, responsible for this calumny, and this insult that has been offered to the Catholic people. I think it is hardly fair to either the Catholic or the Methodist people to bring in a stranger, whose misstatements are sure to foster bigotry, and engender hard feelings between neighbors who desire to live in harmony. What are our affairs here, to one who is a perfect stranger, who makes a trifle, and goes his way regardless of the bitter feelings he has left behind? Could not our Methodist friends hold their meetings without making the misrepresentation of Catholics the attractive feature of the programme? I wonder that some of our more sensible, intelligent and experienced Methodist neighbours did not remonstrate with Mr. Locke before he permitted a stranger, from his pulpit and in his presence, to inflict this outrage on Catholic feeling.

There is a wave of bigotry and fanaticism sweeping over the country at present, and for this the parsons are responsible. The people would be all right if those teachers of religion and charity (?) would let them alone. But sensational stories and doctrines invented for the Catholic Church are the surest way, even where the preaching is moderately good, to draw the crowd, and in the name of religion, truth and decency are sacrificed to accomplish this end. Surely, Mr. Locke would not willingly do even Catholics an injustice. If he is not acquainted with the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church, which I assure him were grossly misrepresented in his church, I am willing to enlighten him on these matters, no need of importing a stranger for that purpose. As a lamentable result of such tactics, persistently maintained throughout the country, the prejudices and animosities of the different elements of the population have been unduly aroused, and to-day we find the public mind inflamed to a degree that is subversive of that public and private harmony which every good citizen should desire.

I can say that Catholics as a rule do all they can to conciliate their Protestant neighbors. Alas we know too well the unjust prejudices that are entertained against us, and we try as far as we can to remove them by showing we are not what we are described to be. We are on good terms with our Methodist friends. We find them as a rule kind-hearted and obliging. We try on our part to be the same towards them. How can this happy state of things be maintained when the apple of discord is flung in our midst? when a stranger is introduced to describe our priests as a set of villains, who are engaged in the unlawful traffic of selling absolutions for a few pence, and our people as a lot of stupid dolts who are imposed on in this way? Now, how can we in our intercourse honestly look each other in the face when perhaps we feel that in spite of the external interchange of courtesies, there may be deeply-seated distrust, and that those

manifestations of mutual regard are merely superficial and by no means real?

How humiliating and how painful to Catholics the scorn, the sneers and smiles of contempt which are elicited from their audiences by those religious tramps, those gospelling frauds? It should be pretty well known now that the anti-Catholic lecturers are frauds, and their stock-in-trade is slander. Baron de Gamon, who at one time entertained an audience here on the No Popery Question, died recently in England of consumption, soon after he had been released from a penitentiary. Baron de Rohau, who claimed to be an ex-priest and did a large business in that line, when challenged, could give no reference as to his ordination papers, and was obliged to acknowledge that he had assumed that character because he thought it would take with Protestants. Vincent de Long, who created a great sensation nine years ago throughout Canada, and obtained much sympathy and money, said he had been ordained by Archbishop Lynch and that he experienced great cruelties at the hands of Father O'Connor, Superior of Sandwich Colledge. He said he was employed as Professor in the Colledge, and for being caught reading the Bible his tongue was cut out. The strangest part of the story, and what any one but a sceptic would regard as miraculous, was that though he had no tongue (it having been plucked out by Father O'Connor) still he could hold forth most eloquently on the errors and abominations of Romanism.

Ex-Monk Widows is in penitentiary; all your readers know why. Pretended ex-priest Keating is in penitentiary for swindling the Bible Society in London, England. I could give a long record of this kind, but what use? the next swindling thief that comes along will get a pulpit to abuse Catholics from, and money for doing so too.

So you see, Mr. Editor, that if deceptions are carried on in the name of religion, Catholics are not the only victims. Even those who claim to monopolize all the enlightenment of the age are sometimes badly taken in. From Catholic pulpits no one is allowed to speak except those who are trained under the eye of the Church, ordained and properly accredited to that office. From Catholic pulpits the priests speak to Catholic people about their sins, and how to repent of them and make reparation for them. They do not believe that haranguing them on the abominations of their neighbors, and thereby familiarizing the minds of the youthful portion of the congregation with tales of horror, even for the purpose of creating a sensation, would be productive of any beneficial result.

I could not have believed till now that there was so much latent bigotry and unreasonable fanaticism in Thornhill. These questions are discussed, people give free expression to their opinions, bigotry is aroused, and the cat is let out of the bag. A great light of Mr. Locke's flock declared he was bound to believe every statement that was made by the great evangelist against the Catholics, till those statements were disproved. That shows what kind of fair play is in store for Catholics. According to the system of legislation recognized in every civilized society, even the worst criminal gets a fair trial, his guilt has to be proved and the onus of proof rests on the accuser. But it seems this principle of justice must have one exception, it must not be extended to Catholics. I have reason to believe there are a great many who share the opinion of this fanatic and it is on these lines they are calling for equal rights.

Ireland has produced a great many intelligent, I may say distinguished, men professing the Catholic faith, men who would not tamely submit to such practices as have been described at the recent meetings here, men who would not have lived and died in the bosom of that Church if they had been the witnesses of such impositions. It is a marvel that it is only No Popery adventurers who ever discover them, and that priests and people live on without any knowledge of them whatever. This canting evangelist professes to be an Irishman, though his accent would betray him as belonging to another nationality. But no matter, Mr. Locke himself is an Irishman of recent importation. Oh for shame, Mr. Locke. How could you serenely sit in your church and complacently listen to that man, even under your distinguished

auspices, hold up to scorn and ridicule, before the young Canadians of our day, such a large proportion of your countrymen, for he located his experience in Ireland. But Mr. Locke himself is from the North of Ireland, where it is claimed that there alone in Ireland true liberty of conscience prevails. Perhaps it is on that principle that he claims the right to slander Catholics as one of the privileges of liberty of conscience. Let it not be alleged that Mr. Locke himself did not slander Catholic Irishmen, for there is an old saying: "Qui facit per alium facit per se." That is, he who does a thing through another does it himself. I have often heard it said, "Put one Irishman on a spit and you can get another to turn it." I have often felt indignant at this saying, but it is certainly true of those who are imbued with religious fanaticism. But Mr. Locke said he hoped no one would be so narrow-minded as to feel offended at any statements that were made. This is truly Hibernian, to knock a man down and then give him a healing plaster. It seems he felt that cause for offence had been given, but he only meant it to suit a purpose, and as harmless amusement to entertain his crowd. In this way Catholics, and particularly Irish Catholics, are made a football of to be kicked about by every enterprising parson who wants to draw a crowd, and by every scheming politician who regards any measure of justice done to Catholics as truckling to Rome.

Who is this man who has been sowing discord in our midst? What is he? Whence does he come, and what is his record, what his credentials? We have only his word for it, that he is a convert, etc. Was it wise of Mr. Locke to have this scene enacted in his church? Do the Methodist people here require such services? Do they think it promotes the sacred cause of truth and religion?

I now ask Rev. Mr. Locke publicly does he believe the statements of this sensational evangelist in regard to the practices of Catholics? To the stranger himself I have nothing to say. If Mr. Locke believes his statements, will he, from some authentic source, substantiate them? Suppose it were his own case, how would Mr. Locke regard the principle that he condemned on the word of, no matter whom, especially a stranger? If he does not believe those statements what *amen* honorable is he prepared to make?

J. J. EGAN.

Thornhill, Feb. 24th, 1890.

OF CONDUCT AT HOME.

Of your demeanor and conduct in the family circle I feel sure, my dear boy, that I need say very little. But I may remind you again that home is the place where a man should appear at his best. He who is bearish at home and polite only abroad is no true gentleman; indeed, he who can not be gentle and considerate to those of his own household will never be really courteous to strangers. "Men do not," says Wordsworth, "make their homes unhappy because they have not enough genius. A mind and sentiments of a higher order would render them capable of seeing and feeling all the beauty of domestic ties." There is no better training for healthy and pleasant intercourse with the outer world than a bright and cheerful demeanor at home. It is in a man's home that his real character is seen; as he appears there, so he is really elsewhere, however skillfully he may for the time conceal his true nature.—"Notes for boys (and their Fathers)."

A recent exchange contains an account of an interview with Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P. "I have heaps more questions I could ask you, Mr. McCarthy," said the reporter, "but I must content myself with one—what do you call this age?" "Emphatically it is an epoch of revolution," "which puzzles me to a certain extent," the visitor replied, "for I always think politics, religion and science go together; and how can a Catholic whose Church is, as it were, a mediæval crystallization precipitated into the very heart of this epoch of revolution, rejoice in that upsetting of the old ideas?" "No no, you are mistaken," was the emphatic and satisfactory answer, "whatever changes take place must be changes which are directed by the Spirit that rules the Universe; and the Catholic Church has no fear."

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

The festival of the great apostle of Ireland was this year celebrated in Toronto and throughout the Dominion with especial fervor and enthusiasm, the religious character of the day receiving from the Catholic community a worthy and becoming observance. Masses were sung in all the churches, and in the cities special sermons were delivered in which the apostolic labours of St. Patrick and the sufferings and the triumphs of the Irish people were recalled to memory. In Toronto an imposing ceremony was held in St. Michael's Cathedral, where High Mass was sung by the Professors of St. Michael's College assisted by the students, and a special sermon delivered by his Grace Archbishop Walsh to a crowded congregation. The music was Gregorian chant.

The services at St. Mary's Church were likewise largely attended, several of the Irish Benevolent societies being present in a body, Holy Communion being received by many of their members.

In the course of his address the Very Rev. Vicar General Rooney highly complimented the societies. Having dealt with the struggling and devoted life of the patron saint, the rev. gentleman referred to the wrongs of Ireland and the efforts of her devoted sons of the present day to secure her rights. Concluding he said of Canada: "We have great reason to be true and grateful to this country. It is now the country of our adoption and the home of our families. We must be true to Canada. Yet we can never forget the bright and glorious history of the land where many of us were born, where, even in poverty, the people were true to their faith and would have died for it."

In the new church of St. Paul's a largely attended special service was held in the evening, at which the music was particularly fine.

The Rev. Father Walsh delivered an eloquent lecture on Saint Patrick, dealing with the history of Ireland from a religious standpoint since the earliest times. He showed that the precious message conveyed to the land by St. Patrick had never been forsaken, and that the Irish people had been the means of carrying the word of God into other countries. Much of this result was due to the generosity and self-sacrifice of Ireland's noble and devoted priesthood, whose persecution only served to spread the message into far colonies, where the foundations of new churches were laid, which seemed to rival and even now surpass the work done in the old land, even in her brightest days. "Let us live worthy of our ancestors," Rev. Father Walsh concluded, "for we have a noble ancestry, the noblest in virtue and fidelity to God. We are called upon to take the place of our fathers and in a special manner to do honor to the holy faith, and enable to be spread through the nations of the heart! Let us be as they were, promoters of peace and virtue, reformers of vice and crime. To-day, brethren, during this festival, when all her children are looking anxiously toward Ireland, let each and every man offer his sympathy and resolve to be worthy of her. She is now in trouble.

"She is still in affliction and trials and she is asking for our prayers and our supplications. We are anxiously watching her as she is passing through a trying ordeal—her enemies many and powerful in the extreme, the treachery of some of her own unnatural children, bigotry and especially corruption and bribery, are doing all they possibly can to snatch from her grasp that principle for which our noble leaders are anxiously striving and without which a nation has neither being nor existence nor life—I mean the principle of liberty, or in other words, the principle of self-government which we in this country enjoy. Liberty, my dear children, is worth everything to a nation, is worth everything as a human right. Take away liberty from a nation and you at once destroy and cripple that nation; take away liberty from a man or enchain his free will and you have no longer a living image of God. That she may pass through all this we pray, and that she may be free from all dangers, from evil and vicious enemies, from treacherous friends, from everything and anything that may soil her name or lose to her that proud title she has long since borne. And may our Lord God and Saviour Jesus

Christ to us defend her, through her time of trial and persecution, and may He guide her children whom he has called outwardly into the glorious splendor of an immortal life."

In the evening successful concerts were held under the auspices of the Catholic Celtic League, and the Irish Catholic Benevolent Association. At St. Michael's College the students gave a dramatic performance in the College Hall of Cardinal Wiseman's "The Hidden Gem." There was a large attendance and the entertainment was very successful. The local Branch of the Land League banqueted at Club Cambers.

IN MONTREAL.

MONTREAL has always been famous for her patriotic displays on St. Patrick's day, and the success which attended every feature of Monday's demonstration has once more caused the Celtic heart to thrill with pride. In old times Catholic and Protestant marched side by side to the inspiring air of "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning" and "The Wearing of the Green," but since the Irish Protestant societies have been founded this custom has fallen into disuse. However, a goodly number of Irish Protestants were seen in the great procession, and a good many more were found applauding the utterances of Mr. Curran in the Queen's hall at night.

The several Irish societies mustered in great force between 9 and 10 o'clock, and after parading through the principal streets attended High Mass at St. Patrick's church. Large crowds lined the streets. The Hon. Senator Murphy, that prince of Irishmen, together with Mr. J. J. Curran, M.P., occupied the same carriage, and these worthy representatives of both Houses of Parliament were the object of enthusiastic greetings repeated again and again as they were recognized by the many thousands of all creeds and nationalities who filled the streets. For a great number of years every Montrealer who loves harmony and respects private worth has been delighted to see the venerable Father Dowd in the procession, but this year the aged Sulpician did not feel equal to the exertion, yet his fellow-countrymen fully realized that their aged pastor was with them, if not in person, in heart and patriotic sympathy.

The concert in the evening at the Queen's hall, under the auspices of the St. Patrick's Society, was the great intellectual treat of the day. Fifteen hundred people were present and Mr. H. J. Cloran presided. Amongst others on the platform were Hon. Edward Murphy, Mr. J. J. Curran, M.P., J. S. Hall, M.P.P., and representatives of the St. George's Protestant Benevolent, St. Andrew's and St. Jean Baptiste societies. Sir Donald Smith, being ill, was unable to attend.

Mr. J. J. Curran, M.P. was the orator of the evening. Mr. Curran's oratorical effort his old friend Senator Murphy described as the best of his life. He told his hearers of the part Irishmen had taken in building this Canada of ours, and said that if the Dominion founder was not an Irishman, Mr. D'Arcy McGee had predicted in trumpet tones the great destiny in store for the northern part of this continent. Mr. Curran, in discussing Irish affairs, paid a most eloquent tribute to Isaac Butt, Charles S. Parnell, and last but not least to William E. Gladstone. He told, amidst tremendous applause, of the firm loyalty to the Queen and imperial crown which the granting of Home Rule to Ireland would evoke from the sons of Ireland throughout the world. Addresses were also delivered by Mr. Cloran and Senator Murphy.

IN OTTAWA.

In Ottawa, too, the day was duly celebrated, one of the most pleasant features of the event being the presentation to Lady Macdonald of a magnificent majolica vase by the Senators and Members of the House of Commons and Conservatives of Ottawa of Irish birth or extraction. The presentation was made at Earnescliffe by a deputation consisting of Senators Frank Smith and Howlan, Messrs. McNeil, M.P., Burns, M.P., P. Baskerville, and M. F. Walsh. The Hon. John Costigan was unable, through illness, to be present.

Lady Macdonald acknowledged the presentation in a very gracious reply.

High Mass was sung at St. Patrick's church at ten o'clock, at which His Grace Archbishop Duhamel was the celebrant, Vicar-General Routhier and a number of the local clergy assisting. Viewed from the end of the nave the scene was very imposing. The sanctuary rail was decorated with the pure Arom lily, azaleas and foliage plants. Before the altar under the perpetual light stood the Archbishop in cloth of gold and around him six priests also in cloth of gold with the white robed acolytes behind them. The background was supplied by the altar and its seven lighted candles; while over it in green and white, festooning the top of the credos ran a scroll bearing the legend "All praise to St. Patrick, God save Ireland." After a number of Irish airs had been played on the organ the Archbishop approached the altar, the grand strains of Wiegand's "Kyrie Eleison" being pealed forth by a full choir and orchestra. The preacher was the Rev. Father Fox, O.M.I., of St. Mary's Church, Winnipeg.

At the concert of St. Patrick's Literary Association in the evening the Hon. Daniel Dougherty of New York was the chief speaker. During the afternoon he called on Archbishop Duhamel by invitation, and on Tuesday was entertained by the University of Ottawa, and the Rideau St. Convent. Lord Stanley was present at the concert in the evening.

THE DAY ELSEWHERE

At London the customary High Mass was sung at St. Peter's, and the Rev. Father Tierrean preached on the life of St. Patrick. The attendance was very large, standing room being scarcely obtainable.

In Kingston High Mass was celebrated on St. Mary's Cathedral, at which the Irish societies attended. The sermon was preached by Father Neville, after which Archbishop Cleary blessed those present and dismissed them.

In Hamilton High Mass was sung at St. Patrick's church, and his Lordship Bishop Dowling preached an eloquent sermon, taking as his text. "We are children of the saints,"—Book of Tobias. He delivered a panegyric upon the faith of the Irish people and the prominent traits of St. Patrick's character.

ORANGEISM IN ONTARIO.

The Orange Order was transplanted from Ireland, in 1829, to the garrison town of Quebec, through the instrumentality of the British army then commanded by "the bloody" Duke of Cumberland. From thence it spread in the course of time to the Great Republic. The history of active Orangeism in the United States is brief and bloody. Its first great manifestation took the form of the aptly-named Know-Nothing movement. This statement is corroborated by that bombastic textbook of Know-Nothingism, "The sons of the Soil," copies of which are now scarce. The Know-Nothings had all the essential Orange qualities intrinsic to them; for they were ignorant, bigoted, and fanatical to a detestable degree. Vulgar abuse of an offending citizen, attacks upon unnamed Catholics, the destruction of convents and churches, incendiaries here and there, murder in many places—these tragic headings briefly summarise the career of Know-Nothingism, until American common-sense stamped it out. The great riots of New York, in 1871, by which sixty lives were sacrificed, is the last important entry in the roll of glorious deeds that redound to the honor of Orangeism in republican America. Since that fatal date public opinion has, as in England, pronounced against the loathsome conspiracy. At the present moment, its ruthless spirit is confined to the rapidly decreasing intellectual caverns, and moral dark places of the commonwealth, where it abides, like the repulsive monster in the famous opera of *Siegfried*, more a subject for jest than for terror.

The astute diplomatist, Lord Dufferin, properly sized the hypocritical lip-loyalty of the Canadian Orangemen. He remembered, maybe, their treatment of his predecessor, Lord Elgin, whom they assailed in the streets of Montreal, as if he had been a mere Catholic Archbishop, "one of the Italian

ness's representatives." Or his mind might have gone back to the time when the ultra-loyal Orangemen, of Kingston, heaped the most ruffianly opprobrium on the Prince of Wales, because he had the good sense not to land and pass under the triumphal arches which they had erected. Most likely of all, Lord Dufferin relied upon his experience in the North of Ireland—and, in truth, he states that he did—when making the following plea for toleration, just prior to his departure from this country. "What can be more Cain-like and insane," Lord Dufferin asks, "than to import into this country—unsullied, as it is, by any evil record of civil strife—a stainless paradise, fresh and bright from the hands of its Maker, where all have been freely admitted upon equal terms,—the blood-thirsty strife and brutal quarrels of the Old World? Divided as you are, into various powerful religious communities, none of whom are entitled to claim either pre-eminence or ascendancy over the other, but each of which reckons amongst its adherents enormous masses of the population, what hope can you have, except in mutual forbearance and a generous liberality of sentiment? Why, your very existence depends upon the disappearance of these ancient feuds. Be wise, therefore, in time, I say, while it is still time, for it is the property of these hateful quarrels to feed on their own excesses; if one engendered, they widen their bloody circuit from year to year, till they engulf the entire community in internecine strife." Lord Dufferin cast his pearls before swine. Since his time, the Orange Association has never ceased to create strife in the loosely-strung-together group of colonies which bears the name of the Canadian Dominion.

I have already had something to say about the manner in which the lodgemen demonstrate their loyalty. One more instance of this amiable weakness. At this moment there hangs in the Ladies' Gallery of the House of Commons, at Ottawa, a full-length portrait of Queen Victoria. This painting is pierced by a bullet hole, and the bullet which made the hole came from a pistol fired by an Orangeman on the eventful night when this tried Association of ultra-loyal men burned her majesty's Parliament in Montreal. The Queen, in her turn, might well pray to be "saved" from all such loyalty. Unfortunately, however, the Orange Association is as dangerous as a political factor as it is otherwise ridiculous. So long as Orangemen confine themselves to parading, they may very properly be allowed to wear out their soles in the good of their cause. But when they aspire to political power, while planning and plotting the injury of the Catholic citizens, the oath-bound schemers should be made understand that they live in a civilized country and an age of toleration.—*Danahoe Magazine*,

FUNCTIONS OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

From time to time one or another of our esteemed Catholic contemporaries breaks out with a note of "warning" to more aggressive journals to avoid the danger of touching upon certain subjects which it conceives that Catholic papers have "no right" to even as much as allude to.

The latest note of the kind is sounded by a little journal published in the South, which greatly deprecates the tendency that exists among Catholic journals to criticize each other. This, it thinks, is a great misfortune. But, as a matter of fact, is it unfortunate that Catholic journals have independence enough to criticize each other or to correct each other when the occasion presents itself? It is no doubt very beautiful to see brethren dwelling together in harmony, and all that. But the conditions under which the business of the world is carried on are such as preclude the possibility of such harmony as our esteemed contemporary delights in. It is admitted that we are all liable to make mistakes, and we think this is rather a justification of the exercise of journalistic criticism than the reverse, as he seems to contend.

We are all liable to make mistakes, and hence should be very careful about discovering and commenting upon the errors of others, lest by so doing we may damage our cause. It is better to praise and commend whenever we can. When we do not feel justified in doing that, let us cover the shortcomings of our brethren with the broad mantle of charity.

The broad mantle of charity is a very convenient garment

and one whose use is to be highly commended, at times, for the purpose indicated, but it frequently happens that to bring it indiscriminately into requisition, as our esteemed contemporary recommends, would be a positive injury to the common cause in which Catholic journals are supposed to be engaged. If, for instance, a Catholic paper through ignorance and carelessness on the part of its editor is made to misrepresent the opinions or feelings of the Catholic public, even in minor matters, there is no rule of morals or ethics that obliges other Catholic papers to maintain a strict silence and thus virtually endorse the foolish or unwarranted attitude that the misguided journal has been made to assume. It may possibly be an act of charity to the latter to encourage it thus to continue in a false position, but certainly it would be a greater act of injustice to Catholics at large to make them sharers of the responsibility for all silly or mischievous mistakes liable to be made by editors,

But the most unpalatable form of disparagement by which the over-prudent or unnecessarily timid endeavor to curb the progressive propensities of Catholic journalism is the everlasting protestation that Catholic papers have no right and no warrant for expressing opinions that have not been formally scrutinized and approved by the "proper authorities." It is a very serious mistake to suppose that the hierarchy have either the time or desire to exercise a censorship of the Catholic press. The repeated asseveration of so high an authority as His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, that he would rather have the occasional mistakes of Catholic editors than that there should be even the semblance of interference with their independence of speech and action, is a sufficient answer to carpers who imagine that the Catholic scribe should be forever "submitting" to "his Ordinary" proof sheets not from the press. The "higher authorities" thoroughly realize that the persons who are engaged in the difficult field of Catholic journalism are, on the whole, entirely trustworthy and cherish as profound a devotion as themselves for the common cause of Catholic welfare in which both are enlisted.

There are few subjects bearing upon Catholic interests which it is not only the right but the duty of Catholic editors to touch upon. It is through the medium of the Catholic press that the non-Catholic world, and especially the writers and editors of the non-Catholic press, gauge the intelligent sentiment of the Catholic public upon all questions of public and religious moment. If Catholic papers are to be hampered in the free discussion of such questions, there is an end of their usefulness and influence. Besides this, the Catholic public itself has a right to expect something more than mere homilies in the columns of religious papers which profess to be organs of Catholic thought and opinion.

Considering this subject in its various aspects, the conclusion forces itself upon intelligent and thoughtful minds among Catholics that there is less to be feared from the presence of a bold and manly and aggressive spirit in the conduct of Catholic newspapers than from an intensely docile and timid spirit that shrinks with horror from the contemplation of any subject that has not the special authorization of the vague and mysterious higher powers alluded to.—*Baltimore Catholic Mirror*.

We have received the pamphlet "*Audiat et altera Pars*" published in Chicago in answer to a memorial signed by Bishops Gilmour and Moore on the German question in the Church in America. The question is, of course, a domestic one, which will be settled by those most interested in the course of events. For ourselves we venture no opinion further than to say that we follow Bishop Gilmour in his belief that the less we have of sectionalism in the Church in America the better will it be for the interests of the general Catholic body.

All nations, all tribes, all peoples have called Mary blessed, The Church in her earliest liturgies took up the key note, and continued to hymn her praises; to that praise all peoples, with heart and soul, have unceasingly echoed back a grand chorus of Amen.—*Brother Azarias*.

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 David of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, Mar. 22, 1890.

"LA VERITE" AND THE REVIEW.

AFTER an interval of nearly two months our contemporary *La Verite* enters upon something like a serious defence of its politico-theological preaching to which, it may be remembered, we ventured some short while ago, on what seemed to us grounds of the best wisdom and expediency, to take some exception. We took the view that such preaching was unsuited to a country of composite races and creeds, such as this is; and that to represent the Church as inimical to the modern spirit of liberty was to work the cause of religion much harm. We argued that to be an uncompromising Catholic and an Ultramontane it was not necessary to first make of oneself an obscurantist and a reactionary; and we submitted that with journals like *La Verite* and *L'Etendard* on the one side, and the *Toronto Mail* on the other, it was an easy matter, as the Catholics of this Province have had good reason to witness, to stir up race passions and religious resentments between the people of Quebec and the people of Ontario. We pointed out how easily the *Mail*, by carefully collecting the sayings of these journals and presenting them daily to the Ontario public as the proof of what French-Canadians think and desire, has been able to call into life the fanatical Equal Rights party, and to convince its members that their organization has a reason for being. We were met by *La Verite* with the accusation that we were "Liberal Catholics," which meant, in the sense in which *La Verite* employed the term, that we were only half Catholics. We made reply that in putting forth these views we violated, so far as we knew, no canon of faith or of discipline and that *La Verite* in implying that this REVIEW was a journal conducted upon Liberal Catholic principles, because it had hazarded the opinion that the programme of *La Verite* was unsuited to our times and our country, had gone beyond the limit not only of Catholic charity, but of Catholic doctrine. Since then, and after, as has been said, a considerable interval, *La Verite* has formulated ten columns of reply.

We are happy to have the opportunity of discussing the question with our contemporary in all its bearings. The

subject is a large one, and opens up the story of a movement which has greatly influenced the religious history of the world. It will be recalled that we spoke in approval of the principles of the distinguished group of French Catholics led by Pere Lacordaire, Count de Montalembert, and the illustrious Bishop Dupanloup, as against those of the Veuillot school espoused by *La Verite*. What those principles were has already been explained in these pages; in a later issue, however, the history of the movement will be discussed at greater length. For the present it remains for us only to remove from the field certain issues introduced by *La Verite*, and which are foreign to the discussion. That journal charges us with having "turned our batteries against Ultramontanism in general." We prefer to think that this is a misapprehension, and not a deliberate misstatement. Ultramontanism did not for an instant enter into the question, and besides we had said that "to a great extent every Catholic, just in proportion as he is a Catholic, must be an Ultramontane Catholic; that is to say, he must hold to Catholicity in its strength, in its divine authority and power as it is summed up in the Syllabus—in short, as the deposit of revealed Truth that condemns point blank the spirit of the age, in so far as it is un-Christian in its essence or action, and that neither coquettes with, nor gives quarter to, its dominant errors." We had thought this was a tolerably unexceptionable declaration, but it seems not to have sufficed for *La Verite*. "We had always thought," says that journal, "that Catholicity was summed up in the *Credo*, and that what was summed up in the Syllabus is contrary to Catholicity." We hope *La Verite* is pleased with this showy and serviceable retort. The Syllabus, if we are not wholly wrong, is a list, or rather an index of the Encyclical or Allocutional condemnations—a statement of the "principal errors of our times (thus the document is headed) which are noted in the Consistorial Allocutions, in the Encyclicals and in other Apostolical Letters of our Most Holy Lord Pope Pius IX." Negatively, it is a statement of the policy and teaching of the Holy See, and for that reason, our language we cannot but think, was precise enough for the ordinary purposes of journalism.

Again, we had quoted Cardinal Newman against the violence of the school of *L'Univers*. *La Verite* retorts that the Cardinal was an "inopportunist" on the question of Papal Infallibility. But why does *La Verite* drag in the subject of Infallibility? In order to suggest that Newman was unsound on the dogma or unable to accept the definition, as the *Mail* has been quick to represent *La Verite* as doing? If so, it wrongs a holy and venerable man grievously. If Newman was an "inopportunist," *La Verite* should have added that he was nothing more. In his letter to Bishop Ullathorne he expressly declared that he held the Holy Father to be infallible, "at least practically, if not doctrinally," that the definition had no difficulty for himself, and that his sole concern was for weaker ones. When later, by the irony of events, it fell to him to defend that same Infallibility and the Vatican Definitions from the storm of attack led by Mr. Gladstone, he himself referred to these imputations as "unmitigated and most ridiculous untruths in every word of them."

La Verite directly questions our orthodoxy in regard to the relations of Church and State. All in all, we said, the story of the movement of Montalembert and Lacordaire formed one of the most inspiring chapters in the annals of Catholic France; and that its arrest threw back the cause of religion there for many a day.

That movement, *La Verite* retorts, was condemned in its day by Pope Gregory XVI. But if *La Verite* will turn to the famous Encyclical, dated at Rome, August the 16th, 1832, it will not find that its principle was condemned, or that the movement itself was censured as un-Catholic. It was simply censured as one the Church could not officially sanction at the time, one which demanded changes at the moment incompatible with the relations and existing interests of the Church, and likely to favor the false notions of liberty, of freedom of conscience and of opinion, and the religious indifference then so rife in the revolutionary world of Europe. But the great principle remained untouched for which Lacordaire contended, the grand thought of associating liberty with religion and effecting a reconciliation between the Church and modern civilization. Lacordaire held fast to the principle to the end of life; and did so with the full knowledge of Rome, and without the least censure. He held fast to it as a secular priest, as a monk, and as the reviver in France of the Dominican Order. It will not do to say that it has been condemned, and that the Church has set herself universally against the age. We repeat this despite all the protestations, of *La Verite*. "Is it possible" asks that journal "that our *confrere* is ignorant of these being errors formally condemned by the Church in the Syllabus? Is our *confrere* quite sure that he has ever read the Syllabus?" *La Verite* has in mind certain propositions defining certain aberrations or errors of modern Liberalism. For example the LXXXth proposition is a denial of the statement "that the Roman Pontiff can, and ought to come to terms with Progress, Liberalism and the New Civilization, as lately introduced." Now if *La Verite* will turn to the Allocution of March 18, 1861, the document upon which this proposition is based, and of which it is the expression, it will find there no formal condemnation of this proposition at all. The Allocution is a long argument to the effect that the moving parties in that Progress, Liberalism and the new Civilization, make use of it so seriously to the injury of the Faith and the Church, that it is both out of the power and contrary to the duty of the Pope to come to terms with them. Nor would any Catholic of the school of Lacordaire or Dupanloup think of differing from this view, more especially since they see that it is the common cry that Liberalism is, and will be, the Pope's destruction and that its leaders wish and mean it to be so. There is such a thing as Liberalism and Liberalism, and the important fact which *La Verite* obscures is that the Liberalism of the unbelieving revolutionary type which the Holy See condemned had nothing in common with the Liberalism of that noble group of Catholic men who aimed to heal the schism which the excesses of the Revolutionists on the one hand, and the counteracting influence of the Church on behalf of the dynasties and against the democracy, on the other hand, had brought about between the Church and the modern spirit of liberty. It may surprise *La Verite* to know that the Sovereign Pontiff's Allocution on the subject is at once beautiful, dignified, and touching, and contains no condemnation of modern civilization at all. With all respect, we venture therefore to suggest that, before assuming the exercise of any episcopal function in the press, before proceeding, that is to say, to read its fellow journalists out of the Church, *La Verite* satisfy itself that we are indeed in error. Our contention is further borne out by the words of the present Holy Father in the Encyclical *Immortale Dei*, who says:

"Therefore when men say that the Church views with disfavour all modern statescraft, and repudiates without distinc-

tion all modern progress, it is an empty and contemptible calumny. She does indeed repudiate the madness of opinion; she reprobates the wicked plans of sedition, and especially that habit of mind in which the beginnings of a voluntary departing from God are visible, but since every true thing must necessarily proceed from God, whatever of truth is by search attained, the Church acknowledges as a certain token of the divine mind."

La Verite also quotes against us the LVth and LXXVIIth propositions as to the separation of Church and State and the exclusion of other than the Catholic worship. It omits to show in what respect they apply to us, however. It happens that we adhere to the teaching of the present Holy Father. The Encyclical on the Constitution of States reads:

"These then are the things taught by the Catholic Church concerning the constitution and government of the state. Concerning these sayings and decrees, if a man will only judge dispassionately, no form of government is, *per se*, condemned as long as it has nothing repugnant to Catholic doctrine and is able if wisely and justly managed to preserve the State in the best condition. Moreover there is no just cause that anyone should condemn the Church as being too restricted in gentleness, or inimical to that liberty which is natural and legitimate. In truth the Church judges it not lawful that the various kinds of Divine Worship should have the same right as the true religion, still it does not therefore condemn those governors of States, who, for the sake of acquiring some great good or for preventing some great ill, patiently bear with manners and customs so that each kind of religion has its place in the State. Indeed, the Church is wont diligently to take heed that no one be compelled against his will to embrace the Catholic faith; for as St. Augustine wisely observes, '*Credere non potest homo nisi volens.*'"

We submit, therefore, that there is something wrong in *La Verite's* handling of these propositions, since in launching them at us he fulminates also at the Holy Father.

THE CHURCH AND THE PRESENT DAY.

THE merciless attack which is waged on the Church, all along the line, in this New World at the present day, is remarkable in just one respect—the extent, and yet the singleness, of its character. Ostensibly, at least, that attack is directed against the Church not in her doctrinal character, but against what her enemies term "Vaticanism," and the "Papal pretensions." They endeavour rather to preserve an appearance of liberality towards Catholics and the Catholic religion in general; towards it as a system of belief they disavow any hostility; they set up as the object of their attack something which they contend to be separable and distinct from it, and which they designate by such names as "Ultramontanism," "Vaticanism," "Jesuitism," and the like. What they profess to be concerned to resist is the politico-religious aggressiveness of "Rome." The supremacy of the Sovereign Pontiff, who is seldom designated as other than a "foreign potentate;" the ambitious designs of the Roman Court: the power of the Jesuits, and their aims at spiritual domination; their conspiracy to restore mediævalism on the ruins of civilization and liberty—these, they contend, constitute great national dangers, and these, they contend, are at the present day the chief ends of the Papacy. In like manner the efforts of the Church to secure to her children the benefits of a moral and religious education are represented by her opponents as menacing, even more nearly and insidiously,

the life of the nation. The effect of educating American youths in Catholic schools will be to tram up, our opponents say, a large body of our people owing their first and fullest allegiance to "a foreign power." A foreign power, they de-claim, meaning thereby the Papal power, has been raised to its acme through the influence of the Jesuits, who are dominant in the Roman court, and will control the education given in the Catholic schools in America. The effect, they plausibly argue, of such education will be to produce a great mass of voters the servile subjects of an alien power, which aims to maintain through them, domination over the New World, to the ruin of liberty, and of light, and the present day civilization. It is on these lines almost exclusively, as any one may see, that the war upon the Church is now for the most part continued. The public mind is first widely and carefully prejudiced against her, and then speciously appealed to.

The leaders of the movement against the Church in America are contriving to make it appear that in regard to these several contentions the most enlightened Catholic sentiment is in sympathy with them. For example, it is advanced against the Jesuits that two such great men in the American Church as Dr. Brownson and Father Hecker did not like certain philosophical and theological opinions commonly current in the Society. In a recently published pamphlet on the school question ("Denominational Schools") in which every consideration that can be brought to bear against the Catholic position is carefully presented, one writer speaks as follows: "It must also be a source of profound satisfaction to the old-fashioned Catholics of America who cherish American principles, and who have held with the illustrious prelate Pope Clement XIV. in his condemnation as scandalous of the doctrines and methods of the Jesuits to find that such great authorities in the American Church as Brownson and Hecker have given a new strength to the grave reasoning on which the venerable Pontiff condemned and dissolved the Order for ever and ever."

In an article on "Catholic and American Ethics" in the March number of the *Catholic World*, Father Hewit, Father Hecker's friend and successor, refers to this subject. "I knew," he says, "Dr. Brownson and Father Hecker well, and I declare on my word of honour that they do not belong to the company of the enemies of the Society of Jesus." "What is really the purport of the passages in Father Hecker's book which are referred to in this connection? It is briefly this, that certain elements in Catholicism which are most completely developed in the Society of Jesus, and reduced to their ultimate distinctness of expression in the definition of Papal infallibility, need to be supplemented at the present time by an equal and corresponding evolution of other elements. In few words, it was the principle of authority, the moral virtue of obedience, the strengthening of organic unity in the exterior discipline of the church, to which attention was chiefly directed during the past three centuries. At the present time and in the actual condition of things it is necessary to give attention chiefly to the intellectual, moral, and spiritual development of *individuals*, in all that belongs to them is distinct persons." Father Hewit illustrates this by a parallel instance:

"The highest military authorities affirm that, in consequence of the changed condition of warfare, the old style of company and battalion drill no longer prepares troops for going into action. They cannot advance in company and battalion lines and columns, but must advance in more open

and scattered order in small squads or singly. The company and field officers cannot therefore direct and control them in action so immediately and efficiently as they could formerly, there is more responsibility thrown upon sergeants and private soldiers, and therefore different kind of drill and manoeuvres is required in the school of the soldier, as a preparation for the field. There is no censure pronounced on the military authorities or the system of drill of the past, as if they were the cause of unfitness in soldiers for modern warfare without a different training. Nor is there any call for the dismissal of all officers and the appointment of an entirely new set because changes in drill and instructions are advisable.

Just so in regard to Father Hecker's contention concerning the policy and methods of the Church and the Jesuits. The unfitness of European Catholics to play the part required of them in modern politics is ascribed by Father Hecker to the fact that they have been trained in a way which was suitable and necessary for another time and other circumstances. There is no censure expressed or implied in this statement. It amounts to this; that the Church cannot do everything at once. The time and circumstances having changed it is now requisite that the Church should put forth her energy in a new direction. Does it follow from this that the Jesuits are to be discarded or disowned, so as no longer to take an active and conspicuous part in education and other honorable works? Is the Society like Nelson's flag-ship, and are its members like those seamen who only know how to work a wooden sailing ship, but cannot man an iron-clad? It would not be fair to suppose that because they have certain methods of conducting missions and schools for Chinese and Indians that they must do precisely the same things at Innsbruck or Georgetown. Let them be judged by their works, and by real knowledge of what they are and what they are doing at the present moment and among ourselves. We expect that a certain class of zealots will shut their eyes and ears to all truth and reason, and keep up the outcries which have been so long filling the air. But it is a matter of regret and awakens our compassion when the most intelligent and noble-minded among our opponents show that they are still in the mist of prejudice."

It is not a fact, Father Hewit adds, that the Jesuits have a dominant influence in the Roman Court, or that the Catholic schools in the United States, save those of their own colleges and parishes, are under their direction. They are one of the great orders in the Church and such intellectual or moral power as they possess will always be in precise proportion to their ability, learning, and virtue. But they are not the Church any more than one regiment of artillery is the United States army. Furthermore, whatever questions may arise among Catholics themselves concerning the systems or methods of any particular division of the clerical body, are our own affair, and cannot properly be involved in the general question of education. The real question at issue is concerning the compatibility of the Catholic religion and the education of the Catholic youth of the country, under the direction of the Church, with the requirements of the truest and best citizenship. It is not apparent how attendance at Catholic or Jesuit schools would imbue the Canadian or American student with unpatriotic principles. Knowing something of the Catholic youth, Father Hewit affirms unhesitatingly what indeed must be obvious; that if their professors wished to instil into their minds un-American ideas, as they certainly do not wish to do, the undertaking would be morally impossible.

THE PULPIT OF NOTRE DAME.

At this season of Lent the attention of Catholics is turned toward the pulpit of Notre Dame. This is not only because of its present illustrious occupant, Pere Monsabre, but also because of the memories and associations that cluster around it. It is now some years since Lacordaire preached from it for the first time, and, by a single sermon, made it famous. At the age of thirty-two he attained at once the height of popularity. But just as his career seemed marked out as that of a Christian apologist from the metropolitan pulpit, and as expectant thousands were hanging on his words, he vacated his post, giving as his reason that he wished to be alone with his weakness and with God. He disappeared to reappear in the same pulpit five years later clad as a Dominican monk. The garb he wore was a proscribed one, the religious orders having been banished from France since the revolution. The times were difficult, religious and political interests warring together in fierce strife. Louis Philippe in the Tuilleries close by, with characteristic caution, was afraid to give support to the bold Dominican who came to claim for his co-religious, and for the members of other religious orders, the liberty of French citizens. But the Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Affre, who a few years later was to meet his death before the barricades, did not share the King's fears. He openly supported Lacordaire, who, for the second time in his life, won his cause and his position by a single sermon. His labors in the pulpit made famous by him, which lasted for eleven years, have passed into history. Combined with those of the Jesuit Pere Ravignan, they may be said to mark with a luminous track the ecclesiastical records of the age. Among Lacordaire's last utterances in Notre Dame were a farewell to the old cathedral and one also to his hearers. To these last he said: "Nothing can henceforth prevent you from being my consolation in this life, as you will be my crown in eternity." He quitted the pulpit in 1851.

Pere Monsabre, upon whom all eyes are now turned, ascended it in 1869, succeeding him who was known to French Catholics at the time as Pere Hyacinthe. Apart from his own worth, he came with good credentials. Lacordaire, when in the autumn of life, had received him with open arms at the Convent of Flavigny, and a little later, on hearing him preach, had said: "That young man is glorious." Again, a little later he had exclaimed: "He will some day be my successor in the pulpit of Notre Dame." Pere Monsabre is perhaps the most popular of French preachers. He comes from Blois, where the best French is supposed to be spoken. As a public exponent of the teaching of the "Angel of the Schools," he stands alone. On this account he deserves gratitude, as, presented in his singularly pure and lucid style, the doctrines of St. Thomas are rendered accessible to the intelligence of the average reader. When laying before the late Cardinal Guibert his idea of expounding the *Credo* from the pulpit the Archbishop of Paris said: "What a happy thought, my son! My blessing upon you and your work." Except for a genial expression of countenance and the intelligence that lights his face, Pere Monsabre's appearance is not striking. But his voice is a power in itself. And it is when this wonderful voice is pouring out its full tide of eloquence in Notre Dame that he is sometimes obliged, like Lacordaire before him, to quell by gestures the enthusiasm of his hearers.

A TOUCHING EPISODE IN CARDINAL MANNING'S CAREER.

In a recent speech delivered by the Marquis of Ripon at Nottingham, he brought into public notice an episode in connection with the recent London strikes. Referring to a passage in a book on the Dock strikes in which a description is given of the Cardinal's interview with the Strike Committees at the Kerby Street Catholic Schools, Lord Ripon said:

"I know few things more touching than the account there given of what passed." The following is the passage from the work referred to—"The Story of the Dockers' Strike," by Llewellyn Smith and Vaughn Nash: "At five o'clock Tuesday the Strike Committees gathered in the school-room,

the north side men on one side, those of the south side on the other. The meeting lasted nearly four hours. It was the last chance of negotiation, and when the Cardinal and Mr. Sydney Buxton entered the room there seemed to be the scantiest chance of a peaceful issue. Cardinal Manning asked to know the names of the Committee, and every one was therefore presented to him in turn. After this formality, he opened business at once by requesting Tillet to state his reasons against accepting the November compromise. The Cardinal followed Tillet, dealing very patiently with his objections one by one. He urged, with the air of gentle authority, which won the hearts of all who had had dealings with him throughout the strike, that from a business point of view they would do well to accept an offer which gave them practically all they asked in six weeks' time. They must consider, not only themselves, but the suffering which the strike was bringing on their families and the public issues depending on their action. The speech lasted some twenty minutes, and was followed by a few words from Mr. Buxton in the same strain. The first few speeches from the men were hostile. Then Tom McCarthy rose, and in a firm but moderately worded speech recommended the men to accept the terms.

"The ice being broken, Champion and Mann offered similar advice. Tillet held out, but was nearly alone among the leaders. Burns nominally took a neutral line, he was at their service whether they determined to fight it out to the bitter end or to be content with gaining the victory though they might have to wait a while for its fruits. It was a judicial speech, but he left no doubt on the minds of his listeners that in his heart he was in favour of the November compromise. Still the discussion was prolonged; the lightermen and the men of the south side put forward their views, and the visitors from the Mansion House Committee joined from time to time in the debate. It was late before Cardinal Manning summed up. In an address, which deeply moved his hearers, he reviewed the arguments on both sides. He himself was accountable to no human authority for standing there; he was responsible only to One above. Unaccustomed tears glistened in the eyes of his rough and work-stained hearers, as he raised his hand, and solemnly urged them not to prolong one moment more than they could help the perilous uncertainty, and the suffering of their wives and children. Just above his uplifted hand was a carved figure of the Madonna and Child, and some among the men tell how a sudden light seemed to swim around it as the speaker pleaded for the women and children. When he sat down all there knew, in their own minds, that he had won the day, and that, so far as the Councils were concerned that was the end of the strike—the Cardinal's peace."

It is a long time since a Pope of Rome sent his blessing to a Protestant Bishop of England: and when the Bishop of Rochester—who is an Evangelical of the Evangelicals—read among the news from Rome in a daily paper recently that the Sovereign Pontiff had so honored him, he must have rubbed his eyes. The surprising event had the simplest of explanations. His Lordship has an only son, who is also a convert to the Catholic Church: and him the Holy Father received in private audience on the last day of last month. "The Pope received Mr. Thorold with that singular grace and kindness for which he is so well known, and at his special request gave Mr. Thorold a special benediction for his father."

"Poor Rector Keane!" "Says the *Baltimore Mirror* we have just received among our exchanges a "portrait" of the president of the Catholic University done in the usual style of Catholic newspaper illustrative art. The great churchman is represented in very dark lines. Upon his countenance plays a most aggravating simper, while his noble forehead is surmounted by what is no doubt meant for an isolated tuft of hair, but which in reality resembles more than anything else an over-done breakfast roll. The only excuse for this offense is a short synopsis of one of Dr. Keane's lectures in a neighboring column."

General Catholic News

The *Owl*, the monthly published by the students of the University of Ottawa, is coming to us in a very handsome form.

Pope Leo uses a gold pen for his correspondence, but his signatures are always attached with a quill from the wing of a dove or stormy petrel, opinion is divided as to which. This pen has been in use by the Pope for 40 years, and is kept by him in a case of ivory.

Every man has within the depths of his heart a tribunal by which he begins to judge himself, awaiting the hour when the Supreme Arbiter shall confirm the sentence. Thus does conscience furnish another proof of the immortality of the soul.—*Chateaubriand*.

Deus Lux Mea is the motto of the new Catholic University of America, whose seat is at Washington. *Dominus Illuminatio Mea* is the equivalent one of Oxford in England. The latter motto is, of course, from Psalm 26: 1. The American one does not appear quite literally in the Vulgate; the nearest approach to it is the *Dominus Lux Mea est* of Micheas 7: 8.

Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, will write in the *Arena* for April on "God in the Constitution"—a reply to Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. Bishop Spalding is pre-eminently the literary man of the American Episcopate. Among the best of his published works is "The Religious Mission of the Irish People."

The closing exercises of the St. Nicholas Institute Night school were held Wednesday evening, 12th inst. The boys rendered a choice programme of vocal and instrumental music. A silver medal awarded by the Mother Superior for general proficiency in the class, was drawn for by five of the pupils and was won by Master John Collins. A number of other handsome prizes were awarded to the most successful scholars. This night school is carried on under the patronage of the St. Vincent de Paul Society of this City and its work is very satisfactory.

The second concert under the auspices of the Catholic Celtic League, Branch No. 518. I. C. B. U., took place in St. Andrew's hall on Monday night and was a most successful affair. Before 8 o'clock the sale of tickets had to be stopped, as the hall was incapable of holding any more, and a large number in consequence were turned away unable to even get standing room. The proceedings opened with a short address from the chairman, Very Rev. F. P. Rooney, after which an appropriate programme was carried out. The singing of Miss Annie Memory, a young *debutante* was much admired.

On Sunday last the eve of St. Patrick's day. The members of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union and the Celtic League, I.C.B.U., paraded in regalia to St. Michael's cathedral at 9 o'clock, when Vicar-General Laurent celebrated mass. The society men received holy communion. The parade was 400 strong.

In the evening, at St. Michael's cathedral, Very Rev. E. B. Kilroy, D.D., Stratford, delivered a sermon in aid of St. Nicholas Institute, Lombard street, a very deserving charity, which is doing great work for the homeless boys of the city. Dr. Kilroy took for his text the following words, addressed by Paul to the Corinthians: "The foolish things of this world hath God chosen, that he may confound the wise, and the weak things of this world hath God chosen that he may confound the strong." What the apostle here says in relation to the worldly estate and promise of those whom our Saviour first sent forth to send his name and salvation throughout the Roman empire applies very strikingly to the great saint whose labors and triumphs the Irish people commemorate. Following his subject, he spoke of the durability of the Irish faith and gave some interesting figures, showing the increase in various countries of Roman Catholics and Roman Catholic clergymen.

Dr. Kilroy preached in this city on November 10, 1867, when the present archbishop was consecrated. In the course of his address he told the congregation that he was taught his catechism by the first Catholic priest ordained in the United States, Rev. Stephen Theo Badin.

Men and Things.

Mgr. Labelle, who is the Deputy Minister of Agriculture in the Province of Quebec is at present in Franco on matters connected with emigration to Canada. In an address in France Mgr. Labelle lately said: "I am French in heart, in religion and in education. If I obeyed the wishes of my heart I would unite Canada to France, the daughter to the mother. Long ago France planted in America a tree whose roots are now deep in the soil, as our fathers proved in the struggle of the last century, a struggle whose outcome was submission not destruction. To-day the conquered triumph. They live in peace on a soil from which their energy has removed all rivals. It is not *their* race which has degenerated. They have preserved the good qualities of generations without acquiring modern vices. Neither political tempests nor the waves of English emigration have overwhelmed them. . . . I must add that this language is not to be construed against my loyalty to England. I am happy to be an English subject, for under English protection Canada escaped the horrors of the Revolution, and under the same protection we have been able to preserve our traditions, our customs, our faith and that liberty without which the others are little or nothing. We are sound Frenchmen, we do not wish to be more, but at the same time we are under obligations to England for respecting our customs.

The frank utterances of another distinguished French-Canadian, the Abbe Casgrain, delivered lately are also interesting. When asked his opinion on annexation he replied: "The opinion of Quebec on this point is unanimous. *Le Yankee, c'est l'ennemi!* We cannot pardon our neighbors for having taken from us a half a million of French-Canadians. I confess to have been formerly an annexationist, but having travelled through the United States and thoroughly studied them, I changed my opinion. In three particulars our institutions are notably superior to the United States. Our system of suffrage, based on possession of the soil, is more conservative; our judiciary does not depend, as in the United States, upon the popular vote; while our school system is much more liberal, since Catholic Americans not only support their own schools but are also taxed for the support of the public school system." The Abbe Casgrain has here expressed the views of the great mass of Canadian Catholics.

\$2,500 REWARD FOR A LOST CAT.

The equivalent in English money of \$2,500 was once offered by an old lady in London for the return of a favorite cat which had strayed or been stolen. People called her a "crank," and perhaps she was. It is unfortunate that one of the gentler sex should ever gain this title, yet many do. It is, however, frequently not their fault. Often functional derangements will apparently change a woman's entire nature. Don't blame such sufferers if they are "cranky," but tell them to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which is an infallible remedy for "female weaknesses." It will soon restore them to their normal condition. It is warranted to give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it will be returned.

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Plans and specifications can be seen and form of tender and all necessary information obtained at this Department and at the Clerk of Works Office, Goderich, Ont., after Monday, 24th instant.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

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Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
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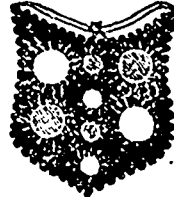


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	CLOS.		DUE.	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.00	7.30	7.15	10.30
O. and Q. Railway	7.30	7.45	8.00	9.00
G. T. R. West	7.00	3.20	12.10	7.40
N. and N. W.	7.00	4.40	10.00	8.10
T. G. and B.	7.00	3.45	11.00	8.30
Midland	6.50	3.30	12.30	9.30
C. V. R.	7.00	3.20	9.00	9.20
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
			12.50	
G. W. R.	2.00	9.00	2.00	
	6.00	4.00	10.30	4.00
	11.30	9.30		8.20
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
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