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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

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Notes.

A moment's reflection will show in regard to the agitation in progress for the abolition of Separate Schools in Manitoba, that to interfere with those schools is *ultra vires* of either the Provincial Legislature, or, for that matter, of the Parliament of the Dominion. The simple fact, as was made clear in these columns at the time the storm broke out against the Separate School system in Ontario, is that Separate Schools are guaranteed to Catholics under the British North America Act, and that Act is an Imperial statute. Section 93 of the B.N.A. Act provides that in and for each Province the Legislature may exclusively make laws in relation to education subject to certain important provisions. The first of these is that

Nothing in any such law shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools which any class of persons have by law in the Province at the Union.

At the time of the Union of Manitoba with Canada under the Act of 1867 and subsequent Imperial Acts, the French-speaking and Catholic inhabitants of that province had, under the Manitoba Act, a constitutional guarantee against prejudicial legislation affecting the rights or privileges with respect to denominational schools possessed by them at the Union. It has been urged that the Manitoba Act of 1870 being a Dominion Statute is not so binding as the B. N. A. Act, and that the Manitoba Legislature, under the clause allowing it to amend the Constitution of the Province, may alter that section of the Manitoba Act. But, as the Hon Wm. McDougall, whose opinions had been asked, has said if the Attorney-General of Manitoba, Mr. Martin, is basing his proposed legislation to abolish Separate Schools and the use of the French language on that assumption, he must have overlooked the Imperial Act of 1871, which confirms the Manitoba Act of 1870, thereby giving it the force and effect of an Imperial measure which can neither be repealed or amended by Provincial or Dominion legislation.

It is plain therefore that under these conditions the

agitation against the Manitoba Separate Schools, must prove futile. In Manitoba, as in Ontario two years ago, the party of fanaticism appear to have fallen into the error of supposing that the Provincial Legislatures stand in the same relation to the Separate School Legislation as they do to the Public School Law of the Provinces, and can alter, or amend, or abrogate it at will. It is in this that they are mistaken. Only the Public School Laws come within the absolute control of the Local Legislatures. The Public School Laws are of their especial creation; the Separate School Laws are *not* of their creation. The first Separate School Legislation was obtained in 1868, four years before Confederation; and when Confederation came, the rights and privileges so conferred were secured in the section of the B. N. A. Act, one of the clauses of which we have above quoted.

The Commissioners appointed by the Minister of Education to enquire into the teaching of English in the French schools of the Province, have made their Report, the contents of which are now public. The Commissioners appear to have performed their task with care and thoroughness; and the state of things revealed is not nearly so alarming as the frenzied utterances of the anti-French press had led the public to think would be. Although the French population in Prescott, Russell and Essex has increased within recent years greatly, and although much difficulty is experienced in procuring for the French schools teachers who are proficient in English, yet the Commissioners were able to report (1) that some English is taught in every school; (2) that the Ontario readers have been introduced into every school; (3) that the pupils are usually well supplied with English reading books; (4) that in at least 12 schools the work done in English is much beyond the amount prescribed; (5) that in 24 schools more time is given to English than that prescribed in the circular; in 6 the time prescribed is given, and in 28 less than the time prescribed is given; and (6) that in very few schools has sufficient attention been given to colloquial exercises.

The Commissioners add that it does not appear that the continued use of French text books arises from a desire on the part of the French to exclude the English language from the schools. They conversed with all classes of the French people, and they invariably expressed themselves not only as willing, but as desirous that their children should learn the English language. They are desirous also that they shall learn to read and write in French—their mother tongue. We fear that it is quite true, as *La Minerve* claimed sometime ago, that the French have always proved themselves more ready to learn English than have the English to learn French, and we have only ourselves to blame, if to that extent they have the advantage of us. And while it is scarcely likely that the French will ever supercede English as the language of this Province, yet we must expect that it will come naturally to the lips of the children of French-Canadian parents, even though they do happen to have been born on this side of the Ottawa. In language, as in all else, there is such a thing as "natural selection," and the survival of the fittest, and in it, as in all things else in nature, we unconsciously conform to the elementary natural law of following, what the biologists term, "the line of the least resistance."

THE ROMANCE OF A JESUIT.

From the French of De Bougy d'Hugerno.

CHAPTER XIV.

The commandant was so evidently suffering intensely that his men wanted to construct a sort of litter with their guns and thus carry him up the mountain, but to this he would not consent, and wrapping his foot in a handkerchief, for he could not bear his boot, he led his battalion onward. As the farmer had told them, the ascent was difficult, for they had frequently to climb rocks on their hands and feet and the treacherous snow also caused them many a fall. Meynaudier had to rest frequently and even to accept the men's aid. Still he kept on, wrestling manfully with pain and fatigue.

At length the summit was reached and the detachment halted. Meynaudier had thrown himself on the frozen snow, but when he ordered the march to be resumed he made a violent effort to rise. This time, however, he had to acknowledge himself beaten and sank back half fainting. Father Durand caught him in his arms and the old farmer administered a few drops of brandy to him, but though he revived a little he was obliged to yield to his soldiers' entreaties and be carried by them to the Swiss village, where cordial and sympathizing hospitality awaited them.

The hard campaigning life was at an end and the soldiers met with so kind and brotherly a reception among the Swiss that some of them soon forgot their former sufferings. On many of them, however, the fatigue and privations they had undergone had left ineffaceable traces, and sickness of all sorts soon set in. Commandant Meynaudier being in a state of complete exhaustion had to take to his bed and the physicians pronounced him to be seriously ill. Father Durand was his nurse and spent with him all the time he could spare and Anatole became so dependent on Charles' care that he was incessantly calling for the priest.

This state of things continued for a month when the National Assembly having met at Bordeaux, a treaty of peace with the German Emperor was signed and arrangements made for the return to their country of all soldiers, either prisoners or in hiding. Officers who could travel at their own expense were allowed to return to France as soon as they wished.

When Anatole Meynaudier heard this news he at once wished to return to Versailles and begged Father Durand to accompany him, and on the doctors giving their sanction to the journey the two friends set out homewards, the almoner leaving his few remaining sick soldiers to the care of the local clergy.

There were many difficulties to be surmounted on the journey, on account of the damage done to the railways during the war, but on the fourth day Anatole arrived at his home, which was occupied by a party of Prussians. These gentlemen at length consented to allow him to occupy his own room. The fatigue of the journey had aggravated his malady and the doctors, who were hastily summoned, held out no hopes of his recovery. The painful mission of preparing Anatole for death was Father Durand's task, and his recent intimate relations with the sick man rendered this task an easy one. Anatole Meynaudier had seen the priest at work and all his prejudices had given way before the reality of that priest's devotedness and charity.

A few hours before his death, he said to the Jesuit who was trying to encourage him:

"Dear friend, I feel that life is gradually leaving me, but I die content. I have spent my last days in performing my duty to my country and I persevered in that duty unto the end. I desired to return to this house where my childhood had been passed, and I have been permitted to do so and to terminate my life here. Another great happiness has been vouchsafed me, I have found again a friend whom I had lost for twenty-five years, and this friend has taught me those truths of which I was so sadly ignorant. Not only do I owe him all the consolation I am meeting with in these, my last hours, but to him I shall owe my happiness in another life."

That very day he died in the Jesuit's arms.

CHAPTER XV.

As soon as Father Durand had paid the last tribute to Anatole Meynaudier, his first desire was to return to Paris. In vain did his friends try to dissuade him from so doing, by representing to him that he would be exposing himself to much danger.

The Commune had been proclaimed in Paris, and many deeds of violence perpetrated by the unscrupulous chiefs of the party, who arrested many peaceable citizens and directed their fury against the clergy in particular. But our Jesuit was like a soldier who is electrified and attracted by dangers, and he remembered only how many suffering, unfortunate and helpless victims, requiring his administrations, were still dwelling in Paris, which was now in a state of civil war.

One morning then, about six o'clock, Father Durand passed by the "Parc de Stores," eluding the vigilance of the sentry, and hastened to the Rue de Stores, where he knocked at the door of the Jesuit house. The brother porter was astonished at seeing him, since he had believed him still in Germany, and urged him to leave Paris safely while he could do so, since five Jesuit Fathers had already been arrested. Those who had been arrested were Fathers Cautbert, Clerc, Olivaint, de Benay and Decondray, names that are now well known as those of martyrs if not of saints. Two old Fathers had been left, since the Communists had found them too old to serve as hostages.

Father Durand, undismayed by the news he had learned, went up to his room at once and resumed his former accustomed way of living, though, out of obedience to one of the old Fathers acting as Superior, he remained within doors. On the third day after his arrival a troop of half-tipsy but well-armed Communists visited the house once more and burst into his cell. They questioned him as to where he had been during their previous visit and learned from him how he had been with the troops as far as Switzerland and had accompanied a sick officer to Versailles. At the word Versailles, the head of the band, turning to his men, cried out: "Lay hold of the fellow, he is a spy from Versailles, take him off to Mazas." The men threw themselves on the Jesuit and drove him before them, administering repeated blows with their fists and the butt end of their guns. They did not, however, take him directly to Mazas, but first led him to the prefecture of police and other places. Along the road he was hooted and his ears assailed by every sort of "bomination and blasphemy, so that it was a relief to him when he found himself at Mazas, locked up in a cell, and out of reach of the imprecations and obscene language which had been addressed to him by the scum of the populace with whom the streets of Paris then swarmed.

We cannot better describe Father Durand's impressions at the beginning of his captivity, than by giving our readers a part of the letter he wrote to his friend de Tralin, the day after his arrest.

DEAR FRIEND,—I am writing to you from Mazas and hardly know whether my letter may reach you. I was arrested yesterday by the federates of the Commune, as being a government agent from Versailles, an imputation you well know to be groundless. When I got to Paris I found that five of our Fathers were already in prison, and we are sharing the fate of the numerous citizens who, under divers pretexts, have been taken as hostages; in other words, we are condemned to death. God's will be done! Perhaps you would like to know how we pass our time here. The prison of Mazas is built, as probably you already know, on the private cell system; each of us is solitary in his cell like a Carthusian, and our cell is tiny enough. The furniture consists of a bed, a chair, a table and a pitcher: just what is strictly necessary. The diet is frugal but sufficient for men who take no exercise. By rights, we ought to be allowed a short recreation in the prison court-yard every day, but up to the present time this indulgence has been withheld from us. Had I but my breviary and a few books of piety, I would be happy enough, but, unfortunately my captors would not allow me to bring anything away with me. I tell my beads and meditate, preparing myself for that death which God gives me the grace to contemplate without uneasiness. I am in His hands and

take refuge in His love as a child does in its mother's arms. Farewell, dear friend. If my letter reaches you pray for me, that I may do God's will so long as it pleases him to preserve my life. If you hear of my death, pray that my period of expiation may be shortened. I pray for you daily and will continue to do so.

Your friend in Jesus Christ,

C. DURAND, S.J.

A few days later the prisoners were permitted to take their daily exercise in the court-yard, and were led there in groups of eight or ten at a time. It was during one of these short hours of recreation that Father Durand had the happiness of meeting again one of his former companions, and a fellow-Jesuit, Father de Bengy, who, like himself, had been a military chaplain during the war, and who was also like himself, a Communist hostage.

Several days passed without anything being decided as to the prisoners' fate, but one day an order arrived from Raoul Rigaud for all the prisoners to be transferred to "la grande Roquette." This was done by forty prisoners being crowded into vans and taken to the fresh prison and that same evening by twenty-six others being similarly conveyed thither. They were taken to the grand gallery and each prisoner's name called out, commencing by those of Monseigneur Darboy, Mons. Boujean and Mons. Deguerry. They were then thrust into the cells opening out of the gallery and locked up.

The darkness was complete and it was only by groping round that they discovered how narrow was their cell and how destitute of furniture. They had nothing but a miserable bed; no table, no chair, not even the traditional water-pitcher.

The next morning, however, an agreeable surprise awaited them; they were permitted to pass a considerable part of the day together in the court-yard. This was a great alleviation to their suffering, as friend could meet with friend to exchange their mutual fears and hopes and give instructions to each other concerning wishes to be carried out by such as might escape with their lives. Father Durand, after having saluted the Archbishop and received his blessing, approached the other Jesuits, and, for a time, the anguish of the present was forgotten in the pious and loving conversations that ensued.

All at once Father Durand remarked an old man whom he had not before noticed; he was bent and had difficulty in walking, whilst a few scanty locks of silver-white hair hung down from his otherwise bald head on to the collar of his coat. This old man was no other than the banker Lerontier. Hastily approaching him the Jesuit said to him, you appear fatigued, will you allow me to offer you my arm?

The old man was about to joyfully accept his offer when, catching sight of the Jesuit's robe he drew back saying: "A priest! I have never had anything to do with men of your sort and do not now wish to commence doing so."

"We are both prisoners, sir, and since we share the same fate all else might now be well forgotten and overlooked. Besides, we are old acquaintances Monsieur Lerontier. Have you forgotten a former friend, Durand by name?"

The old man started and his countenance changed. "Durand!" he exclaimed, "yes—he was my friend—but I—no it is not true. What right have you to accuse me?"

The Jesuit was surprised and replied: "I am not accusing you. I only mentioned your old friend's name in order to bring back souvenirs that I thought would be agreeable to you."

"Agreeable to me! But who are you?" said the old man looking terrified—"you resemble—can you be"—

"I am Charles Durand."

"And it is indeed you who now come to me like a hypocrite to offer me assistance! you who have accused and insulted me and attempted to kill my son in a duel!"

"Sir, God is my witness how sincerely I have deplored those errors and how I still deplore them. I humbly ask your pardon and regret I have no other reparation to offer you."

"Pardon you! Never!"

"My dear sir, consider the grave and solemn circumstances in which we now both find ourselves. Perhaps neither of us has many hours to live."

(To be continued.)

"ROME WITHOUT THE POPE."

II.

Without the Pope Rome will be only a solitude filled with tombs. Its repose would be death.

We go to Naples for the sun, we go to Rome for the Pope, for the light of peace and grace, for the light of faith.

It is idle to tell us, as do the Italians, in their revolutionary press, that the Pope can remain in Rome with the palace and basilica of St. John Lateran, as in the time of Constantine; that he would still be Bishop of Rome and the Christain of Catholicity; that he would reign spiritually, and that the Roman Commune would provide for Rome and all else temporally.

Ridiculous and odious hypocrisy! No, this cannot be. And you yourselves will be the first to prove its impossibility. Any revolutionist who has seriously dreamt in this fashion will soon awake to its unreality.

The Pope, the Head of Catholicity, the universal Pontiff at St. John Lateran.

Why, whoever you may be, or call yourself, Senator, Consul, Municipal President, ruler, by what title soever, you could not dwell one day so near to Rome's real King; he would cast you into perpetual shade; he would always be too great for you. His incomparable dignity would crush you in spite even of himself. You would sooner or later flee ignominiously to hide at once your shame and your despair.

In the meantime, what would you do with the Vatican and the hundred other marvels of which the Pope is the custodian and the glory?

Do you not feel that alone, deserted by him, you will wander like shadows through these vast empty spaces, pigmies by the side of those gigantic monuments reared to harmonize with another sort of grandeur than can ever be yours?

The more it is thought over the more does it astonish. What! you reign in Rome, in the neighbourhood of the Pope and above him! No, for at this point the impossibilities multiply.

We have already told you that the Pope can never be your subject. Catholicity would not tolerate the outrage. Neither you nor all the rest are capable of inspiring confidence. We must have a Pope, free, independent, and Sovereign—this the Catholic conscience requires—also this, namely, that what he is, such he shall also appear.

But, furthermore, should the Pope consent for a moment to your chimera, the mere natural force of things would raise him above you in spite of himself—your machinery would fall and drag you down with it. Men of nobler mould than you have failed to keep the height to which you aspire.

Constantine and Theodosius of glorious triumphant memory, placed by Providence chieftains of an empire which comprised the world, felt so out of place in Rome (the Sovereign Pontiff being there) that they retired to Byzantium, to Milan, to Treves, anywhere, East or West, away from the overwhelming majesty of the Papal throne.

But one of two things—either you will drive the Pope-King from Rome, and you will be left a nobody, scared at your own solitude, or else you will restore the Pope to his proper place descending to your own. And this will be for your happiness and to your honour, and will tend to preserve the world in peace.—*London Universe.*

Canon O'Hanlon, of Dublin, having sent to Mr. Gladstone, on the occasion of his Golden Wedding, a copy of the sixth volume of his "Lives of the Saints," with a congratulatory letter expressing the hope that he might live to assist at the opening of an independent Parliament in Dublin, has received the following reply:—"It is only now that the arrears of the late occasion permit me to offer you these hearty thanks for your kind present and not less kind letter. Allow me to assure you that I look back with pleasure on the time of Ireland's renown for Christian sanctity, and forward with confident hope to the time when it shall please God to bring about the accomplishment of our common wishes for your country, and scarcely less for ours."

Abbe F. Lelandais, P.S.S., has been appointed director of the College of Montreal, and Abbe Victor Pauze, director of the College of L'Assomption.

A SKETCH OF MR. WILFRID BLUNT.

Crabbet Park, the stately residence of Mr. Wilfrid and Lady Anne Blunt, lies in the midst of an ideal English landscape, as little like the Irish country, blue with hills and gray with clouds, as could well be imagined. There is little horizon, for the woods are on all sides, making walls of shadow that close in the sky. The house, a great square structure of red brick, lay basking warmly in a June sunshine when first I saw it; the woods were dim with violet mists, save only to the westward, where a grove of chestnut trees stood all transformed against the sunset; away in the park one saw groups of the beautiful Arab horses which are among the famous things of Crabbet, and farther away a herd of shy black cattle. The velvety lawns went sloping down to a little lake, full of water-lilies, with a swan in the still water, all her plumage expanded in glorious stateliness. The place was a paradise of birds then. A coot splashed in the reeds, and a kingfisher, all burnished green and azure, went by with a flash; the thrush and the blackbird were singing still their dowy ditties, while the nightingale waited in the darkness of the trees till the summer moon should have risen, all golden, while, above the silent woods and about the eaves of the house, tame doves were cooing to each other, while their wild brother, far off in the woods, complained and complained, being well in love with his own melancholy.

The house itself is an individual house—as individual as its owners. By the principal entrance is a curious little wild space, overgrown with grasses, which have seeded and propagated at their own sweet will. Here is pitched an Arab tent, a genuine tent such as is used in the desert, with an Arab spear by the entrance, and near at hand a noble gray Arab horse, tethered in wild fashion, going restlessly the length of his tether, chafing for the human notice and companionship which these beautiful animals seem especially to need. It is a symbol of revolt of the master of Crabbet against the conventionalities. Amid many prosperities it is refreshing to think of that wild spot, with its house of passage, and the beautiful horse, ever ready for departure, waiting his hour by the arches of springing evergreens over the beds of scarlet poppies.

The main feature of the house is its dining-hall, a magnificent apartment with screens and galleries of carved oak and great tapestries on the walls. All this severity is aided by great oak cabinets and seats, and the wide fire-place is flanked by suits of armour. I have heard that Crabbet has its ghost, if it be not a visible one; in common with many other great houses it has that carriage which drives up at unearthly hours to the principal entrance and then vanishes in thin air. The dining hall is a room in which one would naturally expect to receive such manifestations.

The drawing-room is a brighter room, with walls of Venetian red and a floor covered with Indian matting, which exhales a strange, Oriental odor like sandelwood. The walls are covered with pictures, prominent amongst them Lady Anne Blunt's spirited life-size portrait of her husband, in Arab dress and mounted on a very famous horse. There are many studies for this portrait and other portraits of Mr. Blunt, while one of Lady Anne herself, with her hand on the head of a faithful old hound which still survives, flanks one of her husband on the opposing side of the fire-place. There are many and different portraits of Lord Byron, who, as all the world knows, was Lady Anne's grandfather, and a cast of the poet's hand, delicate and feminine, lies under a glass shade. The great bow-window of the drawing-room opens on to steps going down to the tennis lawn, whence one might wander by walls overhung with roses through gardens and kitchen gardens to the stables, warm, and well lighted and ventilated, where, opening a door, one would see a beautiful Arab mother with her foal, anxious for caresses and for sugar.

Lady Anne or Mr. Blunt will introduce one to the herd in the park outside. They will come flying, glad, expectant, affectionate, the beautiful creatures, for a whistle of their owners, and they will press eager, insistent noses under your cloak or into your hands, for the sweet things they like. They are rather small horses, but beautifully made, with slender heads and lovely, intelligent eyes. They seem quite friendly and quite fearless. It was pleasant to see, when two

of them which had just been ridden were turned out, the whole herd coming to welcome them, streaming along in a wild line, with glad wimmies, and dilated eyes and nostrils, all full of joyous freedom.

Crabbet is full of interesting things, but despite its most conventional of all the ghosts, it is not old enough to have the eerie or tragical associations of many great houses. It has no priest's hiding-room to remind one of penal days. Its little private chapel is modern, like most of the house, and Mass there on a June morning, with the pure air blowing in and the cooing of doves about the eaves, appealed intensely to one's deeper feeling. It was said by a barefoot Franciscan, and served by a lay brother. We saw the latter as we came down the corridor through the morning purity of air and sunlight, a strange pathetic figure in the brown habit and cord, waiting humbly with down-bent head by the door of the chapel.

The master of Crabbet realizes one's best ideals. A tall man even among tall men, with Arab nobility of bearing and Arab richness of colour, a luminous-faced man, with eyes from which the untamed soul looks forth; a profoundly interesting person and personality it seems to me. In the splendid Arab dress he wears of evenings he looks swelling, before what ordinary English comeliness is *bourgeois*. One understands how such a man became a brother to Arabs, and something of a new gopeller to our brethren in the East. He has told us himself how he began with a prejudice against them, and has ended by believing profoundly. No wonder he won trust. He used to be golden-haired and fair of face in the days when he was learning the trade of an ambassador. Oh, strangest of all the diplomates, surely, this man who looks as though he could only answer honesty by honesty! The Arab suns have bronzed him and darkened his hair, but I have seen pallor whiten through the bronze; it was after he had been three months in Galway Jail. He looks always a man of action and never a man of books, yet he realizes so much the more one's ideal of the author of "The Love Sonnets of Proteus," so vividly is his personality revealed in his poetry.

I cannot deal here with the subjects of what Mr. Blunt has done in poetry, or with his services to humanity in the East. In the latter capacity one thinks of him with Gordon, and a few other heroic souls who have leavened the dead lump of British selfishness and greed in British dealings with the Orient. Such work as he has done in this way can scarcely be adequately realized in his lifetime, or indeed any time; it is a wave of sympathy which goes widening in wider circles beyond our ken or our imagination. His poetry is poetry which has made its name and its place. Perhaps our unlit-erary Irish folk do not recognize sufficiently the high literary standing of the man who fought for them, and whom one thinks of, despite all, as first a poet and then a politician.

Lady Anne Blunt, equally with her husband, deserves our affectionate admiration, so one may be pardoned, perhaps, for saying a word of her for the pleasure of the Irish race, who must hold her dear. With another wife than this one, so single-souled in her devotion to him and his ideals, perhaps Wilfrid Blunt could scarcely have given himself so utterly to the cause of freedom in many lands. She is a little woman, this noble lady, who, in all her perilous travelling in the deserts, met no such rough treatment as awaited her at Woodford; her tall, fair young daughter makes her look smaller still. She is a little bronzed by Arab suns, and her hair is cut boyishly close to her head; she is a slight woman, too, in addition to being small of stature. But no words could do justice to the charm of her face, which speaks of the loveliest qualities of devotion, of gentleness, of largeness of heart and soul, of all finest womanly qualities; there is withal a quiet distinction of look which marks her out in a room full of distinguished women.

It gave one a little tightening of the heart to see the beauty of wood and water, and all the fair peacefulness of the home its owner had left for a prison. Only then did one begin to realize the largeness of the sacrifice, which was larger because the man has so free and so proud a nature.—*Katherine Lyman*.

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CATHOLIC IRELAND.

Before England was born into the family of nations, Ireland was an autonomy, recognized as such by contemporary races. When Albion was inhabited by barbarous and savage people, Ireland was in the height of prosperity. When the Anglo-Saxons were tearing each other to pieces, Ireland was possessed of a settled government, and was administered by wise laws, so ancient, that no one knows precisely the period of their first promulgation. When this country was remarkable for its ignorance and brutality, Ireland was celebrated for her culture and civilization. When St. Augustine was preaching to the heathen, when Ethelbert was receiving baptism, when Alfred was a wanderer, Ireland was sending forth her missionaries all over the world, spreading everywhere the Gospel and civilization. When the foundations of the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford were laid, the colleges of Ireland had long been flourishing seats of learning, imparting to all who came to her schools knowledge and truth. Ireland can assert, what no other existing kingdom or state can say, that her history is lost in the mazes of antiquity, and that her era of barbarism belongs to pre-historic times.

About the eighth century the troubles of Ireland began, by the invasion of the Danes, and the subsequent wars that raged within the Island. Taking advantage of this state of things, the Norman English invaded Ireland under Henry II., and annexed it as part of his dominions.

It would appear that after so much early prosperity Ireland was to enter the school of suffering, in order that, by severe trial, she might become again the great witness for Truth, when darkness should once more cover the earth.

The dark hour is approaching, the twilight of civilization is long passed, and the midnight of Satanic barbarism is at hand, under the evil influence of which many shall fall to rise no more. The boasted civilization of this latter half of the nineteenth century is a delusion: it is barbarism veiled by a cloud illuminated by a light the source of which is neither in heaven nor in the Church. When men care no longer for truth for its own sake, then a shadow has fallen upon the soul. When people in high places regard the truth and untruth as a matter of indifference, darkness has enveloped the soul, so that it can no longer distinguish between right and wrong. When scepticism and infidelity have taken hold of the mind, then indeed has the light become darkness. And when indifference to the dictates of the moral law, when impurity and sensuality are openly tolerated by society, when the conscience has become smeared; and when murder,—brutal murder and infanticide—flagrant dishonesty in business, and the first principles of socialism and communism prevail, then the era of barbarism has indeed commenced.

Let England look to herself, and reform her ways before it is too late. The cloud is upon her now; it is even ready to burst, and to pour down upon her calamities too appalling for adequate expression. I am not prophesying, I am only stating that which every thinker knows, but does not dare plainly to express. In England faith is gone, morality at a very low point, and crime in the ascendant. Of all the nations constituting the British Empire, there is one, and only one, wherein the Luminary of Faith and Truth, notwithstanding all the suffering of that poor oppressed land, still shines resplendent, and wherein the silver light of personal and domestic purity still glitters with unsullied excellence and glory.

In Ireland you see a people true to their faith, holy in their lives, virtuous in their conduct. From whence these fruits? Not from the Reformation, not from the late Established Church, not from the Dissenters, but from the Catholic Church, to which, notwithstanding the iron policy of persecuting England, she has remained true and faithful even unto death. Ireland, renowned in her ancient history, glorious during centuries of suffering, has, without doubt, a splendid future. She has not decayed by time, nor has she demoralized by suffering; she is like the Church, still young and vigorous, possessing that within her a soul which no human power can break. Even now she has a vast moral empire, for her people are spreading everywhere, carrying with them their religion, their morality, and their virtues.

She is furnishing witnesses of the Truth of God in every

city of England and Scotland, in the great cities of American and Australian civilization, and even on the Continent she is not unrepresented. When the apostasy of Europe is consummated, the children of St. Patrick will be lights shining in dark places, cheering the faithful romants, encouraging the disconsolate, attracting to themselves the weary wayfarer and the benighted travellers, who had for a long time lost themselves in the labyrinths of doubt and unbelief, struggling in the mire of abomination and wickedness. It seems, then, that in these last days, Ireland and the Irish are the people especially chosen by God to fight the good fight of Faith against the infernal powers of hell; and let them take courage at the thought that their fidelity to the Faith is a pledge of their future glory, and that their patience in the school of suffering, through which they have now nearly passed, has been their earthly purgatory, to fit them for the work for which Ireland seems destined by Almighty God.—*The Hon. Colin Landsay, De Ecclesia et Cathedra.*

THE INFLUENCE OF CATHOLICISM ON THE INTELLECTUAL FACULTIES.

If it be asked, how is it that when the means of secular training were to so great an extent torn from the Catholic body by the persecution of the law, there yet remained to them any such powerful instrument for preventing the entire stagnation of the natural faculties; I reply, that taken as a mere means for cultivating the intellect, the Catholic religion stands pre-eminent among all the branches of human knowledge. Bind and fetter the Catholic as you may; tread him under foot; trample upon him; rob him of every earthly good; drive him from all intelligent society; burn his books; shut up his schools; denounce him as a slave, till you have done your utmost to make him one; still, so long as he retains his religion, he has that within him which feeds the intellectual flame, and suffers it never to be wholly extinguished, and preserves in every faculty of his soul a marvellous elasticity, which will make it spring forth into life and action the moment that the repressing power is withdrawn, and he enters the lists with his fellow-countrymen a free and unpersecuted man.

The source of this intellectual discipline is to be found in the nature of those subjects of thought to which the Catholic religion directs the minds of its followers. While every division of Protestantism is of so vague, inconsistent, varying, and depressing a character, that minds of a high order, free, energetic spirits, find pleasure and training for their powers only in criticising its statements, destroying its foundations, and detecting its absurdities, Catholicism calls forth the energies of the mind by a directly opposite process. It is by contemplation of the perfections of Catholicism, by repeated examinations into the strength of its basis, by the study of its wondrous scientific completeness, that the Catholic intelligence is disciplined. The Protestant exults in the destruction of the follies which he sees to have enthralled his Protestant brethren of less keen penetration than himself. The more he searches into his own belief, the more inconsistencies he discovers, the more he is startled at the intellectual imposture to which mankind have been giving credence. Protestant theological science consists in a systematizing of unbelief, in the gradual erection and completion of a system of philosophy which, while it assumes the name of Christianity, is virtually a denial of everything positive and distinctive in Christianity as a revelation, and is nothing more than Deism, Pantheism, or Atheism, under a new name.

With us, the very reverse is the fact. Every fresh addition to the philosophy, the poetry, the moral or dogmatic science of the Church, is an addition to the strength and durability of her entire system. We destroy nothing. We develop, we add, we expound, we illustrate, we enforce, we adapt, but we never take away or deny what was once held. And thus it is that the employment of the faculties of the mind in the contemplation of the theology and practices of Catholicism, even when every means of education is rent away, is sufficient to communicate a certain measure of intellectual vigor and keenness. The mind is perpetually directed to the examination of a vast, far-stretching body of truths, relating to the profoundest possible subjects of thought, arranged, defined,

analyzed, and connected by the labours of centuries and centuries; expounded in books in every language, embodied in devotions of every kind, illustrated by innumerable ceremonies and customs, and accompanied with the practice of a system of morals in comparison of whose scientific completeness it is not too much to say, that the ordinary moral and physical sciences of secular life are but as the guess-work of a speculator or the crotchets of an empiric. Under the influence of this extraordinary system, the pure reasoning powers, the imagination, the taste, with the whole of our moral being, romantic, self-sacrificing, shrewd, and practical, undergoes a degree of *dulling*, so to say, which I believe to be utterly incomprehensible to those who judge of the effect of theological science upon the intellect by the results which they see produced by the positive creeds of Protestantism, such as they are.—*J. M. Capes, Four Years Experience in the Catholic Religion.*

REFLECTIONS.

IN THE JESUIT GRAVEYARD, SALLI AU RECOLLET.

Written for the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

Brightly the sun, one summer's day,
Shed on the earth his burning ray,
When thoughtfully I knelt to pray,
Dona eis Requiem!

'Twas a simple graveyard lone,
Where monument and costly stone,
Above a mound, had ne'er been known;
Dona eis Requiem!

'Twas where the Jesuit Fathers rest,
A simple cross above each breast,
They sleep the slumber of the Blest,
Dona eis Requiem!

Both old and young are side by side,
No mark of worldly pomp and pride,
Just as they lived so have they died;
Dona eis Requiem!

The Priest, Scholastic, Novice there,
One common plot of ground must share,
"Naught can avail them now but prayer,"
Dona eis Requiem!

They walked the road by Jesus trod,
They rest beneath that blessed sod,
Their spirits reign on high with God,
Dona eis Requiem!

What matters now the rush and din
Of worldly joys that seek to win
The soul immortal unto sin?
Dona eis Requiem!

"Ashes to ashes; dust to dust;"
They died as do the good and just,
Placing in God their Faith and trust,
Dona eis Requiem!

They died as stars, whose every ray
Is lost in the dawning of the day,
Then let us kneel and humbly pray
Dona eis Requiem!

Ye who accuse them, do not fear,
To walk that graveyard lone and drear,
You need not pray, nor drop a tear,
(*Dona eis Requiem!*)

But read the lesson they have taught,
How life and worldly gain is naught,
Christ's battle only have they fought,
Dona eis Requiem!

To live like them in virtue's glow!
"Merry 'twere unto the grave to go,
If one were sure to be buried so"
Dona eis Requiem!

21st July.

JOSEPH K. FORAN.

Domus Probationis S. J. St. Joseph, ad Saltum Recollectorum.

MR. CLIFFORD'S CALUMNIES.

Mr. Edward Clifford has played the public a curious trick. It was impossible not to feel sympathy with one who, though not a Catholic, visited the Leper Settlement and clasped hands with Father Damien. The "copy" made by Mr. Clifford out of his visit to the Settlement was published in the *Nineteenth Century*, and in the exceeding interest of the theme it was easy to overlook a few faults of manner. We did so overlook them, and we announced with pleasure that the three articles were to be published in a handy little volume. But we were too confiding. A glance at Mr. Clifford's volume suffices to show us that he has trifled with the trust reposed in him by the Apostle whose shoe he was unworthy to untie. In the first chapter of a volume on such a subject, Mr. Clifford thinks it good taste to state "the principal reasons which prevent my becoming a Romanist." This he proceeds to do with what we can only call affrontery. "I do not consider that the Church of Rome is faithful to truth or to the eternal difference between right and wrong, and this is the chief reason why I stand apart from it." "Roman Catholicism means an iron slavery of thought, both for individuals and nations." "The Church of Rome fears the Bible as a cat fears the water." "The heart's devotion with a great body of Roman Catholics is apparently given to the Virgin Mary and to the Church rather than to the Lord." These are specimens of the vulgar comedy of errors put forth by Mr. Clifford, who, at the end, thinks it worth while to declare, "So, God helping me, I will never be a Roman Catholic."

The literary impertinence of Mr. Clifford in putting forth his crude calumnies in a volume in which, of all volumes, one might have hoped to escape them, will be resented by the general reader of good information. But with the Catholic reader the mere literary impertinence is the lightest fault. We have, as it were, invited Mr. Clifford to one of our pulpits. As a friend of Father Damien he was made welcome among us. The Cardinal Archbishop and the Duke of Norfolk joined him at the Council Board, presided over by the Prince of Wales, when a memorial to the Martyr of Molokai was to be discussed. How he has abused our friendliness toward him—our heart's hospitality—the passages we have quoted will make plain. He seemed to be serious, and now we know that he does not think it worth while to understand even the elementary beliefs and habits of Catholics. He does not hesitate to think his foolish thoughts, and to think them aloud, with large typo and marks of exclamation. There is not a Catholic who reads Mr. Clifford's words who will not feel them to constitute another of the disappointments of life. Here was a man who had the fortune to meet one of the holiest of Catholics, and who gained the ears of the public by the magic of Father Damien's name. And, after all his opportunities, he has nothing better to do than to be another messenger of misunderstanding. "Thank you for the oil and the good it has done me; I am much touched by all your affectionate sympathy, but I am still dying. I am going up my Golgotha." Such were the parting words to Mr. Clifford uttered by Father Damien not knowing. He did not dream that when, by his friendship, he put Mr. Clifford on a pedestal, that pedestal would be mounted, a little later, by Mr. Clifford in the character of a preacher of the cheapest class of Protestant error. Had he foreseen that incongruity, he would have felt it to be another step up his Golgotha.—*Weekly Register.*

Sir Boyle Roche, who was a member of the Irish Parliament in the period preceding the Union, achieved renown by the remark that he could not be, "like a bird, in two places at once." Some other sayings imputed to him are scarcely less celebrated. "I would gladly, Mr. Speaker, sacrifice not only a part of the Constitution, but the whole of it, to preserve the remainder." And again, speaking of what might be expected if the leaders of the rebellion gained sway: "Our heads will be thrown upon that table to stare us in the face." To him also is ascribed that example of mixed Metaphor: "I smell a rat, Mr. Speaker; I see him floating in the air; but I will yet nip him in the bud."

CHRISTIANITY INDEFECTIBLE.

The title I have given to this article is vague and ambiguous, because I have not found any phrase in which to express briefly and distinctly what I intend to be the thesis of my argument. I must therefore define my terms and state precisely what I propose to prove, that the reader may perceive the exact point at which I am aiming.

By "Christianity" I mean the doctrine and law which Christ submitted to his apostles to be announced to the world. By "indefectible" I mean unalterable and permanent, by a divine provision giving continuous existence to the genuine Christianity of Christ, like the law which preserves the human species in its typical essence, and the law which secures the permanence of the solar system. A wide field is here opened to our view, upon which the universal Christian controversy is waged. The questions. What is the genuine Christianity of Christ? What is apostolic Christianity? What is the earlier and later historical Christianity? What are the mutual relations of all these to each other?—all these are matters of contest and discussion. Evidently, the question first in order is; What is the Christianity of Christ? Whoever attempts to affirm or deny the indefectibility of Christianity must have a definite idea of the term which is put in comparison with apostolic and historical Christianity. There are two general answers to this question given by two opposite divisions into which the numerous distinct species of disputants on Christianity may be classified. One answer is. That Christianity is a human philosophy. The other: That it is a divine revelation. With the first class I have no present contention. My contention is with one section of the second division, in respect to one point, viz.: whether a certain supposed alteration and lapse from the original type could have taken place or did take place during the earliest centuries after the apostolic age.

I maintain that Christianity is indefectible, in opposition to the theory that it was altered from its original, genuine form as the pure gospel of Jesus Christ and the apostles, by those who succeeded to their office of teaching and ruling the church, during the second and third centuries. The Christianity of the church founded by Christ preserves, unaltered and unalterable, during the apostolic, early, mediæval, and modern periods, and will continue to the end of the world. Historical and Catholic Christianity, in its faith, law, and order, is the Christianity of Christ, and no other form of religion has in it anything of the genuine Christianity, except what it has received from this original source.

Those who deny this statement are obliged to define their own conception of genuine Christianity, in order to show what is the alteration which took place in the process of transformation. They are obliged to prove the truth of their own conception, and to show the causes, periods, authors, and methods of the alteration which, according to their theory, must have taken place.

I am only concerned with those whose conception of Christianity presents it as a divine religion, a revelation of truth and grace through a divine Redeemer and Saviour, by whom and in whom all who are saved are made children of God and heirs of everlasting life. Thus far there is no contention between us. Neither do I care to contend with those who accuse the Catholic Church of essentially altering this gospel and substituting another in its place. Those evangelical Protestants who are, in my view, the most worthy of respectful consideration, will readily admit that Christianity, in its essence, is indefectible, and was not altered essentially, but only accidentally, in the supposed transformation which it underwent from apostolic into Catholic Christianity. The contention arises in respect to the distinction between the essence and the accidents; that is, in respect to what are the essentials and what the non-essentials of Christianity. Those who restrict the essentials to certain fundamental articles of the apostolic creed and precepts of the divine law, can recognize essential Christianity as existing under various and widely different forms. Guizot is a good representative of this class.

There is, however, a further question of contention, besides the definition of the essence of Christianity. It relates to all which is supposed to have been changed or added in the concrete system of Christianity. If this alteration is sup-

posed to affect only the environment and not the pure essence of Christianity, the contention still remains, concerning all which is included in this environment, whether belonging to doctrine, rites, or polity. Suppose one says: the difference between a Catholic, a Lutheran, and a Calvinist regarding the Holy Eucharist does not relate to essential doctrine, he must nevertheless admit that in fact the apostles taught the doctrine they received from Jesus Christ. The contention, therefore, remains in the agreement or disagreement of ecclesiastical with apostolic doctrine. So, also, aside from the question whether the controversy concerning the episcopate relates to the essential or the non essential, it is a question of fact whether the episcopal polity was or was not established by the apostles. And so of other matters of discussion.

The precise nature and limits of our present contention may now be defined. It is admitted that the conception and actual form of Christianity universally prevalent before the First Council of Nicæa, setting aside manifest heresies and schisms, was, in a broad and general sense, Catholic, in the received, technical sense of that term. That is, the way of salvation appointed by Jesus Christ was believed to be a visible, organic, universal church, the medium and instrument through which the Holy Spirit imparted faith and grace to the disciples of Christ; and the great Christian body called the Catholic Church really existed, claiming lineal descent from the apostles. This ideal and actual form of Christianity was sacramental, sacerdotal, and hierarchical. What was the origin of this part of historical Christianity? Was it divine or merely human? I maintain, of course, that it was divine, and as such, an essential part of the genuine Christianity of Christ. That is, Jesus Christ instituted the episcopate as a binding and perpetual polity, gave the sacerdotal character to the priests of the New Law, instituted a true and proper sacrifice in the Eucharist, made baptism the ordinary means of regeneration, transmitted to the apostolic hierarchy teaching authority and the power of the keys; in a word, created the body as well as the soul of the church. This is not an exact enumeration, but a selection of salient points sufficient to indicate the meaning of my thesis of the indefectibility of Christianity, and to mark the opposite theory in the contention.

The opponent must deny all I have affirmed, and assert the human origin of all that whose divine origin is explicitly or implicitly asserted in my thesis. Therefore, even if he admits that the essence of Christianity remained unchanged, he is obliged to suppose a change, and a very great alteration to have taken place in the integral conception and actual form of the Christian religion.

I deny the fact and the possibility of such an alteration. The opponent who maintains that the alteration respected non essentials, and not only might, but did take place, the essence remaining unchanged, has a certain apparent advantage. For, change in environment, in accidents; development in doctrine, ritual, and administration, variations and differences in all these respects, must be allowed to be compatible with the permanence of the faith and the divine order of Christianity. Nevertheless, in the argument upon the direct question whether a certain proposed alteration is or is not a probable hypothesis or a provable fact, if the Catholic thesis be successfully maintained, the whole case is gained. What I contend for as of divine origin and right, is necessarily of the essence of Christianity if it belongs to it at all. And all the arguments which overthrow our more modern opponents, fall with tenfold force upon those who are more extreme, and accuse either the ancient church, or even the apostles, of having essentially altered the genuine Christianity of Christ.

Let us begin, then, from a term of departure which we have in common. There is a doctrine and a rule of life centred in faith in the divine person and authority of Jesus Christ, the Redeemer and Saviour of mankind, received by divine revelation, and made efficacious by divine grace. This is of the essence of the Christianity of Christ and the apostles; it is its spirit and soul, and therefore more noble than any other part of integral Christianity, whether regarded as pertaining to its essence, or the integrity of its constitution, or to its accidents, or environment.—*A. T. Hewitt in Catholic World.*
(To be continued.)

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LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

St. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 29th Dec., 1888.

GENTLEMEN,—

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

I am, faithfully yours.

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX.

HALIFAX, July 11, 1888.

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

Yours very truly,

C. O'BRIEN,
Archbishop of Halifax.

FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, March 27, 1887.

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

Believe me, yours faithfully,

JAMES J. CARRERY,
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUG. 31 1889.

His Grace, Archbishop Tache, of St. Boniface, Manitoba, has published in the *Manitoba Free Press* a long and earnest protest against the policy of the Greenway Government in the matter of the schools of the Province. No representative of French-Canadian opinion in Manitoba has a better right to speak and to be heard on the subject of education than the Archbishop of St. Boniface. His long and arduous service, both as a simple missionary priest and as a chief pastor in his communion, the confidence reposed in him by his own people, and the respect in which he is held by all members of the community, place his claim to have his plea considered on an unassailable basis. His Grace has, moreover, not only been actively concerned in the organization and operation of the Manitoba schools from the very first, but he has given thoughtful study to the most authoritative utterances on the subject both in Europe and on this continent. In treating the Separate Schools question, he has gone to the trouble of reading through the report of the Royal Commission appointed in England to consider the very points mainly at issue—the relation of religious training to education. The Commission in question comprised Lord Harrowby, Sir R. A. (now Viscount) Cross, Lord Norton, the Earl of Beauchamp, Cardinal Manning, the Hon. Lyulph Stanley, the Duke of Norfolk, and other persons of rank and repute, and its examination of evidence was most thorough and its conclusions marked by impartiality. These conclusions comprised the admission that religious training was, on the highest grounds of morality and public welfare, essential to the best success

of any system of public instruction. Applying this judgment to the situation of the province and appealing to conventions of recognized validity, His Grace asks the Government to be swayed by regard for the public interest, not by passing or popular prejudice.

"There is no class of persons," says a writer in a late number of the *Montreal True Witness* "who so fully realize the importance of the Catholic press as our reverend clergy. Have they ever considered that it has some claim on their co-operation? But if the clergy owe anything to the press, surely the obligation is not one that can be satisfied by a mere money contribution. It ought not to be forgotten that in Canada the service of the altar takes from the English-speaking Catholic population a great number of the few young men who have received anything like a finished education. Ungrudgingly we give these brothers of ours, the best of the family, to this high vocation, and while they take away with them into their secluded lives the scholarship that otherwise would have adorned the homes they leave, the gift is freely made, for we know it brings a blessing to the home abandoned. But surely we workers for the Catholic press, with whom the clergy are in common cause, may expect that in occasional intervals of leisure their trained pens should come to the aid of our rusty and unpolished ones. For them it would be more recreation." The writer adds that he is encouraged to ask for this help more particularly when he sees that the French-Canadian periodical press receives regular contributions from the clergy at the hands of such able writers as *L'abbé Tanguay* of Ottawa, *L'abbé Casgrain*, Quebec, and the reverend *abbés Verreau*, de Mazuro and Bruchesi of Montreal. It is to be borne in mind, too, that our French-Canadian co-religionists have comparatively little need of such literary assistance from their priesthood; for enjoying since the earliest times the highest educational advantages in the country, they have of their own a whole class of lay *litterateurs* of distinction they possess at present perhaps the only literature of merit that is distinctly Canadian, and have their poet laureate in Fréchette, while their history has been written by Garneau.

THE CHURCHES AND MODERN CIVILIZATION.

The Rev. Dr. Barry, a distinguished Catholic writer, whose glowing articles in the *Dublin Review* of a few years back, will not soon be forgotten by that fine magazine's readers, contributes to the *Nineteenth Century* for August a remarkable article entitled "Wanted—A Gospel for the Century." It has reference, as the title indicates, to the relations of the Christian Church to the social movement. Dr. Barry arraigns the existing social order as "a Belshazzar's Feast," glorified by some under the name of modern civilization, and by others loathed as a combination of luxury and sacrilege; and he regards it as a condition which cannot last. "The harvest of to-morrow," he says, "which it promises to bring forth is a new social order. And I ask how do Christians propose to welcome that universal change—with blessings or with anathemas? Ought we to continue preaching last year's sermons when a new era is about to dawn? And what are those elements, or principles of the Christian creed which it will carry into the future as an imperial public influence rather than as a private opinion or as one sect among many?"

The problem confronting the Christian Church to-day is the bringing about, he goes on to say, "a perfect civilization

or *Civitas Hominis* from which nothing shall be lacking that men ought to possess and enjoy." "Not only comfort," he adds, "but culture; not selfish individual interests, but sympathy and brotherhood; the increase of every kind of finite knowledge, and a morality founded on the common nature of man—such is the goal of that high emprise—an immense movement, which we may not untruly describe as civilization arriving at self-consciousness, man rising up to subdue and take possession of the earth which God has given him, and convinced that life, even on this side of the tomb, is neither a dream nor a sleep, but is worth living."

Dr. Barry declares that he is convinced that society must undergo a transformation or perish. And it is on this account, he adds, that every thoughtful observer must wish religion would take up the far-reaching problems of the distribution of wealth, the relation of physical science to the prosperity of the masses the rights and wrongs of property, the claims of the individual to be trained for his place in life and recompensed by a secure old age for the toils of his years of strength—in short, the whole question of civilization in its human and social side. And this, the reverend writer thinks, is what has not yet been done. Of the existing state of society he speaks in this wise:

It is rapidly becoming a fact that all problems, even those which might seem purely scientific, lead to Socialism. -I am not concerned at present with the definition of that much-abused term. Enough that it indicates the whereabouts of the malady from which civilized mankind are suffering. Let us call it "Labor and Capital," "the distribution of wealth," "the condition of the working classes," or what we please—by any name it will be as terrible—only let us not forget that it is the one great business of religious men, if they hope in the future of their creed as an imperial influence, to take it now in hand. Science, moving along its own path, as I must repeat, has brought mankind face to face with it.

What right has a believer in Christ to live luxuriously while his brethren are starving on an unjust wage? But he pleads the interests of art and civilisation, which he falsely, not to say criminally, pretends that his self-indulgence subserves. Let him, then, I say in the name of Christ, take art and civilisation to the savages, who are waiting for such a renaissance all over the land. Let him humanise and socialise his riches, and then the next time he hears in church that Gospel of the Beatitudes, he will understand what it means and not be ashamed or dismayed. The Sermon on the Mount was not preached in a monastery; it was addressed to mankind. It does not condemn civilisation, which has grown more perfect chiefly by laying to heart some of its precepts. But it most unequivocally does condemn an exclusive society, the doors of which open but to golden keys, while the multitude of God's children are toiling in hunger and cold outside for their masters.

"Perhaps the day may come," it has been said, "when all forms of government except the despotic will seem matters of indifference, and men will hold simply by the moral and religious laws, which are the lasting foundation of society and the true human government." These words are taken from no Anarchist, but from the author of the *Genie du Christianisme*. They point to a far distant ideal. Yet there is in them a suggestion of better schemes than Socialist or Anarchist has lighted upon. What if, clergy and laity alike, we set ourselves to think out—and the surest way of all, to work out the relation in which a present Christ (as we believe Him to be) does in fact stand to political economy, this distribution of wealth and the laws of labor? What if we throw aside some of our musty books—which we keep on our shelves without always reading them—and took up these problems of to-day, as, in God's sight resolved to find a way out of them? Did Christ make a covenant with the middle class that we should fear to infringe on its prerogatives? Or is Capitalism a thirteenth article of the creed? In more than one age and clime the priest has been the pioneer of civilization. He is still to be found, poor almost as those amongst whom he labors, in the dark places down to which the "law of supply and demand" has thrust the wage-earning population. But there is a question with which he has yet to grapple—the cause of all this accumulations, heart-break-

ing misery. It is an evil that has spread far and wide, and it is this—Christian preachers talk of the dead Christ in their pulpits and forget that he is living. They see men thronging luxurious banquets, and they fear to remind them of the anathema pronounced against their swallowing down the lives and substance of the worker. Is there a greater sin than to murder men by slow starvation? The rich non-producer—be he Jew, Catholic, or infidel—dyes his hands in that sin every day he lives. He is part and parcel of a system which calls itself the social order.

We are unable to quote more at length, as we should like to do, from Father Barry's important article. The *Toronto Globe* in noticing it, says that taken in conjunction with the article from Cardinal Manning which appeared in the same magazine about a year ago (entitled, we think, "The Right to Live") and which led some good people to look upon the Cardinal as a rank socialist; with the articles also of Cardinal Gibbons' on the rights of labour and the duties of capital, which unmistakably were prompted by sympathy for the working classes; and with the pronouncements besides of Bishop Nulty, in favour of land nationalization in Ireland, it furnishes one more link in a considerable chain of evidence that the mind of the Catholic Church is turning to a consideration of the question how the Church may recover its hold upon "a great constituency which has become estranged from it." The *Globe* would have been more correct had it spoken of the movement as one to reclaim the "lapsed masses," who are something more than "estranged" from—who are lost to Christianity. It is correct, however, in its surmise that Dr. Barry's article represents the mind of an important and growing element in the Catholic Church.

Every day makes it more apparent that there is no other force in this world able to grapple with the problems which beset society, and solve them in the strict light of Christian duty, save the Catholic Church. The Protestant sects are inactive. The *Globe* calls upon them to bestir themselves. "It is unfortunately the case," it says, "that the Protestant clergy as a body are either not well aware of, or not in full sympathy with the movement, or have had their attention distracted by matters of less importance." But in point of fact they are impotent. They are without unity of idea or sentiment. The *Globe* holds up as a bugbear that unless they too can deal with the new social movement, the masses will either grope about without religion, or fall into the bosom of the Catholic Church—two equally painful possibilities.

The duty of the Catholic Church towards society Father Barry has described in an eloquent passage. "It is idle," he says "to object that we cannot make the best of both worlds; that Christianity is an austere doctrine, and bids us to deny ourselves, and not to enjoy life. I know that when Pius IX. declared that the Roman Church cannot come to terms with 'progress and the new civilization,' he was understood, in spite of the context, as condemning all progress and every imaginable civilization. But, however the case may be with other Christians, Catholics cannot renounce their own traditions. Asceticism, though an element in her teaching, does not absorb the Church's life. Her children will never forget the sublime and beautiful pages they have contributed to the story of the past. They can no more disown their Raffaele than their Francis of Assisi, their Benedict and Columbanus than their Louis of France and Stephen of Hungary. To them belong Palestrina and Hadyn and Mozart, brethren, though in so diverse a sphere, of Vincent de Paul, and Peter Claver, and Baptiste de la Salle. Though I comprehend the thought of George Sand, when

she declines to accept the "Imitation of Christ" and the "Genie du Christianisme" as representing one and the same creed, I think she was mistaken in the general argument. The Catholic Church, drawing its origin from the Old and New Testaments, embracing in its wide circle, Greek literature, Roman jurisdiction and the traditions of the Northern races, cannot easily be exhausted in a formula, and only those who are too pendantic to be quite human will suppose that, if the genius of Catholicism be ascetic, it cannot be poetical; if contemplative, not acquainted with the facts of life; if learned, not orthodox; if enamoured of the beautiful, not detached from the vanities of time. Before now, Protestant critics have charged upon us that we set up an unattainable standard, and again that we humour the corrupt inclinations of fallen man. These accusations which may be left to refute one another are, at any rate, good evidence that the Catholic discipline is not simply a mystic flight toward the Unseen."

THE PROPOSED CONVENTION OF CATHOLIC EDITORS.

The question of holding a convention of Catholic editors at Baltimore is under consideration. Mr. L. W. Reilly, of Columbus, who has won recognition in the field of Catholic journalism, has taken the initiative by sending out a circular to all his fellow-workers,—a circular as tersely expressed as it is well considered. But it seems, so far as I can understand, to be founded on a false premise; and that is, that the committee of the Catholic Congress has refused to put a paper on the Catholic press on its programme. Now, the chairman of the committee has distinctly stated that a Catholic editor had consented to write such a paper. His name has not been announced. It is enough, however, that Mr. Brownson has made the statement.

Although this knocks out a plank in Mr. Reilly's platform, it does not weaken the structure. His circular has an excellent intention: it means that the time has come when Catholic editors must begin to cultivate fellow-feeling. Outside of the editors of the provincial press—the editors who go into raptures over a monstrous squash, and call down the thunders of Heaven on a rival because he has secured a bigger circus advertisement, the editors of Catholic papers have been more fractious, less broad minded, and less generous in war than any others of their craft. One would think that we were all trying to capture another man's few thousand subscribers. One could hardly believe that there are millions of Catholics in this country when one observed the struggles of certain Catholic papers to "down" others. Of course that is all past now; it existed a long time ago, when the present writer was an editor, and sometimes put his little sneer at men much better than himself into print. But let us live in the past for a while, and draw from it a lesson for the present.

In those days about twelve months ago, there were not more than two Catholic papers in the country with a circulation of over twelve thousand; and yet the wicked advertising directories would insist on inflating their circulation to such an extent that mischievous people would sometimes reply to the outcries of the Catholic press that it is not supported, by pointing to the wicked advertising books with their "watered" circulation. Whether the Catholic editors have a convention in Baltimore or only an informal meeting, they ought to begin by forcing the unscrupulous advertising agent to be honest. After all, it is not the number of subscribers that makes advertising pay, but the quality.

If Catholic editors do not unite, if they do not practise that charity to others of their craft which they preach, their occupation will soon be gone. There are not more than four papers in the country which have any real vitality! Does anybody want the names? They can have them in sealed envelopes, accompanied by an oath of silence taken before a notary public. and this condition of affairs is due, not to the

apathy of the public, but to the perversity of publishers and editors; for we must not disguise the fact that the editor is merely an appendage to the publisher, and that the hand that rocks the paper is the hand that holds the cash—when there is any. It will be understood, of course, that the meeting of editors at Baltimore shall be largely controlled by the opinion of publishers. And this reminds us of another evil which weakens the influence of the Catholic press, and that is, the frequent change of editors. It is the editor who makes the paper, not the publisher, though the opinion of the counting-room ought to have its weight; for, as the Catholic press is unsubsidized, no paper can be independent of "canny" considerations.

Can the editor of *The Shamrock* come out boldly against physical force in the treatment of the Irish question, when he depends on certain physical-force advertisers to pay for a large part of his white paper? Can he rush tooth and nail against a certain abuse, when he knows that he will lose ten subscribers without gaining one? If a prominent gentleman's speech is printed, the prominent gentleman sends for a free copy or two, and in a high and mighty manner condemns the proof-reading. And the Catholic editor submits, and meekly permits himself to be used by that set of professional philanthropists who are always willing to get a free advertisement.

Let there be an informal meeting,—by all means a press association; for, if there be not more unity, more self-respect, more regard for the rights of others, more good-fellowship, more moderation, we shall soon see the writing on the wall: thus speaks a man and a brother!—*M. F. Egan in Ave Maria.*

Current Catholic Thought.

QUESTION FOR THE LAITY.

When the *Columbian* expostulated with the organizers of the approaching Catholic Congress because they had rejected the question of the Catholic Press as a subject for discussion at that meeting, it did not propose that they should sit in judgment on the editorial management of the Catholic papers. The editors know the deficiencies of their publications better than the members of the Congress do. If these are not satisfied with the present papers, the field is open to them to do better, without fault finding against the men now at the work. There is no monopoly in Catholic journalism. What it expected was that they should take hold of the questions: 1. What is the duty of the Catholic laity towards the Catholic Press? 2. Has that duty been discharged? 3. If not, what means can we adopt to further the circulation of Catholic papers among ourselves, among negligent Catholics, among poor Catholics, and among the fifty millions of Protestants, Hebrews, and Agnostics in the United States?

Even the Catholic editors and publishers, if they all assemble in Baltimore next November, cannot touch those questions. They do not represent the Catholic laity. They cannot take on themselves its shortcomings or fulfil its obligations. They have their own portion of the Apostolate of the Press to consider. They may improve their papers and may increase their publishing facilities, but they cannot support, as well as produce their journals, they cannot scatter copies of their publications broadcast unless the means be given to them by the Catholic multitude, they cannot utilize a title of the possibilities of the printing press in the cause of the Church unless their hands are held up by the people.

The support given to the Catholic Press by the Catholic laity is poor. It ought to be increased ten times over. How to increase it belongs most properly to the Catholic laity to consider, for the duty of sustaining the Press belongs to it.—*Catholic Columbia.*

At Vancouver yesterday Mr. Dalton McCarthy told an interviewer that the anti-Jesuit agitation was rapidly extending over the country. As Mr. McCarthy is himself a goodly section of the agitation, and has been travelling a good deal lately, there is perhaps more ground for his statement than for some like claims we hear. The likelihood, however, is that when Mr. McCarthy returns east the agitation will contract.—*Montreal Gazette.*

Irish Affairs.

THE IRISH PARTY'S WEEK'S WORK.

Late as the period of the Parliamentary Session is at which the opportunity for the full exposure of Irish grievances has come, it has been used to great advantage. In one week the Irish members have exposed more thoroughly than ever before the Removable Magistrates; they have gone within four of putting the Government in a minority in the division lobby; they have actually put the Government in a minority in the House, and forced them to adopt a principle in the Welsh Tithes Bill that will be certain to set the landowners of Wales and their brethren in England wild with rage; and they have compelled Mr. Balfour to be decent. "Make Balfour keep quiet or we will make him," shouted Mr. Healy across the floor of the House on Thursday week when Mr. Balfour was doing his best to break his record for insulting audacity. A week has barely passed and Mr. Balfour is cooing as mildly as the dove of the proverb. After all, even with a puppet majority of ninety, a party that can muster seventy at a scratch, even when the Removables have done their worst to diminish its numbers, is not to be flouted. But good as is the record of the work that has been done, there is profound irritation that it is not even better. A great chance was lost on Monday evening when the Government majority sank to four, while twenty of the Irish members were absent, and eight of the absentees were in London at the moment. Had those who were within call, we may say, of the division lobby gone in, the Government would have been defeated. Naturally an indignant outcry has been raised against the absentees, and the Irish leader has sanctioned the protest by his own reproof. It is to be hoped the lesson will not be lost. We must confess to a sense of satisfaction that the attention of the country has been fixed on the work going on in Parliament. The Irish party could have made a much better show during the year than they have done. It will not do to say that they were otherwise engaged. For it is the men who have been busiest elsewhere who have been the most reliable in Parliamentary emergencies. Considerable service will have been done if this remissness is ended. We are now at the beginning of that period in the life of the present Parliament when disorganization usually commences to spread in the ranks of the majority. The first flush of Unionist fervour and Coercionist passion has abated, henceforward the seeds of disintegration will be at work, and a party active and alert and omnipresent will be able to work havoc on the prestige of the Coercionists. The gentlemen of England have shown most practically what value they set upon the Union. They would not be deprived of a day's grouse-shooting to save the character of a Government whose existence is necessary to the maintenance of the Union. A flabby party like that, with constantly dwindling majorities, ought to be rare game for an active Opposition. The time has come to strike, and we hope the full available strength of the Irish arm will be ready henceforth to assist the striking at every opportunity. If so, the lesson of Monday night will not have been in vain.—*The Nation*.

The editor of the *Irish Catholic* lately published a list of the shareholders of Mr. Smith Barry's "Land Corporation of Ireland Company," which came upon the public as a revelation. It has since been published in pamphlet form. The nominal capital of the company is £720,000. This is divided into 140,000 ordinary shares and 4,000 deferred shares of \$5 each. Of these 4,000 deferred and 14,061 ordinary have been taken up. On the 4,000 deferred shares nothing appears to have been paid, and they have been allotted as paid in full to the Land Corporation of Ireland Guarantee Company. The 14,061 ordinary shares have been paid up in full. The object of the Company is to aid the Irish landlords in their struggle against their tenants. Wherever the landlord seeks to exact unfair rent the tenants are sent to prison if they combine, and those who tell them that they have a right to do so are treated as felons. "Why," writes Mr. Labouchere in *Truth*, if combination of tenants is deemed illegal, combination of landlords against tenants should be regarded as right and proper, I do not understand, and still less do I understand, in view of the distinction, how it can be asserted that there is equal law in Ireland for the supporters of Mr. Balfour's policy and for its opponents."

Men and Things.

Sir James Hannen, who has had the notes which he took on the evidence at the Parnell Commission bound, purposes considering them, with a view to the preparation of his report, in the silence and tranquillity of a yacht. It was the favourite practice of Lord Chief Justice Cockburn to frame his big summings up on board his yacht. He prepared the Tichborne charge so; they were, in effect, from Saturday to Monday judgments.

One of the most unostentatious poets who visit the city, says a contemporary, is John Boyle O'Reilly, of Boston. The long hair, the wild eyes, the outlandish costume that many bards assume are not observable in the appearance of this true poet. He dresses neatly and in the style of a well-to-do business man. The prim starchiness that characterizes the dress of Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich is entirely wanting in the make-up of Mr. O'Reilly. The latter looks like a poet. He has large black eyes, a high, round forehead, and a candid, attractive expression on his handsome face. His hair was once jet black, but now it is slightly streaked with gray. His physique is that of an athlete, and he is one of some note in Boston.

A writer in the *Montreal True Witness*, referring to Mr. John Talon-Lesperance and the "Ephemerides" column which, until illness overtook him, he contributed to the *Montreal Gazette*, says: "He dealt not so much with the passing news of the day as with history, literature and art, and sometimes moralizing, his Catholicity would betray itself as he related to his readers, chiefly Protestants, some of the grand old traditions of the Church, or attracted their attention to the beauties of its liturgy; and at other times, evidently forgetful that he wrote for the reading of others, his pen bore testimony of his simple faith, as in the midst of grief he sought for comfort in the divine promises of Religion. Ill health, that threatens to be chronic, makes it seem, alas! as if in all probability we had read the last of his writings. Yet, though with unaffected humility he called them *ephemerides*, they will continue to be read with pleasure by men who never knew him, and, with the affection that attaches to relics, by all who knew John Lesperance.

Mr. G. Mercer Adam contributes to the *Week* an entertaining biographical sketch of a great figure in the legal and literary life of this Province, namely, the Hon. John Hawkins Hagarty, D. C. L., Chief Justice of Ontario. Chief Justice Hagarty is the only figure left of that historic group of Canadian judges whose fame has shed a lustre on the profession of law in this Province. "The Chief Justice of Ontario," says the writer, "like many of his eminent colleagues on the Canadian Bench, is an Irishman. He was born at Dublin on the 17th of December, 1816. From his father, a man of fine education, who held the post of Registrar in His Majesty's Court of Prerogative for Ireland, he inherited not only the legal instincts which led him to adopt the law as a profession, but those literary tastes which at one time drew him into authorship, and have continued to mark his career since as a man of fine culture and of broad and varied scholarship. The future Chief Justice, after receiving his early education at a private school in Dublin, entered Trinity College in his sixteenth year, and specially devoted himself to the study of the classics. While yet an undergraduate, he suddenly abandoned his academic course and sailed for Canada, being bitten, like many of his young and ardent fellow countrymen, with the emigration mania of the time. He settled first on a farm near Whitby, and in the following year (1835) removed to Toronto, which had just changed its name from York, and at once became a resident of that but lately incorporated city. Though not quite twenty, young Mr. Hagarty early gave promise of rising to eminence in the community among whom he had cast his lot. He brought with him from the land of his birth those personal qualities and dispositions which in any clime open the door to a cultivated Irish gentleman, who had unusually good mental endowments and possessed a sturdy determination to make his way in his adopted home.

The Toronto of the era which saw Mr. Hagarty embark on his professional career was very different from the proud provincial capital of to-day. But, as may be inferred from the names of the eminent jurists and brilliant professional men we have enumerated, the town was not in intellectual darkness. The Old Country Universities had worthy representatives in the city and province, and Upper Canada College, which had been in existence for a decade, had already turned out some distinguished pupils. Among these and his contemporaries at the Bar, Mr. Hagarty took a high place, and the ease with which, even at that early age, he won distinction is an evidence of the gifts with which he was endowed. Besides a well-stored mind, he had attractive social qualities, a bright mother wit, and the bearing and manners of a gentleman. In his profession he was well read, as well as industrious and painstaking; and at the Bar was known as an acute reasoner, a persuasive pleader, and had, we are told, an ingratiating manner with juries. Early in his professional career he formed a partnership with the Hon. John Crawford, afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and continued in that firm until 1856, when he was elevated to the Bench. In 1850 he was appointed a Queen's Counsel by the second Baldwin-Lafontaine Administration.

Though actively pursuing his professional career, Mr. Hagarty at this period found leisure to indulge in his literary propensities and to write for the local annuals and press of the time some excellent verse. Crude, in the main, as was the condition of the infant capital, there was no lack of refinement, and among the old families there was more or less evidence of culture. To the *Maple Leaf*, an illustrated annual edited by the Rev. Dr. McCaul, he contributed a number of poems of much excellence, both as to matter and manner. They bespeak not only a cultured taste but the possession of poetic gifts of a high order. Their mechanical construction also shows great literary facility, and one of them, "The Funeral of Napoleon," manifests considerable dramatic power. This fine poem, of twelve stanzas, appeared in the *Canadian Annual* for 1847. Of the contribution a writer has observed that "the dramatic fire and enthusiasm of battle which mark the poem will surprise those whose knowledge of the Chief Justice does not go deeper than his demeanour in court. A good poet," the writer adds, "was sacrificed to the lawyer and the judge." These stirring verses appeared anonymously, but though the poem was written as a relaxation from other and graver duties, its authorship might well be claimed by, and would not detract from the reputation of, the best of the English poets. Moreover, it is but one of many similar effusions from the gifted pen of the present Chief Justice of the Province.

Mr. Hagarty's important services at the Bar won for him, in 1856, honourable preferment in his profession. In that year he was appointed to a judgeship in the Court of Common Pleas. In 1862 he was transferred to the Court of Queen's Bench, a promotion which was followed six years later by his appointment to the Chief Justiceship of the Subordinate Court. In 1878 he became Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench and in 1885 he passed to his present high and dignified office. In connection with this office he fulfils the duties of the Presidency of the Court of Appeal.

"For the space of a generation," says Mr. Adam, "Chief Justice Hagarty has sat upon the bench, and it is well nigh fifty years since he was called to the bar. This long period has been more than enough to put to the severest test his qualities as a man and his character as a judge. In both aspects his reputation will bear the closest scrutiny. He is known as a man of sterling character, of high principle, and inflexible honour. On the bench, while he is uniformly courteous and considerate, he is also eminently just, and unflinching in the discharge of his duty. Though now in the fulness of years, there is but little indication of the approach of old age. His step is still elastic, his eye bright, and his voice retains the high ring of youth. His tall, spare figure, and grave intellectual face harmonize well with the judicial dignity and quiet decorum of court. Never a strong man, he has, however, seemed to possess unlimited nervous energy; and though sometimes hasty in manner, his disposition is usually placid and his spirits cheery. Innumerable are the stories told of his clever, scintillating wit. Many of

his *bon mots* in court have obtained a wide and ready currency; and his judicial humour well reflects his character, as a man of great versatility and quickness of parts. In his professional capacity he is deservedly held in the highest esteem. His expositions of law are learned as well as lucid, and his judgments are sound in principle, and, as a rule, in close accord with facts. Not many of his innumerable decisions have been overruled or questioned; and perhaps there is no one on the Canadian bench who, more than he, has enriched the literature of the Reports. Not only the glamour that surrounds his early literary achievements while a member of the bar, but the reputation he has always borne as a man of varied learning and scholarly tastes, invest the person of the Chief Justice with a certain intellectual interest. "In all that he has penned or uttered," observed a writer, "there is a literary warmth and flavour unusual in the parlance of of the courts." In this respect Mr. Hagarty has been mindful of the high intellectual attributes of the occupants of the English bench, and, like a gentleman of the old school, has been faithful to its proud traditions.

Owing nothing to politics, the career of Chief Justice Hagarty has been unmarked by those titular honours which are nominally conferred by the head of the State. This, we believe, is not due to neglect or indifference on the part of the Canadian advisers of the Crown. It is the result of the inherent modesty of him who, had he been a consenting party, would ere this, as he well deserves, have been the object of Imperial honour. The one mark of distinction—an academic one—which he has suffered himself to accept was the honorary degree of D.C.L., conferred in 1855 by the Canadian University of Trinity College."

THE DRINK EVIL IN IRELAND.

Rev. Dr. Conaty, who had just returned from a three months' visit to Ireland, at the national convention of the C. T. A. Union, said that in Ireland, the old home of the total abstinence movement, much apathy and indifference prevail, but for actual drunkenness among the people it bears no comparison with large cities of Scotland and England. Whilst the cost of drink in Ireland is simply astounding when you consider her condition, yet it is well to remember that she is cursed with an idle, inactive army of 40,000 soldiers who are seen constantly in the public drinking houses, and the vast majority of these are not Irish. The heart bleeds to see such evidences of degradation from intemperance in a people whose record for morality and virtue gives them a proud place among the purest and best of human kind. What must be acknowledged is that the liquor traffic seems to be the only prosperous business.

It seems to me unfair to compare Ireland with her more prosperous neighbours and reproach her so severely for her vices without finding some palliation for her weakness in her unceasing oppression. Impoverished by iniquitous laws which have enriched the few at the expense of the many, legislated out of all business except that which led to the support of the great brewing interests of the kingdom, she has among her people many thousands that are the most hounded, the poorest clad and the most wretchedly fed in Europe, and who can wonder that under such social conditions intemperance is found among them.

The organization effected by Father Mathew was broken by the great famine and the forced emigration of the people. Succeeding years demanded efforts in other directions to restore life and strength to a heart-broken and despondent people. The struggle for nationality calls out the entire energy of the leaders of the people and seems to forbid the mind to be diverted from the one idea of nationhood.

I am proud to say that among the public men of Ireland there are many who look beyond the day of a successful nationality, to a grand national movement in the interests of total abstinence. Many are not content to wait for that day, but are lifting the banner of total abstinence in St. Patrick's League of the Cross, and thousands are enlisted in its ranks, pledged for life to total abstinence.

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Book Reviews.

A Short Cut to the True Church, by the Rev. Father Edmund Hill, C. P., Notre Dame, Indiana, office of the *Ave Maria*.

The title of Father Hill's little volume sufficiently indicates its scope and character. It is a book for Protestants, and is written, as the author tells us at the beginning, for all who believe with him in the Divinity of Christ and the inspiration of the Four Gospels, but are not in the communion of Rome. He was himself brought up in their ranks and the plan he has followed in his book is to point out to others those "Short Cuts" to the Church, which had they been shown to him would have saved a circuitous journey. Instead of working painfully around the mountains which the truth-seeker finds obstructing his progress to the Church, and which seem well nigh impassible, the author undertakes to "tunnel" them for those who may be following after. The four great mountains which lie in the enquiring Protestants' way, the author believes to be the Pope or Papacy, and the Papal Supremacy; the doctrine of the Real Presence; the Confessional, and the position of the Blessed Virgin in the religion of Catholics; and these he removes, not, indeed, in a novel manner, for that would not be possible, but by the application in each case of the arguments of "facts," and the words of the Gospel. Facts, the writer holds to be stubborn things; and the facts about the Church particularly stubborn things. Father Hill's method of treatment is direct and convincing; he goes at once to the core of the question, brushing away all side issues. It is an admirable book to put into the hands of non-Catholics. The publishers have issued Father Hill's little volume in an attractive style. It is plainly but neatly bound, printed in large type, and on good paper, and in all those respects is, what few American books are, on a par with the best English publications.

ROMAN CATHOLICS AND DIVORCE.

The following letter appears in a late number of the *Montreal Gazette*:

SIR,—Mr. J. A. Gemmil, writing in your paper some short time ago, says:—

"As to the impropriety of granting divorces, the learned gentleman no doubt makes out a strong case from the standpoint of his own religious creed, but the Canadian community being a mixed one, other views must necessarily exist, approving of divorce. The mere fact that it is now a dogma of the Roman Catholic Church that marriage is indissoluble does not strengthen Mr. Archambault's position, because it is well known to the student of history that there was a time (and not very remote either) in the history of the Roman Catholic Church when the dissolution of marriage was permissible."

The Catholic Church at any time allowing dissolution of marriage will certainly be news to Catholics. It is scarcely necessary for me, as a Catholic, to say that such a thing as divorce has never been allowed in the Catholic Church. When I say divorce, I mean that the parties are not allowed to contract new alliances. In certain sense a separation is allowed, but under no rule of the church, at any time, has it been allowed for the parties so separated to contract new alliances. It is beyond the power of the church to allow to-day what she condemned yesterday—I mean in matters of dogma. The church being infallible prevents her from falling into error. Will Mr. Gemmil please give us his authority?

Quebec, August 21, 1889

W. J. T.

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

Right Rev. Dr. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton, is at present visiting Shanagolden, County Limerick, Ireland, of which place His Lordship is a native.

The Rev. D. P. Phelan, D.D., editor of the *Western Watchman*, St. Louis, Missouri, is taking a vacation trip to Europe, during which he will visit Ireland, England, France, Belgium, Germany and Italy.

Charles Phillips could himself be guilty of a bull. A wit-

ness having kissed his thumb instead of the Book, Phillips said, "you may think to desave God, sir, but you won't desave me."

The seating capacity of St. Peter's Church is 54,000; of Milan Cathedral, 37,000; St. Paul's, Rome, 25,000; St. Sophia's, Constantinople, 23,000; Notre Dame, Paris, 21,000; Pisa Cathedral, 13,000; St. Mark's, Venice, 7,000.

It was officially stated last week, from Cardinal Gibbons, that the answers to the invitations referring to the centennial of the Catholic hierarchy to be held in Baltimore, beginning November 10, indicate a very large attendance and an observance upon a magnificent scale. A unique and unprecedented feature will be the probable attendance of a delegation from Rome, headed by a prelate holding a high rank in the Propaganda. Cardinal Taschereau, Archbishop of Quebec, returned a cordial acceptance of the invitation, and fully fifty of the Bishops of the United States will be present, besides Canadian Archbishops and Bishops. A delegation of distinguished laymen from the Pacific slope have sent requests that seats be reserved. There will be a great pressure upon the capacity of the Baltimore Cathedral, and the alterations, including re-arrangement of the gallery formerly occupied by the children of the Orphan Asylum, which is nearly completed, will add to the seating room.

When Mr. Gladstone was presented with a book on divorce by the author, he wrote to him, among other things: "Reflection tends to confirm me in the belief that the best basis for law is the indissolubility of marriage; that is to say, to have no divorce or severance which allows re-marriage." This statement might be read and re-read with advantage by the entire American community, and particularly studied by the divines of the Protestant Church. In the whole Christian world no country presents such a spectacle of legalized, respectable concubinage as the United States; no country has dragged the marriage contract through such mud; no country has given to the divorce court so many pious and eminent defenders. France and Italy are the children of the Revolution. Their creed is Naturalism. Their creed is one day to make the *lupanar* the birthplace of every child. But they have not yet gone so far as we. Marriage is hedged in with such safety and such contrivance as reason suggests, and divorce, though permissible, is not encouraged. In America there are said to be thirty millions of professed Christians. The chief delight of the majority of these is to defend the principle of the divorce court as particularly American. At the present moment it would be hard to describe how far concubinage has not eaten up the commonwealth.—*N. Y. Catholic Review*.

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G. T. R. East	6.00	7.30	7.45	10.30
O. and Q. Railway..	7.30	7.45	8.00	9.00
G. T. R. West.....	7.00	3.20	12.40	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.....	6.30	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.
G. W. R.....			12.50	
		2.00	8.40	2.00
	6.00	4.00	10.30	4.00
	11.30	9.30		8.20
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
U. S. N. Y.....	6.00	4.00	9.00	
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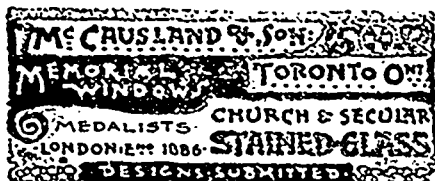


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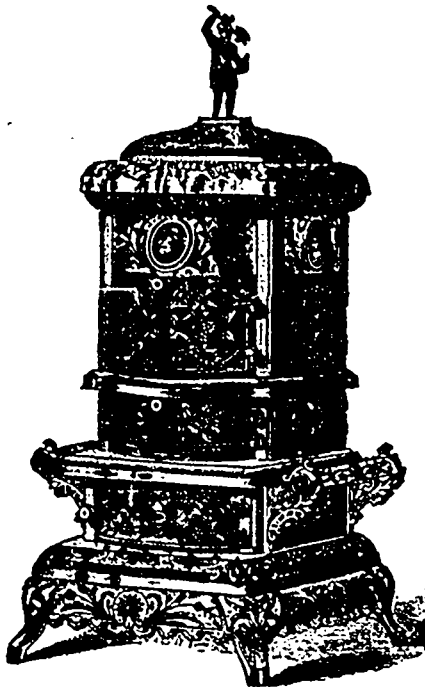
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