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

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Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, Aug. 23, 1890.

No. 29

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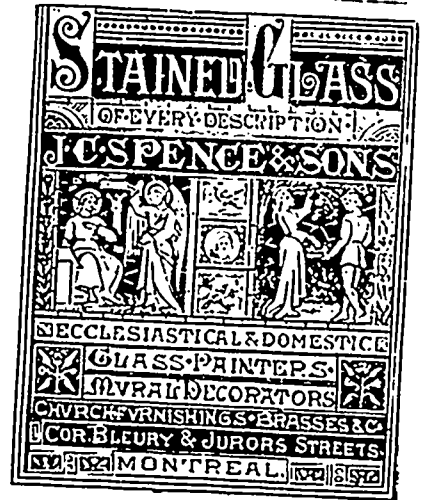
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# The Catholic Weekly Review.

Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, Aug. 23, 1890.

No. 29

## John Henry Cardinal Newman.

The secession of Dr. Newman dealt a blow to the Anglican Church from which the Establishment still reels. *Lord Beaconsfield.*

In my opinion his (Dr. Newman's) secession from the Church of England has never yet been estimated among us at anything like

in the Church, that is an inferior question. I refer to its effect upon the state of positive belief, and the attitude and capacities of the religious mind of England. *Mr. Gladstone.*

Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding



HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL NEWMAN

the full amount of its calamitous importance. It has been said that the world does not know its greatest men; neither, I will add, is it aware of the power and weight carried by the words and the acts of those among its greatest men whom it does know. The ecclesiastical historian will perhaps hereafter judge that this secession was a much greater event than even the partial secession of John Wesley, the only case of personal loss suffered by the Church of England since the Reformation, which can be at all compared with it in magnitude. I do not refer to its effect upon the mere balance of schools or parties

in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music—subtle, sweet, mournful? I seem to hear him still saying: "After the fever of life, after weariness and sickness, fighting and despondings, languor and fretfulness, struggling and succeeding, after all the changes and chances of this troubled, unhealthy state—at length comes death, at length the white throne of God, at length the beatific vision."—*Matthew Arnold.*

## The Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman.

### JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN

was one of the most remarkable men of the present century. He was remarkable both on account of his great intellectual gifts, and on account of the vicissitudes of his long and eventful career. During the best part of three score years he has been at all times a notable factor in the history of the religious movements of the age. Mr. Austin, an acute critic, accurately described him as "the man in the working of whose individual mind the intelligent portion of the English public is more interested than in that of any other living person." Whether as Oxford preacher, or Anglican reformer, or Tractarian disputant, or Catholic controversialist, or Roman Cardinal he has continually filled a large place in popular interest. Whatever people may have thought of his creed, they never had two opinions about his vast mental endowments. As theologian, dialectician, philosopher, historian, critic, poet and preacher, he has made a great and enduring mark. Skilful in controversy, earnest in all matters of belief, pure and high-minded in every action of his life, sincere when the world, with all the captiousness of the *odium theologium* deemed him insincere, he has filled with a noble record the long chapter of his fourscore years. To most Englishmen his features, through the agency of the camera, are familiar enough. They will readily recall his keen, ascetic face, as aquiline in character as that of the great Conde—a face worn with the deep furrows of one who has thought much, and troubled much, and, perhaps, suffered much. Still more will they recall the various episodes of his life—his early fame as a preacher, his identification with a movement which was then thought, and is still thought by many to have had for its effect, whatever may have been its aim, the introduction of a Romeward spirit into the Church of England; his ultimate secession to Rome; his influence over a large body of waverers when the Catholic fever was at its height; his controversies; the honours conferred upon him in his old age; and his quiet sequestered life at the Edgbaston Oratory. They will recall, too, how the sense of bitterness caused by his secession—the sense of betrayal, so to speak—long since gave way to a feeling of respectful confidence when his true character was laid bare, and the world came to recognize that every action of his life had been inspired by the deepest and holiest convictions of conscience. "It is not necessary," says one of the most appreciative of his biographers, Mr. Henry Jennings, M.P., himself a Protestant, "that one should be a communicant in the Church of Rome to cherish an admiration bordering on reverence for the eminent Oratorian. No man in this world—not even the self-mortifying saints of the Roman hagiology—ever led a holier life in the sense of purity, and piety, and devotional earnestness and conscientious zeal. Few men have ever handled the weapons of polemical warfare with a more consummate skill. Not very many have rivalled him in the productiveness of his intellectual life, or in the variety of his intellectual gifts."

John Henry Newman was born in London in the year 1801. His younger brother, Francis, starting from the same point, and influenced at the outset by much the same training, arrived at conclusions diametrically opposed to his own. While the one drifted to religious liberalism, to pure Theism in fact, the mind of the other was gradually schooled to the opposite pole of Faith. How the result came about in the case of the more celebrated of the two may be read in that remarkable work, "The *Apologia*," an autobiography in which the Cardinal unveils his life, his opinions, the influences which had operated upon him, and the changes he had undergone, with a candour that has caused it to be compared to the "Confessions" of St. Augustine. During the early part of his childhood Newman lived with his father in Bloomsbury Square. It is not a little remarkable that one of his early playmates should have been Benjamin Disraeli. According to one writer "on most Saturday afternoons in

the last year of the first decade of the present century, two boys, aged respectively nine and five, might have been seen playing in the gardens of Bloomsbury Square, London. The boys, both natives of the Square, offered the most complete contrast to each other in appearance. The younger, whose head was profuse with long, black, glossy ringlets, was a child of rare Jewish type of beauty, and full of life and activity. The other was grave in demeanor, and wore his hair close cut, and walked and talked and moved in a way which in young people is called 'old fashioned.' He was of pure English race and Peritan family. The names of these children denoted these differences as much as their appearances. The one was Benjamin Disraeli, the other John Newman." Both of these lads had a great future before them; one becoming Prime Minister of Great Britain, and the other a Roman Cardinal.

Young Newman first went to a private school and thence to Oxford, where he graduated with honours in 1820, and was soon after elected to a fellowship of Oriel. The influences under which he was thus brought were of the most intellectual kind. Newman's academical career assumed at once, both on account of his splendid gifts, as well as through the associations of Oriel, the promise of conspicuous brilliancy. University tradition tells of his wide scholarship, his omnivorous reading, his retentive memory and his clear methodical intellect. In 1824 he took orders and was appointed to a curacy in Oxford. His first sermon was preached from the text "Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening;" and it was not perhaps an altogether undesigned coincidence that the last sermon he preached at St. Mary's before resigning from the Anglican Ministry, should have been from the same text. He soon gained a reputation as a preacher. His style was wonderfully lucid, his language coloured with the rich glows of a picturesque imagination. Of action and dramatic effect he had none; but what he lacked in the Demosthenic qualification of an orator he made up for in a voice of singular and persuasive sweetness. We get many beautiful descriptions of the man from his contemporaries, and the impressions left upon their minds by his preaching. "There was a stamp and seal upon him," says Mr. Gladstone "there was a solemn sweetness and music in the tone, there was a completeness in the figure, taken together with the tone and the manner, which made his delivery singularly, attractive." "A sermon from him" Mr. Froude has said "was a poem, formed on a distinct idea, fascinating by its subjects, welcome—how welcome!—from its sincerity, interesting from its originality even to those who were careless about religion; and to others who wished to be religious, but had found religion dry and wearisome, it was like the springing of a fountain out of the rock." Another of his contemporaries, Canon Oakeley in his Notes on the Tractarian Movement "gives a graphic picture of Newman as a preacher. "His delivery of Scripture" he writes "was a sermon in which you forgot the human preacher; a drama in which the vividness of the representation was marred by no effort and degraded by no art. He stood before the sacred volume as if penetrating its contents to their very centre, so that his manner alone, his pathetic changes of voice, or his thrilling pauses, seemed to convey the commentary in the simple enunciation of the text. He brought out meanings where none had been even suspected, and invested passages which in the hands of the profane are often the subject of unbecoming levity, with a solemnity which forced irreverence to retire abashed into its hiding places."

His appearance about this time is graphically described by Mr. Froude: "He was above the middle height, slight and spare. His head was large, his face remarkably like that of Julius Cæsar. The forehead, the shape of the ears, and nose were almost the same. The lines of the mouth were very peculiar, and I should say, exactly the same. I have often

thought of the resemblance and believed that it extended to the temperament. In both there was an original force of character which refused to be moulded by circumstances which was to make its own way, and become a power in the world; a clearness of intellectual perception, a disdain for conventionalities, a temper imperious and wilful, but along with it a most attaching gentleness, sweetness, singleness of heart and purpose. Both were formed by nature to command others, both had the faculty of attracting to themselves the passionate devotion of their friends and followers, and in both cases, too, perhaps the devotion was rather due to the personal ascendancy of the leader than to the cause which he represented. It was Cæsar, not the principle of the Empire, which overthrew Pompey and the constitution. *Credo in Newmanum* was a common phrase at Oxford, and is still unconsciously the faith of nine-tenths of the English converts to Rome."

The story of Dr. Newman's conversion has been too often told in these columns to need repetition. That story is the history of the Tractarian Movement, which has been aptly termed the Counter-Reformation. It was in October, 1845, that he was formally received into the Church, and it would be difficult to exaggerate the sensation which the announcement caused. A distinguished band of friends and sympathizers followed him. Never had so large a body of the English clergy seceded since the Reformation. The Movement, in fact, drew from the Church of England all that was intellectually distinguished within her communion. "A great luminary," said Mr. Gladstone, "has drawn with him a third part of the stars of heaven." The effect of this memorable change of creed cannot be fully realized even now. Its force has not yet been spent. Mr. Froude has summed up the consequences of it as they appear to the impartial observer, in the following passage: "To him, if to any one man, the world owes the intellectual recovery of Romanism. Fifty years ago it was in England a dying creed, lingering in the halls and chapels of a few half-forgotten families. A shy Oxford student has come out on its behalf into the field of controversy, armed with the keenest weapons of modern learning and philosophy; and wins illustrious converts and has kindled hopes that England herself, the England of Elizabeth and Cromwell, will kneel for absolution again before the Father of Christendom. Mr. Buckle questioned whether any great work had ever been done in this world by an individual man. Newman, by the solitary force of his own mind has produced this extraordinary change. What he has done we all see: what will come of it our children will see."

Shortly after his reception, Dr. Newman established, at the suggestion of Mgr. Wiseman and the Holy Father, a house of the Oratorians at Birmingham and the school which has since achieved, largely through the eminence of its founder, a world wide distinction. There Dr. Newman has spent the last forty years of his life, with the exception of a few years in Dublin whither he was sent by the Holy Father to found the Irish Catholic University. There he has worked, and studied, and prayed with unflinching industry and never-wavering devotion; and from thence has emanated those great works which are among the masterpieces of our literature.

It was there, too, that Dr. Newman formed around him that faithful and affectionate circle of priests, many of whose names will be well remembered—Edward Caswall, the graceful poet, Ambrose St. John, Henry Bittleston, William P. Neville, and Henry Ignatius Dudley Ryder. With some of these—notably with Ambrose St. John—his intimacy was of the closest kind. These two were for many years as inseparable as the friends of classic fable, and when the long and affectionate companionship was severed by the hand of death, the grief felt by Dr. Newman was of no common kind. At the funeral of Father Ambrose, at Rednal, the burial place of the Oratorians, his surviving friend was deeply moved.

Very soon after the establishment, as we have said, of the Edgbaston Oratory, the Holy Father assigned to Dr. Newman the important work of founding an Irish Catholic University in Dublin. For a period of seven years he held the office of Rector in the new University, and guided its steps,

and watched over its movements with parental solicitude. The magnitude and importance of the work were well set forth by the late Bishop of Birmingham: "After the Universities had been lost to the Catholics of these kingdoms for three centuries, everything had to be begun from the beginning." Dr. Newman frequently referred in later years to the universal kindness which he met with in the Sister Isle, a kindness which lightened his anxieties, if it did not lessen the responsibility of his task. At the end of seven years—the period for which he undertook the work—Dr. Newman returned to the Oratory.

We come now upon a memorable episode in the life of the illustrious churchman. In the year 1850 the *ultrum theologium* reached the acutest point among Evangelical and Dissenting Protestants. There prevailed among the Evangelical party a great dread of the encroachments of the Holy See. It was the day of the so-called Papal Aggression. Every convert was regarded with holy horror and pious dread. All that savoured of, or tended to, Catholicism was the object, not only of reprobation, but of violent abuse. Even respectable Protestants, sincerely alarmed—as it is charitable to believe—at the "insidious growth of Popery," entered upon an active crusade against the Church, its doctrines, and methods. Their enterprise was supplemented by the active assistance of certain "converted Romanists," whose unsparing denunciations of the "abominations" of the Church from which they seceded, helped to feed the prejudices, and intensify the bigotry of the ultra Protestant party. Among these was a Dr. Giovanni Giacinto Achilli, who was formerly a friar of the Dominican Order but had fallen under the displeasure of the Papal authorities and had made a profession of the Protestant faith. He threw himself into his new vocation with conspicuous zeal. He went to England and soon became a prime Exeter Hall favourite. He attracted crowds of people wherever he went, and fanned the passions of the anti-Roman feeling to white heat by describing the wrongs which he said he had suffered, the despotic acts of the Inquisition, and the iniquities of the priesthood. Over the antecedents of this quondam friar there hung the shadow of grave scandals. Ugly stories concerning him found their way into print.

In the *Dublin Review* for June, 1850, there appeared an article, generally attributed to Cardinal Wiseman, in which charges of the most shameless profligacy were made against Achilli, and with a particularization of detail which suggested the necessity of something more than a flat denial. A flat denial was all he gave to them, however; asserting that the enormities alleged against him were the outcome of a conspiracy on the part of unscrupulous persecutors.

There can be little doubt that Achilli was as bad, if, indeed, not worse, than he was painted. The gravest charges were openly alleged against him, yet people flocked to hear him preach, and attributed the scandals to the malice of the Roman priests.

A year after the appearance of the article in the *Dublin Review*, Dr. Newman began in Birmingham a course of lectures on "The Present Position of Catholics in England"—a course of lectures which attracted, alike through the eminence of their author and the burning interest of the subject he discussed, an unusual degree of attention. In the course of his fifth lecture Dr. Newman vindicated the Church from the aspersions of Achilli. He attacked this person with unsparing severity. "It was as if he used the lightning for a whip," writes Mr. Jennings, M.P., in his fascinating biography, "so terrible was his scorn." Achilli, he said, was in no sense a real convert, but having been expelled from the Church for his scandalous conduct. In the course of a denunciation which lost nothing of its effect from being delivered in a silvery sweetness of voice and a subdued manner, Dr. Newman said:

"Ah! Dr. Achilli; I might have spoken of him last week had time admitted of it. The Protestant world flocks to hear him because he has something to tell of the Catholic Church. He has something to tell, it is true; he has a scandal to reveal; he has an argument to exhibit. It is a simple one, and a powerful one, as far as it goes—and it is one. That one argument is himself; it is his presence which is the triumph of Protestants; it is the sight of him which is a Catholic's confusion. It is indeed a confusion that our Holy Mother could have had a priest like him. He feels the force of the

argument, and he shows himself to the multitude that is gazing upon him. 'Mothers of families,' he seems to say, 'gentle maidens, innocent children, look at me, for I am worth looking at. You do not see such a sight every day. Can any Church live over the imputation of such a production as I am? I have been a Roman priest and a hypocrite; I have been a profligate under a cowl.....'

And so on through the long catalogue of the man's inordinate profligacy, Dr. Newman's indictment concluding thus:

"You speak truly, O Achilli! and we cannot answer you a word. You are a priest, you have been a friar; you, it is undeniable are the scandal of Catholicism, and the palmary argument of Protestants by your extraordinary depravity. You have been, it is true, a profligate, an unbeliever, and a hypocrite..... Yes, you are an incontrovertible proof that priests may fall, and fruits break their vows."

The lectures, containing this tremendous indictment, were subsequently published, and Dr. Achilli found it imperative, in the face of such specific charges, to put his accuser to the proof. Criminal proceedings for libel were taken against Dr. Newman, who assumed all the responsibilities of the publishers. The trial came on before Lord Campbell on June 21st, 1852. The defendant, Dr. Newman, pleaded "not guilty" and justification, and set up twenty-three distinct charges in the support of the allegations contained in the libel. Mr. Jennings, M.P., thus describes the proceedings of the trial:

"Rarely has a case excited profounder interest, or aroused stronger prejudices. Every day the court was crowded to inconvenience. Religious feeling ran high. It was evident from the outset that the majority of those who succeeded in gaining admission were animated by a full share of Protestant zeal. At any more than ordinarily vehement thrust at Rome, the Court rang with applause. Men seemed to forget that they were in a Court of Justice; and hot, if not passionate, antipathies found frequent vent in unseemly manifestations. Popular feeling was entirely with the prosecutor. Rome, it was argued, was annoyed at his disclosures, and afraid of his influence, and had resolved upon crushing him, no matter what the means."

It will be well, too, to let Mr. Jennings, himself a Protestant, tell of the sensational developments of the trial. "It would be impossible," he says, "to reproduce here the evidence given in the course of the hearing. A number of women came forward and solemnly swore to acts of the grossest immorality on the part of the prosecutor. Peasants from Italy, and domestic servants in London asseverated that they had been the victims of his unbridled lust. If a tithe of what they said was true, this Achilli must have been one of the vilest men who ever proved that *cucullus non facit monachum*." Most of the witnesses were now married, and it was argued by the defence that they were not likely to come forward with these stories concerning their own shame unless they had been true. But when the prosecutor was put into the box he gave every statement made by the women a point blank denial. He not only denied the acts of immorality with which he was charged, but stated that it was entirely on questions of doctrine that he had been cited before the Inquisition.

The emphatic denials of Dr. Achilli brought the issue, as Dr. Newman's counsel pointed out, to one of deliberate perjury on one side or the other. No man could have acted as he was accused to have done, and have forgotten all about it. No woman could have been under a delusion with regard to what the witnesses advanced. Either he was a consummate liar, or they were consummate liars. It was for the jury to decide which was entitled to credence. Sir A. Cockburn's speech for the defence was a masterly and brilliant effort of forensic oratory. He besought the jury to dismiss from their minds any theological bias, and to deal with the case on its merits. The jury, however, were seemingly too much carried away by their religious prepossessions to believe the irresistible evidence advanced in support of the plea of justification. Of the 23 justificatory charges, they only found for the defendant on one, namely, that Dr. Achilli had been deprived of his professorship and prohibited from preaching. The others, they said, were not proved to their satisfaction. They stated that they had come to their decision apart from any reference to the question of Protestantism or Catholicism.

However that may have been, the atmosphere of the whole proceedings was clouded with theological prejudice. The judge himself 'thanked God that there was no Inquisition in England, or ever likely to be one;' and the applause evoked by this extra-judicial utterance passed without any rebuke."

"Impartial men," continues Mr. Jennings, "accustomed to weigh evidence, felt satisfied that the verdict involved a grave miscarriage of Justice. Even the *Times*, notwithstanding its Protestant leanings, spoke out strongly, and declared that the result of the trial would deal a terrible blow to the administration of justice in England, and that Roman Catholics would have good cause for the future to assert that there is no justice for them, whenever litigation turns on a cause which arouses the Protestant passions of judges and juries."

Later on in the year the Court of Queen's Bench granted a rule for a new trial on the ground that the verdict was against evidence, but no further action was taken, and on January 29th, 1853, judgment was rendered. The sentence of the Court was that Dr. Newman "pay a fine of £100, and be imprisoned in the first-class of misdemeanants in the Queen's Prison until the fine be paid." The sum was paid instantly, and Dr. Newman left the Court. The expenses of the trial had been enormous, the defendant's bill of costs amounting to £12,000. He was not called upon to pay, however, this ruinous sum himself. Catholics in all parts of the world contributed to his defence, and showed by their material and their profound belief in the substantial accuracy of his charges against Achilli.

#### THE FUNERAL SERVICE.

A grand requiem mass was held at Edgbaston Oratory church to-day, and formed the chief portion of the funeral service over the remains of Cardinal Newman. The church, which is not of large dimensions, was filled with an overflowing congregation, admission being restricted to holders of tickets, hundreds of applications for which had been refused. The edifice was draped with black and yellow, and the Cardinal's coffin lay upon a catafalque erected on a tribune in front of the high altar. The coffin was covered with a pall of violet velvet, and three massive branched candelabra, with yellow wax candles, were ranged on each side. Upon the top of the coffin rested the Cardinal's tasseled hat, his red beretta being placed on a pedestal below, on which hung the heraldic arms of the deceased, three hearts, with the motto in Latin, "Heart speaketh unto hearts." The body was enclosed in an elm shell, with an outer coffin of polished oak, bearing a simple Latin inscription.

Mass was celebrated by Dr. Hlsley, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Birmingham. Simple unaccompanied Gregorian music was used, so that all the clergy might take part in it. Of these there were upwards of 100 present, including no fewer than sixteen bishops. All wore their pontifical vestments, the other clergy being attired in surplices. Among those present were Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, and representatives of the Franciscans, Benedictines, Jesuits, and other Monastic Orders, while the general attendance was a large and aristocratic one.

In the course of the service Dr. Clifford, Bishop of Clifton, delivered a short sermon, in which he spoke with much emotion of Dr. Newman's life and character. Five bishops afterwards pronounced absolution, incensing the coffin and sprinkling it with holy water. At the conclusion of the mass the coffin was borne to the hearse by eight laymen, the Oratorians following, bearing tapers in their hands. Only a very limited number of relatives and intimate friends accompanied the hearse to Rednal, where the interment took place in the private cemetery. The Cardinal was buried at his request in the earth near the grave of Father Ambrose St. John. Magnificent wreaths from Baroness Burdett-Coutts and others were placed around. The closing ceremony was brief and simple.

A requiem mass for the late Cardinal Newman was celebrated on Wednesday in the Brompton Oratory. Cardinal Manning delivered an address. He said although it was too

soon to measure fully the work of Newman, it was certain no living man had so changed the religious thought of England. It was the inspiring genius of the Tractarian Movement that was shaping the Church of England into its present life. But for him rationalism would now reign supreme in the national religion.

#### A LIBERAL UNIONIST VIEW OF MR. T. M. HEALY, M.P.

THE Liberal Unionist *Echo* publishes in its "Portrait Gallery" a sketch of the member for North Longford, in the course of which it says:—

His success has been great, but it is not the success of the leader or the statesman. A man of brilliant parts, perhaps the best all-round man in the Irish Party, he has won his way mainly by what may be called a technical cleverness. He probes every important measure before the House, and while others get puzzled and bend their brows over a Bill, Mr. Healy has grasped all its principles, and suggested clauses or amendments. When the Land Bill of 1881 was under discussion he did much of the talking for the Irish Party. Mr. Gladstone said at the time that Mr. Healy was one of the three men in the House of Commons who knew the Irish Land Bill—the other two being the Liberal chief himself and Mr. Law. The best part of the practical work accomplished by the Parnellite Party in Parliament is largely due to Mr. Healy. Long before he entered the House of Commons he was familiar with every detail of Parliamentary work. While holding a commercial position in London he contributed a weekly letter to *The Nation* on Parliamentary proceedings, and it was in the capacity of journalist that he first made the acquaintance of Mr. Parnell. He was well-known to the prominent Irish members in the Lobby, took part in their important councils, and then became intimately acquainted with the political work of the party in Ireland and at Westminster. When, therefore, he entered the House of Commons in 1880, he was a valuable adherent to the Parnellite Party. Clever as he undoubtedly was to all who knew the young member for Wexford, it took the House of Commons a long time to understand him. At first it thought him nothing but a coarse-tongued young man—in fact, looked upon him as a Parliamentary Thersites, who would get polished in due time by discipline. But Mr. Healy had marked out his own course. He had been an observer of the work in Parliament. For a couple of years he acted as newspaper correspondent, and saw that the constant appeals of the small band of Irish National representatives were ignored. To him Irish interests were above all things. He thought more of the feelings of any body of his countrymen, no matter how poor and how humble, than he did of the most exalted assembly in the world. Mr. Healy determined to appear in a new character among his colleagues by heaping contumely upon his opponents as well as by joining in the work of obstruction. He battled away in his own rough style, his object being to get the Government of the day to turn a serious attention to Irish affairs. It was the tactics of Mr. Healy and his colleagues in those old fighting days of obstruction and scathing abuse that first soured the feelings of the late John Bright towards Ireland and her representatives. Truth to say, Mr. Healy had always a deep reverence for Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone, and never openly attacked them while fiercely denouncing the Irish policy of the Government. He believed them to be at all times friendly to Ireland, but that they were outweighed in the councils of the Cabinet. Mr. Healy reserved his cutting abuse for such men as the late Mr. Forster and Sir George Trevelyan, when they held the post of Chief Secretary, and principally for Sir William Harcourt, whom he always delighted to follow in debate. It was said that no man in the House feared Mr. Healy more in those pre-Home Rule days than Sir William Harcourt. Mr. Healy is still a young man, being only in his thirty-fifth year. He went out on the world early in life, having come to England at sixteen years of age.

Self-educated, he had taught himself phonography, as well as French and German, and through his knowledge of

shorthand he obtained a clerkship in the office of the North-Western Railway at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Later on he came to London as a confidential clerk, and obtained the appointment of Parliamentary correspondent to *The Nation* through his connection with the family of the late Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P., one of the most gifted and generous-minded Irishmen of his time. It was at this period that Mr. Healy became acquainted with Mr. Parnell, whom he accompanied on his American mission in 1879 as his private secretary. From that time Mr. Healy became prominent in Irish politics, and his arrest for a speech he delivered in his native town of Bantry was the first made under the late Mr. Forster's administration. Mr. Healy was brought to trial at the Assizes in Cork on a charge of intimidation, but was acquitted. In the meantime a vacancy occurred in the representation of Wexford, and Mr. Healy was elected without a contest. He was called to the Irish Bar about six years ago, and enjoys a very lucrative practice. For the past couple of years Mr. Healy has not been a prominent figure at National League meetings throughout Ireland—he is not a campaigner like Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien, but he does as much work in private as in public, and it is this which makes him so valuable to his party in the House of Commons. As a man of independent character, he has given his party two notable examples—first, when he opposed Capt. O'Shea at the famous Galway election; and, secondly, when he would not recognise the Special Commission. Mr. Healy is a sayer of bitter things, and retains the old power of pursuing an opponent with much persiflage. An excellent debater, and one of acknowledged influence, he has the marked fault of repeating his arguments many times over—a fault that would suggest to those not familiar with his style of address that he was wasting the time of the House. His wit is keen-edged, and can at the same time turn his opponents into a rage as well as tickle their fancy. He has friends among all parties in the House.

Two warm admirers of his are Mr. Balfour and Mr. William Johnston, of Ballykilbeg; and he invariably refers to the latter as "my hon. friend." Mr. Balfour is somewhat deferential to him in the House, but Mr. Healy does not reciprocate the kindly feeling—in fact, the Chief Secretary has no more bitter opponent, excepting Mr. William O'Brien. Personally, Mr. Healy is of small figure. The features are clear-cut, and are lit up by dark brown eyes, which beam through his *pince-nez*. The forehead is of the intellectual cast, the nose aquiline, and the beard dark and tidy. One of his personal characteristics is his slovenliness in dress. He seems to care nothing about his appearance; and when walking through the streets he goes along with the air of a man who desires to keep out of notice, and get under cover as quickly as possible.

Mr. Healy is married to a daughter of one of his colleagues—Mr. T. D. Sullivan, the poet of the party—enjoys a good income from his profession as a barrister, and is a man of such wonderful industry and application as to cause the late Baron Dowse to inquire jokingly in court if Mr. Healy took his law books to bed. The busiest of lawyers and politicians, he does not seem to have yet realized that he is one of the most successful young men of the time.

The Rev. Alfred Young, of the Paulists, whose graceful and vigorous writings are not unknown to the readers of THE CATHOLIC REVIEW, takes down the theological pretensions of the *Sun* in a fine and emphatic letter. That paper has been contending for quite a while that religious faith springs in no degree from the reason, but is rather opposed to it. Father Young shows that the will, illuminated by divine grace, is the true basis of faith. What is this but reason? Catholic theology is not founded upon empiricism. If any man will set seriously to work, he will find that Catholicity is the severest, the sternest, the most logical fact in the world. Compared to its genesis, the dominant sciences of the day are as "Moonshine unto sunshine, or water unto wine." The very organism of the Catholic Church is the living witness, the standing miracle of the ages. Truth is assured by her, because she is the earthly embodiment of the verity of her bridegroom—Christ.



## The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commenced by

The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto.

The Most Rev. C. O'Brien, Archbishop of Halifax.

Rt. Rev. T. J. Douling, Bishop of Hamilton.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto.

The late Archbishop Lynch,

The late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carbery of Hamilton.

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And by the leading clergy of the Dominion

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUG. 23, 1890.

Special Editorial Correspondence of the REVIEW.

### In Ireland.

THE DUBLIN OF 1798.

IV.

ALL that part of Dublin which circles about Thomas, Little Britain, and Green streets, is full of memories of the men and the tragic incidents of '98. Aesthetically, it is the least attractive, historically, the most interesting, section of the Irish capital.

Close by No. 60 Thomas St. is the spot where Lord Kilwarden, then Chief Justice, was killed on the evening of Emmet's insurrection, by a mob who mistook him for Lord Carleton, the judge who had hanged the brothers Sheares. Lord Kilwarden, it will be remembered, was in a carriage along with his daughter and nephew. The men were dragged out and murdered, but the unfortunate lady was rescued by a man who, rushing forward, took her from her carriage, and conducted her through the rabble to a place of safety. There is a story that the man who rescued her from her terrible situation was Robert Emmet.

In the house No. 119, on the north side of Thomas St., Lord Edward Fitzgerald was for several days concealed, while the agents of the government were hunting for him. Further west, on the same street, a short distance is St. Catharine's church, a low-fronted, gloomy-looking edifice, of tragic interest for the reason that immediately in front of it was erected the scaffold on which Robert Emmet was executed. This spot was selected as the place of his execution because of its being close by the depot which Emmet made his chief military headquarters, and from which he sallied out on the evening of the 23rd of July, 1803, for his daring but ill-fated attempt to capture Dublin Castle. Here he had a number of men employed fitting and preparing weapons for his followers, and making uniforms, and here he spent most of his time for days and nights previous to the outbreak. "Emmet," writes Dr. Madden, the biographer of the United Irishmen, "after the explosion in Patrick St., took up his abode in the

depot in Marshalsea lane. There he lay at night, on a mattress, surrounded by all the implements of death, devising plans, turning over in his own mind all the fearful chances of the intended struggle, well-knowing that his life was at the mercy of upwards of forty individuals, who had been, or still were, employed in the depots; yet, confident of success, exaggerating its prospects, extenuating the difficulties which beset him, judging of others by himself, thinking associates honest who but seemed so; confiding in their promises; and animated, or rather inflamed, by a burning sense of the wrongs of his country, and an enthusiasm in his devotion to what he considered its rightful cause, that had taken possession of all his faculties and made what was desirable to them seem not only possible, but feasible." Emmet had fixed the 23rd of July for his insurrectory endeavour, but owing to some disappointments which occurred in the course of that day, he would, in the afternoon, have postponed it if he could. While still in the depot, and uncertain what best to do, some persons came hurriedly in, and informed him that a body of military were on their way to the place. Then, rather than be taken ignominiously, without an opportunity of striking a blow, he put on his uniform, and calling his little party of men about him, at nine o'clock in the evening he sallied forth. The speedy and utter failure of their attempt it is needless here to relate.

The scaffold erected for Emmet's execution was "a temporary one, formed by laying boards across a number of empty barrels, that were placed for this purpose nearly in the middle of the street. Through this platform rose two posts, twelve feet high, and a transverse beam was placed across them. Underneath this beam, about three feet from the platform, was a single narrow plank supported on two slight ledges, on which the prisoner was to stand at the moment of being launched into eternity. The platform was about five or six feet from the ground, and was ascended by a ladder." On the 20th of September, 1803, the execution took place. A large force of military guarded the scaffold and kept at a distance from it a mass of sympathizing and sorrowing people. "A short time after the execution," we read, "within an hour or so, the daughter of Mr. James Moore, in passing through that part of Thomas St., observed near the scaffold, where the blood of Robert Emmet had fallen on the pavement from between the planks of the platform, some dogs lapping up the blood. She called the attention of the soldiers, who were left to guard the scaffold, to this appalling sight. The soldiers, who belonged to a Highland regiment, manifested their horror at it; the dogs were chased away, and more than one spectator, loitering about the spot, approached the scaffold when the back of the sentry was turned to it, and dipped his handkerchief in the blood and thrust it into his bosom."

From that time, this spot has been regarded as almost a holy place by the people of Ireland. Every public procession of a national character in Dublin is brought along this route, and here, as it passes, every head is reverently uncovered. The funeral procession of William Smith O'Brien, and Terence Bellew MacManus, the great procession in honor of the three Fenian prisoners executed in 1867 at Manchester, and the funerals of many humbler men, adherents of their principles, were all brought this way in solemn commemoration of the death of Robert Emmet: and the observance is one which is not at all likely to be discontinued.

Farther west still, along Thomas St., is another house of dark and gruesome interest. In one of the apartments up-

stairs, over the doorway numbered 153, Lord Edward Fitzgerald was arrested after a desperate and fatal struggle on the 19th of May, 1798. For some weeks previous to this occurrence Lord Edward had been concealed by his friends in houses about this neighborhood. The circumstances of his arrest are thus summarized by Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick in his interesting work "The Sham Squire":—

"After Lord Edward had spent a few hours lying in the valley of the roof of Murphy's house, he ventured to come down. The unfortunate nobleman had been suffering from a sore throat and general debility and his appearance was sadly altered for the worse. He was reclining, half dressed, upon a bed, about to drink some whey which Murphy had prepared for him, when Major Swan, followed by Captain Ryan, peeped in at the door. 'You know me, my Lord, and I know you,' exclaimed Swan; 'it will be vain to resist.' This logic, however, did not convince Lord Edward. He sprang from his bed like a tiger from its lair, and with a wave-bladed dagger, which he had concealed under his pillow, made some stabs at the intruder, but as yet without inflicting mortal injury. An authorized version of the arrest, evidently supplied by Swan himself, appears in the *Express* of May 26, 1798:—

"His Lordship then closed upon Mr. Swan, shortened the dagger and gave him a stab in the side, under the left arm and breast, having first changed it from one hand to the other, over his shoulder (as Mr. Swan thinks). Finding the blood running from him, and the impossibility to restrain him, he was compelled in defence of his life,' adds Swan's justification, 'to discharge a double-barrelled pistol at his Lordship, which wounded him in the shoulder. He fell on the bed, but recovering himself, ran at him with the dagger, which Mr. Swan caught by the blade in one hand, and endeavoured to trip him up.' Captain Ryan, with considerable animation then proceeded to attack Lord Edward with a sword-cane, which bent on his ribs. Sirr, who had between two and three hundred men with him, was engaged in placing pickets round the house, when the report of Swan's pistol made him hurry upstairs. 'On my arrival in view of Lord Edward, Ryan, and Swan,' writes Major Sirr, in a letter to Captain Ryan's son on December 29, 1838. "I beheld his Lordship standing with a dagger in his hand, as if ready to plunge it into my friends, while dear Ryan, seated on the bottom step of the flight of the upper stairs, had Lord Edward grasped with both arms by the legs or thighs, and Swan in a somewhat similar situation, both labouring under the torment of their wounds—when, without hesitation, I fired at Lord Edward's dagger arm (lodging several slugs in his shoulder) and the instrument of death fell to the ground. Not until a strong guard of soldiers pressed Lord Edward violently to the ground by laying their heavy muskets across his person, could he be bound in such a way as prevented further resistance. When they had brought the noble prisoner, however, as far as the hall, he made a renewed effort at escape, when a dastardly drummer from behind inflicted a wound in the back of his neck, which contributed to embitter the remaining days of his existence." Ryan died immediately of the injuries received at the hands of Lord Edward; he was wounded in fourteen places. The reader will find other and graphic accounts of this tragic encounter in Dr. Madden's biography of the United Irishmen, and Sir Jonah Barrington's "Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation," and in Luby's "Life and Times of Daniel O'Connell.

Lord Edward died of his wounds in Newgate prison, Green

Street, on the 4th of June, 1798. The remains of this old prison may still be seen by the visitor for whom the scenes of the memorable incidents of '98 possess a personal or sentimental interest. Several years ago the prison was condemned as unfit for further use, and the Dublin Corporation engaged a contractor to raze it. For some reason, however, the work was not completed, and the prison has been only partially demolished. In it most of the leaders of the United Irishmen were confined, and from the gallows, which projected over the iron gate on the east front, many of them were executed. It was here, too, that Lord Edward Fitzgerald died, raving with the fever and agony of his wounds, and shouting out in his delirium, so loudly as to be heard at the opposite side of the street, words of defiance to his enemies. In the adjoining court-house—which was connected with the old prison by a passage—may still be seen the veritable room—if not indeed the veritable dock—in which the '98 men stood as they were brought up for trial. In it is the old table by which Curran stood, and eloquently, but vainly, pleaded for the lives of his doomed clients. Here, in 1803, the young and gifted Robert Emmet delivered that oration of marvellous power, and brilliancy, and pathos, which has thrilled, as it will never cease to thrill, millions of Irish hearts. Here he was sentenced to death by the infamous Lord Norbury, whose name is execrated in Ireland as heartily as is Jeffries' in England. Behind the bench is the chair in which Norbury is believed to have sat and delivered judgment. Later, in this room, the men of '43, John Mitchel, Martin, and Charles Gavan Duffy, were tried for treason-felony, and most of them convicted, and, later still, in 1865, and 1867, several of the female prisoners were sentenced, some to death, and others to long terms of penal servitude. Of all the historic spots in Dublin this one is the centre of the most tragic recollections.

A little north and westward from the Four Courts is the old church of St. Michan's, the graveyard and the vaults of which are peculiarly interesting. An uninscribed stone is shown there as that which covers the grave of Robert Emmet, but in truth there is not at present before the public any certain information as to the spot

"Where cold and unhonoured his relics are laid."

What evidence there is on the subject is feeble and conflicting. The question is pretty fully discussed by Mr. Fitzpatrick, one of the most careful and best informed of Irish biographers, in the appendix to his "Sham Squire," and from the circumstances there stated the burden of probability would appear to be that Emmet's remains rest in the old church-yard at Glasnevin.

The remains of Lord Edward Fitzgerald are deposited in a vault under the church of St. Werburgh. We made no mention of this when we spoke of St. Werburgh's in a previous letter, for the reason that we preferred to visit the scene and tell the story of the capture and death-struggle of that illustrious Irishman before standing by the spot where lie his remains, and, strangely enough, those of the man by whose hand he died. It is a curious and remarkable circumstance that Lord Edward and Major Sirr should sleep in death in the same little burying ground. In one of Sirr's letters he speaks of having known Lord Edward when that nobleman was a British officer serving in Gibraltar; when next we hear of the two men we find Lord Edward engaged in a movement designed to give freedom to his oppressed country, and Sirr acting as a government blood-hound, tracking his footsteps and seeking his life. Then comes the

scene in Thomas Street, when Sirm, afraid to grapple with his gallant enemy—who was at the time contending with two armed foes—fired on him from a safe distance, and inflicted on him a mortal wound. And in the end, here in this little plot—but happily at opposite ends of it—"after life's fitful fever," rest the relics of the patriot and his assassin. The grave of Sirm is at the farthest end, and in a neglected corner of the churchyard. It is a curious circumstance that, to this day, old kettles and other rubbish are often pitched on it from outside the wall. The slab, which lay level with the ground, was broken some years ago, either by accident or design, and, when I saw it, was partly sunk into the grave, and covered with earth, and weeds, and stones, leaving only a portion of it visible. It should be remarked that in crossing the graveyard we see quite near us the rear of the houses in Hoey's Court, where Dean Swift was born. So historic a relic, it might be thought, would have been preserved, but unfortunately all the houses in the court are in a state of advanced dilapidation.

The remains of Lord Edward, as has been said, rest in a vault underneath the church. The vault is entered from the churchyard. Here the body was brought in a shell coffin a night or two after the patriot's death, where it lay uncareed for during the reign of terror in 1798. A few years later the old coffin was enclosed in one of lead, and that in one of oak, on which was affixed a brass plate with the name of the deceased, and the dates of his birth and death. Later still, in 1874, it was again enclosed in a substantial case of polished oak, and raised on some supports to save it from the damp of the floor. And there it will remain an object of pious interest to generation after generation of the Irish race. I made it my business one day in Dublin to find the sexton of the church, and gain admittance to the vault. Making, by the aid of a taper-light, my way into the gloomy chamber, it was my privilege there to behold, and reverently lay hands upon, the outer coffin containing the mortal remains of as brave and loveable a heart as ever bled and broke for Ireland—the chivalrous and intrepid

Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

SHANID ABOO.

#### ANOTHER SAMPLE OF ORANGEISM.

In a former issue we had occasion to speak of the disgraceful conduct of a mob of Orange sympathizers who seriously disturbed the peace of the city on the occasion of the celebration, by the Emeralds, of the birthday of Daniel O'Connell. The *Orange Sentinel* editorially condemned the action of the mob, and attempted to shift the responsibility from the Orange body, by claiming non-participation in it by Orangemen. This week's *Sentinel*, however, has nothing whatever to say of the conduct of the members of the order in Hamilton, on Civic Holiday, Monday, Aug. 18th, where the annual excursion of the *Orange District Lodge of Centre Toronto* was held. Of the conduct and the material which compose this delectable and loyal body, we shall, without comment, leave the Hamilton papers of Tuesday last speak for themselves.

The *Hamilton Spectator* says:—

They were without any doubt the most disorderly and degraded gang of hoodlums that ever gathered within the gates of Dundurn Park. It was no place for a respectable, self-respecting person yesterday afternoon. The sweet, pure air of the August afternoon was laden with profanity and obscene talk, curses and threats, and the most blood-curdling blasphemy. It was heard on all hands and all the time;

you couldn't escape it without fleeing the place altogether. And not the least shocking thing about it was that the female companions of the Toronto men did not seem to mind it; they took it all as a matter of course—perhaps regarded it half-approvingly as evidence of the young men's superabundance of physical force. Every third man you met was either drunk or alcoholically hilarious. "I guess the Hamilton whisky must be pretty bad," remarked an elderly Toronto Orangemen adorned with a yellow sash, as he watched a lively scrimmage among several of his more youthful fellow-citizens. Fights were numerous. Sometimes there would be three or four of them going on in different parts of the ground at the same time.

The Hogtown hoodlums were as insulting to the police on the streets last evening as they were at the park in the afternoon. They jostled the constables and even fell against them heavily, and called them offensive names. But the police had been instructed to bear with them as much as possible, and the rascals were not locked up. Some of the police returned good for evil by helping on the departing trains such of the Torontonians as were helpless.

In addition to those who went to Dundurn Park, a large number of the Toronto visitors hung about the centre of the city, and made the streets very noisy during the afternoon and evening. While many conducted themselves in a respectable manner, the majority appeared to be intoxicated, and by their filthy language, quarrelling, and boisterous conduct made themselves very obnoxious.

The *Hamilton Times* says:—

During the afternoon cries of "Fight, fight," became so frequent that the majority of respectable people present (of whom there were few) paid no attention to them. However, there was always a sufficient number of half-drunken rowdies within call to surround a couple and encourage them in their disgraceful exhibitions. Some of the language used in the park was frightful, making one think the users of it had descended far below the level of the brute creation. How the girls stood it is best known to themselves, but as a matter of fact they did not seem to let it bother them very much.

The *Hamilton Herald* says:—

*A Horde of Hoodlums—Hamilton Invaded by a Mob of Toronto Toughs—Drunkness, Blasphemy and Fighting Features of the "Orange" Demonstration at Dundurn Park Yesterday Disgraceful Scenes in the Park and on the Streets—Notes and Incidents.*

Early in the afternoon the Toronto crowd went to Dundurn Park, where for several hours they marred the usual quiet and beauty of the place with obscene and ruffianly conduct. The very air of the park seemed tainted. Go where you would it was the same. Threats, oaths, blasphemies and drunken fights insulted the ear and met the eye at every turn. Nor were the women much better than their male companions, for—oh, the pity of it!—instead of shrinking from the touch of the maudlin, foul-mouthed drunkards about them they rather sought their companionship and many disgusting spectacles were continually enacted. A man with his arm around a woman's waist rolled unsteadily along, every minute putting his face nearer his companion's and making some idiotic remark, at which the female would laugh. Hamilton people on a York street car early in the afternoon were disgusted with the spectacle of two drunken toughs sitting in the car, each with a hardly less drunken female on his knee.

Around the city in the evening a repetition of the park performance was enacted. Uniformed life and drum hands with the fifers and drummers so beastly drunk that they could scarcely walk, paraded the streets, followed by howling, yelling mobs of drunken Toronto hoodlums. Among the worst of these was the Sons of Ulster Band."

Ex-District Master John McMillan, who was defeated for the mayoralty last election, was with the battalions who carried all this terror through quiet Hamilton. He was in-

interviewed and said there was liquor galore and he blamed the Hamilton saloon keepers for selling it, but whenever the boys get disgraced their masters and grand masters disclaim them and Mr. McMillan made the statement that the uniformed battalions who turned Hamilton into pandemonium were not connected with the Orange order. It is always so when the harm is done, but these bodies are never stamped out and they march with the order in the next procession.

In reply to the denials of Toronto Orangemen that they behaved in an unseemly manner in Hamilton, the *Times* of that city says:

"Would sober young men, clad in uniform, drive along James street or King street in broad daylight, singing and shouting? One did not have to go to Dundurn to know what quality of beasts Toronto had dumped upon us on her Civic Holiday.

"It was plain, early in the day, that very many of the Toronto blackguards came to Hamilton with the express intention of raising a row. They were 'looking for trouble.' The Hamilton Catholics paid no attention to them, Hamilton Protestants would not fraternize with them, and therefore the Toronto toughs must perforce fight with and curse one another.

"Next time an excursion from Toronto to Hamilton is advertized, four or five hundred special policemen should be sworn in, or the 13th Battalion should be called out under arms to preserve order and arrest lawbreakers. It is intolerable that this city should be overrun, even for a day, by the spawn of Toronto's dens of vice.

"Had the *Times* wished to publish all the notes in its possession, Toronto would have blushed for her young sons who were permitted to accompany the excursion on Monday. Here is just one little incident that occurred on the way to the station. *Two Sisters of Charity were seated in the car, when a couple of Toronto Pioneer Corps entered and sat opposite them. The men (?) spat tobacco juice into the ladies' laps, and laughed and joked over the incident. (The Italics are ours). Can such conduct be tolerated in this free, enlightened Canada of ours?*

"Monday's invasion of the city by the Toronto hoodlums was not the first of the kind made by them. Some three years ago a similar gang paid a visit to Hamilton and conducted themselves in anything but a gentlemanly way. They took possession of the Crystal Palace grounds, hacked the shade trees with their axes and fought among themselves like tigers. Down town they broke into some of the armories belonging to the city uniformed corps, stole numerous torches and lamps and played the mischief generally."

And of such canaille is composed the Loyal Orange Order.

Compare above reports of this Orange Excursion, with the eulogistic items which appeared in the city press about the Emerald's gathering, two weeks previous. The comparison will speak volumes.

The tenants on the Brabazon estate, Roscommon, have won a signal victory. They were sued by the landlord, Mr. Brabazon, for a large amount of unreclaimed bog, which the tenants have held in possession for the last 101 years. County Court Judge O'Connor Morris gave his decision against the tenants, but the sturdy men of Clooneau would not abide by the decision. Their solicitor, Mr. Scroope, of Castlereagh, made an appeal before the Judge of Assizes. It was heard at Roscommon on July 11. The tenants won the case. Their claim was very ably argued by Mr. Bodkin, B. L.

According to the latest report submitted to the House of Commons by the Irish Local Government Board, 3,276,103 people have left Ireland for other shores, during the past forty years. That is, over three millions of the Irish people in that time have been driven from their homes by landlord greed and the oppression of British rule.

## General Catholic News

Rev. Father John Kehoe, of Wicklow, Ireland, arrived in Kingston on Wednesday evening. He is staying at the Archbishop's palace pending appointment to a parish.

Cardinal Gibbons is devoting the entire profits of the sale of his new book, "Our Christian Heritage," to the addition now being made to the Baltimore Cathedral. The book is having a great sale.

The Grey Nuns worked like heroes in the track of the cyclone at South Lawrence, Mass., Saturday, July 26, caring for the injured without any distinction, and removing as many of the wounded children as they could make room for, to the hospital in connection with their orphanage. Protestants and Catholics alike unite in grateful recognition of their services.

According to the figures published in the *English Church Union*, Ritualism seems to be rapidly increasing. The organization now numbers 3,800 clergymen, of whom 24 are bishops and 26,900 lay communicants. This approach to Catholicity is perhaps, under God's providence, a means to bring back England to Church.

On Wednesday, Aug. 13, His Grace Archbishop Cleary, whilst assisting at the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the local pastor, the Rev. M. J. Stanton, a large body of clergy being present, among them Vicar Macdonell, the Archbishop publicly announced this clergyman's appointment as Bishop of the new See, of Alexandria and offered his warmest felicitations. He said the Decree of nomination by Propaganda had been confirmed by the Holy Father, and the Apostolic Letters, in form of Brief, will reach Kingston in a few days.

The Redemptorist Fathers of St. Ann's Church have completed their arrangements for the annual Irish Catholic pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beaupre, which will take place by the steamer "Three Rivers," Saturday, Aug. 23rd, leaving the Richelieu wharf at 4 p.m. sharp. The pilgrims are requested to procure their tickets before the day of the pilgrimage in order to avoid possible disappointment, as the number is positively limited, and they are also reminded that no confessions will be heard on the boat.

Should he live so long Leo XIII. will celebrate the golden jubilee of his Episcopal consecration on the 17th of January, 1893. The world will then witness such another outpouring of faith and devotion as gladdened the heart of the Holy Father and of the whole Christian world on the occasion of the celebration of the golden jubilee of his Sacerdotal golden jubilee. May his days be prolonged until his years and his labors be crowned by his further glory!

The Marquis of Ripon, an English Catholic nobleman, delivered an address recently in London in the course of which he said: "Some might forget and he was afraid there were many who did forget what English Catholics owed to Ireland. How was it that he could hold office in the government of the Empire? To whom was it that he owed those advantages which were denied to Catholics a few generations back? It was to that great Irishman, Daniel O'Connell, and it seemed to him that he would indeed be ungrateful if he did not, under these circumstances, fully devote his time and any abilities he possessed for the advancement of the Irish people."

Mgr. Bernard O'Reilly is now engaged and purposes to complete and have ready for the press in October next the life of Archbishop McHale, of Tuam, who was contemporary with the great O'Connell, and who died some years ago at the age of ninety-one. As soon as Mgr. O'Reilly consented to undertake the work, the family of the Archbishop placed at his disposal all his political and private letters and documents. The object of the work is to prove that Parnell and the Home Rulers are simply carrying out the plans of O'Connell and Archbishop John of Tuam.

## A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER.

(Marian White in *Catholic World*.)

## II.

To Jimmie's great disappointment, he rarely saw the lovely lady who had seemed to him an angel sent directly from God in answer to his prayer. Certainly she had fulfilled her promise, but here her interest had ceased. The poor boy had had so little kindness shown to him that he exaggerated the "beautiful lady's" goodness to him, and he longed and prayed for an opportunity to do her some good in return.

Little did Lillian dream as she came down the stairs in her trailing plush reception gown, or later, when robed for the opera or a party in her floating, gauzy fabric, that the poor cripple was gazing upon her from some unsuspected corner with an admiration that was the most genuine tribute her beauty could receive. "I wish she was a Catholic," Jimmie would say to himself. "I thought she was at first, but she ain't, and I don't believe she's got any religion at all. I wonder what made her go in the church, anyway. When she told 'bout not saying nothin' about seeing her in church I thought she was a Catholic and her folks Protestants, and she was skeered of 'em. But she ain't skeered a bit; the master'd stand on his head for her, and anyhow she ain't no Catholic, for she never goes to Mass on Sundays." If his lady had been a persecuted Catholic, Jimmie would have had innumerable opportunities of helping her, he thought; but as it was, he found that she had no need of him. Consequently, all his overflowing gratitude he lavished on the baby boy.

Ellen, the nurse, found Jimmie a valuable assistant; the boy would stretch out his dimpled arms eagerly to the cripple, and would crow with delight at Jimmie's antics, performed for his baby's amusement. Jimmie's love for the little one soon grew so strong that he could not bear the thought of letting the cherub suffer the smallest neglect, and his confidence in Ellen being more limited than Lillian's, he generally managed to constitute himself baby's guardian during its mother's absence. One morning, however, Lillian had gone out shopping earlier than usual, just at the time that he was busiest. Nurse had taken baby up to the nursery for its first nap, when a short time afterwards he heard a scream. Rushing up-stairs, he found the nurse floundering, and Polly, the kitchen-maid, running about frantically and shrieking. "Oh! he's kilt! the darlin'! the lamb! He fell out of the bed on his head; and he's kilt, he's dead! Ellen has run out of the house entirely, she was so skeered! Oh! the lamb!"

"My God!" said Jimmie, "it will kill her. Where is he?" There, upon the nursery floor beside the crib, lay the little son and heir of the house, white and motionless, with his golden hair fallen back, making a glory around his head. The cripple bent down sorrowfully over the little form, and lifting it tenderly in his arms, he carried it towards the window. "Hush, Polly," he said, "the little one has only fainted."

Then, bearing his precious burden to the marble basin, and letting the cold water run from the tap, he sprinkled the white face over and over again. Before long the little one opened his wide blue eyes, looked around in astonishment, then smiled up in Jimmie's earnest face with an expression the cripple never forgot.

Lillian was thrown into a flutter of alarm and excitement when, upon her return half an hour later, she learned of her baby's accident. "O my precious boy, my baby," she cried, rushing upstairs; and snatching the boy from the frightened Polly's arms, carried him to the window. She looked anxiously at the blue eyes, passed her hand over the golden head, laid her ear close to the child's heart, and covered him with kisses and caresses. The baby's blue eyes, she thought, looked bluer and deeper than ever as they smiled joyously into her anxious face.

"Ah! thank God!" she exclaimed. "He's just as well as ever he was, mum," said Polly, and there isn't a thing in the world the matter with him." Yet that night as Lillian lay awake thinking of the risk her child had run, she vowed

to have him christened without delay. She knew that private baptism is allowed only in cases of danger. And might not an accident happen any day? She was overcome with horror at the thought that God might punish her by snatching her baby from her unbaptized.

The next day baby looked tired and pale. Under ordinary circumstances she would not have attached much importance to these symptoms, but after what had happened the day before they alarmed her somewhat and she sent for the doctor. "He is not ill," she said, "but I fear he is not very well, and I want to know." She spent all her morning in the nursery, bathing the little one, and lavishing upon him a hundred little cares and caresses.

After lunch, finding him much brighter, she yielded to Robert's persuasions to take her usual afternoon drive. "The doctor will not be here until after his office hours, and you will be back long before then," he urged, as Lillian hesitated. Still she went out reluctantly, with a misgiving that seemed to her unreasonable, but that she could not altogether control.

She shortened her drive considerably, and when she alighted from her carriage there was Robert standing in the doorway, a look on his face that she never saw before, a look that was sorrowful and pitying. All her fears arose tumultuously in her heart, O heaven! was the baby ill?

"God grant that I am not too late," she murmured, as she came up the steps.

"What is it?" she cried at last in an agony of fear. Robert came towards her, his face full of grief and pity; he put his arm around her gently, but he could not speak. Her face grew pale and her eyes dilated wildly.

"O my baby!" she cried. "He is ill, he is dying! Let me go to him before—"

She would have flown to the stairs, but he checked her. "No, dearest," he said tenderly, "you could not bear it. Our little baby is—"

"Dead!" she cried so wildly, so pitifully that Robert's heart ached to see her. Then, thrusting him aside, she exclaimed: "I do not believe you; I will see!"

But as she said the words she fell, pale as death, in Robert's arms. He bore her gently to the library and laid her there upon the lounge.

When she regained consciousness she called wildly for her baby. Robert attempted to console her with loving words, but she scarcely seemed to hear them. After a time he told her that the little one had had a convulsion just as the doctor arrived, and that it had died in the latter's arms. He even dwelt upon the baby's death, hoping that the storm of tears, dreaded at first and longed for at last, would come to her relief. But tears come to sorrow that is blessed not to sorrow that is despair.

The days and weeks rolled by, yet no comfort came to the sorrow-stricken household. An expression of settled despair was written on Lillian's face. Robert found it impossible to arouse her interest in her surroundings, and the fear that she was losing her mind became stronger day by day. At last a trip to Europe was decided upon, and accepted by Lillian as she accepted everything, with indifference. During the ocean voyage and amid all the novelty and beauty of the scenes through which they passed she showed the same stony apathy. Three months had gone by, yet there was no change for the better; on the contrary, Lillian was growing physically weaker every day. Since her baby's death she had not expressed a desire or shown pleasure at any plan or prospect; but when Robert spoke of returning, she said: "Yes, it is better. I am glad."

So, discouraged and sorrowful, Robert prepared to return to the home where not a year before he had been the happiest of men. Into that home Lillian entered, the ghost of her bright, pretty self. Her friends were "sorry," some "sincerely sorry," to see her suffering; but one friend, the humblest of all, grieved for her with a sorrow almost as deep, though not as hopeless as her own. The more Jimmie grieved the more he prayed. In church and out of church, at his work, everywhere, one invocation was constantly close to the grateful cripple's lips: "Dear Lord, won't you please let me help my lady?" More than ever, since the blow had fallen upon her, he wished that his lady was a Catholic.

Ignorant and humble as he was, the crippled boy could see that the lady's sorrow was without hope or consolation. He knew, too, that in prayer lay her only refuge, her only comfort. Had she not prayed once on New Year's day in the dear cathedral, would she not go there again to pray if she was only reminded? But who would remind her? who would speak to her of God?

It seemed to the boy, as he thought of it, that she stood alone in her sorrow; the books, flowers, and presents sent her by friends, and even her husband's tenderness and love, could not touch or help her. Then it seemed to him that though he could not fight for her, or risk his life for her, as he had often wished to do, his opportunity had come to help her.

He was only her servant; it was not his place to speak to her as a friend; she might be indignant; but even though she turned him away, he would speak. If his words made her say one little prayer to God, would that not be worth the risk? When Jimmie entered Lillian's sitting-room she was sitting before the grate-fire in a little, low wicker chair, the bright flames shining full on her poor, wan face. Was this the lovely lady who had appeared to him at the church-door on New Year's day, looking like a vision of happiness? Was this the queenly mistress of the house before whom he scarcely dared to raise his eyes? Sitting there in her loneliness and sorrow, she touched him as she had never done before; he felt a rush of pity as he begged to God to let him bring his lady comfort.

"Ah! the furnace, I suppose," Lillian said, looking up wearily as Jimmie entered the room. "You can speak to Mr. Brownley about it when he comes in."

"Lady," he said, "you was good to me once; you give me work, *stidly* work, and God sent you to answer my prayer; and I bin wantin' to tell you that I can't bear to see you frettin' and grievin' so much.

"You told me once never to speak about seein' you in church, and I never did to this day; but what I got to say is that if you'd go to church ag'in, and if you'd see a priest there and hear him tell about the Catholic religion, you'd feel a great sight better.

"I saw one Catholic baby die once, lady, and the mother was a poor woman, and she loved that baby better'n her own life, 'cos her husband was dead and the kid was all she had. She cried and went on awful at first, but afterwards I used to see her smiling all the time, and I asked her why, and she said she loved God so much she wouldn't begrudge Him nothing, not even her little one that she know'd was safe and happy. O lady! if you could only feel like that! Little babies goes straight up to heaven—"

"How dare you speak in that way to me, boy!" cried Lillian, a flash of fury blazing up in her sunken eyes. She had caught him by the arm and was holding it tight. "Don't you know that my baby died without baptism?"

"Oh! no, lady," said Jimmie, "that he didn't, for I baptized him myself the day he fainted, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, just like the priest told us in Sunday School, for I thought he was in danger of dyin'!"

Her hand tightened upon his arm until he could have shrieked with pain, but the wave of hope that rose in her breast spread shining over her countenance. "Thank God!" she said as she sank on her knees and a flood of happy tears rushed to her eyes.

She took Jimmie's trembling hand. "Oh boy!" she exclaimed amid her tears, "you don't know what you have done?"

For a moment she looked in Jimmie's face, and in that moment she almost realized the poor boy's tender and grateful compassion for her.

Good God! had the boy deceived her so as to bring her comfort?

"Prove it!" she cried hysterically; "prove that you baptized my baby, or if—you have deceived me—I—I—" and again the stony look came back to the poor, wan features. "Was there no one there? Did anyone see you? Was the nurse—was Polly?—Oh! tell me, did no one know of it?"

Lillian was looking into the boy's face, watching its expression, waiting for a word as if her soul depended on his answer.

Something like a sob burst from the boy's heart.

"No; no one saw me; no one knew it but God. Polly, I believe she was running around there, but she didn't know, and she was going on so she didn't take no notice of anything."

Jimmie was hurt, but looking in his lady's pleading eyes he was ashamed the next moment of having thought of his own feelings. He went quietly to the door and called, "Polly!" Perhaps he thought she might remember something. Yet he had not much hope. When Polly came in the room a few minutes afterwards Lillian was vainly struggling to keep calm.

"Tell me, Polly," she said, "all about the day my baby fainted. You saw him, didn't you? Did you see Jimmie? Where was Jimmie? What was he doing?"

"Oh! miced I does remember it, ma'am, and I'll remember it the longest day I live. Yis, ma'am, I'll tell you ev'ry particklar. Well, that mornin' Ellen came rumm' down stairs, and she says, all of a tremble, 'The baby's fell out of his crib, and he's kilt! Oh! what'll I do at all?' I couldn't never face the missus!" And she ran out of the kitchen door, and then I flew up-stairs as fast as I could go, trembling every bit of me, and I called Jimmie, and he came running up, and there we seed the poor lamb lying on the floor so quiet, and for all the world like dead.

"And Jimmie took him up in his arms, and says he, 'He's only fainted.' And he took him to the wash-stand, and let the tap run, and he sprinkled water on the baby, and I was that frightened I was screaming all the while, and—"

"Yes, yes!" said Lillian. "Jimmie—did you hear him speak? Did he say anything when—"

"Yes, he was mutt'rin' somethin'; I thought it was prayin' he was, and I ran to the window to see if you was comin', and when I come back the only words I heard him say was the Holy Ghost, and I thought maybe the child was dyin'; but what did I see?"

"Come away, Polly," said Jimmie. "The lady knows it now."

"O Jimmie! forgive me," said Lillian, whose tears were now flowing freely, "God bless you! Do you know what you have done? You have saved my soul."

And Jimmie knew why his lady had suffered, knew that God had answered his prayer, and that he had helped his lady most at the moment when he baptized her little baby.

Ah! why had he not told her before? Had he known that she believed, that the knowledge of her baby's baptism could have given her the comfort it gave him, he would have told her long ago. But he knew also, alas!—and the knowledge was bitter—that his beautiful lady had been false to her conscience and that God had punished her.

Lillian's repentance was fervent and complete. She had been a traitor to her God, yet He opened His arms with blessings to invite her return. However, God's love was not human love.

It was many years before Lillian occupied the place in her husband's heart from which she fell when her trembling lips revealed her past hypocrisy. She suffered all the more to know that among Robert's many friends the friend of his youth whom he had loved best was a Catholic. Robert declared that he esteemed the Catholic doctrine above every other, though he professed no religion; but his wife's deceit to him and treachery to her faith was a shock to his love and his pride, a blow that could not easily be healed.

During those long years in which Lillian had many a struggle to endure, many a heart-ache to bear, many a victory to achieve, the humble friend who had been God's instrument of mercy towards her remained her constant helper and support. Not only was the cripple's presence a continual reminder of her debt to God, but Jimmie's eyes seemed to read her very soul. Before that honest soul she was ashamed of any weakness, of any faltering that looked like slipping backwards.

When, years afterwards, Robert Brownly and his happy wife knelt side by side to partake of the sacred banquet perhaps Jimmie's part in their happiness was forgotten, but there was one who did not forget, and even on this earth blessed a hundred-fold his faithful servant.

If intemperance had not been the prevailing vice in America during the last forty years the membership of the Catholic Church would be larger by several millions whilst her receipts for charitable and educational purposes would be more than doubled. Penal and eleemosynary institutions would not shelter the remnants of thousands of her families dismembered by alcohol. There is some reason why a large number of Catholic young ladies marry non-Catholics, or never marry at all; they have learned from their older sisters that the hope for something better beyond the grave is the only support to a woman who is doomed to physical and mental torture during the natural term of her husband's dissipated life. It is doubtful if a mother's fortitude and endurance can be put to a stronger test than to be obliged to fight single-handed against starvation, whilst shielding her children from the brutalities of a drunken parent. Such a woman hardly ever manifests her bitter anguish, except, perhaps, to a spiritual adviser, who can do little else for her than counsel patience and resignation. Her virtue and her sufferings are not known to the world. Even her own children, whom the sottish behavior of a drunken parent has prejudiced against all the surroundings of home, are soon eager to leave her. They gladly embrace the first opportunity to cast their lot among strangers. The Catholic Church cannot refuse to give her hearty support to a movement which is destined to deliver from misery a numerous class of virtuous mothers and their helpless infants—if it is not too late—if the demon of alcohol has not already buried its crooked harpy-claws in the vitals of society. —*Handcuffs for Alcoholism.* Rev. Geo. Zureher, Buffalo Plains, N.Y.

Every unprejudiced physician will allow that the rites of the Catholic Church, as administered to the sick, have a decidedly beneficial and soothing effect upon the latter. Goethe, who had little if any practical faith in the supernatural, has left us a beautiful literary memorandum entitled "Sacraments," in which he dwells upon the wonderful power of the sacramental rites in the Catholic Church to raise man's aspirations, to strengthen his purpose, and make him superior to the ills of this life. The confession of past sins, which haunts the sick man during the sleepless hours of enforced reflection, relieves his mind. The fear of retribution, induced by the thought of possible death, turns into hope after he has received the assurance of pardon, given, not in the form of friendly desires or pious sentiment, but as an efficacious remedy vouchsafed to man by God through the ministry of man, and always sure of being obtained so long as the sinner has a true sorrow for his offence. Thus, too, in "Extreme Unction" the prayers which the priest pronounces as he anoints the different senses of the body remind the patient that even now, though his life is in jeopardy, he need not fear. A special sacramental grace is given him when earthly remedies have been pronounced as no longer availing or greatly doubtful. Then the sincere Catholic is made to remember that, if the wisdom of God deem it for his advantage to live, he will recover in the strength of that last sacramental prayer made in the name and power of Christ; but if not, he is fortified for the transit into eternity. And the thought gives him peace, and the last struggle is one of hope and not of despair. If rightly understood, such disposition will be welcomed by every sensible physician. —*Am. Ecol. Review for August.*

POEMS

POPE LEO XIII.

As the Edition of these Poems is limited, and our stock is fast being depleted, we would advise those of our readers who have not yet secured one to send in their orders at once.

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Forresters, 126 and 128 Washington Street,  
CHICAGO, Oct. 11th, 1887.

Rev. E. KOENIG: Dear Sir:—I deem it a duty I owe you to certify to the good effect the taking of your medicine had on my health. I was troubled with nervousness brought on by over-work. Your Nerve Tonic almost immediately stopped that peculiar tremor that I presume is evidence of nervousness. I am now well. My head troubled me, could not sleep, head hot, dreams of accidents, etc. One spoonful of your medicine removed the cause of my dreams; have not had them since; took seven or eight bottles of your medicine. Keep some in my house; always take some occasionally; would not do without it; have recommended it to my friends. If I am not mistaken your medicine will prove it great blessing to this over-worked nation. Yours truly,

JNO. F. SCANLAN,

A similar experience was made by Mr. John Beatty, Corner Carroll Avenue and Lincoln Street, Chicago.

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

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

**KOENIG MEDICINE CO.,**  
60 W. Madison cor. Clinton St., CHICAGO, ILL.  
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.  
Price \$1 per Bottle. 6 Bottles for \$5.  
Agents, Lyman & Co Toronto

**TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE**

Best Teeth on rubber, \$4; on celluloid \$10  
All work absolutely painless. Vitalized Air  
C. H. HIGGS, J.D.S., South-east cor. King & Yonge Sts. Toronto. Telephone 1166.

**NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY**

Under the patronage of Rev. Father Labelle.

Established in 1881, under the Act of Quebec, 32 Vict., Chapt. 30, for the benefit of the Diocesan Societies of Colonization of the Province of Quebec.

**CLASS D**  
The 37th Monthly Drawing will take place

**WEDNESDAY AUGUST 20th**

At 2 p.m.

PRIZES VALUE

**\$50,000**

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

**LIST OF PRIZES.**

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

TICKETS \$1.00

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

Winners, names not published unless specially authorized:

A. A. AUDET, secretary, Offices, 19 St. James street, Montreal, Can

**The Province of Quebec Lottery**

AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE

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

**MONTHLY DRAWINGS FOR THE YEAR 1890**

FROM THE MONTH OF JULY

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

SECOND MONTHLY DRAWING, AUGUST 13 1890.

3134 PRIZES

WORTH \$52,740.00

CAPITAL PRIZE

WORTH \$15,000.00

TICKET, . . . \$1.00

11 TICKETS for \$10.00

Ask for circulars.

**LIST OF PRIZES.**

1 Prize worth \$15,000	\$15,000.00	\$15,000.00
1 " " "	5,000	5,000.00
1 " " "	2,500	2,500.00
1 " " "	1,250	1,250.00
2 Prizes " " "	500	1,000.00
5 " " "	250	1,250.00
25 " " "	50	1,250.00
100 " " "	25	2,500.00
250 " " "	15	3,000.00
500 " " "	10	5,000.00
Approximation Prizes.		
100 " " "	25	2,500.00
100 " " "	15	1,500.00
100 " " "	10	1,000.00
100 " " "	5	4,950.00
100 " " "	5	1,950.00

3134 Prizes worth \$52,740.00

S. E. LEFEBVRE, .. MANAGER,

81 St. James St., Montreal Can.

**The Father Mathew Remedy**



The Antidote to Alcohol found at Last!

A NEW DEPARTURE

**The Father Mathew Remedy**

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

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

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

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

S. Lachance, Druggist, Sole Proprietor 1588 and 1540 Catherine st., Montreal



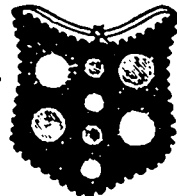
**THE CLIMAX OF ABSORPTION**



A CURE

**WITHOUT MEDICINE.**

Our appliances act as perfect Absorbents by destroying the germs of disease and removing all Impurities from the body.



All diseases are successfully treated by

CORRESPONDENCE,

as our goods can be applied at home.

**STILL ANOTHER NEW LIST.**

Senator A. E. Botsford, Sackville, advises everybody to use Actina for failing eyesight.

Miss Laura Grose, 166 King w., Granulated Eye Lot; cured in 4 weeks.

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

A. Rogers, tobacconist, Adolalde west, declares Actina worth \$100.

Miss Flora McDonald, 21 Wilton Ave., misses a large lump from her hand of 13 years standing.

S. Floyd, 119 1/2 Portland st., Liver and Kidneys and Dyspepsia cured.

G. R. Glassford, Markdale, Sciatica and Dyspepsia cured in 6 weeks; 15 years standing.

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

"H. S." says Emissions entirely ceased. Have not felt so well in 20 years. THESE LETTERS ON FILE.

Mrs. J. Swift, 87 Agnes st., Sciatica for years, perfectly cured in 6 weeks.

Chas. Cosens, P.M., Trowbridge, general Nervous Debility, now enjoys good health.

Thomas Bryan, 371 Dundas st., general Debility, improved from the first day, now perfectly cured.

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

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

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

Your Belt and Suspensory cured me of Impotency, writes G. A.

Would not be without your Belt and Suspensory for \$50, says J. McG.

For General Nervous Debility your Butterfly Belt and Suspensory are cheap at any price.



CATARRH Impossible under the Influence of Actina. ACTINA will cure all Diseases of the Eye. Given on 15 days trial.

Combine Belt and Suspensory only \$5. Cure certain. No Vinegar or Acids used.

Mention this Paper. Illustrated Book and Journal FREE. W. T. BAER & CO., 171 Queen st. West, TORONTO, ONT.

**Continuation of the GREAT JULY**

**MARK-DOWN SALE McKEOWN & CO.**

During the remainder of this month we will continue our enormous

**MARK DOWN SALE**

In order to reduce our Stock as much as possible prior to 1st August.

Our sales this month has been unprecedented but there are lots of Goods left yet that must be closed out. We will offer unapproachable bargains in Dress Goods, Silks, Satens, Prints, Ginghams, Table Linens, Sheetings, White Quilts, Lace Curtains, Flannelettes, Tennis Flannels, Check Muslin, Victoria Lawn, India Linens, Skirting and narrow Embroideries, Laces, Handkerchiefs, Corsets, Ribbons, Kid and Silk Gloves and Mitts, Ladies' summer Underware, etc. and also a special purchase of 500 doz. Ladies Balbriggan, Striped Black and Colored Cotton Hose selling 3 pair for 50 cts. this is less than half actual value.

Immense reductions in Jackets, Jerseys Waterproof Cloaks, Parasols, Ladies and Childrens Muslin Underware &c. &c.

Everything as advertised

**M'KEOWN & CO.**

182 Yonge Street.



# ROYAL BAKING POWDER



**Absolutely Pure.**

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

**Dominion : Line : Royal : Mail**  
STEAMSHIPS  
**SUMMER SEASON.**

Liverpool Service—Sailing Dates  
From Montreal. From Quebec.

Sardinia	Thur. Aug. 21
Oregon	" " " "
Dominion	Sept. 1
Vancouver	Wed. " 10
Toronto	Thur. " 18
	Thur. Sep. 11th

Bristol Service, for Avonmouth Dock.  
SAILING DATES.

Texas	Aug. 23rd
Knight Companion	" 30th

Rates of passage per S. S. "Vancouver"  
Cabin \$60, to \$80. Return \$100 to \$150, according to accommodation. By all other Steamers \$30 and \$50, according to accommodation in three and two berth rooms. Return \$50 and \$70. Intermediate \$20. Return \$30. Steerage \$20. Return \$10.

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

# ALLAN LINE

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT, 1890.

Reduction in Cabin Rates

Liverpool, Londonderry, Montreal and Quebec Service.

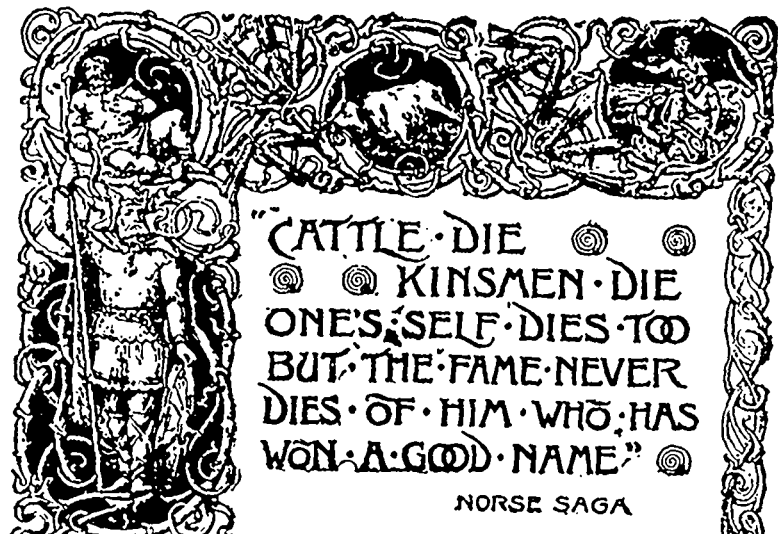
STEAMER	From Montreal At Daylight	From Quebec 9 a.m.
Parisian	30 July	31 July
Circassian	13 August	14 August
Sardinian	29 " "	21 " "
Polynesian	27 " "	28 " "
Parisian	3 Sep.	4 Sept.
Circassian	17 " "	18 " "
Sardinian	21 " "	25 " "

### RATES OF PASSAGE.

Montreal or Quebec to Liverpool.  
Cabin, from \$15.00, to \$20.00, according to accommodation. Intermediate, \$20. Steerage, \$25.00. Return Tickets, Cabin, \$25.00 to \$150.00.

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

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



"CATTLE·DIE  
KINSMEN·DIE  
ONE'S·SELF·DIES·TOO  
BUT·THE·FAME·NEVER  
DIES·OF·HIM·WHO·HAS  
WON·A·GOOD·NAME"

NORSE SAGA

# THE FAME OF NESTLE'S FOOD

WILL NEVER DIE

IT HAS WON FOR ITSELF A GOOD NAME

It came into existence twenty-three years ago in response to a great cry for help from mothers in European cities, whose children were dying from Cholera Infantum. From that time on NESTLE'S FOOD has been regarded as the safest diet and best preventive of Cholera Infantum and other Summer Complaints.

A sample will be sent to any mother mentioning this paper.

THOS. LEEMING & CO.

25 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

# CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully,  
T. A. BLOOM, M.C., 188 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

# Niagara River Line

In connection with Vanderbilt System of Railways  
SINGLE TRIPS  
On and after Thursday, May 15, steamer

## CIBOLA

will leave Yonge-street wharf (daily except Sundays) at 7 a.m., for Niagara and Lewistown, connecting with trains on New York Central and Michigan Central Railways for Falls, Buffalo, New York, etc.

Tickets at all principal offices.

JOHN FOY, MANAGER.

# O'MEARA

THE—

# TAILOR

HAS OPENED HIS NEW STORE

561 QUEEN ST. WEST,

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

Good Fit & Workmanship Guaranteed

561 Queen Street West,

Opposite Donison Ave.