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# The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, June 28, 1890.

No. 21

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Toronto, Saturday, June 28, 1890.

No. 21

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## Notes.

MR. STANLEY'S wedding will, according to present arrangements, take place at Westminster Abbey on the 12th July. The officiating clergymen will be the Bishop of Ripon, the Master of the Temple, and the Dean of Westminster.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON, in the "Life of Oliver Cromwell" published last year by Macmillan for the Morely series, mentions that Mrs. Tennant, amongst many others, is descended from Frances, daughter of the Protector. Miss Dorothy Tennant is seventh in descent through Frances, who married Lord Rich. Mrs. Tennant remembers that it was usual in the family to keep the 30th January as a day of humiliation and prayer. They were taught as children that an ancestral visitation hung over them that would certainly overtake them in this world or the next. Let us hope that, as the sins of the fathers are visited on the children only to the third and fourth generation, a blessing may fall on this fair lady and her betrothed.

THE *Mail* has evidently recovered from the shock inflicted by the result of the Provincial elections, for, on Saturday last "Gracchus" favoured the public with another of his letters on "Vital Issues," which, like its forerunners, would do credit to the imagination of a Munchausen. It would be interesting to know when, and where, the public prayers and solemn Masses, he speaks of, were offered up for Mr. Mowat. We are afraid that the word "public" must in any case be withdrawn, for, the time and place of supplication were so little known that the general public never heard of them.

THERE is little doubt that the coquetting of Mr. Meredith with the so-called "Equal Rights" party caused many Catholic Conservatives either to abstain from voting or has prompted them to support the Liberal Government in this Province. As long as the Tory leader of Ontario persists in identifying himself with the narrow-minded faction who would destroy the provisions of the British North America Act for the preservation

of the rights of the minority, many Catholics will sink their personal political feelings and support those who uphold the present state of affairs, either from policy or from a sense of justice.

It is always a thing to be regretted that religion should in any way be identified with a certain party, but it is the fault of Mr. Meredith and his Equal Right *entourage*, if many of the Catholic Conservatives of Ontario have been driven, for the time being, by their instinct of self-defence, into the ranks of the less objectionable of the two divisions of legislators.

It is to be feared that the result of the Quebec Provincial elections will further add fuel to the fire of the *Mail's* indignation, and already its columns are full of insinuations as to the corruption and bribery practiced by Mr. Mercier and his colleagues during the recent contest.

How edifying to see the manner in which the proud motto "*Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite*," is practiced in France. Here is a cut from the *Moniteur*:—

"A functionary of the Registry Office at Correze was accused of going to Mass. At once the Prefect ordered a strict investigation. The inquiry elicited the fact that this functionary is a Protestant, only he occasionally goes to play Bezique with the local cure, the only person in the village with whom he can associate. The fact of his being a Protestant saved him. But supposing he had not been able to prove that? He would have been in a bad way.

LORD SALISBURY has now given his famous term of twenty years an almost indefinite extension. What he used to promise us was that if we allowed his nephew to browbeat the Irish people for the space of twenty years Ireland would at the end of that time be perfectly happy and contented. But, speaking to the Merchant Tailors last week, he put on his term far away into "the Ewigkeit":—

Of all the symptoms of a restored and regenerated Ireland, political convalescence (he said) will come last. Do not be deluded into imagining that because the votes of the Irish members still go against us, and will go against England until the grandson of the youngest man here has descended into his grave—do not imagine that, because that symptom of political health is wanting, therefore we have not entered upon a course the end of which may be the final restoration and regeneration of Ireland.

Now, if we take "the youngest man present" to have been 20; if we marry him and his son at 25, and allow to the grandson a life of 60 years, it will be pretty near 100 years before that grandson has "descended into the grave" and Lord Salisbury's "final restoration" has come to pass. Does the Coercionist leader really believe that the country will ever again give him a credit which, on his own admission, will not be redeemed for a century?

## THE DISAPPEARANCE OF JOHN LONGWORTHY.

M. F. EGAN IN AVE MARIA.

XXXIV.—*Iphigenia*.

DURING the interval, as the buds of April swelled into the leaves of May, and the time went on to those three or four days in the spring when the gates of the lost Paradise seem to open and all its glow and glory to fill the earth, Mary had many moments of unhappiness. Miles came and went, sullen and unsocial. He did not hesitate to declare to his sisters that he considered their conduct utterly base. He sneered on all occasions at the "absurdities" of John Longworthy and the "dudishness" of Arthur Fitzgerald. He insinuated that if he were driven to ruin, his sisters, on whom he most relied, would be responsible for it.

Esther, absorbed in her own plans, paid no attention to all this. She escaped as soon as the rather gloomy meals were over. A disagreeable person in a family knows his advantages. He may be avoided at other times, but nobody can prevent his putting gall into the coffee, or adulterating the sugar with acid that is more biting than anything the chemists know of. And Miles understood well how to use his privileges.

While Esther and John Longworthy floated out into the country, day after day, borne on the rosy clouds of the peach blossoms or the white mist of the cherry trees, Mary went through her daily drudgery, almost happy when she did not think of Miles. Arthur was ecstatic. The spring was to him a veritable glimpse of Paradise, and Mary was the Eve fresh from the hand of her Creator. But when he was with her there was often a touch of melancholy in their intercourse. Mary had moments of silence, and sad silence, that depressed him. He could not understand this. To him a walk with her through the twilight streets, where even crowded tenement and dark brown stone could not stifle the breathings of spring, was a delight that he could not express in words. He loved the silence that sometimes fell between them, but not the silence that left Mary with a sad look in her eyes and almost a frown on her brow. He knew then that she was thinking of Miles.

As April waned, and the little buttons on the trees became feathered tufts, Mary grew more and more preoccupied. Esther, who had given up her music lessons, was in a flutter of happiness. She looked after the *trousseau* with a natural aptness for that sort of thing, and with the additional pleasure of spending money without the usual restraint. The wardrobes were not very elaborate—they did not come up to Nellie Mulligan's ideas at all. And that astute young lady, who had made the acquaintance of Esther's dressmaker, knew all about them.

A change took place in Miles, and Mary noticed it with a new feeling of terror; and she felt that any change in him must be for the worse. He became laboriously polite, and ceased to jeer at his prospective brothers-in-law. What did he mean? Was he going away? And then, as he appeared in various new suits of clothes, and an onyx-seal ring, Mary asked herself if he had taken to gambling. By constant dwelling on this suspicion it developed almost into a certainty. She followed him with anxious eyes, much to his pleasure: for, next to getting into the Assembly, there was only one thing he desired ardently—and that was to punish Mary. He knew now that he was making her unhappy.

She dreamed of him night after night. She saw him a little flaxen-haired boy; and then all changed, as he lay dying on the doorstep, speechless, reproaching her with his eyes. And night after night, in her dreams, she saw him die, hopeless, unrepentant, in his sins. She awoke with a shriek one night, when the horror of all this seemed to choke her. She would not tell Esther what she had suffered, but that night she concluded to set Arthur free; she said to herself that she could not make him happy while Miles lived as he did. Mary was sincere in all this—morbidly so, over-scrupulously so, but, then, it was her nature to be over-scrupulous, and her unfortunate brother had been for so long a time her first and last thought.

In the meantime John Longworthy had a private talk with Miles. He knew the Miles species, and he made a sharp bargain with him. Miles was to be supplied with all the money he needed for his campaign on certain conditions; one of these was that he was not to annoy his sisters. All Miles wanted was the money, and he knew how to spend it where it would do him the most good. He was a popular man: he was the sort of man who becomes popular in miscellaneous crowds, where it is necessary to reach the great average; his very abstinence from the amenities of life in the bosom of his own family left him more vitality for their exercise in other quarters. And the grand picnic he gave in the late summer, at which every man, woman, and child in The Anchor and for miles around assisted, was the stroke of grace. He was elected, and the whole district hailed him as the Honorable Miles Galligan. After this he seldom saw his sisters; although later, when he had married, his wife often visited them, and told them tales of his meekness under her rule, which made Esther laugh and which caused Mary to pity him, and to sigh over the past.

It happened that on one calm afternoon Mary and Arthur had gone down to the seaside. Her cheeks had become so pale of late that Arthur had a vague fear that she was not happy. The sea came in softly, with no high dashes or loud roar only a series of foam-edged ripples. Men were at work on Brighton Beach, repairing the wreck of the winter. A passing steamer was outlined against the blue sky, which was without a cloud. A red umbrella on the gray sand, not very far distant, made a brilliant point of colour in the sunlight. Mary had her bunch of white hyacinths in her bosom; but when the thought of last night's dream crossed her mind their rich scent seemed a presage of doom.

Mary was sitting on the piazza of the Brighton Beach Hotel. Arthur was near her, leaning against the pillar, with a happy and confident look in his eyes.

"And may there be no moaning at the bar  
When I put out to sea!"

he quoted idly; for the silence was full of words, and for a brief space he was really happy. He had a clear conscience and he was in love—two things that do not constitute happiness for other races, but which are more than sufficient for the Irish.

"Arthur," Mary said, with an effort, rising and putting her hand in his. "I cannot make you happy,—I am sure of it."

"Oh, yes you can," answered Arthur, confidently, turning toward her with a smile—"I am sure you can."

"But I am not happy myself. Oh, how can I leave that boy? How can I desert him even for you? I promised mother—"

"What boy?" asked Arthur, in bewilderment, looking around him.

"Miles—Miles, of course," she replied. "I cannot leave him even for you. Oh, forgive me, Arthur, but I am entirely wretched—wretched! He can never take care of himself."

Arthur's smile faded. He looked at her anxiously. Her pallor gave his heart a keen pang. How could such a sweet creature think so much of that hulking and selfish brute! But, after all, he was her brother.

"I hope," she went on, "that you will not think I do not—like you more than anybody else in the world. You know better!"

Arthur pressed her hand slightly and smiled again.

"And I hope you will not think I'm hysterical or nervous or silly or unkind—but, O Arthur, I can't leave him to go to his ruin!—I can't—I can't!"

"We will not talk of it now," he answered, smiling again. "This school-teaching has upset you. When we've had a little journey, and you have been free from drudgery a little while, life will look different, and Miles will not appear so helpless."

"I wish I could think so," she said, and a tear dropped on his hand. "Oh, I wish I could think so; but I know better! Arthur, as long as Miles lives as he lives now I cannot leave him. I know you think him selfish, but you only see him as he is now, you don't know how good he is at heart—"

"No, I don't," interrupted Arthur, involuntarily; and

then, remembering to whom he was talking, "but I know how good *your* heart is—too kind, too soft, too deep, to be wasted on—on—any man."

A look of gratitude glorified Mary's tear-filled eyes.

"Thank you, Arthur! You at least see some good in Miles—"

"And so you want to choose between us, Mary?" he said, with a twinkle in his eyes. "He is so helpless and I am so very able to take care of myself?"

Mary made no answer; she put her hands before her face.

"Suppose he should die as he lives? Arthur, I know I ought not to tell you, but Miles has not been to confession for three years," she said in a low tone.

Arthur became serious at once. "Poor creature!" murmured. "I am sorry he has not profited by your example."

"And, Arthur, I *know* you think he is selfish, but I have helped to make him so; and now, even for you, I cannot leave him!"

Arthur did not answer at once; his eyes were turned away from Mary and fixed on the red umbrella. It had lifted and revealed a vision of beauty. Under it now stood two figures. One—the lady's—was attired in a long red garment, which exactly matched the umbrella. A flaring hat, around which a wreath of buttereups and cherries wound itself, surmounted a very thick "bang." The umbrella was borne nearer the hotel, while Mary, with downcast eyes, waited for Fitzgerald to speak.

"So the dear boy can't take care of himself!" he murmured, with a glimpse of a smile on his lips.

The other figure, resplendent in a new Derby hat, a striped frocked coat, checked trousers, and a diamond pin of brilliant lustre, was Miles Galligan himself. He recognized Mary and Fitzgerald, and made for the piazza. Mary had not yet raised her eyes. What would Arthur say? Would he ever forgive her for this? Must she lose him forever?

His silence was so inexplicable that she did not raise her eyes, to see Miles and Nellie Mulligan standing near her. Miles looked sheepish and subdued; Nellie's bang was glossier than ever, and her cheeks almost outvied her redingote and her umbrella. She rushed at Mary and kissed her violently.

"Well," she exclaimed, with a giggle, "Miley's persuaded me to take him at last! I couldn't refuse. He is *such* a fool! —Miley I've dropped the umbrella!"

Miles descended meekly from the piazza and picked up the crimson gamp from the ground.

Nellie shook hands effusively with Fitzgerald.

Miley ain't altogether what I want him to be—yet," Nellie went on, winking confidently at his sister. "He is *such* a fool!" she added, tenderly. "He has been spoiled; but I guess I can make a man of him."

And she looked as if she were going to do her best, as she drew Miles away, after he had heard Fitzgerald say a few words of congratulation, and Mary had kissed Nellie, but with a little coldness.

"We shall be married in June," Nellie added. "Miley says May, but I say May is an unlucky month. I told Lize Brown I would not take him, even if there was a chromo thrown in—but he needs somebody to look after him. See you later!"

With many airy nods and smiles she disappeared, leaning on Miles' arm, toward the train.

"They have *my* blessing!" Fitzgerald said, fervently.

A tear from Mary's eyes fell on the hyacinthes. She was almost happy, and yet she was a little jealous of Nellie Mulligan, and full of pity for "poor Miles."

When they reached home they heard Esther's blithe voice singing her favourite song:

"Nous n'irons plus au bois,  
Les lauriers sont coupés  
La belle que voila,  
La lairon nous danser?"

"Shall we say good-bye forever here on the steps, and will you take care of Miles—and Nellie?" Arthur asked, as they went up the stoop.

Mary only laughed, for the first time in many days.

(To be continued.)

## THE FOUNDATIONS OF FRENCH-CANADA.

UNDER the title of "The Soldiers of the Blessed Virgin," the veteran American Catholic writer, Dr. John Gilmary Shea, recalls in the pages of our valued contemporary, the *Ar Maria*, of Notre Dame, an incident connected with the history of the early Catholic settlers in Canada, which gives us a vivid and agreeable impression as to the habits and modes of thought of those heroic brethren of the Faith. The foundation of religion which the settlers in question laid has never been disturbed. To-day Canada deserves to rank amongst the most thoroughly practical of Catholic nations. From the commencement of the work the pioneers of French enterprise seem to have invoked the special aid and protection of the Mother of God. Mr. Shea says:—"Ville Marie, City of Mary, better known as Montreal, was planted by one of the most holy men of his time, in the very heart of the American wilderness. It was in no sudden burst of pious enthusiasm that the venerable priest, John James Olier, founder of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, planned this American city, and gathered around him a company to carry out his Christian project. Its aim was purely religious, it was to be a mission outpost, to diffuse the light of Christianity, and the site was selected, not near the existing settlements, but far away in the parts still held by the red men."

Mr. Shea proceeds:—"The whole project was a work of devotion. Pious motives inspired the members of the Company of Montreal. A spirit of devotion animated the brave Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve, sent out to found the settlement; Mlle Mance, who went to establish a hospital, and Margarete Bourgeoys to teach. Around these three great figures of the early settlement of Montreal group the first colonists, all selected for their exemplary and moral lives, their courage, endurance, and pious trust in Providence." It was on the 14th October, 1642, Mr. Shea tells us, that Maisonneuve reached Montreal Island, and occupied it on behalf of the company he represented; but it was not until the 18th May in the following year that the site of the settlement represented by the present city of Montreal was definitely adopted. Then "all knelt to thank God for His protection. An altar was set up, and decorated by the deft hands of Madame de la Peltrie and Mlle. Mance; then Father Vimont intoned the *Veni Creator*, and offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The Blessed Sacrament remained exposed throughout the day, while around it the pious settlers reared their tents and laded their goods. Then Maisonneuve felled the first tree to clear the place for the settlement; maple and elm and hickory were soon tottering, while sturdy arms lopped off the branches and fashioned the palisades to surround their homes." Ere long other settlers came, some bringing cannon and like weapons of defence, so the little colony thrived apace and daily grew in strength.

Soon the new comers were to learn that the post they were called upon to hold was one of no ordinary kind. Mr. Shea recalls how "Montreal was but a month old when a party of Iroquois, led by treacherous Hurons, surprised some of the settlers sawing the trees into planks. Some were killed and scalped, some were carried away to die amid the tortures in which Iroquois cruelty exhausted its powers of invention. The magnitude of their peril was now clear. Every man was on the alert. The famous bloodhound Pilote made the rounds at night, and, when she scented an Indian, came bounding through the darkness to warn the settlers. As the alarms became frequent, the soldiers of Mary's city wished to sally out and attack the enemy." At last, yielding to the entreaties of his men, Maisonneuve determined to attack the foe. The wonderfully sagacious animal, Pilote, was selected as the guide of the little column and the wisdom of the choice was not belied. She led her masters straight upon the enemy. "A desperate contest ensued. The men of Montreal fought desperately against a force ten times their own. Some fell gloriously, making the enemy pay dearly; but at last their commander gave the order to retreat. He covered the rear, keeping the Iroquois at bay, till his pistol mis-fired. In an instant the gigantic Indian chief sprang on him and grasped him by the throat. Before his sinewy hand could close in a death grip, however, Paul Chomedey's clubbed pistol crushed

his skull, and he fell gasping. His dismayed braves bore him away, and the little band of French entered the pallsades of Ville Marie."

Such incidents were not to be uncommon in the history of Montreal. Over and over again "runners, coming by the portages of Ottawa, told of the desolation of the Huron country by the Iroquois; fugitives came from ruined towns, few survivors of powerful bands, who related the story of butchery and conflagration, of martyred missionaries and a nation scattered to the winds." Yet under such circumstances, amidst every rush of foes and in every stress of turmoil, Montreal, like a rock set amidst angry waters, repelled each assault upon her ramparts and repulsed those who strove to beat them down. Mr. Shea says:—"Up to this time almost every man was a soldier. All were servants of Mary, fighting to defend her city. But in 1653, seventy-two of the bravest—in honour of the seventy-two years our Blessed Lady passed on earth—were enrolled as the 'Soldiers of the Blessed Virgin.' The Governor of Montreal, Maisonneuve himself, was the commander. Each week he appointed seven to be the patrol of the week. One of these Militia of the Blessed Virgin went out each day as a scout to reconnoitre. He set out prepared to die, after confessing and receiving Holy Communion. It was his perilous task to skirt around the line of cultivated lands, and on the least indications of the presence of Indians to give the alarm to the men working in the fields. Though many of Mary's militia were killed or wounded in their work of charity, no man faltered."

Ten years later, in 1663, this famous corps was reorganized, and named "Militia of the Holy Family, Jesus, Mary, and Joseph." Mr. Shea tells us how the force was divided into twenty squads, each numbering six men, and that, to this day, many a family of note in Montreal points with pride to the name of an ancestor in the original roll of the members of the heroic and devoted little regiment. The proclamation of the Governor calling the Militia of the Holy Family to arms was in the following words:—

"Whereas this island belongs to the Blessed Virgin, we deem it our duty to invite and exhort all who are zealous in her service to assemble together in squads of seven men, and, after electing a corporal by a majority of votes, to report to us to be enrolled in our garrison, and as such obey our orders for the preservation of this country. We promise, on our side, that all dangers that may arise in military operations, the interest of every individual shall be dear to us, and that we shall be ready to drop from the roll those who give their names, whenever they require it. We order Sieur Dupuis, major, to enter this order in the proper office, with the names of all who shall be enrolled, to stand as a mark of honour, as they expose their lives for the interest of Our Lady and the public welfare."

"There was something nobly chivalric in the spirit which called this regiment of the Holy Family into existence. Little wonder that, as Mr. Shea tells us, it "was singularly protected. For three years it was constantly in service, and formed the real protection of Ville Marie: yet in all that time it lost only five killed and three captured by the enemy." Of the prisoners, one, in imminent danger of torture and death at the hands of his Indian foes, "raised his soul in prayer to Our Lady, putting all hope of his deliverance in her intercession with God." That very night the camp of his captors, the Iroquois, was attacked by a party of another tribe, the Algonquin, who set our Lady's soldier at liberty, and Father Lallemond, the heroic missionary, records that he "was not ungrateful for the benefit. He could not speak of the Blessed Virgin without bursting into tears, and proclaimed constantly the wonders she had wrought in his deliverance."

Such were the men who laid the foundations of French Canada, and whose descendants remain to-day as fervently chivalric in their Catholicity and as earnest in their devotion to Our Lady and the Church as were those who held watch and ward two hundred and thirty years ago by the blue waters of the lordly St. Lawrence.—*Dublin Irish Catholic.*

All Subscribers who are in arrears to the REVIEW would confer a favor, by at once remitting to us the amount of their indebtedness.

## PATRIOTISM UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE man who has the heartfelt admiration and love of every man, woman, and child in Ireland to-day is William O'Brien. His bust in plaster is in every cabin, and his picture ornaments every wall. He has spent two out of the last three years in prison for making what are called incendiary speeches, and his confinement has made serious inroads on his once vigorous health. O'Brien is ubiquitous. During the season when Parliament is not in session he is apt to appear unexpectedly in almost any part of Ireland, notwithstanding the surveillance of the police. Especially is he liable to appear in those districts where evictions are in progress or are about to take place. On these occasions he is in the habit of making speeches. These addresses never take place in a public hall, but are always made in a locality unknown to the police. The way in which he gets his audience on these occasions is unique. The fact that he wishes to make an address is made known to some of the prominent men in the National League, and by secret means the peasantry are notified of the place of meeting. Barefooted messengers often run fifty miles in the course of the day carrying the news. Often the courier is seated on a horse which jumps the hedges and ditches, where it is impossible for a jaunting car to follow with the police. The meetings usually take place in the evening or on Sunday afternoon in a field on the outskirts of a village. It is not unusual for ten thousand men to gather at the place of meeting. They come in little knots of two or three by unfrequented paths and resorting to all kinds of subterfuges to avoid the police, for these guardians of the peace are about to repress these demonstrations.

When the speech is made at night there is a rough platform just large enough to contain the speaker and lit by a single homely torch. The audience gathers around in a dense mass, packed together like clothespins in a box. O'Brien climbs on the platform, and is saluted by a subdued roar of applause, which is quickly hushed when the speaker waves his hand and enjoins silence upon his listeners. O'Brien wears a Prince Albert coat buttoned up to his chin. He is seen to be of slim figure, about 5 feet 7 inches in height, and not at all of an imposing figure. His face is pale with emotion, and the light of patriotism glows in his eyes. He stretches out his slim white hand, and every ear in the audience is intent to catch his words as he begins in the poetical style so dear to the Irish heart:

"Fellow citizens, Irish patriotism is as high as the round towers, deep as the holy wells."

He does not get any further than this for many minutes, for the pent up enthusiasm of the people cannot be restrained, and a mighty roar of assent to the lofty sentiment goes up. When silence is restored he resumes, and such a torrent of eloquence pours from his lips that the vast crowd forget their oppression for the time being and become almost delirious with joy. The very fire of his utterance weakens the speaker, and in the middle of his speech he is forced to sit down, covered with perspiration and panting for breath. Scarcely has O'Brien resumed his address, filled with flowery metaphor, when some one on the outskirts of the crowd exclaims:

"The bobbies are coming!"

Two minutes later the field is deserted. Many of the audience have been caught, and some have been taken to prison, there to serve out sentences of from three to six months.

When these meetings take place in the day time a football is always taken along, so that when the police appear the ball can be thrown into the air and everybody makes believe to play the game.

WANTED—A Tutor, (Catholic educated in Europe) in Catholic family, resident, or non-resident by September 1st to teach five children, (Eldest 14), Latin, French, Music, and ordinary subjects. Address Box 446 Mail office, Toronto. State salary desired and forward attested copies of Testimonials.

## ARCHBISHOP IRELAND ON THE COLOUR LINE.

The following is a full synopsis of the sermon preached in St. Augustine's church, Washington, D. C., on Sunday, May 4, by Archbishop Ireland, to which we referred last week in our editorial columns. For the information of those who may not be aware of the fact we will state that St. Augustine's church was built by the colored Catholics of Washington and is used by them. It is one of the handsomest churches in the national capital.

The Archbishop read the Epistle and the Gospel for the day and then proceeded to deliver his sermon. He said that it was with feelings of pleasure that he came among the Catholics of the parish of St. Augustine, and enjoyed the privilege at all times to speak to his colored fellow-citizens; for in them he saw a people seeking to obtain their rights. They were by heaven entrusted with the working out of the problem of charity, benevolence, and religion, and it was a pleasure to assist therein with a few words in that great work put upon them by Providence.

Twenty-five years ago this country was afflicted with the scourge of slavery, and no Christian could look back on that condition of affairs and think of it without feelings of deep shame for humanity. Providence had demanded a change, and it came, and since then how great the transformation had been. Changes had taken place that gratified the friends of the colored race and at the same time surprised those who had pronounced such things impossible.

The question of the race problem was not yet fully solved. It was the subject of discussion on all sides. Repeated solutions had been suggested, but without successful results. The problem of the colored brother was a great one, but it could be solved and speedily. There remained some of the old time spirit that had existed in the days of servitude, but it was fast disappearing, and with its departure came another and better one that gave the colored man higher consideration with his fellow man.

He contended that it was the white people who now stood in need of lessons in charity, benevolence, justice, and religion and who had permitted unreasonable causes and prejudices to sway them. He was prepared to say that there was no such thing as a color line except in the minds of those whose intellects were clouded by unjust reasoning. The solution of the question was that they should look one another in the face as members of the same family, children of the same God and all living under the same teachings of religion, reason, and virtue. Because of the simple accident of color it did not follow that they were to be treated on different lines religiously, the color of a man's skin should make no difference.

They were all of the same ancestry, alike in the possession of souls and being God's children, and it was entirely a matter of accident whether they were black, white or red. It was wrong to neglect attention to substance and direct it only to the accident, and of all accidents in life the one of color was the least important. It was strange that men were entirely indifferent to color except that of the black man, and he must say that he felt ashamed that prejudices of this kind should exist, especially here in the United States, which so proudly boasted of being a republic where freedom and fraternity were the corner-stone of the structure.

It was the glory of this country that no matter what the race or nationality might be of those here, they all were free men, and in their homes they worshipped at the altar of liberty. But he wished to know if they carried out this boon and conceded the same right to others that they enjoyed.

Slavery times were over, and if there was praise or blame due in connection with bondage, it was to be laid at the door of those who still held prejudice against the race; and they were censurable, also, who once held slaves, to still desire their return to serfdom.

That was a memory of the past, and America should speak with bated breath of its slavery days, and strive to have the world forget that such a thing ever existed on this continent, and should now in every way possible make amends to the colored people, fully recognizing them in the enjoyment of all their rights, for the treatment given in the past, backed by sentiments of mutual justice, and at the same time show-

ing appreciation of the great forgiveness existing in the hearts of their colored fellow-citizens, or otherwise they would be unfit to enjoy such recognition.

He said that he was ashamed to-day of humanity for the prejudices it entertained against any class of its fellow-citizens.

He referred to the teachings of the Catholic Church, and said that in the house of the Almighty no question was asked as to color, and the equality of all men was the corner-stone of its tenets. The Church had early gone to work and put forth the doctrine of the equality of all men, and through its instrumentalities it had ended in there not being to-day a slave in all Christendom. It had taken ages to accomplish this task, but the success was certain and durable.

In some places those who had been slaves were received into the Church, made priests and Bishops, and by the power of the Almighty, had been placed above those who had been their masters, and taught that they were all brothers with God.

In latter days the Church had taught in all places that each man was a child of God, that he must recognize every other man as a child of God and as his equal, and unless they did they could not be recognized by the Father of all as their Father.

Whenever Catholics gave way and yielded to these prejudices they contradicted the teachings of their hearts, given by God, as to equality and fraternity. Let some, if they would, think themselves better than the colored people; but, at least, he said, let Catholics, who had been made to see that all were equal before God, extend the right hand of fellowship to their colored brethren, and say that there was not and could not be a color question between Catholics, and that was the true and only solution of the problem.

No church is a worthy temple of God where a place is marked off for colored people. It is a shame and a scandal in a temple of God when a man, because of his color, is driven to an obscure corner or to a loft. They who so exercise prejudice against their colored brethren contradict the principles of justice and charity of the Father of Mercy, who lives on the altar. No institution that closes its doors on the colored orphan is worthy of the name charitable or religious.

There were men in Congress and upon the rostrum who babbled about the colored man and talked sheer nonsense, and the day was near at hand, despite all that had been and was being said, when justice would be done. God's hand was uplifted in behalf of the colored people. The recognition of the colored man was coming. The day was near when the prejudiced ones would be ashamed of their action, and when the colored man would not be discriminated against in the church, hotel, college, or business pursuits.

The part of the colored man was that of patience. Great movements were slow of accomplishment, and it took time to effect great changes. He bid them be patient, and assured them that their recognition would be in accordance with their merits. Then there was something further necessary on their part. They must learn and act and show themselves worthy of religious and social equality. Educate both themselves and their children, for education was a power in the land, and they must have the power to assist in gaining their rights.

He bid them be economical and saving, and accumulate sufficient to purchase homes. No matter if ever so small, the man who owned his home enjoyed a spirit of independence that had to be recognized and commended. He charged them to be loyal subjects to the State, show themselves capable of self-government, and law-abiding citizens. If they had grievances they should state them and seek redress where it should be given, and in a proper spirit.

Judiciously and sternly must they stand for their rights, and in so far as party was concerned, they should find out which one was willing to give them their rights, and to that party extend their franchise. If they did this they would find that in every part of the country they would be sought out and in conceding their rights that of recognition would be given. In closing, he said that the Church had been the first to take them under its protection, and whatever else happened, they must not forget their duties, and that salvation, socially and eternally, was in the Catholic Church. I know no color-line; I will acknowledge none.



## The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

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

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

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

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

The late Archbishop Lynch.

The late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carbery of Hamilton.

The Rev. Father Doud of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1890.

### A PLEA FOR TOLERATION.

Now that the Local elections are over, and the excitement has, at least to some extent, subsided, it is the part, we think, of all good men to hope that in the future better feeling and wiser counsels may prevail; and that appeals to race and religious prejudices may be silenced forever. The time is an opportune one, we think, at which to put before our readers perhaps one of the ablest and most graceful speeches ever heard in the House of Commons, and which was delivered there in February last and during the memorable Dual Language Debate, by Mr. Alonzo Wright, M.P., known in Parliamentary circles as "the King of the Gatineau." Not many of our readers, it is likely, have had an opportunity of reading it, since only short summaries of it were given at the time of its delivery by the daily newspapers. We quote it from the *Hansard*. Of Mr. Wright we need only say that he is one of the half-dozen most scholarly men in the Commons—a man of the widest culture and of the most liberal reading. For now many years past he has made, by common consent, "the best speech of the session." The last session was no exception. It must be a source of pride to all true Canadians to know that our Parliament contains men of such high minds and of such broad and true human sympathies. Mr. Wright completed last session his twenty-fifth year of service as a member of the Canadian Parliament, an event which received a fitting recognition from his fellow members on both sides of the Common's chamber.

Mr. Wright in the speech to which we have reference said:

As a member who, for twenty-five years, has represented in this House a county in the Province of Quebec, a county in which a large majority are French-Canadians, and as a Quebec member I cannot allow this debate to pass with saying a few words. Providence has placed us here in this magnificent northern home land of ours, men of divers races and creeds and languages, but I think animated by a common patriotic purpose, to develop our resources to the utmost, to live in peace and harmony together in the enjoyment of equal rights and privileges. I think, take it for all in all, we have

the best and freest country that ever the sun shone on. I think we have every material element of wealth within our midst, that we have a hardy, a bold, an energetic and a kindly population, and that we have the best country that can be found in the world. We have a form of government which is free to the fullest extent, and every man has the absolute right of freedom of conscience and worship. All that is wanted to build up this national edifice is a little common sense—a little common sense of justice, a little of that spirit of compromise, which is the very essence of the British Constitution, of the British system, and then the work may said to be accomplished. I must confess that I have been very much astenished at the course which has been taken by the hon. member who introduced this Bill, and his friends who advocate Imperial Federation. They profess to endeavor to bring about the union of the British Empire; they profess to unite instead of dividing us, but what does this course of action mean? Instead of peace and harmony, they bring us the faggot and the sword; instead of that spirit of compromise, which, as I said, is of the essence of the British system, and gives it its magnificent power throughout the world, they bring us dissension and disorder. To my mind, their course—I regret to say it, for personally I have the greatest respect for those hon. gentlemen—leads, though I cannot believe they are animated by treasonable purposes, to think that they are not animated by patriotic purposes, and I regret exceedingly that they have chosen to adopt this course, which cannot but be disastrous to the interests of our common country. But I believe in the common sense of the great body of the people, and while, if certain fanatics in the Province of Quebec and certain fanatics in the Province of Ontario had their way, the result would be most disastrous to the welfare of our people, I have faith in the common sense of the great body of the people, and I believe that when this storm has swept over us, the result will be beneficial and not disastrous. To my mind, the hon. member for Simcoe (Mr. McCarthy) has received at the hands of the three gentlemen who attacked his position with such singular force and power a summary and condign punishment. When the member for Assiniboia (Mr. Davin), who was the first executioner, proceeded to perform this dreadful task, when he proceeded to inflict that punishment in all the choice epithets of the English language, the result could not be doubtful. When Eos and the Dawn comes in contact with Chaos and the Dark, no one can doubt what the result will be. In the great book of Sir Walter Scott, when Wilfrid of Ivanhoe charges down upon the Templar, who can doubt the result? And so, when the eagle from the West swooped from his eyrie upon the serpent of Simcoe—I use the term only in a Parliamentary sense—who could doubt what the result must be? Sir, he destroyed him with dithy-rambics. His punishment is almost too dreadful for him to bear. He poured out upon him all the vials of wrath of the English language. He pointed out the extraordinary temerity of a lawyer, and a *nisi prius* lawyer at that, engaging in this offence. Why; it was the very apotheosis of six-and-eight-pence. Sir, if the older civilization, if the firm of Quirp, Gammon and Snapp had attempted to work a revolution, they would have been driven out of every city of this country.

This was the man who was attempting to destroy a magnificent language, to destroy a magnificent literature and to divert the course of an empire. Sir, we pointed out too, indirectly, that all the great traitors were not lawyers. The only man who really understood the statutes of the legal pro-

cession was the late lamented Mr. John Cade, a man who, when right came to be done, would improve upon the Miltons and Lockes and the great Englishmen of past ages, because he understood the genius of the people. His great plan, his splendid theory, was to add to the numbers of the hocks on the pot, and to hang all the lawyers. If that system had been carried out, if that project had been realised, what a start we would have made in the direction of the millennial period. Then, Sir, the Vice-Chancellor took up the problem. He spoke with the delivery of a Lord Bacon, and he spoke with the science of a Lord Chancellor, and I may say that when he attacked my hon. friend he attacked him with all the virile power of a Vice-Chancellor. He held his head in Chancery perpetually. He went back to past ages. If I remember aright, he compared him to Sosthenes III, under Ahasuerus, and to other great men who, in their time, had attempted revolutions and had signally failed. Then I find the attempt was to be completed by the hon. member for Bothwell (Mr. Mills), who attacked him with special force, and charged him with all the power of the Roman legions, and the result was the complete discomfiture of the unhappy gentleman. There can be no doubt that so far the battle, waged with such singular power, has gone against the noble 13, the famous Prentice buoys who, on a memorable occasion, closed the gates of Derry. I regret, for one, and I am sure this House will regret, that such a course has been taken by an hon. gentleman for whom we all have so high an esteem. For my part I have been twenty-five years, as I have said, in this House, and, in my humble way, as a soldier in the ranks, I have done my best to keep together the various elements of our system of Confederation. Our difficulties have been very great, but now, after the edifice has been completed, after this splendid structure has been erected, I, for one, do not like to see it destroyed, and if this motion of the hon. gentleman had carried, I state my honest conviction to this House when I say that I believe it would be followed by disastrous results. If we were, by this insidious attempt, to succeed in destroying the French language in the North-West, and then carry the policy still farther, as is the evident intention, to the Province of which I have the honor to be an inhabitant, I honestly believe that the system of Confederation would be destroyed. Sir, contact has brought us into sympathy. We have constructed a magnificent system of railways, we have become acquainted with the Maritime Provinces and the North-West, and we have spanned this land from ocean to ocean, and from sea to sea. We like, and we do not dislike, change. For my part, I have always had a profound and supreme admiration for the toilers of the sea in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. I have always liked the people of British Columbia. We have always held them, in this little city of ours, at least, in our heart of hearts. And so with the men that come from that grand prairie Province, the wheat-field of the world, we hold them in special reverence on account of their ability, on account of their energy, on account of their enterprise, and I do not wish to see the separation of those Provinces which send us such men. But, Sir, with all that, there is one place which I hold still dearer, still closer in my heart of hearts, it is my native Province, the Province of Quebec. Sir, that Province contains divers races. We have there the Englishman, the Irishman, the Scotchman, coming from bold and hardy races, who are able to hold their own against all comers. We have also the French Canadian people, and I who know them well, who was born in their midst, who have lived among them and hope to die in their midst, have learned

to respect their zeal for their ancient faith, to respect them for their kindly courtesy, for the gallantry of their people. I, for one, would be the first to protest against any interference with, or any outrage upon, the rights and privileges of my native Province. Sir, I do not believe that this House or this country, would tolerate any such a thing. If we could eliminate the French language, would we do so? I ask every member of this House to answer this question honestly in his own mind. If we could eliminate the French Canadians, whom we know so well for their kindly courtesy, for their generous hearts, for their marked ability, as we have seen those qualities exemplified in this House, would we do so? Would we strike out such an element as this from our population? I do not believe that there is a man throughout the Dominion who would say so. Sir, there can be no doubt that the hon. member for Simcoe has, with strange power, aroused a singular fanaticism in this land. Last summer I visited one of the greatest counties in the Province of Ontario, one of the greatest in the Dominion, a county of which any Province might well be proud. Sir, it was a land of which it might almost be said that it was literally flowing with milk and honey, with creameries and with cheese factories. It was a land of extraordinary fertility, a land of which any man might well boast. But, Sir, I found the trail of the hon. member for Simcoe over it all. A great anti-Jesuit meeting had been held. There the 188 were denounced in the fiercest terms. I remember reading in the local newspapers that one reverend gentleman had called us, I think, a "complicated comminuted community of cowardly tembles." That was the term applied to the 188. On the other hand, the noble 18, gentlemen of whom we have always been very proud, were held up in the highest honor and esteem. They were men with whom the descendants of the late lamented Judas Iscariot would have no association. Benedict Arnold, Guy Fawkes, and all the great traitors of antiquity, were nothing to us. When I went there the storm had passed over and I only remained to receive its ground swell. As I have said, the county was a most significant one, and the people a generous and brave people. But there was a gloom upon their countenances which struck me with surprise, considering that they had such a beautiful country, that their crops were splendid, that they had every element of material prosperity. They said to me: "What do you think of the Jesuits who have taken possession of the land? You come from the land of Loyola, you come from the land of these Jesuits, you come from this priest-ridden Province of Quebec." I said: "Yes; but it does appear to me that there are other Provinces which are priest-ridden as well as Quebec; it appears that the *odium theologium* does not prevail alone in that Province, that there are elements which do harm to the community in other Provinces as well as in Quebec." "Well," they said, "what is going to become of those poor, miserable, oppressed Protestants of that Province?" I said: "Yes; we may be oppressed, but as you can see, they do not starve me, at any rate." "With regard to the English inhabitants of that Province, those poor slaves who are hunted by Mercier and his congeners, what about them?" I said: "I think they bear their punishment very patiently, at any rate they get on very well with all their neighbours." Then they said: "What of the priesthood?" I said: "So far as the priests of the Province of Quebec are concerned, not alone the Catholic priests, but the Presbyterian clergy, the Methodist clergy, and the clergymen of all denominations, they live in peace and harmony together, they like each other." I said:

Father Brown of Chelsea told me the men who first came to assist him when his church was burning were the Orangemen of the district. I saw myself at the funeral of an excellent lady, the wife of the Presbyterian clergyman, the Catholic priest among the friends in the sad procession. Everywhere the same kindly feeling prevailed, and I said that among the priests of my district, some five, six or seven, there are not finer gentlemen, not better servants of Christ, or better servants of the Man who in the olden times gave us His laws under the palm trees of Judea, than the very Catholic priests of whom I have spoken. I said that if some of these men were animated by the same feelings which appeared to animate a few of the clergymen of Ontario, we would have had a very sad time indeed; but they preached the Gospel of peace, law and order, and obedience to that famous law which was enunciated under the trees of Judea. Under these circumstances, I said, we got on exceedingly well. But, they said, you have a lot of nuns. Yes, I said, we have, and most excellent and worthy ladies they are, ladies who by their truly Christian charity are calculated to convince one of the reality of the Christian religion. I said the Rev. Mr. Carson told me that when some of his family were dying of diphtheria, that those who first came to his assistance were Catholic nuns, and I said in my own region they attend Protestant and Catholic alike. I said I felt it to be my duty to state this to you, because great misapprehension has arisen with respect to the feelings which prevail among those who reside in the Province of Quebec. When I was seated by the bedside of the dying Father Gelinas, he said to me: Every night my dreams carry me back to dear old France, but my heart is with the people of the Gatineau region. So it is with most of the people who come into our midst. They get on admirably with the Protestant clergy there. The Methodist goes about on horseback, up hill and down dale, to promote the interests of the Master; so does the Presbyterian clergyman; and so does the English clergyman, unless, unhappily, he is too poor to have a horse, and he then walks as did the Apostles of old; but we hope to remedy that defection in course of time. Then they proceeded to put it through a course of cross-questioning.

After some lengthened and humorous allusions the speaker concluded as follows: I beg pardon of the House, Sir, for treating a serious subject with such apparent irrelevancy. I sit opposite my hon. friend from Simcoe and I notice the equanimity with which he bears his punishment, and I have no doubt that when the time comes he will hit back with all that strength and power of which we all know he is capable. I would, however, ask that hon. gentleman and those who are with him on this question—some of whom I have ranked as my dearest friends in this House and in the country—to consider their course. We cannot afford to have our Confederation destroyed, and the people of Canada will not permit a few fanatical men in Quebec or Ontario to bring about so undesirable a result. Somebody has stated that the French and English dislike each other. I deny it. The two races, on the contrary, like each other, and I know that in my part of the country, we would not part with our French compatriots, even if we could. We all recollect what happened a few years ago, when a great rebellion took place in the North West. We remember when feeling ran high throughout the whole length and breadth of the land. Was there division between the French, English and Irish then? No; not one soldier faltered. Every Canadian, whether English, Irish or French, was ready to go forward to put down the re-

billion and to protect the laws. Some histories tell us that at the battle of Marathon a light ran along the Grecian spears when the Greeks saw the enemy, and that at the battle of Salamis a light shone on the masts of the Grecian ships. So it was with the patriotic sentiments which animated our people then. A friend of mine, Major Joshua Wright, who travelled with the 65th Battalion, told me that braver soldiers and more patriotic men could be found in the world. They vindicated the honour and glory of their country, and so it was with the people of every race throughout that awful time. And is there no word to be said for these few unhappy men, these hunters of the plains, who animated by their native gallantry, and believing they were injured, deceived as they were by an ignorant man who preyed upon their feelings, went down into those rifle pits and faced death as calmly and as bravely as ever men did? Is there not one word for these hunters who were swept away by the bullet and the resistless charge of the Canadian volunteers? Sir, we have the elements of a great country. We have noble, generous and patriotic feelings animating the great body of our people, and there is no need for discontent. At any rate one can see by the votes which have been given in this House what the concensus of opinion of the great majority of the people of Canada is. They are determined that our Confederation shall be built up and shall not be destroyed. Sir, we have one thing on which we must rely. We must hold our faith towards each other. For one, I cannot consent, under any circumstances, to any step towards the destruction of that magnificent French language and literature. I believe that with me the great body of the people of Canada share that sentiment. We have one way of building up that country and one only way; it is the grand old English system of justice, fair play and equal rights; and, Sir, the angels of light which will build up our country and make us a great nation will be "justice, fair play, love, truth and faith in each other."

The *Globe*, of Tuesday last says:—

We are now in a position to tell where Mr. D'Alton McCarthy got his race and language programme. This has been a mystery, for nobody could understand how a man bred in Canada came by such invidiousness. It would appear that Mr. McCarthy has adopted the ideas of President Paul Kruger, of the famous Boer Republic. He lives in a state of woful anticipation that the English language will supplant the Dutch, and some other creed that of Protestantism. Hence he insisted that all members of the first Volksraad should be able to prove that they had been for 30 years members of a Protestant Church, and that all voters should take an ironclad oath in favor of the Dutch regime. Contemplation of his policy in regard to the use of the Dutch language should draw tears of delight from Mr. Craig. Though the post office and telegraph of the republic are mainly used by English residents, the official forms are all in Dutch. All the business of the courts is transacted in the same tongue, which nine-tenths of the suitors do not understand. Though the jurors commonly understand English, they are compelled to hear every particle of English evidence interpreted to them by a Dutchman. This is the ideal that Mr. McCarthy plainly longs to work up to wherever he can find French-Canadians in sufficient numbers to operate on. Strange to say, the English minority in the Dutch Republic are not becoming more loyal to the authority of "Uncle Paul." Some of them are naughty enough to allege their possession of a natural right to teach their children English, and even to agitate for the official use of their language. We must hold them guilty of atrocious insolence, or else differ from Mr. McCarthy's notions as to the sovereign rights of a race majority.

## CERTAINTY OF A FUTURE STATE.

BOSSUET, Bourdaloue, Fenelon and Massillon are the great quartette, who in pulpit oratory and polemics made the reign of Louis XIV. famous. Three of them were court preachers, and each had a style of his own. Bossuet was grandiose, Bourdaloue direct, Fenelon soothing, Massillon insinuating and convincing. All the others were studied and formal in their utterances. They followed the pulpit models of their time. Whether from design or carelessness, Massillon allowed occasional errors of language to creep into his preaching. If it was intended, it was the highest, most perfect art. They gave his sermons the air of extemporaneous efforts, and because apparently unstudied, they were simpler, more sympathetic, and more popular.

One of these sermons was on the subject: "The Certainty of a Future State," and it would be difficult to find in the whole range of religious literature a more comprehensive or satisfactory presentation of the argument in favor of immortality. That which makes it peculiarly fitting for our times and needs is, that the argument is directed to infidels and agnostics.

At the recent memorial exercises in Congress for Representative Burnes of Missouri, Senator Ingalls, at the request of the family, delivered a brief eulogy, in which he referred affectionately to the deceased and developed certain grounds, as he understood them, for his hope in an eternal life.

The *Kansas City Times*, whose knowledge of such literature seems to be extensive, accused the Senator of plagiarizing his eulogy from this very sermon of Massillon, preached 200 years ago, when he was a priest of the Oratory. Senator Ingalls, whilst denying that he ever saw or read, to his knowledge, any sermons of Massillon, admits that in his youth, while studying French, more than thirty years ago, he came across an extract and was impressed by its stately and sombre eloquence. He says further:

"It seemed to me then, as it has always seemed to me since, the most forcible and impressive presentation of the strongest arguments in support of the immortality of the human soul. I have used the same line of thought and the language of my paraphrase a hundred times, I have no doubt, in conversation, in speeches, and in letters, whenever I have had occasion to dwell upon the mystery of existence beyond the grave, and I shall continue to do so whenever occasion serves.

"The writer and orator who repeats and preserves such thoughts, and rescues them from the dusty oblivion of forgotten centuries, confers an inestimable benefit upon mankind. The language is my own, the ideas are the priceless heritage and common possession of the human race.

"My lamented friend, Col. Burnes, was a Democrat. In my brief and humble tribute to his memory, which was delivered at the request of his family, I endeavored to portray his virtues and to console the bereft by the hope that the separation was not eternal. It was a labor of love, and not for gain or fame. His political associates considered it becoming and appropriate to resort to his grave, which is green with the verdure of returning spring, for the occasion to censure me. I leave them to the judgment of the living and the contempt of the dead."

Ingalls has done every Christian a service in repeating these arguments in an age that needs their comfort and certainty, and in a place where they must obtain widespread publicity. If this be plagiarism in its narrowest sense, it is the sort that is easily forgiven.—*Ex.*

Our Holy Father the Pope has expressed himself so plainly upon the relations between capital and labor that no one doubted the stand which would be taken by any of his faithful children. A recent utterance of Cardinal Gibbons is such a unique and apt one that it is well worthy preservation, and it re-echoes the sentiments of the good Pontiff. Speaking of the mutual interest existing between capital and labor the Cardinal said: "The best interests of each are the interests of both, and when the time for the happy consummation arrives I shall be most happy to be the officiating clergyman to assure the union between them."

## Men and Things.

The recent Belgian elections have not shaken the Catholic majority. They lost Bervieres but gained Ghent. It will be remembered that the so-called Liberals were overthrown on the subject of religious instruction in the schools. Denominational schools are so well liked, it appears, that the Belgian people intend to retain them.

The conversion to Liberalism of the *London Daily Chronicle*, the great Liberal paper which turned against Gladstone on the Home Rule question in 1886, is apparently upon the point of completion. Last week it denounced the violence and brutality of the Government, to drop the Tithes bill and Compensation to Liquor Sellers' bill, and substitute a local Government bill for Ireland. When the *Chronicle* finally abandons the Government there will be few Liberal Unionists left in London.

Bishop Keane, in his address to the students of Notre Dame University, gave some sound and sterling advice. He clearly vindicates the patriotism of Catholics, and in a way which we hope will make Know-nothings heed. Organizations which mask their own designs under the sacred mantle of patriotism, would do well to consider the Bishop's words and answer them if they can. Notwithstanding Catholic reiterations of loyalty, and innumerable proofs of it in every department of life, these perverted men preach and publish their diatribes against Catholics. Is not the intelligent public growing tired of the silly twaddle?

The Capuchins have lately been publishing some interesting official information regarding their world-wide order. The entire order at present claims to possess 808 convents and 7,881 members under whose direction again are 557,213 Tertiaries. The order is divided into fifty-four provinces. Besides this, the Capuchins take a large share in foreign missionary work. In Europe they have five Vicariates and Prefectures Apostolic, including those of Sophia, Philippopolis, and Constantinople; eight in Asia, three in Africa, three in America and the Caroline Islands in Oceania. Since 1860 only, have non-Italian Capuchins taken part in the missions, so that last year there were 241 Italian and 148 non-Italian missionaries of the order at work; and during the year thirty-four Italians and one thousand non-Italians were sent out to join foreign missions.

Conversions are going on rapidly in England. Correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* writes: "The Rev. C. W. Townsend, M. A., the principal of the Oxford University mission at Calcutta, followed the example of the Rev. Luke Rivington, M. A., the head of the similar mission at Bombay, and submitted to the Catholic Church; and now it is stated that the Revs. William Tatlock, M. A., R. Beasley, M. A., George Clarke, M. A., formerly attached to such well-known 'High' churches as Christ church, Clapham (where the Sarum as distinguished from the Roman ritual is carried out in its entirety), Helmsley (Yorkshire), and St. James the Less, Liverpool, have been 'received.' Moreover, since the beginning of Lent no fewer than 100 members of the Church of England have joined the Catholic communion in one parish in North London; and at Brighton, always a centre of Ritualistic activity, the converts are estimated at nearly 500. The Redemptorist Fathers at Clapham (whose monastery, by the way, is the identical house in which the British and Foreign Bible Society was originated) have altogether added to the Church upwards of 1,000 persons." These are very gratifying results. They speak volumes.

We would advise the Rev. Clergy, Nuns, and our readers generally, when they are requiring Church Ornaments or Religious articles to write our call on Desaulnier Bros. & Co., Montreal, for Catalogue and Price List.

## GLADSTONE AS A LOVER OF BOOKS.

THE *Bookworm*, an English magazine, contains the following interesting picture of Mr. Gladstone as a book-hunter and librarian:—

There is not a more confirmed "book-staller" than Mr. Gladstone, and perhaps few could relate so many anecdotes on the subject as he. For over thirty years the ex-Premier has been a frequent visitor to Mr. Westall's shop in New Oxford street, London, and, from all accounts, he is a model bookbuyer, inasmuch as he does not haggle over prices. The typical book-staller sins greatly in this respect, and nothing has such an attraction to him as the opportunity of haggling for a quarter of an hour over two-pence on a six-penny book! Mr. Gladstone, however, in ordering books from catalogues, insists upon a discount of twenty-five per cent. The greater number of his purchases have been from necessity effected through this means, although, as he naturally admits, he "should have preferred hunting."

Eminence has its drawbacks as well as its advantages; and if Mr. Gladstone is occasionally seen threading his way from one book-shop or stall with a portly volume or two under his arm, the chances are a hundred to one that he has been recognized and his searches interrupted suddenly by the obtrusive attentions of a rapidly extending circle of spectators. A friendly back or side door enables the distinguished book-worm to escape demonstration which at once put a complete stop to his book hunting for the time being.

A very successful means of avoiding recognition is often assumed by Mr. Gladstone. The seediest of coats and hats are usually brought into use when the G. O. M. (Grand Old Man) goes on a book foray. It was only a week or two ago, when so disguised, that he spent a considerable time in looking over and selecting a number of books from the stand in front of Westall's in New Oxford street, without being recognized. Where could the ubiquitous London correspondent have been? Mr. Gladstone does not now often visit the headquarters of secondhand books—Hollywell street, or Booksellers' row, as it is more generally called—as he would not be in the place two minutes before being recognized. One of the shops which he frequents most is in the neighbourhood of the Avenue Theatre. He finds the collection—and also the lady who keeps the shop—amusing. Indeed, I am assured (says the correspondent) the feeling is mutual. They exchange their reminiscences, and, as Mr. Gladstone is quite well known to the book-seller, her pleasure is naturally very great. On the occasion of his last visit the private secretary of a Member of Parliament happened to be in the shop. The ex-Premier began with the question, "Anything new to-day?" and then he went with greedy avidity over the collection. "Yes, very good; but too dear. Ay, ay, I see; but—too dear. Tasso, Florentine binding; let me look at it. No, that is a mistake the binding is distinctly Dutch—quite spurious. But, really, Madame, in any case it is too dear."

Mr. Gladstone has been a book-collector for over three-quarters of a century. He kindly informs me that he has two books which he acquired in 1815, one of which was a present from Miss H. More. At the present time he estimates his library to contain from 22,000 to 25,000 books, arranged by himself into divisions and sections in a very minute manner. The library is so exceedingly miscellaneous that Mr. Gladstone himself does not venture to state what section preponderates, although he thinks that "theology may be one-fourth." There are about twenty editions of Homer, and from thirty to forty translations, whole or part. He has never sympathized to any considerable extent with the craze for modern first editions, but "I like a tall copy," is Mr. Gladstone's reply, made with all the genuine spirit of the true connoisseur. And so far as regards a preference for ancient authors in old but good editions to modernized reprints, the verdict is emphatically in favour of the former.

Mr. O'Connor said respecting a recent visit to Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden:—"My visit to Mr. Gladstone was brief, and a good deal of it was spent in the open air. My impression of the library, therefore, was hurried. It struck me, however, as an extremely comfortable and workmanlike apartment. I found the great statesman sitting in an easy chair at the window with a light at the back, and it was

evident that he spent many hours in this seat. I do not know from personal knowledge, but I have heard many instances of the omnivorous eagerness of his reading. For instance he had to deliver an address some time ago to farmers, and poultry was one the topics on which he had intended to speak. He was found by a friend with twenty or thirty books on the subject, which he had specially ordered, and in a week or two had made himself almost complete master of all the manners and ways of these animals. I understand also that the library is arranged with remarkable care and order, and that Mr. Gladstone is able to lay his hand upon any book which he wants. Off the library there is a small room very like a martello tower. It is fireproof and it has shelves. On these is placed his correspondence, tied up in bundles and arranged with the greatest order and care. Mr. Gladstone showed me this apartment with evident pride, and in reply to a question said that every single bundle in it had been tied with his own hand.

"As to the generally, permit me to add—though a little irrelevant to your purpose that I carried away from it a most tender and delightful impression of Mr. Gladstone at home, of his urbanity, equanimity, and strong family affection."

A brief reference may be made to a recent article on "Books and How to House Them," by Mr. Gladstone, which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. Gladstone is arranging books and biographical data in the octagonal iron tower, referred to by Mr. O'Connor.

His plan of economizing space in the shelving of books is highly interesting, although it is not particularly new. It is practically an adaptation of the principle which has been employed in many libraries in London and elsewhere, and consists of shelves running at right angles from the wall-shelves, each containing double rows of volumes and forming a stable or stall-like system. At the end of each projection there would be a light-adhering bookcase. Mr. Gladstone describes the economy of space thus effected in the following way:—"And now as to results. It is something to say that in this way ten thousand volumes can be placed in a room of quite ordinary size, all visible, all within easy reach, and without detracting the character of the apartment as a room. But, on the strength of a case (Mr. Gladstone's own library) with which I am acquainted, I will even be a little more particular. I take, as before, a room of forty feet in length and twenty feet in breadth, thoroughly lighted by four windows on each side; as high as you please, but with only about nine feet of height taken for the bookcases; inasmuch as usual heavy ladders, all *admirabilia* requiring more than one hand to carry with care are foresworn. And there is no gallery. In the manner I have described, there may be placed on the floor of such a room, without converting it from a room into a warehouse, bookcases capable of receiving, in round numbers, 20,000 volumes."

## POPE LEO AT PRAYER.

AN imposing and very impressive ceremony took place a short time ago at St. Peter's, which took one back to the great day of the Pope's Jubilee, January 1, 1883. The Pope was once more saying Mass on the Vatican Basilica, and some twenty or twenty-five thousand of devoted children were present. Leo XIII., who previously had granted a whole day to the Austrian pilgrims; and who, the day before, had given 5,000 people a reception and delivered one of the most important addresses, was so good as to leave his private apartments, on Monday morning mentioned, and descend to the basilica, where he was anxiously awaited by an immense crowd. The Pope appeared, a majestic figure, surrounded by the whole of his noble court, and, shortly after 8 o'clock, he said Mass on the middle or confessional altar of St. Peter's. He gave Holy Communion to the chief representatives of the Italian pilgrims. The Pope's Mass was followed by one of thanksgiving, said by one of the Papal chaplains of that day. As no one but the Pope can offer the Holy Sacrifice at the altar of the confession, his chaplain said his Mass at a small side altar erected for the occasion. During this sacred Mass the Holy Rosary was recited by the Pope, the faithful making the responses. It was indeed a most touching spectacle to see this devotion,

so simple in the eyes of many, performed by the head of the Church with the faithful of all orders and conditions. After the sacred Mass the Holy Father retired for ten minutes to the sacristy, where some refreshment was offered him. The Solemn Papal Blessing was then imparted to the faithful, and the members of the pilgrimage, except those residing in Rome, were directed to remain in the church, as the Pope desired to see them all. This was done. Province after province, diocese after diocese, came on; all the pilgrims, probably ten thousand in all, were admitted to kiss the Pope's hand and receive his blessing. It was found that the most convenient way was to carry the Pope around, and even then the ceremony took about seven hours. Everybody was worn out, and the Pope's nephew, acting as his private physician, begged him to take a rest; but His Holiness declared that he was not at all fatigued, as he was among his children; that they might take a rest themselves if they were tired. It was almost 1 o'clock in the afternoon, when the Pope left St. Peter's and returned to his private rooms. To each pilgrim the Pope ordered a silver medal, representing the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, to be given, and also a copy of the address made to the Pope by Commendatore Allianta, and the reply of His Holiness. Among the pilgrims who had come to Rome on this occasion were the Princess Antoinette, Grand Duchess of Tuscany, widow of the late Grand Duke, who died in Rome in January, 1870, and was buried in the Basilica of the Holy Apostles. His tomb is often visited by the good wife now living in Austria. The Grand Duchess Antoinette is the sister of the late Emperor of Brazil, and the last surviving daughter of Francis I., King of Naples. She is seventy-six years old. The Holy Father esteems her highly. He admitted her to an audience on Sunday, April 20, and granted her, and to the whole of her court, a private audience on the following Thursday.

#### MATTHEW ARNOLD ON CATHOLICITY.

"This is why the man of imagination, nay, and the philosopher, too, will always have a weakness for the Catholic Church; because of the rich treasures of human life which have been stored within her pale.

"Who has seen the poor in other churches as they are seen in Catholic Churches? Catholicism, besides, enveloped human life; and Catholics in general feel themselves to have drawn not only their religion from the Church, they feel themselves to have drawn from her too their art and poetry and culture.

"If there is a thing specially alien to religion, it is divisions; if there is a thing specially native to religion it is peace and union. Hence the original attraction towards unity in Rome, and hence the great charm and power for men's minds of that unity when once attained.

"I persist in thinking that Catholicism has from this superiority, a great future before it; that it will endure while all the Protestant sects dissolve and perish." *From Various Essays of Matthew Arnold.*

"In spite of all the shocks which the feelings of a good Catholic have, in this Protestant country, inevitably to undergo, in spite of the contemptuous insensibility to the grandeur of Rome, which he finds so general and so hard to bear, how much has he to console him, how many acts of homage to the greatness of his religion may he see if he has his eyes open? I will tell him of one of them. Let him go in London to that delightful spot, that Happy Island in Bloomsbury, the reading-room of the British Museum. I am almost afraid to say what he will find there, for fear Mr. Spurgeon, like a second Caliph Omar, should give the library to the flames. He will find an immense Catholic work, the collection of the Abbe Migne, lording it over that whole region, reducing to insignificance the feeble Protestant forces which hang upon its skirts. . . . Majestic in its blue and gold unity, this fills shelf after shelf, and compartment after compartment, its right mounting up into heaven among the white folios of the *Acta Sanctorum*, its left plunging down into hell, among the yellow octaves of the *Law Digest*. Everything is there, religion, philosophy, history, biography, arts, sciences, bibliography, gossip. The work embraces the whole range of human interests; like one of the great middle age cathedrals, it is in itself a study for a life."—*Passages from Prose Writings of Matthew Arnold.*

#### HIGHER THOUGHTS FOR AN EMPTY HOUR.

LET us not fail to succor those who have departed this life before us, and to offer our prayers for them at the altar, for Jesus Christ is there present in order to be the Victim for the sins of the whole world.

The Catholic Church preserved the literatures of Greece and Rome, and by the genius which burns there the modern mind has been set aglow, and the classics are still the best school of the most perfect intellectual culture.

Sophists may hold that the inquisition and the burning of Servetus and Bruno are proofs of the harmfulness of religion, but the wise and the judicious know that accidental wrongs leave the infinite good of faith, in a divine order of things, untouched.

The atheist and agnostic advance with confidence to prove that there is no God, or that man cannot know there is, but the human soul, in the midst of a shadowy and transitory world cleaves to the Eternal, the source of life, and love, and hope.

Receive graciously all who come to us, and never let them go away without consolation and peace. . . . The person who comes to me to be comforted or strengthened is frequently sent directly by God, who inspired her to come to me rather than another.

Everything has its time, and May is the time for our remembering the Blessed Virgin. For our hearts and reasons tell us, and have told all Christians in all ages, that she must have been holier, nobler, fairer in body and soul, than all women upon earth.

Nearly all intelligent men, in every age, including our own, have held that they had rational grounds for such faith. Has any argument for God's existence, however it may have been modified, been invalidated or weakened ever by the revelations of science.

Having faith, we shall work faithfully, and leave results with God; having hope we shall work cheerfully, whatsoever our position may be; having both we shall work lovingly, and as more and more we feel and share the Divine love, so more and more we shall seek to lead others to Christ that they may feel and share it too.

There is this difference between those two temporal blessings, health and money; money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is most enjoyed, but the least envied; and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all his money for health.

Choke that devilish envy which knaws at your heart because you are not in the same lot with others; bring down your soul, or rather bring it up, to receive God's will, and do His work, in your lot, in your sphere, under your cloud of obscurity, against your temptations, and then you shall find that your condition is never opposed to your own good, but really consistent with it.

If our faith is strong and our star of hope shines brightly, we shall be found always at the post of duty, contending for the right; and though, to human view, the results of our labor seem small, still let us work, and still let us hope, for we know that above all the confusion and strife and misjudgment of the world, the voice of God will one day be heard proclaiming that the right has prevailed.

Our Lady of the gracious brow and tender eyes  
Madonna of our hearts, what'er thy guise,  
Thy power has never faded. Mother mild,  
The world is on thy breast, a little child,  
Vainly it masquerades with purpose bold.  
Feigning to be embittered, hard and cold;  
Let but thy vail fall, Star and Christmas Night  
And tired feet climb the old ways into light  
And comfort, and a blessed, peaceful rest—  
The world is yet a little child upon thy breast.

If misfortune have befallen you by your own misconduct, live, and be wiser for the future. If they have befallen you by the fault of others, live; you have not wherewith to reproach yourself. If your character be unjustly attacked, live; time will move the aspersion. If you have spiteful enemies, live, and disappoint their malevolence. If you have kind and faithful friends, live, to bless and protect them.

## General Catholic News

We would most respectfully ask the Very Rev. and Rev. Clergy or any of our readers to send us local items of general interest. We wish to make THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW a chronicle of all Catholic Diocesan events relating to the progress of religion, but we cannot do so unless we are aided by those who have the knowledge of the facts in their keeping. Bare facts are all we want. Will our friends please furnish us with them?

To Correspondents—We shall be much obliged if Secretaries of Societies and other Catholic Societies will kindly note that, in order to ensure the publication of reports, they should reach us at latest on the Wednesday morning following the events which they record. Manuscripts should be written on only one side.

Owing to press of space on our columns, we have been compelled to hold over the reports of the various Annual Commencements, until next issue.

Mr. Geo. Shickluna, pathetic of a family altar, which has received the approbation of Archbishop Walsh, is in the City in the interest of his goods, and expects to make large sales. Mr. N. Y. Keating, of St. Catharines, will fill any orders sent him.

A very successful garden party under the auspices of the church of the Sacred Heart was held at the Moss Park rink, Shuter Street, last night. The proceeds, will be placed to the credit of the building fund of the new church on King street east, recently purchased from the Presbyterians. The Body Guard band discoursed during the evening. The grounds were crowded during the evening, and the tables, presided over by the following ladies, were well patronized: Misses Dubois, Wright, Morrison, Bourdon, Gelinas, Blais and Parent.

The London correspondent of the *Liverpool Mercury* furnishes this interesting bit of news: "While all England is continuing to fete Mr. Stanley, it is not pleasant to reflect that his great predecessor in African exploration, Sir Richard Burton, is lying very dangerously ill, neglected and alone, in London lodgings. Yet in his time and in his own way the elder traveller accomplished even more remarkable feats than the hero of the hour. His romantic pilgrimage to Mecca and Elahedimah in the disguise of a Moslem devotee, his journey through Berberah to the Sacred City of Harah, where no other infidel foot has ever trodden, were but preliminaries to the great achievement of his life, the discovery of Lake Tanganyika. This discovery paved the way for all that has since been done in Central Africa, and but for the failure of his resources Capt. Burton would undoubtedly have reaped much of the honor that has gone to others."

The Rev. Mother Superioress the nuns and pupils of St. Joseph's Academy and many of the ex-pupils who were former school friends of Mrs. J. F. McLaughlin, a graduate from St. Joseph's, were entertained by her on Saturday last at her beautiful home, Blantyre park, on the Scarborough Heights.

One of the ambitions of many school girls is to be able to entertain her teachers and friends in her future home, but few have been so fortunate in realizing their hopes in this direction as was Mrs. McLaughlin on Saturday. The weather, which in the morning was wet and unpleasant, became bright and beautiful during the forenoon, and when the party, numbering about two hundred, reached Blantyre park after a pleasant half hour's sail on the steamer J. W. Steinhoff, it was all that could be desired. The beautiful grounds, with their hundreds of rare trees, and wealth of flowers and foliage, looked charming indeed, and the young ladies soon became scattered in beves, enjoying tennis, lawn pool, croquet, swings, hammocks and various other sources of amusement arranged for their pleasure by their hostess.

During luncheon and tea, which was served by Herry Webb with his usual success in the magnificent dining-room, Woodwood's orchestra, stationed in the conservatory adjoining, played appropriate music at intervals.

After luncheon the young ladies spent some time dancing in the corridors and on the lawn, the orchestra being stationed on the piazza, midway between. Before the return of the boat at 7.00 p.m., an improvised concert was given in the drawing-room with Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart as accompanist. The closing piece, "Auld Lang Syne," being rendered very affectingly, nearly all present taking part, and many there were whose feelings overcame them at the thought of the many happy scenes of bygone days recalled by this reunion.

The return to the city was pleasant in the extreme, and the expressions of surprise at the beautiful scenery of this, the most beautiful of all Toronto's suburbs, were universal. The veteran Captain Pollock, who commands the boat, was indefatigable in his efforts for the comfort and pleasure of his fair charge, and though the lake was quite rough, not the slightest discomfort was felt by anyone.

The sisters and teachers of St. Joseph's expressed themselves as deeply grateful for the extreme kindness shown to them throughout, and they feel that this has been a red letter day in the annals of the academy. Every one present could not but admire the dignified and gracious manner of the beautiful and accomplished hostess, and the sisters have every reason to be proud of their graduate of '75.

**SEALED TENDERS**, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Caisson," will be received at this office until Friday, the 18 day of July next, inclusively, for supplying, erecting and completing in place, a Wrought Iron Caisson for the Dry Dock now in course of construction at Kingston, Ont., in accordance with the plans on exhibition at this office, and at the Engineer's office, 30 Union Street, Kingston, and with the conditions and stipulations contained in a Form of Tender, copies of which can be obtained on application to the undersigned and W. O. Strong, Ssq., Resident Engineer, 30 Union Street, Kingston, Ont.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

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

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

By order,

A. GOBEIL,

Secretary.

Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, 13th June, 1890.

## I CURE FITS!

THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.

When I say Curo I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to Curo the worst cases. Because others have failed it is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address:—H. G. ROOT, M.C., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

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

	CLOS.		DUE.	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.00	7.30	7.45	10.30
O. and Q. Railway	7.30	7.45	8.00	9.00
G. T. R. West	7.00	3.20		12.40
				7.40
N. and N. W.	7.00	4.10	10.00	8.10
T. G. and B.	7.00	3.45	11.00	8.30
Midland	6.30	3.30		9.30
				12.30
C. V. R.	7.00	3.20	9.00	9.20
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. W. R.	2.00	9.00	2.00	
	6.00	4.00	10.30	7.30
	11.30	9.30		9.20
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
U. S. N. Y.	6.00	4.00	9.00	6.45
	11.30	9.30	10.30	11.00
U. S. West States	6.00	9.80	9.00	
	12.00			7.20

English mails will be closed during June as follows: June 2, 4, 5, 9, 11, 12, 16, 18, 19, 23, 25, 26, and 30.

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Pope  
Leo XIII.

English and  
Latin Verse

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In Cloth : \$2.50

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**CLASS D**  
The 36th Monthly Drawing will take place

**WEDNESDAY JULY 16th**

At 2 p.m.

**\$50,000**

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

**TICKETS \$1.00**

It is offered to redeem all prizes in cash, less a commission of 10 per cent.  
Winners, names not published unless specially authorized:  
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ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.

RAPIDE PLAT DIVISION.

**NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.**

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for the St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office, until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on *Wednesday, the 23rd day of July* next, for the construction of a lift lock, weirs, etc., at Morrisburg, and the deepening and enlargement of the Rapide Canal. The work will be divided into three sections, each about a mile in length.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen on and after *Wednesday, the 9th day of July* next, at this office, and at the Resident Engineer's Office, Morrisburg, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

In the case of firms there must be attached to the tender, the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same, and, further, an *accepted cheque* on a chartered bank in Canada for the sum of \$5,000, must accompany the tender for Section No. 1, and an *accepted cheque* on a chartered bank in Canada, for the sum of \$2,000 for each of the other sections.

The respective *accepted cheques* must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted. The cheques thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order.

A. P. BRADLEY,

Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, }  
Ottawa, 13th June. 1890. }

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FROM THE MONTH OF JULY

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

3134 PRIZES

WORTH \$52,740.00

CAPITAL PRIZE

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TICKET, . . . \$1.00

11 TICKETS for \$10.00

Ask for circulars.

**LIST OF PRIZES.**

1 Prize worth	\$15,000—	\$15,000.00
1 ..	5,000—	5,000.00
1 ..	2,500—	2,500.00
1 ..	1,250—	1,250.00
25 Prizes	500—	12,500.00
5 ..	250—	1,250.00
25 ..	50—	1,250.00
800 ..	25—	5,000.00
300 ..	15—	4,500.00
600 ..	10—	6,000.00
999 ..	5—	4,995.00
999 ..	5—	4,995.00

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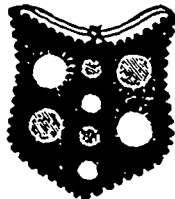


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as our goods can be applied at home.

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

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

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

A. Rogers, tobacconist, Adelaide 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.

"E. 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.

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

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

When the disease is strong one bottle is enough; but the worst cases of delirium tremens do not require more than three bottles for a radical cure. If you cannot get from your druggist the pamphlet on Alcohol its effect on the Human Body and Intemperance as a Disease, it will be sent free on writing to S. Lachance, Druggist, Sole Proprietor 1538 and 1540 Catherine st., Montreal



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### NERVOUS DEBILITY CURED.

FT. WAYNE, IND., OCT. 16, 1887.  
I hereby certify that I was very weak and nervous for several months, so that I couldn't sleep or work. Several physicians tried to cure me, but instead of getting better I became worse. In the month of April of this year, I was advised to use Rev. Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic and I must say that after taking it one month only, I could sleep well, and felt so strong that I was able to work all this summer and fall. JOSEPH KROCK.  
Subscribed to before me, a Justice of the Peace for Allen Co., Ind. JAMES CHITPEN.  
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

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