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Vol. V.

Toronto, Saturday Jan. 30, 1891.

No 57

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G. W. R.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	
	12.10	8.00	2.00	7.30	
	6.00	4.00	10.36	8.20	
		9.30			
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English mails close on Monday and Tuesdays at 4 and 9 p.m. The following are the dates of English mails for January: 4, 7, 11, 14, 18, 21, 25, 28.
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Vol. V.

Toronto, Saturday Jan. 30, 1891.

No 51

WHAT CATHOLICS DO NOT BELIEVE.

Lecture by His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto.

On Sunday, January 3, Archbishop Walsh paid his first official visit to Orangeville, and the hearty reception with which he met must have been highly gratifying to him. His Grace arrived on the Saturday evening train from Toronto and was the guest of Rev. Father McPhillips, the parish priest, until the following Monday evening. On Sunday morning grand High Mass was celebrated in St. Peter's church, and at the end of the service an address of welcome to His Grace was presented by the congregation. The address was read in a clear and sonorous voice by Mr. P. J. Bench. It was as follows:

To His Grace Most Rev. John Walsh D. D., Archbishop of Toronto:

May it please Your Grace—We, the Catholics of Orangeville, beg to approach your Grace on this the occasion of your first official visit to this parish, and to extend you a most hearty welcome. When the Archdiocese to which we belong was deprived by death of the services of the late able and distinguished Archbishop we prayed that the Holy Pontiff might see fit to appoint as his successor one who would be able to follow in his illustrious footsteps and to continue the good work; and we can assure your Grace that the news of your selection for the high and important office was received with delight and thankfulness. The eminent services which your Grace had rendered in consolidating and building up another diocese were known to us all, and we felt sure that with you as the head of the Church in Ontario its future progress and welfare were assured.

We beg, therefore, to take the advantage of this, the first opportunity offered, to felicitate your Grace on your appointment to your present high and responsible position, and we earnestly pray that this archdiocese may long be spared the benefit of your Grace's extended experiences, wise council and fatherly guidance and government. Your Grace is probably aware that the Catholics of Orangeville are few in number, but we can assure you that between them and the various other religious denominations of the town there exist the most cordial and harmonious relations. Permit us, in conclusion, to wish your Grace the compliments of the season and to most respectfully ask your apostolic benediction.

Signed on behalf of the Catholics of Orangeville—P. J. Bench, Wm. Fogarty, Jno. Bench, Own Garvey and John Longeway.

His Grace expressed his warmest thanks for the beautiful sentiments of the address, and then delivered an able and vigorous discourse. In the evening there were grand

musical Vespers, the choir consisting of six voices from Toronto. Those composing the choir: Misses Filgiano (organist), Nell Walsh, Polly Sheehan, Kate Clark, and Messrs. F. A. Anglin and J. Ward. At the conclusion of the Vespers the Archbishop delivered the most eloquent and powerful address that has ever been listened to in this town.

The church was crowded to the doors, the majority of those present being Protestants; and the lecture, which lasted about three quarters of an hour, riveted the closest attention to the very end. The subject of the lecture was

"WHAT CATHOLICS DO NOT BELIEVE."

His Grace began by saying that it was recorded in the book of Daniel that in a certain city a woman was one day being led through the street to execution, having been sentenced to death for unchastity. While she was being hurried to the place of execution a young man rose upon the streets and cried with a loud voice: "Are ye so foolish, ye children of Israel, that without examination or knowledge of the truth, you have condemned a daughter of Israel? Return to judgment, for they have borne false witness against her." His Grace said that a similar state of things was witnessed to-day. A great historic Church, a Church two thousand years old, that had withstood the revolutions of twenty centuries, that had seen empires and dynasties swept away, was being condemned on the evidence of her enemies, on the testimony of false witnesses. The Catholic Roman Church had received the words of truth from the lips of Christ Himself. Her apostles had walked with the Saviour through Judea, and their successors were to-day propagating the great truths taught by the Nazarene.

That Church had civilized and Christianized the world; her monasteries, her universities and great cathedrals bore the amplest testimony of her zeal in the cause of learning and religion; and in the history of every civilized country in the world would be found the narrative of the piety, the love and heroism of the propagators of her doctrine. Between the sixth and the ninth centuries hordes of barbaric tribes, Goths, Visi-Goths and Vandals, swept like a tornado from northern Europe, bringing ruin and devastation wherever they went. The grandest monuments and works of art—the glorious productions of civilization—were ruthlessly destroyed by these uncivilized tribes; and it seemed as if ruin and chaos had come again.

THE CHURCH OF GOD,

however, the Catholic Roman Church, that

Church which was travestied and burlesqued to-day—defied the destructive and ravaging march of the hirsute and barbaric horde from the north, and stood stately and triumphant in the midst of the death and decay around her, like one of those monuments that the traveller so often beholds towering majestically above the surrounding ruins. Whatever, His Grace continued, we had of the beautiful classics of ancient Greece and Rome we owed to the preserving hand of the Catholic Church. This great historic Church was maligned and vilified, was not given a hearing in court, was condemned on false testimony, and well might he exclaim, "Are ye so foolish that in this nineteenth century that ye condemn a great historic Church without examination? Return to judgment, for they have borne false witness against her." The teachings of the Church were misrepresented, her doctrines were travestied, and Protestants were told that Catholics held beliefs which they abhorred and hated. He did not mean to say that this misrepresentation on the part of many Protestants was deliberate and wicked. Many of them, no doubt, honestly believed what they were told about the enemies of the Church, and learned from literature which was adverse to her. She was

CONDEMNED ON FALSE TESTIMONY;

books which told what her doctrine was were not consulted; and men and women, otherwise manly and honest, rendered their verdict without hearing the Church's side at all. It was impossible for him, in the brief space of a short lecture, to touch upon all the matters in which the Church was burlesqued, in which she was held up as entertaining doctrines which she abhorred, but he would refer to a few. Catholics were told that they placed the Blessed Virgin above our Divine Saviour; that they rendered her, a creature, more honor and adoration than the Son of God. This was not true. Man's redemption came through the Incarnation and the sacrifice of the cross alone, and through the merits of Christ only can man be saved. He was the only mediator between God and man, and there was no other name in heaven or on earth by which the eternal portals of heaven could be opened to fallen humanity. Why every prayer in the Catholic Church concluded with the words, "Through Jesus Christ, our Lord!" There was an infinite space between Christ and the Blessed Virgin—the space that existed between the finite and the infinite. The Catholic Church taught that the Blessed Virgin was the most perfect creature that ever came before the hand of God. Catholics, however, believed in the

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THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS—AN ORDER OF SCHOOL-MASTERS.

From a late number of Merry England.

IV.

By 1698 the first house at Vaugirard had become too small for the rapidly increasing Community. Through the aid of M. de la Chetardie, who had succeeded M. de la Barmondie at St. Sulpice, and of a rich widow, Madame Voison, he was enabled to take a larger house nearer Paris, which he most appropriately dedicated to St. Cassianus, the martyred schoolmaster. One of the Brothers he made Master of Novices, another Superintendent of the Parisian schools; and thus relieved of some of his many responsibilities, began a fresh extension of educational activity. A new school was opened in the parish of St. Sulpice, after a fresh conflict with the paid schoolmasters. Increased prestige was brought him by the attention of James II., the exiled King of England. That personage required an instructor for the sons of his Irish adherents. He consulted the Archbishop of Paris, who in turn placed the matter in the hands of M. de la Chetardie; and the Cure of St. Sulpice recommended M. de la Salle. De la Salle agreed to accept the task, and fifty young Irish gentlemen were placed under his direction. They required, of course, higher education than that which the Christian Schools were accustomed to impart; and therefore Blessed de la Salle himself assisted in their education. King James himself subsequently visited the school, and was so delighted with the manners and progress of the young boarders that he expressed to de la Salle his lively satisfaction. This was followed by a further innovation in education, when de la Salle founded the first Sunday school in France. It was designed for lads under twenty, belonging to the artisan and tradesman class. Since he chiefly founded it as a remedy against the evil employment of the Sunday, he wished it to be attractive; and therefore, in addition to reading, writing, and arithmetic, he gave the youths who attended it the opportunity of pursuing studies useful in the higher developments of their own callings; studies such as mechanics, mathematics, and drawing. Two Brothers were specially educated to conduct this Sunday school, at the close of which there was always religious instruction and catechism. It soon became so popular that it was attended by two hundred lads. Unfortunately, the Brothers educated for it took advantage of their special training to quit the Institute and open a paying school of their own. The consequent closing of the school, however, was only temporary: as soon as another Brother could be trained for the purpose, it was reopened, and obtained all its former success. This was, as I have said, the first Sunday school in France: in Holland such institutions were already known; and, of course, Sunday schools for religious teaching had before been set up in Milan by St. Charles Borromeo.

In sequence to this, he established in the parish of St. Hippolyte a Normal school for training country schoolmasters; such a school as that which he had established at Rheims, and which had lapsed during his absence. He placed it under the direction of Brother Nicholas Vuyart, one of the two Brothers whom he had chosen at Vaugirard as his special confidants. Unfortunately, Brother Vuyart, like Judas, succumbed to the temptation of holding the money-bag. The Cure of St. Hippolyte died, and left his money to Brother Vuyart for the purpose of supporting the foundation. He could not leave it to the Congregation, which had not obtained letters patent, nor to de la Salle, who was known as the Superior of the Society; therefore this indirect method of bequeathing his money to the Society was the only one open to him. But Brother Vuyart declared that the money belonged to him, that he would use his own judgment in spending it according to the Cure's intention; and refused to make any arrangements with de la Salle. The supporters of the school thereupon withdrew their contributions, and the pupils left. Brother Vuyart, following the example of the first Sunday school teachers, quitted the Institute, and continued the school on his own account. After some years he died in poverty. This was the end of the Normal school under the old *regime*: the time was not ripe for it, and it was left for a modern Superior of the Congregation successfully to revive Blessed de la Salle's idea, now universally disseminated. Yet more trouble was in store for the Founder from his own disciples. The Brother whom he had made Master of Novices was guilty of excessive severity to his subjects, who complained to M. de la Chetardie (de la Salle being away on business). The Brother who had been made director of the Parisian schools followed in the footsteps of the Novice-master, and harshly penanced a novice who was studying in the schools. This novice likewise complained to the Cure of St. Sulpice. Now, M. de la Chetardie was becoming ill-satisfied with the Founder's administration of the Society, and hastily laid these severities to the account of the Rule, not of the two Brothers who administered the Rule. He sent in a brief to the Archbishop of Paris, which gravely impugned de la Salle's discretion in managing the Institute. The Archbishop ordered his Vicar-General, M. Pirot, to make inquiries. The inquiries were answered by the Brothers favourably to the Superior and the Rule, though the two directors were blamed; but, urged by outside influences, M. Pirot reported against the Founder. When de la Salle

next called on the Archbishop, he was suddenly and quietly told: "Sir, you are no longer Superior of your Community; I have provided it with another." De la Salle, after his usual fashion, withdrew in silence, and passively awaited results. M. Pirot sent him private word when the new Superior was to be installed. De la Salle feared resistance from the Brothers if they were apprised beforehand, and so merely desired them to assemble on the assigned day, without stating any reason.

When made aware of the purport of the meeting the Brothers insisted upon retaining their old superior, saying: "Our determination is bound up with our vow," they declared; "in keeping to the one, we feel that we are being faithful to the other. We will have no Superior but our Father. If another is forced upon us, let that other bring new subjects with him, for we are all resolved to walk out of the house."

De la Salle hastened away to throw himself at the feet of the Archbishop, and crave pardon for the disobedience of the Brothers. But the Archbishop turned his back, and without a word left the room in which de la Salle had sought him. In the end, a priest of St. Sulpice, the Abbe Madot, intermediated. The Brothers agreed to wait on M. Pirot, apologise for their conduct, and nominally accept the new Superior; but on condition that after being formally installed, M. Bricot should make no attempt to exercise any practical authority. As a matter of fact, he only once subsequently appeared at the house; and soon afterwards the Archbishop gave him another employment. The victory remained practically with the Brothers; and de la Salle continued the real Superior.

In August, 1703, the Community moved to the Rue de Charonne from the house at Vaugirard. The new house had schools established in connection with it, as had been the case in St. Sulpice, and a Sunday school was opened. Then followed fresh attacks on the part of the writing masters. In February, 1704, the lieutenant of police sent to seize all the writing materials in the Brothers' schools, and cited the Community before his tribunal. For non-compliance with this order de la Salle was fined and mulcted in costs, besides being forbidden to allow the Brothers to receive any but the poorest children, or to give these any education "above their condition." At the same time the Precentor ordered him to close his schools. Lawsuit followed lawsuit, and the Community was condemned without appeal. The house and schools, even the Sunday school, in the Rue de Charonne were closed, and all the effects seized. The Founder at first took refuge, with his novices, in the parish of St. Roch, but after a few months removed to Rouen. In February, 1706, the Parliament of Paris issued a decree forbidding him, or any of the Brothers, to keep a single primary school in Paris or its suburbs without the formal permission of the Precentor. M. de la Salle, although suffering from a tumour on the knee, returned to Paris, to bear the brunt of this new misfortune. The Brothers' schools being closed, the parish priest of St. Sulpice tried to save those under his control by seeking other masters, and on failing in the quest implored the Brothers to return. The Founder did not refuse, and early in October ten Brothers were appointed teachers on the condition that they should receive no pupils without a ticket of admission from the parish authorities. The schoolmasters having no excuse for further interference, the Brothers once more resumed their labours in peace.

In spite of these difficulties in Paris, de la Salle's work was rapidly spreading all over France. In 1699 he founded the school at Chartres, at the invitation of the Bishop, Monsignor Godet des Marais, who had been with him at St. Sulpice.

Blessed de la Salle provided the Brothers, and the Bishop undertook to bear all the expenses. The latter was much attached to the saintly man, and whenever he was in Chartres pressed him to dine at his table, an invitation he persistently declined. M. Ravelet tells us

One day, determined to overcome him, the Bishop had the doors of the palace locked, and so kept him a prisoner. The holy man, finding he could not get out, submitted with a good grace, and went in to dinner. Amongst the guests were M. d'Aubignac, Vicar-General, afterwards Bishop of Noyon, and, finally, Archbishop of Rouen. After dinner the Bishop and his Vicar attacked Blessed de la Salle about the severity of his Rule and the extreme poverty of his clothes. They criticised his thick shoes, his broad hat, and his patched cloak. He defended himself with his wonted simplicity, and gave the reasons which had led him to frame the Rule as it stood. The shabbiness of his clothes was such, however, that the Bishop made him a present of a cloak; and to leave him no pretext for not accepting it, he had it made of the coarsest and commonest stuff. M. de la Salle took the gift humbly as an alms, and wore it; but not long after, as he was coming home one winter's night, he was accosted by robbers who took a fancy to the cloak, and he let them have it.

Still, even at Chartres there were difficulties in the way of carrying out the regulations. The Bishop himself did not at all approve of teaching the children to read French before Latin; but the Founder held firmly to his opinion, and at last Monsignor des Barais yielded to his arguments.

In the same year the schools at Calais were opened, and the Institute took root in Languedoc and Provence. In 1702 de la Salle's

most ardent desire was gratified by the opening of a school in Rome, which was approved by letters patent in 1706; while in 1705 the first school was opened at Rouen in connexion with an ancient charity called "The Office of the Poor," and it was owing to this that the Novitiate was moved from Paris to St. Yon in Rouen. The Dijon schools were founded in the same year.

To be continued.

MR. LAMPMAN'S POETRY.

VERY few people use their eyes. Most of us when we see a house see only bricks and wood; when we look above us, see only the chance cloud poised against the sky. We have all felt delighted when the beauties of architecture were pointed out to us, and have all felt a little ashamed when Mr. Ruskin called our attention to the sublime fairness of the blue sky itself. Sometimes we wander about striving to frame an ideal, but usually end where we began with something indefinite and intangible. We pursue a butterfly, from which when it is caught, the beauty comes off upon our fingers, and in the pursuit trample upon a score of flowers, whose elegance is exquisite and whose perfumes are delightful and satisfying. And not only do we crush them but we probably know nothing of their presence. It is a relief to turn from the papers of the great heart searchers, with their ideals, their Time-spirits and what-nots and to wander about with one who marks the beauties as he goes.

It would seem that only poets can look wild nature full in the face and converse with her in solitude. As our poet says:

Why do ye call the poet lonely
Because he dreams in lonely places?
He is not desolate, but only
Sees, where ye cannot, hidden faces.

We know how once Coleridge, being in Wales, heard a storm coming on, and rushed out hatless among the rocks to watch its play. And we know, too, what inspiration Shelley and Wordsworth drew from the changing glories of the lakes. "Scie seated on the shores of old romance," with the music of waters in their ears and the perfection of colouring spread out before them they not only became themselves enraptured, but were led to please and to instruct others. Poor Charles Lamb, with all his love for workaday humanity, could not see things with such eyes. He was never at rest unless among the streets of the city. He may be supposed to have shared the sensibility of the modern Londoner, who sought rest in the country but lost it because of the moaning of some cow calling to her demor lover in an adjoining field, or the clatter of some hen whose triumphal song announced the arrival of another enricher of cakes.

Perhaps when the young Cockney poets went out beyond the hurry and bustle of life in the great city there was a temptation to overdo the appreciation of nature, but the tendency was of the right sort, and although DeQuincey pronounced Keats' Endymion to be the very essence of mid-summer madness, there are those who, not so particular as to the accuracy of Keats' Greek references, yet love to roam with him the wilds and thickets of Latmos and to drink in the gladness of the summer day. There are plenty of us who have heard the "little noiseless noise among the leaves, born of the very sigh that silence heaves," and many a time we have lain supine upon the green grass and used the chink of some old straw hat to split up the bright sunlight into changing coloured rays, conjuring therefrom strange fantasies.

Mr. Archibald Lampman is one whose eyes have served him with many a pretty thought. Open fields are his pleasure grounds. Burke in his young days was given to taking long walks in the country, observing and reasoning, and that Mr. Lampman has been at something of a similar practice appears clearly in many of his poems, and may be inferred from the dedication addressed to his wife:

Though fancy and the might of rhyme
That turneth like the tide,
Have borne me many a musing time
Beloved, from thy side,

Ah yet, I pray thee, deem not sweet
Those hours were given in vain,
Within these covers to thy feet
I bring them back again.

It may be that the fame to be obtained by these means is not likely to be an enduring one. In the end we expect from every poet some efforts in heart searching. Pastoral poetry, while it has been engrafted upon English literature, is always a foreign thing. In the age of cities and inventions, of railroads and electricity we have not the simplicity and contentment that attach to a purely pastoral people. Yet the earth and the fruits of the earth, the perfect creations of the divine hand, are the same in all times, and to the poet there is a metaphor in every limb and blossom and blade. As a model for contemplation wild nature is faultless, and that such a study is of great avail in quickening the intellect and in purifying the mind is obvious from the lives of those who have made that study their own.

Curran was once defending a political prisoner and was about to assert the clearness of his innocence when a bright ray of sunlight

poured through the window and rested upon the table before him. Without an instant's pause the great advocate poured forth a metaphor as beautiful in its conception as the ray itself. Several essays are made to deal with human existence in the pages of Mr. Lampman's publication, and all of them are illuminated with charming references to appropriate nature. From the poem, "The Little Handmaiden," we cull one or two examples:

She clad her body in spotless white
With a girldo as red as blood.
The glad white raiment her beauty bound
As the sepals bind the bud.

And down the stairway and out of the door
She glided, as soft and light
As an airy tuft of thistle seed
Might glide through the grasses bright.

In the pages of the leading American magazines, Mr. Lampman's name, appended to a sonnet or to a few lines of other verse, is a familiar sight. In none of these contributions is there any tendency to lower the plane of poetry. There are a great many writers who seek to catch the public taste by pundering to its failings. Sentiments are clothed in the most incongruous dress, and lose any real value there might be, from the ephemeral character of the writing. A Spanish love song, for instance, will be recast into a negro dialect song, and most frequently the whole effect is marred by some play upon negro character altogether out of keeping with the spirit of the song and its delicate refinement. In such a condition it is very doubtful if there is a genuine desire to elevate thought, which is the highest end that poetry can serve. Of course dialect stories have their proper uses, and when they portray faithfully the character of the interesting people who use them are an acceptable means of instruction. In such cases they are deserving of more than passing perusal, and should be cherished for their intrinsic worth. The tales of Will Carleton and a few other Irish writers deserve a permanent place in literature for this reason, as do the works of such interpreters of negro life as Mr. Geo. W. Childs; but dialect lampoons, and most of the philosophy done into homespun of which we see so much, have not the tendency to cultivate that is needed by young and progressing peoples. To Mr. Lampman's credit be it said, that although the temptation must have been strong, owing to the publication of so much of this kind of literature in the magazines wherein his verses also appear, he has never receded from the use of the most elegant, graceful and correct language for the expression of his sensations, aspirations and judgments. Mr. Andrew Lang recently remarked that it becomes a positive pleasure for a critic to be able to say a good thing about a work he is reviewing, and if a similar privilege might be allowed in a notice of this length it would be exercised to express gratification at our leading poet's insistence upon maintaining the beauty and purity of the language.

Those who are curious enough to peep within the covers of his book of poems will find that although the poet dearly loves converse with "all out-doors" yet there is a deep and kindly interest in humanity and in what Mr. Lighthall calls our "more tremendous affairs."

I heard the city-time bells call
Far off in hollow towers,
And one by one with measured fall
Count out the old dead hours.

I felt the march, the silent press,
Of Time, and held my breath,
I saw the haggard drearfulness
Of dim old age and death.

We have seen the good tree blossom, and the season of blossoms pass. We shall not await and watch the ripening of the fruit.

CYRIL.

LOUIS VEUILLOT.—A WELL-SPENT LIFE.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D.D., IN "AVE MARIA."

III.

When, after the Crimean War, the Count Walewski, representative of Franco at the Congress of Paris, allowed the Count di Cavour, agent for Piedmont, to menace the pontifical government, Veuillet protested against this open attack on the rights of the Church. When the Italian war of 1859 opened, he asked whether Napoleon III., allying himself with the revolutionists, was not about to undo his work of '49. When the preliminaries of Vellefranca were signed he rejoiced at the end of a war "which caused a fear lest the Revolution rather than liberty, would be the gainer." But he found in these preliminaries "no recognition of the right of revolt; Lombardy did not give herself, but was rather ceded by Francis Joseph and given by Napoleon"; he was sufficiently optimistic to trust that Piedmont would prove "one Catholic nation the more." Alas! Napoleon III. allowed Victor Emmanuel to contend for the whole of Italy, not even excepting the Papal States. Then Veuillet entered upon the combat which he had vainly tried to avoid. When the brochure, "The Pope and the Congress,"

written by La Gueronniere, but inspired by Napoleon, appeared, advocating the spoliation of the Pontiff as a political necessity, Pius IX. characterized it, in reply to an address from the Count de Goyon, commander of the French army of occupation in Rome, as "a signal monument of hypocrisy and an ignoble tissue of contradictions." The imperial authorities would have prevented the *Univers* from publishing the papal rebuke, but Veuillot knew his duty. His brother Eugene says that just as he resolved to ignore the imperial wishes, a friend asked him if he realized what he was doing. "We are dying," was the reply. The discourse of the Pontiff was published on January 11, 1860; but the government hesitated. On the 28th, however, Veuillot received the Encyclical "Nullis certe," condemning the last aggressions against the Papal States. The document was at once translated; and as he sent it to the printers, the brave editor said: "Our paper will be suppressed to-morrow." So it happened. But Veuillot had triumphed; for when the government realized that the news of the pontifical action had already transpired, it authorized the other journals to publish the Encyclical. Thus it was, as Veuillot wrote to the Pope, that an Encyclical of Pius IX., that of 1858, had given life to the *Univers*, and another one had taken that life.

Twice Veuillot asked for authorization to resume his journal, but in vain; however, in 1867, while Napoleon was effecting his tentative evolution towards liberalism, and which was to involve freedom of the press, the permission was accorded. Pius IX. sent a sum of money to further the good work; but as it did not prove necessary, Veuillot turned it over to the Peter's Pence. The attitude of the *Univers* did not change toward the liberalized Empire. When, just previous to the plebiscite of May 7, 1870, Emile Ollivier, the new Minister, solicited its support, he was told that the imperial government would have to promise the preservation of the territories still remaining to the Pope. As this assurance was not given, our journal remained neutral, being unwilling to vote with the revolutionists against the plebiscite, and unable to support an administration which refused satisfaction to the Catholics. Meanwhile the General Council of the Vatican was celebrated, and the favorite thesis of Veuillot was solemnly promulgated. Well has it been said that in the Constitution "Pastor Æternus," "Tout Veuillot est la, et tout Veuillot n'est qu'une victoire."

The revolution of September 4, 1870, did not surprise Veuillot; Sedan was a consequence of Castelfidardo. Remaining in Paris during the siege, he sustained the government of the National Defence, and continued to hope against hope. He was a constant adversary of the Commune, and the articles which he wrote against its insane leaders form his interesting book entitled "Paris pendant les Deux Sieges." When peace had returned, he seized every occasion to protest against the brutal seizure of Rome on September 20, 1870. One day the members of the right had almost interdicted the right of speech to M. de Belcastel, who wished to interpolate the government on this subject; and Veuillot severely attacked this Catholic majority for thus appearing to abandon the cause of the Head of the Church. For this action he was blamed by many persons of his own party; and even Pius IX., so partial to the *Univers*, complained of his too zealous defenders. Veuillot bowed to the rebuke, declaring himself ready to break his pen if it was deemed a danger or useless. But a few days afterwards Mgr. Mermillod, then Vicar-Apostolic of Geneva, and supposed to be, in this matter, an authorized interpreter of the sentiments of the Pontiff, informed the entire staff of the journal that Pius IX. blessed their work. When Marshal MacMahon was called to the presidency, May 24, 1873, Veuillot welcomed the loyal soldier who seemed disposed to favor a monarchical restoration. We need not detail how such efforts failed, and how the Duke of Magenta showed himself pliant to the dictates of the secret societies—probably because he belonged to them. Enough here to note that this administration disliked the *Univers*. Twice the journal was suspended: once at the request of Bismarck, it was thought for having published a letter of the Bishop of Perigueux on the religious persecutions in Germany; and again for an article which displeased the Spanish Cabinet of the day.

In this short sketch we have confined our remarks to the public life of a great soldier of the Church: his private life, "est de l'intime," as Eugenie de Guerin would say. Even his brother hesitated to trench upon this privacy: "To speak of his habits would be a puerility; and as for his joys and griefs, I have shared them too entirely to display them before the indifferent." But a trace of his joys and griefs is to be found in his works. It is believed that one chapter of "Ca et La" gives the history of his marriage; and in his masterpiece, "La Chambre Nuptiale," are depicted many of his chagrins. After the death of his beloved wife, Louis Veuillot found a faithful companion in an adored sister, Mlle. Elise Veuillot, whose portrait he outlines in "Ca et La": "Your sweet and noble countenance is beautified in our eyes as to those of the angels, by the cares which have prematurely impressed their mark. For the love of God you refused yourself to the service of God, for charity's sake you deprived yourself of the joys of charity. You do not fully enjoy the peace of the cloister, nor the care of the poor, nor an apostolate in the world; and your great heart has shown how to forego all that is grand and perfect like itself. A servant to your brother, a mother to his orphans, you have sunk your life in little duties. You have given away your youth, liberty, and future; you are no longer yourself, but one who is no more, a

dead wife and a buried mother. You are a virgin widow, a religious without a veil, a spouse without her rights, a mother without the name. You sacrifice your days and your vigils to children who do not call you mother, and you have shed a mother's tears upon the graves of those who were not your children. And amid all this labor, this abnegation and trial, you seek and you find for repose other infirmities to succor, other weaknesses to strengthen, other wounds to heal. May you be blessed by God as you are by our hearts!" Louis Veuillot went to his reward on the 7th of April, 1883.

A profound and judicious critic, the Abbe Le Noir, comparing Veuillot the journalist of the sovereign and infallible Papacy, with his two sole rivals in modern journalism, the Abbe de Genoude, the journalist of legitimism, and Emile de Girardin, the journalist of liberty, says: "Genoude had a doctrinal principle, but one divided against itself, which established death in life or life in death; he was rejected by the nation. Girardin had no governmental system, and he was defeated by all our governments, not one of which either understood or desired liberty. Veuillot had a fixed, clear, and simple system, which the French clergy adopted; the Papacy upheld him even against the bishops, and he ended by obtaining a complete triumph in the Catholic Church. Veuillot created a style which was adapted to the clergy of his time; he found the tone which was to touch their heart-strings; he gave them in his journal the aliment they craved, and he became omnipotent with his readers. Certain prelates tried to crush him: they merely rendered his vitality greater. In the eyes of Rome and his public he was right, and afterward the Council of the Vatican solemnly proclaimed his thesis.

STORY OF PIERRE AUBERT.

From the French of Charles Deslys in "Catholic Mirror"

THERE is one little corner of France which I never visit without saying to myself, "What a happy lot it would be to stay here forever!"

Villerville-on-the-sea lies on the coast of Normandy, between Honfleur and Trouville. Behind the pretty village, the richly wooded land slopes in gentle undulations to the mouth of the Seine, which here widens out and spreads in all its grandeur to the far-off horizon. At your feet are verdant meadows where great oxen graze, raising their heads now and then, and standing motionless as if listening to the voice of the billows.

On the right is the river, narrowing as it runs towards the promontory of Lilloboeuf, and seeming to bear in its drifting haze the memory of Paris, where it has seen so much! Opposite is Havre, with its masts, its lighthouses, and its smokes; above Havre is the lovely hill of Ingenville, bedecked with white houses half buried in foliage. On the left is the roadstead, then the sea.

About ten years ago I had the pleasure of spending a month at Villerville, where for the time being, I was a genuine rustic and fisherman. My room had lime-washed walls, great black joists in the ceiling, the most primitive furniture imaginable, and a few engravings illuminated in indigo and vermilion.

From my window there was a beautiful view of the bay; and besides that, I saw daily at low tide, three or four hundred fisher-women merrily hunting for mussels, while their husbands and brothers were off cruising in small fishing-smacks. The latter returned home Saturday evenings, and the arrival of the peaceful fleet made a scene full of motion, color, and gaiety.

My hostess, Cesarine Aubert, took no part in these joyous gatherings; she was a tall, lank woman, forty years of age, harsh-tongued and sour-tempered, ever ready for a dispute, greedy for gain, and watchful of her own interests—a perfect virago. As I, however, paid well and in advance, I was a hero, a god, to Cesarine; for me, she modulated her sharp voice, and always came to meet me smiling grimly.

Strange to say, she had two charming children, a boy of thirteen, and a girl, almost a year younger. They were of the usual Normandy type, fair-skinned and light-haired, and had large blue eyes with an expression of angelic tenderness, not in the least like their mother's. I was curious to see what sort of man their father was, and on the Saturday after my arrival, I sat by the great chimney with Cesarine awaiting his return. The children had been watching for him eagerly, and towards dusk they rushed in, exclaiming breathlessly: "Here he comes, mother, we saw his boat from the cliff—may we go and meet him?"

"What is the use?" replied the woman, sullenly, "Pierre's old enough to find his way here without your assistance; and besides, I want you to go into the garden, both of you, and gather some salad for supper. Do you hear me?"

At the sound of the last words, the children fled like frightened birds, and a few minutes later, Pierre Aubert came into the house. He was about thirty-five years old, short and thick-set, with light-brown hair cut square over the forehead, but hanging in two long curls upon his shoulders, and among the locks could be seen two tiny gold earrings, shaped like anchors. His smile was thoughtful, his manner grave—even mournful, but the frank expression in his blue eyes was very winning.

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INTERCESSION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN,

and this belief was reasonable and natural. She was the mother of God, and they believed that she was all perfect and pure. was all powerful in interceding with her Son for the necessities of erring mankind. His Grace illustrated this part of his lecture by pointing out the course which a person in this world would pursue in order to affect his purpose. If he wanted a favor from one high in office was he not likely to solicit the intercession of some one who had influence with the party with whom he desired to succeed? If he was told to go straight to the party in office he would likely answer that little or no attention would be paid to him. Catholics adored and worshipped God alone, they venerated the Blessed Virgin and asked her to intercede for them with our Divine Lord. Was not that quite a different doctrine from the one which the generality of Protestants were under the impression Catholics held? The Archbishop next touched upon the charge that Catholics were ignorant of and were

NOT ALLOWED TO READ THE BIBLE.

This was another gross misrepresentation. The Catholic teaching was that every sentence of the Bible was inspired by the Holy Ghost. It was

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

that saved the Bible in the dark days of destruction and devastation when it and other literature were in danger. In the ante-printing period the monks of the Catholic Church spent many patient days of their lives in beautifully transcribing the word of God in order that it might be preserved for succeeding generations. The best commentaries on the Bible were written by distinguished sons of the Catholic Roman Church. Did this care in saving the great book, this expenditure of time in its exposition, go to prove that the Catholic Church was inimical to the Bible? Why you could scarcely enter any intelligent Catholic house without finding the Bible occupying a prominent place there. It was the Catholic Church that saved the Bible when it was in danger, and it was the same Church that settled questions of doubt as to the authenticity of its books. The Church was not only friendly to, but anxious for, the circulation of the Bible in the vernacular, and the Douay translation was before that of King James. The Church, however, realized that the Bible was liable to misinterpretation in the hands of men who brought only their weak human intellects to its comprehension, and were unaided by learning or inspiration to understand it. We saw this strikingly exemplified in the

MANY CONTRADICTIONARY BELIEFS

which were the outcome of the free and full right of private interpretation. The State did not allow every one to interpret the meaning of its laws. The civil laws were explained and administered by judges of experience and learning who were appointed by the Government and whose duty it was to say what this law or that meant. If the State did not take this course we would have the spectacle of seeing her laws construed in many different

and contradictory ways, and the result would be that society would become disorganized. The Catholic Church claimed

THE RIGHT TO INTERPRET THE BIBLE

for her children, who would, if left to themselves, be completely at sea as to the meaning of many difficult passages. We were told on the authority of St. Peter himself that many wrest the scripture to their own destruction, but the safeguard of the Catholic was the infallible interpretation of the Apostolic Church. His Grace turned next to the Catholic doctrine on confession. Here, he remarked, the work of misrepresentation and burlesque was at its height. Protestants, many of them sincere and honest, were under the impression that if a Catholic committed a sin all he had to do to obtain forgiveness was to tell the priest about it. "Oh, you need not care," a Catholic would be told, "all you need do is to go to the priest and hand him a dollar, and it will be all right." (Laughter.) That was the strange idea that was held in many sensible and intelligent quarters. He (His Grace) need hardly tell them that the Church was grossly and cruelly libelled.

THE SACRAMENT OF PENANCE

consisted of contrition, confession and reparation. There should be a full and complete confession of the sins committed, and he need not tell them that it was a humiliating task to kneel at the feet of a fellow being and make known the inward hideousness of the soul. That is anything but a light and easy matter. Then there must be sorrow, a supernatural sorrow, for the sins, or the confession would be useless, and there would be no pardon from on high. There must also be what was known as reparation or satisfaction. If a person injured his neighbor's character by slander or misrepresentation he must promise to repair the damage thus done. Throughout the lecture the Archbishop kept up a vigor of expression and impressiveness that added greatly to the force of the effort and to the attention with which it was heard. For instance, when referring to the doctrine of the Church in reference to

THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

he said: "I have been thirty-eight years in the ministry of the Roman Catholic Church, and do you think that I would spend the golden period of my life in propagating a lie? God forbid!" The Archbishop's peroration was eloquent. He referred to the grand heritage which Canadians enjoyed—a country of untold resources, and the inestimable boon of civil and religious liberty. Christians were all striving in different ways to reach the same goal, and in doing this they should be neighborly and forbearing towards each other, and though they might differ in matters of religious belief they should do so in a spirit of kindness and friendship, and work earnestly and harmoniously together in making the land of their birth or adoption happy, contented and prosperous.

All who heard the lecture were much impressed with it, and many have since remarked that a discourse like it—earnest, frank and manly as it was—is calculated to do more good in a mixed community than all the explosions of the firebrand and

the bigot, however well meaning the latter may be. Archbishop Walsh has long enjoyed the reputation of being a liberal and enthusiastic Canadian, and this is certainly the impression that this distinguished divine of the Catholic Church has left behind him after his first pastoral visit to Orangeville.—*Dufferin Post.*

Catholic News

The following letter from Cardinal Gibbons to Gen. George D. Johnston has just been made public.

CARDINAL'S RESIDENCE, BALTIMORE, JAN. 11, 1892.

MY DEAR SIR: In reference to our conversation this morning, and prescinding from all political aspects of the case, I wish to express to you the hope that the efforts of those who, like yourself, are opposing the renewal of the Louisiana Lottery charter will result in the suppression of the evil that now rests on the State of Louisiana.

I heartily commend every movement in favor of public morality, virtue, and honesty, and it seems to me that the question, "shall the Louisiana lottery continue under the law's protection its scandalous business?" is pre-eminently one of morality and virtue. The practical working of the company tends to enrich the few at the expense and misery of the many, to tempt the poor and those who can little afford it to squander their earnings—the only support of dependent mothers, wives and children—in the vain delusive Tantalus-like hope of one day becoming possessors of a winning number. And oftentimes it is not unknown that the fever of gambling has impelled many to theft and dishonesty for the means of another venture of purchasing another ticket.

A business whose plain manifest, inevitable result and influence on the people is such, is indeed, an enemy to the honesty and peace of any community, to the happiness and comfort of home, and to individual thrift and enterprise, and it is the duty of every upright citizen and earnest Christian to aid in its dethronement or suppression.

Christian charity and natural philanthropy alike dictate that we remove from the unwary pitfalls of destruction and withdraw the innocent and weak from temptation. Those bent on suicide should be restrained. The burning fagot should be snatched from the child's hand. That the Louisiana Lottery, as it is presented to us, proves a snare and a delusion to thousands, and is destructive of peace of mind and energy of action, so necessary to pursue honorable careers and to properly acquit one's self of life's duties, we cannot doubt. The daily operations of the scheme make the point clear.

Worthy, then, or praise and commendation are they who strive to quicken the public conscience and to array public sentiment against the continuance of the evil, who speak and labor in behalf of their fellow-men by removing from their midst a dire enemy to their manhood, their homes, and their prosperity.

Were the evil confined solely to the State of Louisiana I should refrain from giving expression to my sentiments. but since, like a giant tree, it has extended and spread its branches over the entire land and embraced in the area of its operations Maryland and the District of Columbia, with which I am connected, I could not but raise my voice in protest and in prayer that our faithful people might help forward the good work of putting an end to its ravages, I am, with much respect, yours faithfully in Christ. J. CARD. GIBBONS.

To Gen. GEORGE D. JOHNSTON.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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 Carberry, of Hamilton.

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

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JAN. 30, 1892.

SACRAMENTAL CONFESSION.

Our contemporary, the *Presbyterian Review*, is not ashamed to publish in its columns the mendacious assertions and blasphemies of the too-notorious Chiniquy. Last week it gave a synopsis of a lecture lately delivered in Montreal by that unscrupulous apostate on the "Confessional from the Inside." The editor of the *Presbyterian Review* knows in his heart that no credit should be vouchsafed to any averments of the apostate priest, who, since his retirement from the Catholic Church, and his forced retirement to Kankakee, has made for himself a world-wide reputation by retailing in every low church conventicle in Protestant Christendom, the most infamous slanders and vilest calumnies possible of Satanic invention against the One True Church that cast him out on account of his utter unworthiness to minister at her altars.

Driven forth into the wilderness from the House of God he knocked at the Presbyterian door, and was freely admitted. A fallen priest who abandons every duty, and refuses to obey either God or man, is sure to obtain a generous welcome from the Kirk. An apostate priest who breaks all his vows is a shining light in the pulpit of John Knox. We notice the old man this time, not, indeed, because we consider it worth while, or respectable even, to introduce his name into the pages of any self-respecting journal. We hate to see lies spread, or calumnies, however apparent, gain circulation. Poisoned food is always dangerous no matter how glaringly labelled. People may toss the head and say, what harm may result if Chiniquy or other notorious apostates cast mud against the ornate walls of God's Church. It is much easier to throw up dirt against a beautiful house than to pick it off again, and some of it will stick. It was the cry of Voltaire and other sacrilegious apostates, *mentez, mentez, il en restera toujours quelque chose.*

The *Presbyterian Review*, speaking of Chiniquy, says, "Tortured by doubt he called on the Bishop and asked for counsel. Do you want to become a Protestant? he was asked. No, was the reply, but I want to have my doubts about the confessional removed. Well, said the Bishop, we don't claim that Christ established the confessional, but it is taught by the Fathers of the Church. Will you lend me the Fathers that I may study their teaching? We never lend the Fathers, was the reply.

The *Presbyterian Review* adds, "This caused considerable laughter, and Mr. Chiniquy's points occasioned many a smile and frequent outbursts of applause."

It is very evident, on the face of it, that no such conversation ever took place as above related. Chiniquy was simply told to leave the diocese on account of reiterated delinquencies that the Bishop was too merciful to have published—and that Chiniquy himself took very good care to never put before an audience. But the idea of asking

the Bishop to lend him the Fathers is too preposterous, and only shows what estimate Chiniquy had of those who flocked to hear him, and how he could play on their original innocence of any knowledge of the Fathers.

The Fathers are to be found in many volumes, sometimes from fifty to sixty, very heavily bound in folio, and would require a small wagon to have them conveyed from one library to another. There are certain possessions which cannot be loaned; an extensive library or a whole set of the Fathers is one of them.

Continuing, Mr. Chiniquy said: "I went to Mr. Fabre, bookseller, Father of the present Archbishop of Montreal, and he sent to Europe for a set of the Fathers of the Church for me, and on getting them I possessed probably the only copies of them in the province outside of the Seminary. What was my desolation of heart to find that, instead of advocating the confessional, nearly all of them devoted their best ability to opposing it as a great evil."

How much truth there is in this statement can only be conjectured. It is just as easy for any man, be he priest or minister to send to Europe for a set of the Fathers; and how Mr. Chiniquy found out that no college but the Seminary, and no man but himself had a copy of the Fathers is really a mystery.

There is a great amount of inconsistency on the part of Presbyterians who look to the Fathers for light in time of doubt. They profess to believe that all knowledge and sufficient light for the clearing up of every spiritual difficulty may be found in the Bible. They condemn tradition, and have no faith in anything but that found in Holy Writ. When we quote the Fathers in proof of the teachings and practice of Christianity in the early days of the Church's history, we are met with the cry that we have abandoned the pure Gospel for the dreams of tradition. And yet again, should it so happen as in the case of sacramental penance, that some obscure passages be found in the writings of the Fathers that Protestant ingenuity could twist into a disapproval or denial of auricular confession, then complaints are made that the Church authorities keep the Fathers all to themselves, and are not willing to lend them to the priests, much less to the laity, lest it should be discovered, as Mr. Chiniquy found, that all of the Fathers "devoted their best ability to opposing so great an evil as the confession of sin." As neither the *Presbyterian Review*, nor the Apostate Chiniquy favor us with any passages from the Fathers that might be construed as condemnatory of the practice of sacramental confession, we may be pardoned for supplying the omission.

St. Basil the great, one of the earliest Fathers, writes (T. 11—492 in Reg.) "In the confession of sins the same method must be observed as in laying open the infirmities of the body; for as these are not rashly communicated to every one but to those only who understand by what method they may be cured, so the confession of sins must be made to such persons as have power to apply a remedy." It is very evident from this passage that the Christians of his time were in the habit of confessing their sins, whereas the holy Doctor does not undertake to prove that confession ought to be made, but gives directions how the people whom he as Bishop directed, should proceed when making their confession, as any bishop or priest who has charge over souls would direct the people whom he instructs to do at this day. Necessarily, continues this great prelate, our sins must be confessed to those who are appointed the dispensers of God's mysteries. For thus are they found to have acted who did penance of old. For it is written in the Acts, "They confessed to the Apostles, by whom also they were baptized." "Know ye not that we are the ambassadors of Christ, and the dispensers of the mysteries of God." To the priests alone, who are sent and commissioned as dispensers of such mysteries and saving graces, are confessions of sin to be made.

St. Ambrose declares: The poison is sin; the remedy the accusation of one's crime; the poison is iniquity; confession is the remedy of the relapse. And therefore, it is truly a remedy against poison, if thou declare thine iniquities, that thou mayest be justified. Art thou ashamed? this shame will avail thee little at the judgment seat of God.

St. Augustine writes: Our merciful God wills us to confess in this world that we may not be confounded in the other. And again, in Homily XX., he exclaims: Let no one say to himself "I do penance in private, I do it before God." Is it then in vain that Christ hath

said: "Whatever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven?" Is it in vain that the keys have been given to the Church? Do we make void the Gospel, make void the words of Christ? (sermon 392) The same great Father and Doctor of the Church in his work on the priesthood says: (Lib. III. De Sacra) to cleanse the leprosy of the body, or rather to pronounce it cleansed, was given to the Jewish priests alone. But to our priests is granted the power of not declaring healed the leprosy of the body but of absolutely cleansing the defilements of the soul." "For the confession of sin is the absolution of crime."

If an ailing man, says St. Jerome, be ashamed to disclose his case to a physician no cure can be expected, for medicine does not cure that of which it knows nothing." With us the bishop or priest binds or looses: not them who are merely innocent or guilty but having heard, as his duty requires, the various qualities of sin, he understands who should be bound and who should be loosed." (St. Hieron comm. in Matt.)

Hundreds of other passages might be quoted from the Fathers, who taught and wrote in every age of the Church's existence, down to the Council of Trent. Even Martin Luther approved of auricular confession. In his book (de capt. Babyl. de penitentia) he says: Confession as now in vogue is useful, nay necessary, nor would I have it abolished, since it is the remedy of afflicted consciences.

The *Presbyterian Review* may chuckle over the fact of old Chiniquy having created merriment and brought down the house with satanic laughter at sacred things. But he laughs best who laughs last. The day is fast approaching when the old sinner will be laughing at the wrong corner of his mouth. When, perhaps, like Voltaire, he will be shouting for a priest to hear his confession and absolve him from his iniquities. But the Lord hath spoken "You shall call upon me and I will not hear you," which may God avert, "and you shall die in your sins."

THE "IRISH AMERICAN WEEKLY."

We have seen the first copy of a very handsome magazine-like paper, with the above title, which is issued for the proprietors by chief editor John P. Sutton and managing editor James J. Condon. It is published at Lincoln Nebraska, and opens with a striking and well finished portrait of Hon. John Fitzgerald, late president of the Irish National League of America. The spirit which shall quicken the pages of this magazine is clearly indicated in the *salutatory* found on the second page. It announces having adopted two unalterable principles viz: "1st strict neutrality on all questions pertaining to American party politics. 2nd unyielding opposition to any man or body of men who would dare to compromise Ireland's right to distinct and sovereign nationality." Further on it says: "We hold ourselves at liberty to support, criticize or condemn any movement professing to aim at achieving Irish independence, our support as well as our opposition shall be based on principles."

The announcement of this independent stand on the Irish question is a new departure, and differs from the policy always adopted by the Irish American League, viz: Never to interfere with the *men in the gap* who fight the battle of Irish independence in the old land; to send them all possible encouragement and pecuniary aid, but never dictate to them a policy, or condemn their action in the courts or in Parliament. The *salutatory* continues: we pledge ourselves to work for the independence of Ireland, and as a necessary preliminary to that end, we shall labor to foster union and harmony among all Irishmen. This is certainly a most noble and praiseworthy task the *Irish American Weekly* proposes to itself, and we must be permitted to express a fervent hope that it will succeed in both laudable attempts. The editors also profess strict neutrality as to the warring factions which, just now, bid fair to wreck Ireland's hopes of national freedom, are a scandal to all Christendom, and a joy to Ireland's most bitter enemies. "A plague on both your houses" is the heading of a very spirited article on the necessity of union and forgetfulness of private sores or individual ambitions. "An unbroken front to the enemy is what Ireland wants, that and nothing else can save her. The results of the various parliamentary and municipal elections throughout Ireland since the lamentable disruption of the party go to prove that Parnellites and McCarthyites are each sufficiently strong to prolong the present feud for a long time to come, and the triumph of one party at the polls can only

serve to embitter the defeated minority. We want and must have a union based on mutual agreement and mutual good will." Such a consummation is indeed very desirable, and from the cabled reports of yesterday we see signs of *rapprochement* and good will on the part of John Redmond, hitherto irreconcilable, that may be the beginning of an end to civil strife and fratricidal rancour.

In another column of the newspaper the editors give evidence of not being quite so neutral as they would make believe in the *salutatory*. They ridicule "the little Tim Healy, the Bantry Bantam as prospective Lord Chancellor of Ireland, with the title of Viscount Healy. They represent the McCarthyites as "having got a black eye in Waterford the other day and now they are telling us the Waterford men are a hard crowd." Jibes and jeers are levelled at John Dillon, Wm. O'Brien, Michael Davitt, David Sheehy and Justin McCarthy, that are unworthy of a respectable journal and most convincingly establish the editors of the new paper as Parnellites to the core of their hearts.

All this is very much to be regretted. It looks very much like hypocrisy to advocate union and neutrality, and in the next page or the next breath, make little of the greatness and the sacrifices, and the well and long tried sincerity and loyalty to Ireland, of such noble characters as O'Brien, Dillon, and Michael Davitt have proved themselves on every trying occasion. Were these three chosen and idolized leaders of the people removed by death to-morrow from the scene of their labours, monuments might be deservedly erected to their memories, their names, unsullied by crime or dishonour, shall go down to the latest posterity enshrined in the grateful hearts of the tenantry of Ireland, and should Home Rule be obtained, as no doubt it shall and must come, and should Ireland's representatives sit once more in the old House on College Green, no honour could be deemed too high or guerdon too magnificent to confer on them, in expression of a free nation's loving respect and well earned gratitude. To asperse the names of such men to-day and hold them up to ridicule would be a fitting task for those who hate the name of Ireland. Certainly not for those of her sons who make open professions of loyalty and love to her.

A MODEL NEWSPAPER.

In its latest issue, *La Semaine Religieuse*, the official organ of His Grace Archbishop Fabre, has the following important article:

"To deny in these days the influence of the press and notably the newspaper press would be a puerile. Unknown in the last centuries, this influence has been chiefly developed during the past sixty years. It is beneficial or dangerous; beneficial if the press realizes its mission, dangerous if it neglects the rules imposed upon it by truth, honor, morality, and if it mistakes the divine laws. The newspaper should first scrupulously respect the truth in great as well as little things. It should bestow a particular care upon the exactitude and truthfulness of that which it publishes, and it should publish nothing without being certain. An after apology cannot always repair the harm caused by a false statement. The newspapers should not only reject absolutely the statements that are lies, but those which it suspects are lies even though it should have for an excuse that it was only an echo, because in echoing a lie it becomes an accomplice. The love of money, the search for an unwholesome favor, the desire to triumph in a just cause cannot absolve it from such work. The truth, nothing but the truth; this is the immutable rule of a newspaper which respects itself and its readers. It should be honest, not that medium honesty, a sort of currency slightly altered by use, but that rigid honesty which cannot be deviated from. Inflexible in this regard, such a newspaper does not stoop to making a commerce of its columns, perhaps in contenting to serve as a trap to the innocent and foolish reader or to mislead the public upon the value of such an enterprise, perhaps in becoming the instrument of productive extortion or of interested calumnies. Temptation does not lead it astray; the solicitations of this kind are numerous and attractive; an honest newspaper never cedes and it is the more respected for it. The newspaper should be moral, reserved and descent in its contents. It should not forget that it is to fall into the hands and under the eyes of the young girl and often those of the child; it should respect innocence: it should then interdict scandalous recitals where *vicio* is recounted with a dangerous sangfroid; those words which have a double meaning; those pleasantries of bad taste and of bad company which the foreign press so badly abuse. In the choice of a story upon the necessary badness seemingly required it should be severe, because in not ignoring it they are using the terrible power of this daily press and serving it regularly to impatient readers, to the young of the work-

ing classes, whom its baneful paintings of imaginary worlds where noble sentiments are wanting to the great prejudice of the purity of the heart and to the old and holy traditions of the family.

The press has a mission: to instruct and to moralize. The newspaper is not only a simple register of daily facts; it has a higher task; it has to support morality, condemn the evil, eulogize the good. To fulfil this mission it should honor the source of all virtue, of all science: God, the Creator, the beautiful, the good and the true. It should advise words of peace and not of war between the divers classes of society. It is obliged to make known their rights to citizens; it should not forget to remind them of their frequently neglected duties. In order to instruct and to moralize, the press should interdict violence and abuse; it should stop upon the threshold of private life and not offer the sad spectacle of refined people using ill-sounding expressions. The ardor of existence should not exclude politeness, which distinctively marks civilization. Insult is not argument. The newspaper using this double-edged weapon acknowledges its weakness. The duty of the newspaper is, by its doctrines and its language, to inspire in all and to preserve among the people an absolute respect for authority and for those who are its legitimate administrators. Without giving this respect to religious, civil and domestic authority, society would fall into anarchy and despotism; it is incumbent upon all, and above all the press, to make every possible effort to maintain those traditions of respect which are the safeguards of the peace of public prosperity.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP O'MAHONEY has almost entirely recovered from his recent illness.

A CAREFUL perusal by our readers of the eloquent lecture by His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, appearing elsewhere in this number, will be of advantage. Treating, as it does, on the prevalent misrepresentations of our faith, and showing their utter absurdity, it is of value to all.

HIS GRACE Right. Rev. Jean P. F. Langevin, Archbishop of Leontopolis, *i. p.* died on Tuesday morning last, after an illness of but twelve hours duration. The deceased prelate was aged 71. He was the first bishop of the Rimouski diocese and his life work was here enacted.

Two years ago, after a long episcopate, feeling the infirmities of old age approaching, he resigned his see, and was thereupon appointed archbishop of Leontopolis *in partibus infidelium*, being succeeded as Bishop of Rimouski by Bishop Blais.

His body will be buried in the cathedral at Rimouski, where his mother and two brothers are.

The Catholic church is universal; the same in all places and at all times. That which militates against her in one clime or place to any degree, militates against her throughout. She unflinchingly and unflatteringly advances her right to educate her children. The great mother of all, she wishes her children to be good citizens, christian men and women, and for this purpose in her schools instil religion into their minds as well as secular knowledge. Consequently when an act was passed by the Manitoba government—against all principles of right or justice—to abolish the separate or Catholic Schools, in that province, a protest was at once entered over the entire Dominion. The case was submitted to the Dominion Parliament, who in turn sent it on to the Supreme Court of Canada, where the legality of the measure was tried before a full bench of judges. The unanimous decision of their lordships was against the Manitoba Government and the bill pronounced *ultra vires*.

By contemptible trickery and subterfuges, the Manitoba Government has since striven to put as much opposition as possible in the way of Catholic Schools. This has called forth strong disapprobation from many impartial sources.

In the issue of the *North West Review* of Jan. 16th, a letter on this question appears from the pen of a prominent Protestant gentleman, Mr. J. S. Ewart. It is addressed to Premier Greenway and through him to the members of his government. The entire letter, which we regret space does not allow of being published in full by us, is a most

concise, clear and unsterly treatment of the whole question from political, historical, and legal points of view, the logic being incontrovertible.

With cool, judicial, dispassionate and incisive logic, as the *North-West Review* says, Mr. Ewart who, by the way, had heretofore been a supporter of Mr. Greenway's government, "reviews the whole school question, takes up every point at issue, notes each objection made by the government's friends, gives a clear statement of facts and proves beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the government's conduct in bringing about this agitation was not actuated by a desire of doing good, but purely in the hope of perpetuating itself in power after its conduct of public affairs had made such continuation impossible in the public interests.

In his arraignment of the government, Mr. Ewart bases his first argument on the pledges broken by them, and that a power obtained with the assistance of Roman Catholics had been prostituted to their overthrow, and that, without any public demand or careful consideration by the cabinet a system that had been acquiesced in for nineteen years, should be summarily put an end to. In support of his contention he adduces the following facts:

The St. Francis Xavier election was held on the 12th of January, 1888. Every one knew that the life of the Harrison (Conservative) administration depended upon the success in that contest of the Hon. Mr. Burke, its candidate, while his defeat would mean your accession to office. The constituency was largely French and Roman Catholic. Mr. Burke was of that nationality and denomination. His opponent was an English Protestant. Politically, the majority had hitherto been favorable to the Conservative Government. You undertook the difficult and seemingly hopeless task of turning the Conservative majority into a Liberal one; of prevailing on the French Catholic Conservatives to support the English Protestant Liberal. You appealed to the electors for government condemnation upon the ground of extravagance, wastefulness and general mismanagement. In this appeal you were meeting with unexpected success. To offset your arguments strong efforts were made by the Government to induce the electors to believe that the Liberals were the natural enemies of the French and the Catholics. Mr. Joseph Martin and other Liberals with great earnestness repelled the charge, asserted that they were entirely in sympathy with the French Catholics, and distinctly promised that their language and institutions would be conserved.

By means of such promises the Liberals carried the election, and four days afterwards you, sir, were sent for to form a new administration. To assist you in this work you personally called upon His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface. You found him too ill to meet you. At his request you made your communication through Vicar-General Allard. You proceeded to assure the Archbishop that you were in entire sympathy with him upon the two questions of Catholic schools and French language; that it would be the policy of your Government to maintain them inviolate, and you requested that His Grace would name some one who would be acceptable to his people as a member of the Cabinet. The Vicar-General listened to your promises and request and agreed to meet you in Winnipeg at nine o'clock the next morning. He did so meet you and then told you that His Grace was extremely gratified with your protestations of good will; that he believed that Mr. Prendergast had the confidence of his people and that inasmuch as politics, outside of defence of his flock, were outside his sphere, no opposition would be made to the Government as far as he was concerned. You gave the same assurance to the Liberal French members of the House, and you met the general elections with Mr. Prendergast as a colleague in your Cabinet, and several French Catholic candidates in your ranks. These pledges, sir, have all been broken."

Continuing, Mr. Ewart tells the story thus:

"Mr. Joseph Martin, your capable but impetuous and head-strong Attorney-General, with that utter disregard of the feelings, interests or rights of others which did so much to mar the usefulness of his efforts, of his own mere notion, determined to abolish both the Protestant and Roman Catholic schools, and to set up in their stead a system of purely secular schools, without any vestige of religious instruction or religious exercises. No sooner thought, than said; and, at Portage la Prairie, he announced that, at the next session, it should be done. You did not attempt, sir, to conceal that this announcement was made without your knowledge or approval. You made no secret of the fact that you entirely disapproved of it, but you were not strong enough to thwart Mr. Martin's purpose, and you allowed yourself (under threat of resignation, probably) to be driven into acceptance of his policy. But the public had to be reckoned with. Some Protestants insisted upon the retention of their schools (savouring the use of the denominational title, which was of no value, and, being strong in votes and influence, their insistence was rewarded with substantial success.

In our next issue we will deal with another portion of Mr. Ewart's able letter.

Cathedral Notes.

The Rev. C. Cantillon was ordained deacon at St. Michael's Cathedral on last Saturday. This young gentleman pursued his theological studies for four years in Collegio Brignole Sale, Genoa, Italy, and spent the last year in the Grand Seminary at Montreal. He was raised to the holy office of the priesthood on Monday, feast of the conversion of St. Paul.

His Grace the Archbishop preached in the Cathedral at last Mass on Sunday.

St. Alphonsus Y. M. Assn.

...The opening night of the above club under the new system devised at a previous meeting of dividing the meeting nights into one each of athletics, debates, music and literature proved a success in every way, as evinced by the very large attendance of members and their friends. Tuesday evening last have been set apart as "Athletic Evening," on the conclusion of the regular business the initial event on the programme took place a tug-of-war. The teams were:

W. Murphy, Smith, Haffy, McHenry; captain Steve Murphy.

Sheehan, Bennett, J. Murphy, McCready; captain, G. Griffin.

Referee, W. C. McCarthy, timekeeper, Ed. Moore (Orilla).

Mr. Griffin's team won the first and third pulls and the match. The second was a draw. This was followed by a vocal solo by Mr. Mackie and a duet, harmonica and banjo, by the Mackie Bros. A couple of boxing bouts were interspersed to make things interesting. At the conclusion of the programme the announcement was made by President Cottam that the new club rooms would be open to the members on the beginning of next week. A musical programme has been arranged for next Tuesday evening, to be followed by a debate, then a discussion of the life and works of John Boyle O'Reilly on the two successive Tuesdays respectively.

Holmes-Kormann.

St. Basil's Church was the scene of a fashionable event on Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock, when Arthur W. Holmes, of the firm of Post & Holmes, architects, Toronto, and Muskegon, Mich., and Miss Madeleine Kormann, daughter of the late Ignatius Kormann, were united in marriage. The services were conducted by Rev. Father Chalandard, assisted by Rev. Fathers Murray and Brennan. The bride was dressed in white duchess satin trimmed with chiffon, and Miss Teresa Kormann, the bridesmaid, in white silk bengaline, hand embroidered. Miss May Kormann acted as maid of honor. The groom was supported by Mr. L. V. McBrady. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Holmes held a brief reception at 10 Bloor street East. Webb supplied a sumptuous breakfast and the couple left for a three weeks' trip to the Southern and Western States. On their return to Toronto they will take up house at 35 Marlborough avenue.

St. Basil's C. M. B. A.

A successful entertainment was held on Wednesday night in St. Michael's College hall under the auspices of the C. M. B. A. The following programme was rendered:

Part first—Selection, college band; address, Catholic Societies, Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V. G.; vocal solo, Come Into the Garden, Maud, Mr. J. F. Kirk; vocal solo, Calvary, Miss Theresa Kormann; duet, Flow Gently, Deva, Rev. P. Chaland-

ard, C. S. B. and Mr. J. F. Kirk; recitation, Damon and Pythias, Miss Marguerite Dunn, B. E.; guitar solo, Miss Grace E. Meikle; vocal solo, Bill and I, Miss M. Smith.

Part second—Piano solo, Variations of Bohemian National Melody, Mr. F. A. Moure; vocal solo, For You, Miss Todd; vocal solo (bass), Song of the Sea, Mr. P. J. O'Connell; violin and piano, Fantaisie, Messrs. William Guinane and F. A. Moure; vocal solo, Alone on the Raft, Rev. P. Chalandard, C. S. B.; duet, Life's Dream is O'er, Miss M. Smith and Miss Todd; reading, Gypsy Flower Girl, Miss Marguerite Dunn, B. E.; selection, College band; Prof. Moure officiated as accompanist.

The entrance of Rev. Fr. Chalandard, who came from Michigan to take part in this entertainment was the signal for prolonged applause, and the skillful rendition of his numbers earned merited encores. Miss Dunn, rendered her selections in a manner that showed careful training in the field of elocution: She will undoubtedly become a favorite to Toronto audiences, and a successful career in her chosen field can safely predicted, added to her other talents she has a charming platform appearance, which at once captivates her audience, whilst her elocutionary ability continues the spell. Mr. F. Higgins was chairman, and Mr. W. J. Kernahan Secretary of the Committee of management. The proceeds will be devoted to charitable purposes.

OBITUARIES.

The funeral of William Thomas Harte, son of Mr. P. Harte, an old and respected resident of Hamilton, now of Toronto, took place from his parents' residence, 354 Wilton Ave., on Monday morning for the Union Station, en route by the 9-15 train, G.T.R., for Hamilton. Many of the students from St. Michael's College attended the funeral, six of whom acted as pall-bearers. Deceased was formerly a student at St. Michael's, and during the two years he spent there had, by his gentle disposition and affable demeanor gained a host of friends. There were many magnificent floral offerings as tributes of respect to his memory placed on his coffin.

Seldom has there been such a large assemblage as attended St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, to show their respect for him. High Mass was sung by Rev. Father Coatie with a full choir in attendance and the organ pealed forth the dead march on the corpse entering the church. At the conclusion of the service the body was exposed, and the vast multitude filed around the bier to take a last look at a young man who was esteemed by all who had the pleasure of knowing him. The remains were placed in the vault of the Holy Sepulchre cemetery. Rev. Father O'Leary, of Freleton, with whom he was a special favorite, was present with Rev. Father Hinchey to perform the last sad offices over his remains. Deceased was noted for his courteous, upright and manly disposition. He was in the employ of Mr. McConnell, of this city, as bookkeeper for some time previous to his death. He contracted a cold early in April last which led to influenza and congestion of the lungs under which he lingered for the past eight months, for about five of which he never left his bed. He bore his sufferings patiently. He led a pure and good life and died as he had lived, perfectly resigned to appear before his Creator when called on, being fully fortified by the rights of his Church. The priests of St. Paul's were in constant attendance on him. He was a most exemplary young man, a dutiful and

affectionate son and a loving brother. But death cut him off in his prime at the age of 24 years.

His parents and sisters have the sympathy of a large circle of friends.—R.I.P.

Death of Mr. W. A. Lee.

Mr. W. A. Lee, an old and respected resident of Toronto, and senior member of the real estate and Insurance firm of W. A. Lee & Sons, died on Wednesday last from an attack of paralysis. A couple of weeks ago Mr. Lee was stricken with the prevailing disease, la grippe. He had almost fully recovered, and on Monday last was able to be up. After reading the morning papers and joking with his family about la grippe he was seized with a stroke of paralysis. In this paralytic state he lay in a precarious condition until Friday, when another stroke occurred, ending fatally before the midnight hour had struck.

The deceased, who was a prominent Catholic, had identified himself with all Catholic movements from his first coming to Toronto, 50 years ago, and was always a strong champion of the church's claims, and was one of the few lay pioneers living who had fought for the rights of Catholic education and helped to secure the victory for our school system, in which he ever after took an active interest. A personal friend of the late D'Arcy McGee, he never tired speaking of him, and many reminiscences published of the late Irish statesman would, if traced, have been found to emanate from his friend, Mr. Lee. A rich fund of information of the early struggles of Catholics in this city was stored in his mind—a storehouse he was never loth to draw on. Of genial, kindly nature, he was an universal favorite, and his sterling business integrity had secured for him the confidence of the commercial community.

The deceased, who was in his 66th year, was born in Lindsay. He came to Toronto and had a busy and successful career. He sat in the City Council in 1859 and for several succeeding years, having as colleagues Sir Adam Wilson, Erastus Wiman and the late Judge Cameron. For 20 years Mr. Lee had carried on the real estate and insurance business. He was agent for the Western Insurance Company during this long period. Since 1878 he had been in partnership with his son, Frank P. The deceased also filled the positions of assessor for the city and tax collector for a dozen years. For a very long time he was a regular worshipper and prominent member of St. Mary's church, and one of the beautiful stained-glass windows in the sanctuary of that church is a lasting testimony of his beneficence. His amiable wife pre-deceased him by five years. Mr. Lee leaves a family of six children—four sons and two daughters—Fred L., John L. and W. T. J., also Mrs. William McTavish and an unmarried daughter. The bereavement is the more sad, owing to the eldest son, Fred L., being prostrated with a severe attack of la grippe. A wide circle in commercial and other spheres will mourn the loss of a valued and sincere friend. May His Soul Rest in Peace.

Donahoe's Monthly Magazine for February, is well filled with articles interesting to every Catholic. There is an article by A. F. Marshall, on Amusements of the Middle Ages; General Jackson, something about a new life of the Seventh President of the United States; Gen. Thomas Francis Magher, with a portrait; James Stephens, the Irish agitator; an article on the Inquisition; Missionary Labors of Lazarist Priests in Arkansas; Chili and Her People; Origin of Thanksgiving Day; Autocracy and its Effects; together with a great variety of other articles too numerous to mention.

SURGEON PARKE'S AFRICAN EXPERIENCES.

THE exploration of "the Dark Continent" has brought to light many strange and startling facts. The ignorance which so long prevailed as to the lives of the inhabitants of Africa has generated a kind of horror of the negro as if he were something anti-human and unworthy of the attention of the historian. Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley have been instrumental in destroying many illusions, and, one might add, superstitions on the part of those who arrogate to themselves the claim to represent advanced civilisation. Surgeon Parke's Journal will also help to increase our knowledge of African life and customs. With the exception of Mr. Stanley's work, *Darkest Africa*, no other journal of the entire course of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition has been published.

Surgeon Parke is an Irishman, and his narrative shows that he possesses the traditional pluck and stamina of his race. The privations he endured and the dangers he encountered were such as only a brave and resolute man could have survived. It is indeed a wonder that he returned from Africa in comparatively good health, and without any impairment of his excellent spirits. The nature of the man was so entirely free from selfishness or moroseness that he was able to see a silver lining to even the blackest cloud. Starvation itself had its comic side for him. Like Mark Tapley, he could be happy under the most wretched circumstances. And to this fortunate organisation, perhaps, we may attribute his lucky escape from an African grave.

The greater portion of Surgeon Parke's professional life has been passed on the Continent of Africa. In 1881 he got his commission in the Army Medical Staff. He volunteered for active service in the Egyptian campaign, and left England in September 1882. He was first stationed at Alexandria, where he became a social favourite. He had also a good opportunity of studying various forms of disease peculiar to the Egyptian climate. Of the field-service which he saw during this period the most important event was the surrender of Kafir Dowaar. After the campaign of 1882 he received the Queen's medal and the Khedive's star. During the year 1883 the terrible outbreak of cholera kept Surgeon Parke exceedingly busy. The cholera had 50,000 victims, and during the height of the epidemic 600 natives died daily in Cairo alone. Towards the end of 1883 he returned home, and was stationed at Dundalk, in Ireland, till September 26, 1884, when he exchanged, and volunteered again for active service, so as to join the Nile Expedition for the relief of General Gordon. He was in medical charge of the Naval Brigade under Lord Charles Beresford, and was present at the battles of Abu Klea and Gabut, and the attack on Metammeh. He was lucky enough to get through the campaign "without a scratch," as he puts it himself, and at the close of it he received two clasps ("Abu Klea" and "The Nile"). He was preparing to return to England, when he received orders to disembark and go back to duty at Alexandria. While mixing in the social and sporting life of Alexandria, he one day met, in the month of January, 1887, Major Barttelot, of the 7th Fusiliers, an old friend of his, who referred to his selection as one of Mr. Stanley's officers for the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition. Surgeon Parke immediately felt a desire springing up in his Irish heart to join in this dangerous but exciting enterprise; and, having been offered a letter of introduction to Mr. Stanley by Major Barttelot, he called on the great African traveller at his hotel, and asked to be taken as medical officer to the expedition. Mr. Stanley, with characteristic bluntness, replied that he could take no person now, as he had already chosen a sufficient number of officers. Surgeon Parke took his leave, assuming that the matter was ended; but a day or two afterwards a telegram was handed to him by a waiter at a club where he was dining, and opening it he found it was from the leader of the Emir Pasha Relief Expedition. Mr. Stanley asked what terms Surgeon Parke would require if allowed to accompany the expedition, and if he were free to go. The reply was in the affirmative; and that night the young Irish doctor started for Cairo, transferring to another gentleman the position of Master of the Foxhounds at Alexandria which he had hitherto fulfilled. An agreement was speedily arrived at, and permission was obtained from the War Office enabling Surgeon Parke to accompany Mr. Stanley on the same footing as Major Barttelot—namely, leave of absence without pay. Having completed his outfit, and bade farewell to his friends, the doctor took the final precaution of making his will, "so that his earthly anxieties might be reduced to a minimum before facing the ordeal of the African forests and deserts." A banquet was given to him by his numerous friends and the Khedival Club, and a number of speeches were made of a very warm and enthusiastic character.

Surgeon Parke's Berberine servant, Mohammed, who had agreed to accompany him on the expedition, with a monthly pay of £3, at the last moment offered the transparent excuse that his father objected to his going! The gallant surgeon was, however, in no way depressed by this circumstance. On the 3rd of February 1887, he left Mohambey station for Suez. A former patient of his presented him with a copy of Shakespeare—a useful gift, for in the heart of Africa the perusal of the works of England's greatest dramatist could not fail to bring comfort and consolation to any one who spoke the English tongue. At Zagarzig station, where the Alexandria and Cairo trains

meet, Surgeon Parke found Mr. Stanley and Dr. Junker. He accompanied them to Suez. At Ismailia they were joined by Giglier Pasha, who travelled with them the rest of the way. "What country do you belong to?" asked Mr. Stanley, in the course of the journey. "Ireland," was the prompt reply. "Well," said Mr. Stanley, "you are the first Irishman who will have crossed Africa."

They stopped at Suez, where the hotel accommodation appears to have been indifferent though the charges were high. Surgeon Parke frankly confesses that the anticipation of what was before him rendered him quite oblivious of the fact that he was close to the mountain on the summit of which Moses is believed to have received the "tables of stone." At Suez, Messrs. Nelson, Jephson, Stairs, and Bonny joined Mr. Stanley, and Surgeon Parke was formally introduced to them on board the *Navarino*. Sixty-two Nubian volunteers were inspected—men of splendid physique, but withal lazy, swaggering fellows, who had not in them the material of good soldiers, as subsequent events proved.

Just as they had embarked, a Nubian complained of a broken finger, which Surgeon Parke found it necessary to amputate. This man's name was Mohammed Doud, and having come in Gordon's steamer in January 1885 from Khartoum to Metammeh, he at once recognised his medical attendant.

Before signing his agreement with Mr. Stanley, Surgeon Parke asked him what he meant by "terms" in his telegram. His brief reply was: "There are none." The result was that the enterprising Irish doctor had to give his services gratuitously, "in the hope that, like all virtuous deeds performed in this world, they would eventually, if not immediately, prove their own reward."

We learn incidentally that, while passing through the Red Sea, Surgeon Parke amused himself by reading "King Solomon's Mines"—sorry literary fare, in good sooth. It would have been much better for him to renew acquaintance with "Cymbeline" or "The Tempest" by opening the copy of Shakespeare presented to him by his quondam patient.

On the 11th of February they passed the island of Perim, in the straits of Bab'el Mandib, the gate of exit from the Red Sea. On the 12th they anchored off Aden, and the Nubians were transferred to the B.I. ss. *Oriental*. Mr. Stanley also went on board, accompanied by Surgeon Parke and Messrs. Jephson, Stairs, Nelson, and Bonny. They were received on board by Major Barttelot and Mr. Jameson. The baggage was taken over and they steamed away, the *Navarino's* passengers giving them a hearty farewell cheer as they moved off.

With Major Barttelot and Mr. Jameson there was a contingent of thirteen Somalis, who appear to be Asiatics and professors of the Mohammedan creed. At this stage of the journey the somewhat dispiriting news arrived through a "Reuter" that 400 Italians had been massacred at Massowah, and that the British Government had decided to evacuate Egypt.

A case of small-pox having arisen on board, Surgeon Parke recommended immediate vaccination of all the members of the expedition, to which they consented except one European, an anti-vaccinationist. The worthy doctor proceeds to give an elaborate account of his vaccination of Mr. Stanley and others, which we may fairly pass by with the observation, that the only tedious passages in the book are those devoted to purely professional disquisitions. In one place he delivers a lecture on bacteriology; in another passage we have an elaborate account of the arrow poison of the pigmies; and again we are treated to a by no means interesting description of the ulcers from which Nelson's men suffered at Fort Bado.

On the 22nd of February they arrived at Zanzibar. Mr. Stanley went on shore immediately, and proceeded to the residence of the British Acting Consul-General, Mr. Holmwood, deputed Surgeon Parke to tell off the places on board the ss. "Madura" for the men who were to be brought on the expedition. All the men with their equipments were changed from the "Oriental" to the "Madura" under charge of Major Barttelot and Surgeon Parke.

Dr. Hussey, the consulate surgeon, met Surgeon Parke, and introduced him to Tippu Tib, the ivory hunter and ex-slave dealer. The career of this adventurer was a very romantic one. He was first a slave, then a dealer in ivory and slaves, finally an "uncrowned king" on the banks of the Congo. Tippu Tib embarked with the others on board the "Madura." He was accompanied by thirty-five members of his harem and forty-two men. Including Tippu Tib and his followers, the Zanzibaris, Nubians, Somalis, and whites, there were 504 persons on board. Four officers and two men joined the expedition afterwards, making a total strength of 810 men.

On February 24 they steamed away, and soon afterwards a free fight took place between the Nubians and the Zanzibaris, originating in the crowding down of the former by the overwhelming numbers of the other party. The scene was an animated one, the combatants laying hold of any weapon within their reach, such as fragments of firewood and stray pieces of plank. Some injuries were sustained on both sides, but not of a serious character. Surgeon Parke very quickly set right the broken bones.

On March 8 they arrived in Simon's Bay. The agent of the B.I. S.S. Co. came on board, bringing with him some telegrams and letters

ono from the Royal Naval Club, making Mr. Stanley and his officers all honorary members.

On the 18th of March, 1887, they reached the Congo, and, though the largest of the steamers which had been appointed to convey them up the river to Mataddi was stranded on a sandbank, Mr. Stanley showed his marvellous power of overcoming difficulties. Nelson and Jameson with 250 men were sent on board the ss. "Serpa Pinta" (belonging to a Dutch trading company) and the "K. A. Nieman." Parke went on board the "Albuquerque" with the 124 men, the chief, Uledi, an engineer named Walker, two gun-bearers, and a heavy cargo of goods. Stanley followed in the ss. "Heron."

Sickness soon made its appearance among the Zanzibaris, who were utterly devoid of all consideration for invalids, leaving their ailing comrades without blankets or other covering.

On the 21st they reached Mataddi, 108 miles up the Congo, where the organization of the expedition was completed. During the seven days which elapsed from the time they entered the Congo till they left Mataddi they had five deaths. The work was severe and had to be performed under a scorching sun; yet, strange to say, only one case of sunstroke during this period.

On the way from Mataddi they passed over an undulating grassy country, with a few small forests here and there, and intersected by deep and rapid streams. During the march the men suffered from soreness and tenderness of the feet, and there was a great deal of fever. At a later period, every member of the expedition was attacked by gastro-intestinal catarrh, which was ushered in with moderate fever, cramps and diarrhœa.

After reaching Mswata, where Mr. Stanley had formerly had a station, Surgeon Parke and Major Barttelot were ordered to continue their march to the mouth of the Keva River. On their march they stopped at a village to purchase chickens with brass rods—the money of the country. At the mouth of the Kassai River there was a French missionary settlement, and the missionaries entertained the travellers most hospitably. In return for the kindness of the missionaries, Surgeon Parke and his companions presented them with a goat, a chicken and some rice and peas.

On May 15 Surgeon Parke was transferred to the ss. "Henry Reed," with thirty-five Zanzibaris. Tippu Tib also came on board, and as there was but one cabin, the doctor was annoyed by "eleven filthy, dirty negresses of Tippu Tib's harem." These ladies never washed, and, as Surgeon Parke realistically puts it, "the odor of their haunts was more pungent than odoriferous." He collected all the heavy baggage he could obtain, and carefully barricaded off one quarter of the saloon, so as to protect himself as far as possible from the consequences of too close proximity, but "these relentless women" would shove their black legs through in order to be at full length. Sometimes the doctor tried the effect of pricking these aggressive limbs with pins, but this only caused wild screams and howls, which aroused Tippu Tib, whose wrath at once descended upon the offending white man. Truly an awful situation, worthy of being recorded by Mark Twain himself!

On the way from Leopoldville to Yambuya twelve deaths occurred—one from sunstroke, and the rest from dysentery or fever. At Yambuya one of the Nubians, while out foraging, received a spear-wound, which penetrated the abdominal cavity, and speedily proved fatal.

Parke and his companions now had to pass through dense primeval forests, in which they were often days without catching a glimpse of the sun. They waded through miasmatic swamps, and had often to strip naked and wade or swim across rivers. A misfortune befell the doctor on his way up to Leopoldville. He lost his waterproof coat, and before his journey ended had often to regret this disaster. The officers and men had frequently to lie on the ground all night without covering of any kind. Sometimes they had to stand in two for three feet of water in the morning, and fish for their boots, watches, &c.

One of the most dreaded dangers of the forest was the hornet's nest. These insects caused frightful suffering by their painful stings.

The failure of food-supply was also a great calamity. All the rice possessed by the party to which Parke was attached was finished on the 16th of August, 1887. They had a small quantity of beef-tea, and a little arrowroot, tapioca, sago, and some tea and coffee. Before the pressure of want came they had an occasional goat. But the staple articles of diet of the whole expedition were bananas and manioc, on which they practically existed for over two years. The cases of actual starvation were by no means rare, and Surgeon Parke records many deaths from this cause alone. The sufferings of Nelson in "Starvation Camp" form one of the saddest episodes in the narrative of the expedition. Parke actually shed tears on seeing his friend reduced to a living skeleton. At Ipoto, the Manyema, a tribe of ivory hunters, gave fearful trouble to Parke and Nelson, to whom it was reported that these wretches had conspired to burn down their tent. The report fortunately turned out ill-founded, but the Manyema were certainly thieves, swindlers and cut-throats.

While at Fort Bodo, a female dwarf, whose freedom Surgeon Parke

had purchased for a few beans and a small quantity of corn and rice, became his attendant. The fidelity of this pigmy, and her usefulness as a servant, were proved by the fact that she procured food for her master when he was on the brink of starvation. She accompanied him through a considerable portion of the journey, but on the march to Karagwe she was struck down with fever, and, owing to her weakness, she had to be left behind. Parke acknowledges that but for her he might have been starved or poisoned. He also pays a compliment to her for her morals, which, "unlike other ladies of the Dark Continent, were entirely above suspicion." Her last act at parting was to give her master the ivory bangles which she wore in the forest, but which now dropped from her attenuated arms and ankles.

The race of African pigmies cannot fail to excite the attention of ethnologists. In Surgeon Parke's book their ingenuity in trapping game is described at some length. They set nets in the forest, which are constructed from grass or bark fibre spun into twine. They then drive up the game to the nets, and when the animals have got within the meshes they kill them with arrows. They are great thieves, and are itinerant in their habits—a species of black gipsies.

After undergoing privations such as transcend anything we come across in the pages of Defoe, Stanley and his followers in the advance column found Emin Pasha at Lake Albert. The Pasha was very kind to Surgeon Parke, who praises his generosity; but his vacillation and timidity formed a striking contrast to Mr. Stanley's resolution, readiness and fortitude. It was only after considerable pressure that Emin made up his mind to accompany those who had run such risks, and endured such dire suffering in marching to his relief.

Surgeon Parke deals only indirectly with the story of the rear column. To some extent he vindicates Mr. Stanley even with regard to the worst charges made against him. He considers that there must have been some grave error of judgment, and that some one or all the officers of the rear column must, in a very large measure, bear the blame of the disaster. "Many men in Mr. Stanley's position," he says, "after having gone through the hardships he had experienced, and arriving at Banalva to find the rear column so completely wrecked, might well have been pardoned going down the Congo and back to civilized Europe, and never facing that dismal forest again, after having twice crossed it through so much hardship and privation." Bonny, who must have known the truth, blamed Barttelot for his irritability; and it appears that the immediate cause of that unfortunate officer's death was his threatening to strike a Manyema woman for singing at an early hour in the morning. The woman's husband was offended, and, firing at Barttelot through a loophole in the wall of a hut, shot him dead. As for Jameson, we find nothing about him in the book save vague generalities, and the generous admission of the gallant doctor that he "knew nothing of him but good."

The conduct of Surgeon Parke himself, throughout the entire period of his connection with the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, was praiseworthy in the highest degree. He was not a *servant* in any sense of the word, and, indeed, he admits his own deficiency as a naturalist. Out he possessed other and, perhaps, greater qualities. He was courageous, helpful, intelligent, self-sacrificing, and free from all pettiness of egotism. He obeyed his chief unswervingly. He maintained discipline over the men entrusted to him while avoiding unnecessary severity. His services as a physician were inestimable, and he bore his share in every peril and in every privation. In sterling manhood he was—with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Stanley—the finest figure in the expedition. In short, he was one of the world's heroes—a true soldier of humanity.—*D. P. Hannigan in Westminster Review.*

Continued from page 806

Cesarine rose as he entered, but without a word or smile of greeting, took down a slate that hung on the wall, and with the pencil in her hand, asked abruptly:

"How much?"

The man drew a great leather purse from the pocket of his pea-jacket, reported the result of each day's fishing, and laid down the amount received for his share of the week's work. While he was speaking, Cesarine put down a line of figures on the slate, added them up, and carefully counted the money. Then she put the whole amount in a drawer, locked it, and pocketed the key, while the fisherman returned his empty purse to his pocket apparently without regret.

"A good husband!" I thought, and the next minute the two children ran into the room, and threw their arms around his neck.

"And a good father!" I added mentally, but what was my astonishment to hear one of the children saying:

"So glad to see you, uncle Pierre!"

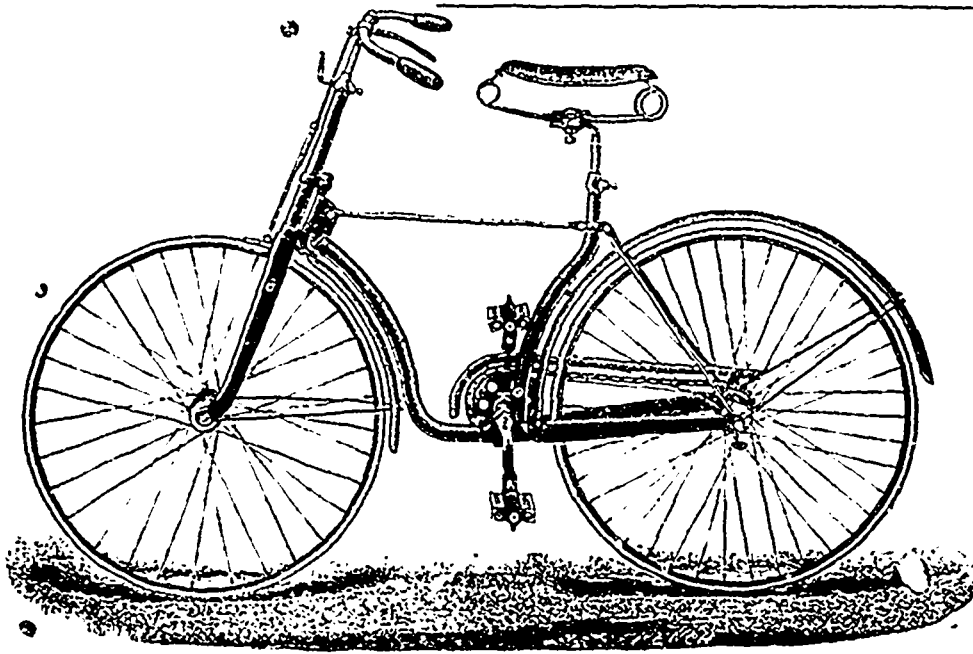
He sat down, took the boy and girl upon his knees and caressed them with such evident affection that I was touched. Could it be possible that he was only uncle to these children and brother-in-law to Cesarine?

To be continued

These Illustrations represent a portion of our Premiums which we offer for the getting up subscription clubs,

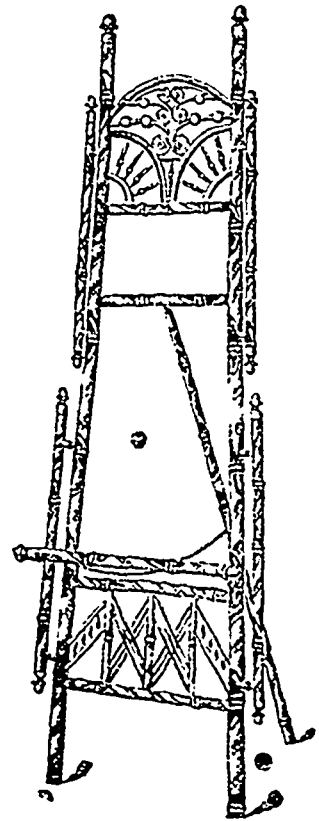
THE REVIEW, with its increased size and the new feature about to be introduced, is now in the front of Canadian journalism. We take this opportunity of thanking the many friends who have sent us in lists of subscribers, and as a still further incentive, for efforts on our behalf, we have determined to donate the following premiums to those sending in to us the number of prepaid subscribers as designated below. All these goods are of the best quality, manufactured by the well known firm of the Gendron Manufacturing Co., 7 and 9 Wellington St., Toronto,

and 1910 Notre Dame St., Montreal, and can be seen at their warerooms at either of these two cities. We ship them prepaid to any destination in Canada or the United States. We have no hesitation in saying that this is an unprecedented offer, and our reputation, we think, is sufficient to warrant the prompt fulfilment of obligations, and a guarantee that goods are as represented. We wish to double our circulation during the next six months, and take this as the most effective way of so doing, at the same time remunerating those who work on our behalf.

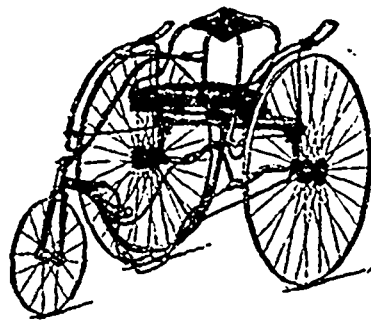


The frame is made of imported weldless steel tubing; the front and rear forks of special steel, concaved; the handle upright and bar, as also the spade handles; the swivel head and its brackets; the double rail bottom bracket; the sprocket shaft, cranks and pedal pins; the front and rear axles are all made of steel dropped forgings—the only absolutely reliable material.

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DONALD KENNEDY

Of Roxbury, Mass., Says:

Strange cases cured by my Medical Discovery come to me every day. Here is one of them—Blindness—and the Grip. Now how does my Medical Discovery cure all these? I don't know, unless it takes hold of the Hidden Poison that makes all Humors. VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA, Sept. 21st, 1891. Donald Kennedy—Dear Sir:—I will state my case to you: About nine years ago I was paralyzed in my left side, and the best doctors gave me no relief for two years, and I was advised to try your Discovery, which did its duty, and in a few months I was restored to health. About four years ago I became blind in my left eye by a spotted cataract. Last March I was taken with La Grippe, and was confined to my bed for three months. At the end of that time, as in the start, then it struck me that your Discovery was the thing for me; so I got a bottle, and before it was half gone I was able to go to my work in the mines. Now in regard to my eyes, as I lost my left eye, and about six months ago my right eye became affected with black spots over the sight as did the left eye—perhaps some twenty of them—but since I have been using your Discovery they all left my right eye but one; and, thank God, the bright light of heaven is once more making its appearance in my left eye. I am wonderfully astonished at it, and thank God and your Medical Discovery. Yours truly, HANK WHITE.

AGENTS

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CATHOLIC REVIEW OFFICE

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Southampton Work," will be received until Friday, the 5th day of February next, inclusively, for Works in the Harbour of Southampton, Bruce County, Ontario, according to a plan and specification to be seen at the office of the Village Clerk, Southampton, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

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

An accepted bank cheque payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, 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,

E. F. E. ROY,

Secretary.

Department of Public Works
Ottawa, 11th January, 1892.

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23 YEARS REFERENCES:—Prof. S. D. Gross, U. Hayes Agnew, Willard Parker, W. H. Parcott, Dr. Thomas G. Morton, and Surgeon-General of the U. S. Army and Navy. Our Mechanical Treatment of Hernia or Rupture and Price List with illustrations and directions for self-measurement, mailed on application. I. H. SEELEY & CO., 23 South 11th Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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BI-MONTHLY DRAWINGS FOR THE YEAR 1892

7 and 20 January, 3 and 17 February, 2 and 16 March, 6 and 20 April, 4 and 18 May, 1 and 15 June, 6 and 20 July, 3 and 17 August, 7 and 21 September, 5 and 19 October, 2 and 16 November, 7 and 21 December.

3134 PRIZES

WORTH \$52,740.00

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WORTH \$15,000.00

TICKET, . . . \$1.00

11 TICKETS for \$10.00

Ask for circulars.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1	Prize worth	\$15,000	—	\$15,000
1	"	5,000	—	5,000
1	"	2,500	—	2,500
1	"	1,250	—	1,250
5	Prizes	50	—	1,250
25	"	25	—	2,500
100	"	15	—	3,000
200	"	10	—	3,000
500	"	5	—	3,000
Approximation Prices.				
100	"	25	—	2,500
100	"	15	—	1,500
100	"	10	—	1,000
999	"	5	—	4,995
999	"	5	—	4,995

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Post Office, &c., Orillia," will be received at this office until Tuesday, 2nd February, 1892, for the several works required in the erection of Post Office, &c., Orillia, Ont. Plans and Specifications can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office of J. W. Slaven, Orillia, on and after Tuesday, 12th January, and 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.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Stabling, &c., Infantry Barracks, London, Ont." will be received at this office until Tuesday, 2nd February, 1892, for the several works required in the erection of stabling, &c., Infantry Barracks, London, Ont. Plans and Specifications can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office of J. M. Moore, Architect, London, Ont., on and after Tuesday, 12th January, and 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,
E. F. E. ROY,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, Jan. 11th, 1892.

By order,
E. F. E. ROY,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, Dec. 5, 1891.

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