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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. III

Toronto, Saturday, May 25, 1889.

No. 15

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Notes.

No better test of the attitude of the Protestant minority of Quebec towards the "No Popery" crusade begun in this Province than the occasion of the recent election in Compton, in view of the time and place of the contest, could well have been afforded. The *Witness* of Montreal, and the *Mail* of Toronto, had been hammering at the Dominion ministers for weeks, as the true culprits who were responsible for the Jesuit legislation; Compton itself is one of the strongest of Protestant counties, so that it is difficult to conceive of any better opportunity of testing the Protestant sentiment of the Province. Surely if the excited statements of these papers were true and justifiable, and if there was the least apprehension of danger to civil and religious liberty from the operation of recent Quebec legislation, the electors of Compton would have recorded their protest. But so far from this happening, Mr. Pope, the Ministerial candidate, was returned by an increased majority over that obtained by his father, the late member, at the last general election.

The lesson these figures teach ought not to be lost upon the people of this Province. "Those well-meaning persons there," says the *Montreal Gazette*, referring to the agitation in Ontario, "who have allowed themselves to be misled by the didactics of the *Mail* school into the belief that the civil and religious liberties of the Protestant minority in Quebec are in danger, and that a violent breach of the fundamental principles of the constitution has been made in recent provincial legislation, may read in the result of the Compton election the true feeling of that minority. The people of Quebec can safely be trusted to attend to their own affairs, and to right whatever is wrong in the administration of them. Least of all are they prepared to join hands in a propaganda,

the consequence of which must be disastrous to the peace, progress and prosperity of Canada by creating a religious war and dividing political parties upon sectarian lines."

Our Montreal correspondent very tersely describes in another part of this issue, the methods to which the *Mail* has had recourse in the preliminary hearing of the libel suit instituted against that journal by the Society of Jesus. We commend it to the attentive perusal of our readers.

In the course of their arguments on Saturday last, the counsel for the plaintiffs expressed their willingness to meet the defendants on the plea of the unconstitutionality of the Act incorporating the Jesuits, and on the consequent plea that they could not sue in the courts, but maintained that all the other issues raised in the exception to the form should be set aside. Referring to Paul Bert's work, *La Morale des Jesuits*, produced as an exhibit, Mr. Greenshield's called it a libel on the Jesuit Order, for which he would, no doubt, be also prosecuted were he in Montreal. The book was such that its author had condemned it himself before his death. Mr. Greenshield's further asserted that since George III. the statute of Queen Elizabeth requiring Catholics to take the oath of supremacy had been repealed and the Catholics of Quebec were now only obliged to take the oath of allegiance. To the charge made that the Jesuits extended their work beyond the Province of Quebec, he replied that if they spread the faith beyond the limits of this Province it was an act to their credit, and not one that should stand against them. Mr. Doherty, Q. C., on behalf of the plaintiff, also claimed insufficiency of particulars in respect to the alleged rules and regulations of the Jesuits. The case was taken *en delibere* with the result that the court decided ordering that the *Mail* strike out from its plea a number of vague and sweeping allegations.

Mr. Gladstone having been presented with a book on divorce written by Mr. J. A. Gemmil, an Ottawa lawyer, has addressed a reply to the author in which he says: "Reflection tends to confirm me in the belief that the best basis for law is the indissolubility of Christian marriage, that is to say, to have no such divorce or severance as allows re-marriage."

Already the Rev. Father Wendolin Moellers of Belgium, is at Molokai, where Father Conrady has assumed the burden to which Father Damien, for years past, had been tied. Since last June Father Conrady has been performing the work begun by Father Damien; He, too, is a Belgian, about 35 years of age. He was ordained for the mission of Oregon, and in that archdiocese labored for several years, until the sacrifices of his countryman inspired his emulation.

THE ROMANCE OF A JESUIT.

From the French of Do Bongny d'Hagerne.

CHAPTER V. (continued.)

The Father left him and Charles could bear his slow, heavy steps dying away in the distance, and then all was still.

The room he was occupying was monastic in its simplicity; there was a painted deal bedstead, two or three chairs, a table on which were some books and a *prie-Dieu*; on the white-washed walls there hung two or three devotional pictures.

"Here I am installed in one of their strongholds," said he to himself, "but my position is not so very pleasant. A week here, all alone; I shall die of inanition."

He looked out of the window. Before him lay a kitchen garden and beyond that he could perceive, in the fading daylight, a succession of hedges; to the left stood out one of the wings forming a part of the principal building, and, to the right, he could distinguish a large farm and its out-buildings. The only living being in sight was an old priest, walking up and down at the other end of the garden, saying his beads.

He was interrupted in his observations by the arrival of a lay brother bringing in his valise. After lighting a lamp and enquiring whether Charles needed anything more, the lay brother left the room. By the light of the lamp Charles examined the books on his table. They consisted of the "Imitation of Jesus Christ," the "Think well on it," the "*Journee du Chretien*," and Rodriguez's "Christian Perfection." He threw them all aside at first, but he afterwards took up the "*Journee du Chretien*," and began turning over its leaves. He found in it the prayers which his mother had taught him and which he had now entirely forgotten, he decided on learning them anew, since his ignorance of them might give rise to suspicions as to his sincerity.

Then he read over the "Rule of Life. At five o'clock rise and visit the Blessed Sacrament; half-past five, meditation; half-past six, reflection; quarter to seven, free time; seven o'clock, Holy Mass; half-past seven, breakfast, followed by free time, &c., &c."

"What a life! and for a week! How shall I ever be able to bear it in this dulllest of dull rooms and amid this leaden silence!" He also recalled to mind that he could not recede without forfeiting all chances in life for himself and his sister. Besides, he might turn this tiresome solitude to good account by reading, writing, working, for fortunately he had put a few books into his trunk.

At half-past seven he heard the noise of opening doors and steps passing in the passage; just then, too, the old Jesuit came to shew him to the refectory. He there found new food for wonder and for study. Six men of different ages and appearance were standing around a large table. They bowed politely to the new comer. A young priest, who stood a little way off in a corner of the room, said the *Benedictio* (grace) aloud, and then the men sat down and commenced their repast. A lay brother brought in the dishes separately and they were passed round from one to the other silently but in a perfectly courteous and well-bred manner. The science was only interrupted by the young Jesuit reading aloud some pious book, for the benefit of those in retreat.

At the end of the supper the young priest said the thanksgiving, and the strangers, after visiting the church for a few minutes, returned to their rooms.

Charles was soon followed by his friend, the old Jesuit, who, after ascertaining whether he was satisfied with what he had already seen, questioned him as to the rule of life, &c.

"You perceive," said he, "that there are four meditations a day of an hour each, and that these meditations are preceded by a quarter of an hour's preparation and are followed by another quarter of an hour's reflection on the meditation. Now, have you ever meditated?"

"Yes and no, Father. I have often reflected long over some important question so as to weigh well all its beatings, but I have never made a meditation on a religious topic, such as you allude to."

"You must begin then, and perhaps you may find some

*This French book is very similar to the "Garden of the Soul," and is in almost universal use.

difficulty at first, for it is certainly very fatiguing to fix one's whole attention on the same subject for an hour and a half at a time. However, you will get used to it."

He then gave him some autograph leaves concerning the next day's meditations, the first of which was the one which St. Ignatius himself considered as the base and foundation of Christian life. The text runs thus: "God created man to the end that he might praise, worship and serve the Lord his God, and thus attain unto eternal life."

After explaining to him more fully how to pass the time of preparation, meditation and reflection, the Jesuit did all in his power to encourage his young companion and took his leave, promising to return at noon on the morrow.

Leaving his head on his hands Charles was soon lost in thought, asking himself was all this real or was he dreaming. Everything seemed so strange, so different from what he expected. This calm, silent house, where one might imagine one's self alone, was inhabited by a number of men who appeared to be so absorbed in the prescribed prayers and meditations. Were they in earnest? Were they weak-minded, superstitious creatures, fanatics, enthusiasts? In a few days time, when he would better understand much that now seemed inexplicable, would he not discover that hypocrisy, lying and plotting were hidden beneath these specious appearances?

We will better understand the state of his mind by looking into his first letter to Mons. Meynaudier.

St. Acheul, Oct. 7th, 1844.

DEAR SIR, I am writing to you from St. Acheul, from the lion's den, and really, the assault was not perilous nor the victory glorious, for the doors were opened wide to me. Are the Jesuits less cunning than we have been led to believe? or rather does not their apparent simplicity hide wonderful powers of dissimulation? Eventually we shall know this.

The Rector pretended to be busy and sent a stupid old monk in his place. This individual, who is the only one I have yet had anything to do with, has about as much sense as the common run of country village priests. It was a clever idea that of sending such a man to receive a young Parisian; for this good, simple, ingenious old peasant seems to believe firmly the farrago of nonsense which he pours into one's ears. Do you not see that one's prejudices must disappear in the presence of so insignificant a personage, of one so easily duped and so ready to fall into any trap laid for him?

Here is a portrait of the old clod-hopper, bald head, two foolish looking goggle-eyes, shaded by bushy eyebrows, a protuberant nose, perpetually stuffed up with snuff, and a crooked mouth. As for clothing, he wears an antediluvian, worn-out, patched, ravelled out cassock, covered with grease-spots; as a basis to all this he has the biggest of big feet stuffed into enormous, unshapely shoes, down at heel, which shoes have long had a deadly quarrel with the blacking brush. Whilst I am portrait painting I might also give you a description of an awful creature who is a sort of domestic watchdog and at the same time waits on the strangers. Suffice it to say that he is a grotesque sort of dwarf, but, being affiliated to the Order, we are obliged to address him as Brother. Is not that sickening? Happily we do not see much of him.

I am lodged in the strangers' rooms, for the Jesuit rule prescribes a week's retreat before a man can be received as novice. This retreat consists of prayers, meditations and other absurdities in use among the devout; they go on the whole blessed day without a break. Fortunately the good Fathers leave you to yourself during these amusing performances, and as I had luckily put two volumes of Voltaire into my trunk, I manage to pass the time pretty well. As for my room and furniture, it is what might be found in the poorest of wayside inns. I fancied that perhaps there might be some trap-door concealed, some peep-hole through which a curious Jesuit or one of their trusty emissaries might spy what I was doing. I searched behind all the furniture and pictures and thoroughly examined even the walls, and have made sure that no one can see me. However, I am not entirely safe from inquisitorial glances, for my room door only latches, there is neither bolt nor lock, so that domiciliary visits can be made during my absence. I take care, therefore, to lock up my books and to keep about me such papers as I do not wish the Fathers to see.

(To be Continued.)

COMMON SENSE IN RELIGION.

It seems to be a subject of great joy and consolation amongst all classes of Protestants that their religion and worldly prosperity go hand in hand; that whenever, at least since the sixteenth century, you find a people progressing and becoming "enlightened" and achieving wonders in science, or art, or literature, that people is sure to be Protestant; and that you have only to point out the Irish, the Italians, the Spaniards, and others to show that the Catholics are not prosperous, not progressive, and are doing nothing for the enlightenment of modern times. This feeling has become so general that Catholics themselves are not wholly unaffected by it. They look around them, and while viewing with just suspicion the reports of far-off countries, they are sufficiently aware of a number of circumstances at home tending to induce them to fall in with the popular cry. The literature of the day and the newspapers which every one must read are Protestant, and by these mediums it would be strange if Protestantism were not exalted. It may not, indeed, be exalted to the heavens, but assuredly it is to the ends of the earth. By these it appears that there is wealth, and influence, and respectability about Protestantism. In the British Empire it towers over everything Catholic as did the Romans over the Jews of old. It is essentially a religion of the world, and it looks as if it would in time possess it. Now that is no argument in favour of Protestantism as a form of religious belief, but, on the contrary, the strongest argument that it is a human and not a divine institution. Many clergymen of the Church of England have felt that if they had less of the good things of this world their Church would be the better for it. To be everything in this world, to have wealth and position and all the prizes of the world at one's back is no sign of belonging to the fold of Him whose kingdom is not of this world. It is gospel truth that these have their reward in this world, and that these princes are already judged.

It is a question of no great discernment or judgment that if a man is free to adopt any or no religion he ought, in justice to his common sense, to fall in with the fashion and wealth and respectability of the world, if that is what he wants and all he wants. He can call himself anything except a Catholic, and he will not then be identified with ignorance and stagnation and poverty. He can believe anything, and keeping the law of the land in view he can say or do anything; but he is expected, as the unfailing test of his creed or condition to protest against Rome. A sure fortune is in store for him if he goes out of Rome and takes to the lecture-hall with some acceptable and respectable novelty. The religion of Protestants to-day has no dogma which may not be shifted except this only—"No peace with Rome." That is a simple *Credo* and ought not to embarrass anyone. There are brilliant possibilities before those who, as Martha, are solicitous for the things of this world; and they would be lacking in common sense if they encumbered themselves with the Creed of the Apostles and of those who seek the better part.

Some Catholic writers have been at pains to show that Catholic nations are not as we hear them represented, and that a people may be Catholic and become just as wealthy, as "enlightened" and as famous as modern Protestant peoples. That all may be but it proves nothing. Worldly prosperity is not what the Catholic Church seeks or cares for. It is no part of her mission to make men wealthy, learned, or skilled in human sciences; but as Catholics in all ages and countries have been famous in everything that the world regards of importance, it is evidence that the Church is not inimical to success in worldly avocations, but, indeed, has preserved and fostered them. On the other hand the Church having in view man's future happiness is concerned only incidentally with his present success; so long as he looks after the affairs of his soul the balance of his time and energies can go for the glory of this world. There were more saints in the time of the persecutions, and when the Church was under the ground, than during the splendour of the reign of Leo X., when to the eye of the world the human side of the Church was at its best. There are brilliant prospects before those who, like Mary, are not solicitous for the things of this world; and they would be lacking in common sense if their main object was to make themselves renowned in this

world, or to devote themselves entirely to its service. The heart of man naturally turns to human greatness and worldly prizes; but it is the office of true religion to correct that wrong idea. The last request of the Jews to the Saviour was that He would restore to them the kingdom of Israel. The reply which He gave and the teachings which He has instilled into His Church are to the effect that His Kingdom is not of this world and that those who put their faith and trust in this world have their reward in it.

D. A. O'S.

THE MAIL-JESUIT CASE.

"The order has scored first," reported the evening press after the first session of court on the *Mail* libel suit. The decision of Judge Loranger brought the *Mail* to the point of form at issue, the unconstitutionality of the Jesuit Act of Incorporation. It eliminated from its plea vague and sweeping allegations like that of the Order's embodying principles and teaching doctrines subversive of law and morality. It struck from the record the seven volumes of Constitutions and Rules, the Compendium and *Casus Conscientie* of Father Gury, and the infamous commentary of Paul Bert in the *Morales des Jesuites*.

Sir Charles Russell opening his case against the *Times*, styled its allegations the indictment of a nation for a decade of its history, but the vaulting ambition of the *Mail* fabricates a plea which is the indictment of a church, and that the church of all nations for eighteen centuries of its existence. It is the indictment of Christianity and civilization. The principles and maxims embodied in the Constitutions of the Society of Jesus, the teaching of the Compendium of Father Gury, illustrated in the *Casus Conscientie* are not new. They are as old as the Catholic Church herself, handed down from the Apostles, explained and applied by the Fathers, reduced to scientific method and system by theologians, adopted by the founders of religious orders to the wants and circumstances of their age, and to the aims which they proposed to their followers. The Compendium of Father Gury of which the *Casus Conscientie* shows the application, is a text-book in all Catholic seminaries, and by all Catholic priests in the direction of consciences. It is a summary of the moral teaching of the Catholic Church and its application to conscience in cases of ordinary life. I venture to affirm that the *Mail* and its Counsel did not once read it through. It preferred to take the allegations, like its English prototype the charges, second hand from an infamous commentary on garbled extracts by Paul Bert. I venture to assert that the *Mail* and its counsel cannot read Gury. The Compendium is a scientific exposition of a doctrinal system that only a logical mind, well trained, and aided by a competent preceptor, can grasp. No wonder the *Mail* should shrink from defining allegations, naming rules and axioms and principles, quoting chapter and verse and example. It came into court with a pile of books on its shoulder, and laying them down before the bench, said: These are my allegations, you yourselves know what they contain. I need not tell you what your own vows and rules and principles are. There is Paul Bert, the French radical, who will tell you all about them and show you how subversive they are of religion and morality.

In truth the most striking feature of all this anti-Jesuit agitation has been not so much the display of bigotry as the exhibition of stolid ignorance by those who in tribune, press and pulpit fostered and conducted it. When challenged to prove their assertions by citing volume and chapter they failed. Adducing passages they gave evidences of their incapacity to construe the Latin text or interpret the verbal meaning. On several occasions they falsified and forged and distorted. They read and interpret history as they read and construe Jesuit teaching, looking at all through the coloured prism of their distorted fancy. Had they gone a little deeper into Gury they might have been converted, and so would they have understood that lies and calumny uttered in grandiloquent phrase do not bolster up the cause of liberty and morality.

J. J.

Montreal, May 21st, 1889.

WITH FATHER DAMIEN AND THE LEPERS.

The *Nineteenth Century* has an article this month from the pen of Mr. Clifford, describing his recent visit to Father Damien:—

The sunset was orange, with a great purple cloud fringed with gold. It faded quickly, and by the time we reached a small pier head outside the town it was dark, and the moon was casting a long greenish light across the sea. From the pier came a continuous *tremolo* wail, rather mechanical, but broken by real sobs. I could see a little crowd of lepers and lepers' friends waiting there. "Oh my husband!" cried a poor woman again and again. Thirteen lepers got into the boat and were rowed to the steamer. Then we sailed away, and gradually the wailing grew fainter and fainter till we could hear it no longer. These partings for life between the lepers and their families are most tragic, but they are inevitable; for whether the disease be propagated by heredity or by contagion, the necessity for absolute segregation is equally evident, and the Hawaiian Government has risen to the emergency—would that our Indian Government with its 130,000 lepers would do likewise!—and, sparing neither labour nor expense, has sought out the cases one by one, and provided a home so suitable to their needs, so well ordered, and so well supplied, that, strange to say, the difficulty often arises of preventing healthy people from taking up their abode there. I know many sadder places than Molokai, with its soft breezes, its towering cliffs, and its sapphire sea. The Hawaiians are happy, simple, generous people, the fit off-spring of these sunny, windy islands; they yield themselves up readily to the emotion of the present whether for grief or laughter (even with lepers) smiles and play follow close behind tears and sorrow. The island is long, and shaped like a willow-leaf, it lies in the form of a wedge on the Pacific, very low on the south coast, and gradually rising to its greatest altitude, from which the descent 1,500 feet to the northern coast is precipitous. Between the base of these precipices and the sea lie the two leper villages of Kalawao and Kalau-papa. Not improbably, half the island is sunk in the sea, and the villages are in the actual cup of the crater of an immense volcano, half of which is submerged. We went on to Kalawao, but were again disappointed; it was too dangerous to land. Finally it was decided to put off a boat for a rocky point about a mile-and-a-half distant from the town. Climbing down this point we saw about twenty lepers, and "There is Father Damien" said our purser; and, slowly moving along the hill-side, I saw a dark figure, with a large straw hat. He came rather painfully down, and sat near the water side, and we exchanged friendly signals across the waves while my baggage was being got out of the hold—a long business; for, owing to the violence of the sea, nothing else was to be put on shore. The captain and the purser were both much interested in a case of gurma oil which I was bringing for the lepers' use, and they spared no trouble in unshipping it. At last all was ready, and we went swinging across the waves, and finally chose a fit moment for leaping on shore. Father Damien helped me up the rock, and a hearty welcome shone from his kindly face.

He is now forty-nine years old—a thick-set, strongly-built man, with black, curly hair, and short beard, turning grey. His face must have been rather handsome, with a full, well-curved mouth, and a short, straight nose, but he is now a good deal disfigured by leprosy, though not so badly as to make it anything but a pleasure to look at his bright, sensible face. His forehead is swollen and ridged, the eyebrows are gone, the nose is somewhat sunk, and the ears are greatly enlarged. His hands and body also show many signs of the disease, but he assured me that he felt little or no pain since he had tried Dr. Goto's system of hot baths and Japanese medicine. I think he had not much faith in the gurma oil, but at my request he began using it, and after a fortnight's trial the good effects became evident to all. His face looked greatly better, his sleep became very good instead of very bad, his hands improved, and last Sunday he told me that he had been able that morning to sing orisons—the first time for months. One is thankful for this relief, even if it should be only temporary; but it is impossible not to fear that after several years' progress the disease has already attacked the

lungs or some other vital organ, and that the remedy comes too late. In Molokai there are three Franciscan Sisters who take charge of the leper girls, and who are now using the oil. I think that their quiet, systematic endeavours are likely to produce important results, and that children will be more obedient patients than adults. I had brought with me a large wooden case of presents from English friends, and it was unshipped with the gurma oil. It was so large that Father Damien said it would be impossible for his lepers either to land it from the boat or to carry it to Kalawao, and that it must be returned to the steamer and landed on some voyage when the sea was quieter. But I could not give up the pleasure of his enjoyment in its contents, so after some delay it was forced open in the boat, and the things were handed out one by one across the waves, and carried separately by the lepers and our two selves. First came an engraving of Mr. Shield's "Good Shepherd," from Lady Mount Temple, then a set of large pictures of the Stations of the Cross, from the Hon. Maude Stanley, then a magic lantern with scriptural slides, then numbers of coloured prints, and finally an ariston from Lady Caroline Charteris, which would play about forty tunes by simply having its handle turned. Before we had been at the settlement half an hour, Father Damien was showing his boys how to use it, and I rarely went through Kalawao afterwards without hearing the ariston active. There were beautiful silver presents from Lady Grosvenor and Lady Arlie, and several gifts of money. And, most valuable of all, there was a water-colour painting of the "Vision of St. Francis," by Mr. Burne Jones, sent by the painter, this now hangs in Father Damien's little room.

Father Damien is building a church with which he incorporates as a transept the small building which has hitherto been in use. By the side of it grows the palm-tree under which he lived for some weeks when he first arrived at the settlement in 1873. It was then a miserable place; the houses were wretched, undrained, and unventilated; the people were ill-fed, ill-clothed, and worse washed. The water supply was very bad. The sufferers were desperate, and often lived vicious and lawless lives. Now all these things are changed. The cottages built by the Government are neat and convenient, raised on trestles so as not to be in contact with the earth. The water is brought in pipes from a never-failing supply, and is excellent in quality and quantity. There are five churches; there is a large general shop, and the faces one sees are nearly always happy faces. Of course, I saw cases in the hospitals that were terribly emaciated and disfigured, but there is no doubt that the disease has taken a milder form than it wore years ago. As a rule, the lepers do not suffer severe pain, and the average length of life at Molokai is about four years, at the end of which time the disease generally attacks some vital organ. Women are less liable to it than men. One woman accompanied her husband to Molokai when he became a leper, and at his death became the bride of another leper, he died and she married another, and another after his demise; so that she has lived with four leper husbands, and yet remains healthy. It would undoubtedly be a great trial to heart and nerve to live at Molokai, as eight noble men and women have elected to do for Christ's sake. I found it very distressing during only fourteen days to see none but lepers, and it often came with a specially painful shock to find a child of ten with a face that looked as if it might belong to a man of fifty. But I had gone to Molokai expecting to find it scarcely less dreadful than hell itself, and the cheerful people, the lovely landscape, and the comparatively painless life were all surprises. Father Damien's little house almost joins the church; he lives upstairs, and his comrade, Father Conrady a man of considerable refinement and of warm affections, lives on the ground floor. They take their meals in separate rooms as a precaution against contagion. Two laymen, Brother Joseph and Brother James, assist them in nursing, teaching, visiting, and other ways, and they are often in communication with Kalau-papa, where live and work Father Wendolen and three Franciscan Sisters. The church at Kalau-papa was built partly by Father Damien's own hands. He is good at carpentering and building, and apparently able and ready to work at anything as long as it is work. He is specially scrupulous and business-like about accounts and money matters. I wished I could have understood the sermon he preached on Christmas

morning. It was long and animated. In the afternoon he was catechising the boys, and he translated for me some of his questions and some of their answers, chiefly bearing on the Nativity and on the nature of God. It has been generally said in England that he is a Jesuit, but this is not the case. He belongs to the "Society of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary," and is a devout but generous-minded Roman Catholic. He was, of course, desirous that the English friends whose sympathy and affection have helped him should belong to his Church, but I was glad to find in conversation with him that it was no part of his belief that Protestants must be eternally lost. He and Father Conradi talked much to me of the infallible authority of the Church, and I felt that if that one enormous dogma could be swallowed nothing else need surely be refused. He spoke of the comfort it gave him to know that all his fellow priests preached precisely the same doctrine that he preached, while we, on the other hand, would rather have a growing faith on which fresh light can be cast and from which old abuses can be detached, than a system of doctrine which has been defined at every point for centuries. We do not regard as a desideratum the routine which comes of strict orthodoxy, and we owe much of the force of our spiritual life to the fact that men who have held strongly the primary beliefs as to the difference between right and wrong, the goodness and love of the Almighty Father, and His manifestation in Jesus Christ, have freely searched for truth with no haunting fear that they must not differ from other good men who have gone before them. We are content to believe that perfection of creed grows with perfection of practice. But, notwithstanding such differences, no sincere man could feel a real barrier in intercourse with a man so good as Father Damien, and on his side he always showed a true and wholesome charity, while he dealt with views which he considered erroneous. We must all rejoice that the Roman Catholic Church produces such saints, and not hesitate to accord them the fellowship, the sympathy, and the hearty, honest praise which they deserve.

After living at Molokai for about ten years, Father Damien began to suspect that he was a leper. The doctors assured him that this was not the case, but amnesia begun in his foot, and other fatal signs appeared. One day he asked Dr. Arning to give him a thorough examination. "I cannot bear to tell you," said Dr. Arning, "but what you say is true." "It is no shock to me," said Joseph, "for I have long felt sure of it."

And he worked on with the same cheerful, sturdy fortitude, accepting the will of God with gladness. He said to me: "I would not be cured if the price of my cure was that I must leave the island and give up my work." A lady wrote to him: "You have given up all earthly things to serve God, to help others, and I believe you must have now that joy that nothing can take from you, and a great reward hereafter." "Tell her," he said, with a quiet smile, "that it is true I do have that joy now." While I sketched him he read his breviary, and at those times, and while he was listening to hymn singing, the expression of his face was very sweet and tender. He looked mournful at my sketches. "What an ugly face!" he said; "I did not know the disease had made such progress." Looking-glasses are not in great request at Molokai. I need scarcely say that he gives himself no airs of martyr, saint, or hero: a humbler man I never saw. He smiled modestly and deprecatingly when I gave him the Bishop of Peterborough's message: "He won't accept the blessing of a heretic Bishop, but tell him that he has my prayers, and ask him to give me his." "Does he call himself a heretic Bishop?" he asked, doubtfully; and I had to explain that the Bishop had used the term playfully. He asked many affectionate questions about Mr. Chapman, who had sent him a large sum of money for his work. He would never come inside the guest house where I was staying, but sat in the evening on the steps of the verandah, and talked on in his cheery pleasant simple way. The stars shone over his head, and all the valleys glimmered in golden moonlight. The Fathers were on very affectionate playful terms with the lepers. The lepers sing very nicely. One man had a full sweet baritone, and there was a tiny child who made a great effect with a bawling metallic voice. A refined-looking woman played the harmonium well, with

hands that looked as if they must have been disabled. She had been a well-known musician in Honolulu. I enjoyed their singing the Latin Christmas hymn, *Adeste Fideles*. But the most touching thing was the leper song (composed by a native poet), a kind of dirge in which they bewailed the misery of their lot. The last Sunday evening I showed them the magic lantern, and Father Damien explained to them the pictures from the life of Christ. It was a moving sight to see the poor death-stricken crowd listening to the story of His healings, and then of His sufferings, His crucifixion, and His resurrection. Father Damien told me that there had been beautiful instances of true devotion among them. Roman Catholics and Protestants are about equally numerous, and both churches were well filled. The total number of lepers was 1,030. As our ship weighed anchor the sombre purple cliffs were crowned with white clouds. Down their sides leaped the cataracts. The little village with its three churches and its white cottages lay at their bases. Father Damien stood with his people on the rocks till we slowly passed from their sight. The sun was getting low in the heavens, the beams of light were slanting down the mountainside, and then I saw the last of Molokai in a golden veil of mist.

THE MADONNA AND OUR PROTESTANT POETS.

II.

If we look through the poetry of England we shall find many beautiful hymns to the Madonna, even though we confine ourselves to those centuries that have elapsed since England lost the title "Dower of Our Lady." The first name of importance met with after the establishment of Protestantism is that of Milton. He had as true a notion of Our Lady as we could expect to find in a man whose creed was a strange admixture of Puritanism and Arianism. In the "Hymn for the Morning of Christ's Nativity" he alludes to her as the "Virgin blest," and in "Paradise Regained" he devotes about eighty lines to her. Throughout the first book he puts language in the mouth of Our Lord which is very disagreeable to read because of its open Arianism. There is not any lack of respect for the God, but there is lack of respect for our Saviour, whom he strives to lower to the level of a mere man. In the second book, however, he writes:

But to His Mother Mary, when she saw
Others return'd from baptism, not her Son,
Nor left at Jordan tidings of Him none,
Within her breast tho' calm, her breast tho' pure,
Motherly cares and fears got head, and raised
Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad:
"O what avails me now that honor high
To have conceived of God, or that salute,
Hail, highly favor'd, among women blest"
While I to sorrows am no less advanced,
And fears as eminent above the lot
Of other women, by the birth I bore?

Now
Full grown to man, acknowledged, as I hear,
By John the Baptist, and in public shown,
Son own'd from heaven by His Father's voice,
I look for some great change: to honor? No,
But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,
That to the falling and rising He should be
Of many in Israel, and to a sign
Spoken against, that through my very soul
A sword shall pierce; this is my favor'd lot,
My exaltation to affliction high."

What is quoted above is a fair specimen of Milton's words respecting the Madonna. He was reverent, but since he did not understand the Son he could not understand the Mother.

After Milton no great Protestant poet said much of Our Lady until Renassance, at the beginning of this century. The causes of this silence are perhaps these. When Milton and Dryden died, lesser men became the masters that set the canons for English poetry; and they turned what was a "fair, free stream into a canal with trim, straight banks." They were not possessed of poetical insight strong enough to see Our Lady's beauty. Again, religious prejudices were strong in those days, and men feared to be accused of Mariolatry. In the new era Byron was the first to write of Our Lady, and he did so boldly enough in the following of-quoted lines:

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour,
The time, the clime, the spot where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft!
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint, dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer,
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
Look up to thine and to thy Son above!"

About the same time that Byron wrote, Sir Walter Scott composed the hymn which Ellen Douglas sings in "The Lady of the Lake." The first stanza is as follows:

Ave Maria, Maiden mild,
Listen to a maiden's prayer!
Thou canst hear, though from the wild;
Thou canst save amidst despair.
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
Though banish'd, outcast, and reviled,
Maiden, hear a maiden's prayer;
Mother, hear a suppliant child!
Ave Maria!

This song has been set to a melody by the celebrated Austrian composer, Schubert.

There is a translation by Coleridge of a Latin inscription on a German painting of the Madonna and Child; the poem also belongs to this period, and it is made with great delicacy:

Dormi Iesu! mater ridet
Quo tam dulcem somnum videt,
Dormi Iesu! blandule!
Si non dormis mater plorat,
Inter filia cantans orat,
Blunde, veni, somnule!--

"Sleep, sweet Babe! my cares beguiling,
Mother sits beside Thee smiling;
Sleep, my darling, tenderly!
If Thou sleep not, Mother mourneth,
Singing as her wheel she turneth:
Come, soft slumber, balmily!"

Coleridge has also "A Christmas Carol," in which the Madonna says:

Wisely is my soul elate,
That strife should vanish, battle cease:
I'm poor and of a low estate,
The Mother of the Prince of Peace.
Joy rises in me, like a summer morn:
Peace, peace, on earth! the Prince of Peace is born.

Wordsworth follows with two poems. His artistic spirit forced admiration from him, and in the sonnet below the octave is beautiful, the sestet, however, seems little more than an apology for his "leaning toward Rome":

Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrust
With the least shade of thought to sin allied;
Woman! above all women glorified;
Our tainted nature's solitary boast;
Purer than foam on central ocean tost,
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast,
Thy image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,
Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend
As to a visible power, in which did blend
All that was mixed and reconciled in thee
Of mother's love with maiden purity;
Of high with low, celestial with terrene.

The second poem is called "Our Lady of the Snow" (S. Maria zum Schnee, at Klosterle):

Meek Virgin Mother, more benign
Than fairest star upon the height
Of thy own mountain set to keep
Lone vigils through the hours of sleep,
What eye can look upon thy shrine
Untroubled at the sight?

To thee, in this aerial cleft,
As to a common centre, tend
All sufferings that no longer rest
On mortal succor; all distress
That pine of human hope bereft,
Nor wish for earthly friend.

And hence, O Virgin Mother mild,
Though plenteous flowers around thee blow,
Not only from the dreary strife

Of winter, but from storms of life,
Thou have thy votaries aptly styled
Our Lady of the snow.

George Eliot, in "Agatha," has a number of pretty couplets referring to Our Blessed Lady; and another woman poet, Mrs. Browning, has written one of the most elaborate poems on the Mother of God which has been composed by a non-Catholic of late years; it is entitled "The Virgin Mary to the Child Jesus." The poem is a labor of love; but Mrs. Browning shows therein that she did not understand the depth of our Lady's knowledge. These are some of the stanzas:

And art Thou come for saving, baby-browed
And speechless Being, art Thou come for saving?
The palm that grows beside our door is bowed
By treadings of the low wind from the south,
A restless shadow through the chamber waving;
Upon its bough a bird sings in the sun;
But Thou with that close slumber on Thy mouth,
Dost seem of wind and sun already weary,
Art come for saving, O my weary One?

Unchildish shade, - no other babe doth wear
An aspect very sorrowful, as Thou,
No small babe-smiles, my watching heart has seen,
To float like speech the speechless lips between;
No dovelike cooing in the golden air,
No quick, short joys of leaping babyhood.
Alas, our earthly good
In heaven thought evil, seems too good for Thee
Yet sleep, my weary One,

That tear fell not on Thee,
Beloved, yet Thou stirrest in Thy slumber,
Thou, stirring not for glad sounds out of number
Which through the vibratory palm-trees run
From summer wind and bird,
So quickly hast Thou heard
A tear fall silently? -
Wakest Thou, O loving One?

Another poem, Dante Rossetti's "Ave," is an artistic meditation on the life of our Lady after the Ascension of her Divine Son. Rossetti was not a Catholic, although his father was a Florentine. Besides the "Ave," he wrote two sonnets on the Blessed Virgin, - one as an inscription for a "Holy Family" by Michael Angelo, and another for Leonardo da Vinci's picture, "Our Lady of the Rocks." He also translated Villon's poem, "His Mother's Service to Our Lady." The "Ave" is in part as follows:

Mother of the Fair Delight,
Thou handmaid perfect in God's sight,
Now sitting forth beside the Three,
Thyself a woman Trinity, -
Being a daughter born to God,
Mother of Christ from stall to rood,
And wife unto the Holy Ghost,
Oh, when our need is uttermost,
Think that to such as death may strike
Thou once wert sister sister-like,
Thou headstone of humanity,
Groundstone of the great mystery,
Fashioned like us, yet more than we.

Ah, knew'st thou of the end, when first
That Babe was on thy bosom nursed?
Or when He tottered round thy knee
Did thy sorrow dawn on thee?
And through His boyhood, year by year
Eating with Him the Passover,
Didst thou discern confusedly
That holier Sacrament, when He,
The bitter cup about to quaff,
Should break the bread and eat thereof?

What human tongue can speak
That day when death was sent to break
From the tir'd spirit, like a veil,
Its covenant with Gabriel
Endured at length unto the end?
What human thought can apprehend
That mystery of motherhood
When thy Beloved at length renewed
The sweet communion severed,
His left hand underneath thy head,
And His right hand embracing thee? -
Lo! He was thine, and this is He!

O Mary Mother, be not loth
To listen, - thou whom the stars clothe,
Who seest and mayst not be seen!
Hear us at last, O Mary Queen!

Into our shadow bend thy face
 Bowing thee from the secret place,
 O Mary Virgin, full of grace!

These verses do not reach the depth of tenderness that may be found in Mrs. Browning's poem. Rossetti displays a lack of knowledge of what our Blessed Lady really is as great as that shown by Mrs. Browning; but the work is remarkable, coming from a man like its author. The lines of the first stanza.

Being a daughter born to God,
 Mother of Christ from stall to rood,
 And wife unto the Holy Ghost,

may be traced back through Chaucer's "O humble layde, maide, moder and wyfe," in the "Orisonne to the Holy Virgin," to Canto 33 of Dante's *Paradiso*.

I have threaded together, at random chosen, some of the beautiful words written in honour of our Blessed Lady by non-Catholic poets, to show the most refined hearts, no matter what their creed may be, may look up to Mary and see that she is the embodiment of all purity, all clemency, all sweetness, and all loveliness.

"Wherefore, good Ladye, I pray it may please the my penne so to lede,

That, by thyne ayde, this worke may have good spede."

Virg. Maria

CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.

The corner stone of the new St. Bridget's Church, Ottawa, was laid on Sunday, May 5th, by Archbishop Duhamel. Its estimated cost is \$87,000. The Rev. Father McGovern has pastoral charge of St. Bridget's.

The Basilica of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, near Quebec, was solemnly consecrated on May the 16th. Cardinal Taschereau, two Archbishops, and four Bishops officiated as follows: Cardinal Taschereau consecrated the Basilica and the main altar dedicated to Ste. Anne; Mgr. Fabre, the altar of Our Lady of Perpetual Help; Mgr. Duhamel, the altar of St. Joseph; Mgr. Lafleche, the altar of St. Alphensius; Mgr. Langovin, the altar of St. Joachim; Mgr. Racine, the altar of the Holy Family, and Mgr. Moreau the altar of the Sacred Heart.

The half yearly meeting of the Catholic Committee of the Council of Public Instruction for the Province of Quebec was held in their Council Chamber, Parliament Buildings, Quebec, on Tuesday, the 14th inst. The chair was taken at 10 a.m., by the superintendent of public institution, the Hon. Mr. Ouimet, and there were present the Cardinal, the Archbishops of Montreal and Ottawa, the Bishops of Three Rivers, Sherbrooke, St. Hyacinthe, Nicolet, Rimouski, Chicoutime, and the Vicar-Apostolic of Pembroke and the following lay members, Hons. Mr. Mercier and Masson, Sir Narcisse Belleau, Judge Jette, Judge Bosse, Mr. Henry R. Gray, Mr. P. S. Murphy and Mr. Crepeau.

The Council sat until 12 o'clock and after an adjournment for lunch met again at 2 p.m., and sat until half-past 5 p.m. A mass of routine work was gone through. At the adjournment the Bishops remained and received a deputation from the Provincial Board of Health, which was introduced by Mr. Gray. The object of the deputation was to bring to the notice of the Bishops the difficulty of getting vital statistics monthly from country municipalities. The rev. gentlemen, after making various suggestions consented to the general principles of a bill to be introduced at another session of the Legislature. On the following day a meeting of the whole Council, composed of the Catholic and Protestant sections, was held, by the courtesy of the Premier, in the Legislative Council Chamber, its object being to adopt the minutes of a previous meeting, the correctness of which had been disputed in the Montreal *Daily Witness* and other ultra-Protestant journals, by the Rev. Dr. McVicar and others. After a very long discussion, in which the Protestant Bishop of Quebec, Sir William Dawson, Mr. Heneker and others took part, the fact that the disputed resolution of His Eminence, the Cardinal, was regularly put at the previous meeting and passed, was confirmed, four or five of the Protestant members dissenting. Some surprise was felt that all the Protestant members of the Board had not attended the meeting.

Irish Affairs.

Rev. Sylvester Barry, formerly a professor in All Hallows, writes from Sandhurst, Victoria, of an exhibition of affection for Mr. Wm. O'Brien, which has just been made by twenty-eight priests of that diocese, and which will prove gratifying to Mr. O'Brien's heart when he hears it. These twenty-eight priests resolved to offer up their Easter Sunday Masses for him. They have forwarded a letter to Clonmel Jail giving the list of names, and merely stating their intention, in the hope that the mere statement might be allowed to reach Mr. O'Brien. The hope has hardly been fulfilled, but on his release, now so near at hand, the news will, we are sure, fulfil the anticipations of those true-hearted priests, to whom, as Father Barry said, "it occurred that nothing would be more acceptable to Mr. O'Brien or would give him more consolation." It is a feeling tribute to a good man's worth.

The reinstatement of the evicted tenants on the Vandeleur estate is now, we might say, an accomplished fact. Sir Charles Russell, in a letter to the Lord Mayor of Dublin, announced that Colonel Vandeleur is willing, on payment of a full year's rent, less twenty per cent., to at once telegraph instructions for their immediate reinstatement, the payment to be in full for all arrears up to the 25th of March, 1887. Sir Charles adds that if the actual payment of the rent will involve any important delay, the landlord will accept Mr. Sexton's undertaking for its payment, so that steps towards reinstatement may be taken immediately. Sir Charles urged the acceptance of those propositions. In reply Mr. Sexton says that he is authorized to communicate acceptance of the terms as to the evicted tenants, so as to enable them to proceed at once with the sowing of crops. All this augurs well for the probability of the entire dispute being finally and satisfactorily settled at some future date.

Father Covey, of Dunmanway, has brought his slanderers to book. Our readers will remember the disgraceful slander which one of the News Agencies circulated with reference to the esteemed clergyman, attributing to him words approving of the killing of District-Inspector Martin. The news was greedily seized upon by the scribes and orators of the Unionist party. Mr. Dixon Harland, M. P., was one of the intelligent gentlemen who found no difficulty in believing the atrocious story, or at least in putting it into currency as true. The organ of Sandyrow, the *Belfast Evening Telegraph*, also found the morsel of calumny toothsome and palatable. Mr. Harland tenders an apology for his disgraceful conduct; and the *Telegraph* has done likewise and paid a hundred pounds as a proof of its regret.

Many readers of Sir Charles Russell's great speech before the Special Commission have racked their brains to remember whence came the quoted lines, which the *Times* of April 18 render:—

Call him the blackest names, spread calumnies
 All art can think and pregnant spite devise;
 Strike home, gash deep, no lies nor slanders spare,
 A wound, though cured, yet leaves behind a scar.

No one has yet remembered, and few are ever to without being told. The lines are those of John Oldham, a very Protestant satirist, who lived from 1653 to 1683. In his *Satires on the Jesuits*, he makes Loyola speak to his followers on his deathbed as follows:—

Whoever with bold tongue or pen shall dare
 Against your acts and practices declare:
 What fool shall e'er presumptuously oppose,
 Your goodly cheats and godly frauds disclose,
 Pronounce him heretic, firebrand of hell,
 Turk, Jew, fiend, miscreant, pagan, infidel.
 A thousand blacker names, worse calumnies
 All wit can think, and pregnant spite devise,
 Strike home, gash deep, no lies nor slanders spare,
 A wound, though cured, yet leaves behind a scar.

It will be seen from the words printed in italics that either Sir Charles himself or the *Times* reporter made a slip.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 20th Dec., 1888.

GENTLEMEN,—

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

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX.

HALIFAX, July 11, 1888.

DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

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

Yours very truly,

IC. O'BRIEN,
Archbishop of Halifax.

FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, March 17, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

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

Believe me, yours faithfully,

JAMES J. CARRERY,
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 25 1889.

Mr. Wiman told the Interstate Commerce Commission last week, that the Catholics of Canada were opposed to annexation, and were one of the most serious obstacles in its way. What does the New York *Freeman's Journal* think of Mr. Wiman's assertion? Some months ago the Editors of that journal invited us to discuss with them, from the point of view of Catholics, the subject of annexation. We did so in a series of articles, which were republished in French by the leading French Canadian papers, and accepted by them as embodying the objections of the English and French-speaking Catholics of Canada, alike, to the proposal for annexation. These articles, which were confirmed by the highest opinion, clerical and lay, in the Canadian Church, were acknowledged by the *Freeman's Journal* in an editorial, in which they were promised "special attention." The *Freeman*, however, has never once since then returned to the subject, and the question of annexation has apparently been dropped from its programme of prop. atable subjects. Has the *Freeman's Journal*, which certainly approached the subject in a well-meaning and an equable spirit, learned that it had not been well-informed when it represented the Catholics of this country, every man of them, as eager for annexation, a proposal which finds no advocacy outside of the anti-Catholic and anti-French faction of Ontario?

We published, in a late issue, an interesting pen-picture from the New York *Tribune's* correspondent in London, of Mr. Parnell as a witness, under the coarse, bullying, Old Bailey style of cross examining adopted by Sir Richard Web-

ster. The universal impression is that Mr. Parnell made a complete fool of Webster, and that the latter felt that it was so, for his manner towards Mr. Parnell was churlish and coarse, and almost brutal—the attitude of a man, who is a bully, when he knows he is being beaten. "Come, sir, give a plain answer, sir, to a plain question" is the language and tone in which this gentlemen addressed Mr. Parnell, who, under circumstances of very great irritation, remained throughout unmoved and unruffled, and betrayed not a sign of resentment. "When one reflects," says Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., the New York *World's* correspondent, in writing of Webster, "that this is the very man who a few weeks ago had to eat dirt for the foulest and falsest charge ever brought against a public man, this excites strong resentment." "He is addressing Mr. Parnell" said one of his counsel, "as if he were a recalcitrant bargee in an Admiralty case,"—and this sums up the manner of the Attorney-General. There was a feeling that Sir Charles Russell, or some other of the counsel for Mr. Parnell should have risen and protested, but they held their peace, for the reason, it is thought, that the contrast between the brutal boorishness of the Attorney-General, and the calm, and unbroken, and high-bred courtesy of Mr. Parnell, was so useful that it would have been a pity to interfere with it.

The Rev. Father McCallen, President of the St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society of Montreal, a vigorous organization, delivered an interesting address, at the Society's last monthly meeting, on the subject of high license. He denounced intemperance in strong terms, and said there were in his city hundreds of families who are suffering and will suffer from the curse of drink, and nevertheless there are in them those who will put down their signatures for the opening of a new saloon in the neighbourhood. Father McCallen pointed out the benefits of high license as a means unto the diminution of drunkenness. In such places as Pittsburgh and Philadelphia where the high license system has been adopted the number of drinking places has been greatly reduced, without causing any corresponding falling off in the revenue derivable from them, while the social condition of the people has been very much bettered. In Philadelphia the number of saloons was reduced from 6,000 to 1,347, and the license fee increased from \$50 to \$500. The revenue, as a result, was more than doubled, and the arrests for drunkenness were less than half what they were before. Furthermore the Sunday law was found to be better enforced. In Pittsburgh the number of saloons was reduced from 1,500 to 214 last year and to 93 this year.

The question of high license has for some time past commanded very widespread attention, in common with the question of Prohibition, and all that pertains to the movement which makes for the eradication of drunkenness. It will be seen from the figures given above that it has been found to operate in Pittsburgh and in Philadelphia with the same good results as in Chicago, where the system has been given a thorough test, and the good effects discernible from which we pointed out in these columns upwards of a year ago. Under the operation of the high license law in Chicago the revenue derived from saloon licenses has increased from \$200,000 per annum to \$2,000,000. The license rate formerly in force was \$52 per annum, under the new regulations it is \$500. In 1882 under the old law there were nearly 4,000 saloons in the city, there were last year 3,900, and though the diminution in number does not appear very sig-

nal, it is to be remembered that since then the city has expanded enormously, and has added to it a considerable area of territory. Had the former low licenses prevailed up to the present, the city collector, Mr. Onahan, is persuaded that there would be now fully six thousand saloons in Chicago, while on the other hand he is convinced there would be one thousand fewer saloons in the city were it not for the fact that the brewers, who largely control and influence the saloon traffic, actually pay the licenses for quite one half of those now existing. This they do by way of advances or accommodations.

With respect to the effect of high license upon the consumption of liquor, Mr. Onahan has stated that he believes, as a result of his own observation, the official and other data brought to his notice, and the experiences of many clergy men of different denominations with whom he has had opportunity from time to time to discuss the subject, that the adoption of the high license system has tended to considerably diminish the consumption of spirituous liquors in that city. For example, its first effect was to put an end to the evil of bars in the grocery stores, and to a large number of "neighbourhood" saloons,—the small groggeries and bar-rooms to be found in the localities occupied by the poorer classes, and which, wherever found, are a constant danger and menace to the home peace of so many a poor working man's family. Such places could exist, and even thrive under a \$52 license rate; but could not live under a fee of \$500.

There is but one opinion among impartial and observant citizens in those centres in which the high license plan has been tested, and that is that while high license of course does not, and will not, of itself, eradicate or cure the intemperance evil, it serves as a means to regulate and control the saloons, and effectually operates to limit their number. And as such it works for the well-being of the community. Before long we hope the force of public opinion may become potential enough to cause it to be adopted in our Canadian cities. Already there is a strong movement on foot in Montreal for the closer control of the traffic in liquor. Undoubtedly it is within the power of the municipal authority to work many and important reforms, and the growing temperance sentiment of the country on the subject of drink, and the sense of the moral and public evils brought upon the community by the curse of intemperance, demand that the reforms be undertaken, yet for the radical cure of the evil we must look beyond laws and licenses, which, though they may aid in the good work, are not, and cannot be, of themselves, effective. Moral suasion, religious teaching, and the influence of example, these, after all, are the true methods and agencies, and we can think of nothing more efficacious, peculiarly in the case of a Catholic people, than the active existence of temperance and total abstinence societies all over the country, as a means of contributing to the growth and propagation of temperance habits and principles amongst all classes of the community, more especially amongst the classes most liable to suffer from indulgence in intemperate habits.

"SLANDERING THE IRISH."

The Rev. Father M. F. Foley, one of this journal's contributors and one of the foremost workers in the Catholic temperance reform movement, is the latest addition to the very goodly number of tolerably good Irishmen, who at one time or another have been held up to the scorn of their coun-

trymen as a "Saxon," or as a "slanderer," or an "oppressor." A New York Catholic contemporary charges Father Foley with "slandering the Irish." The charge is based upon a recent article that appeared in this REVIEW and in the *Baltimore Mirror*, in which the reverend gentleman contended that drunkenness is one of the worst enemies of the Irish race, and that there are altogether more Hibernians in the saloon business than is for the moral or material good of their countrymen. In view of the fact that the Bishops of the last Plenary Council of Baltimore put themselves on record to the same effect, in their joint Pastoral Letter, it is clear that according to our contemporary's method of reasoning, if Father Foley be a "slanderer of the Irish," the united Episcopate of America themselves mainly Irishmen, or the descendants of Irishmen—are in a pre-eminent measure their slanderers also, which is equivocal ground for a Catholic journal to find itself standing on. But a little inconsistency of that sort counts for nothing, we suppose, with these pseudo-Catholic papers.

Like many another good Irishman, as we have said, who has had the courage to put principle and a conscientious conviction before a cheaply obtained popularity with the rabble, and whose enormity it is that he has refused to stoop to be a time-server—like many another good man who has held what is black to be black, and what is wrong, or the parent of wrong, to be wrong and the parent of wrong, Father Foley, whose heart beats with the highest and holiest love of his country, whose devotion to the interests, the temporal as well as the eternal, of the Irish people, is too deep, to permit him to be blind to the ruin and misery, the spiritual death, which the drunk evil has brought, and is daily bringing, his people—is, forsooth, "slandering the Irish!" Not mistaken, perhaps; not exaggerating; not stating what has not been sorrowfully acknowledged by the united Bishops of Ireland; not urging what has not solemnly been urged by the American hierarchy; not, as a priest, doing more than the simple duty of paying obedience to the command of the Sovereign Pontiff to "every priest" to do "his best to drive the plague of intemperance from the fold of Christ by assiduous preaching and exhortation;" not speaking but from the fulness of the heart; not acting but from impulse of the conscience—but "slandering the Irish!"

We mention this not for the purpose of defending Father Foley, for no one is more competent to defend himself, but for the purpose, if it will be permitted us, of observing that with a section of our Irish Catholic press, or what professes to be a Catholic press, it appears to be rapidly coming to pass that the Irishman who thinks well enough of his race to wish that it should not be subjected to the dangers and the disgrace to which it is exposed and to which it is subjected, by the painful connection of our people in such numbers with the business in whiskey,—the dollar and cents connection, let it be well remembered, the connection based on greed, and having for its end money making, the connection which not only identifies Irish Catholics, more than any other class of the community, with, but, frightful to think, gives them a financial interest in the extension of, the most fearful curse, the most degrading vice, which can visit a people—is no longer to be regarded an Irishman, but according to the saloon standards of patriotism, is to be regarded as a renegade, as an enemy of his race, and as a Saxon, and slanderer. He is a man to be blackmailed and blackguarded. Precisely similar methods, we take the liberty to say to these perfervid patriot among our contemporaries, were displayed by the

late Mr. Pigott, before entering upon his more recent relations with the *Times* newspaper. It is a mistake to suppose that he had not some success as a blackmailier. He was a noisy "patriot" in his day, and the proprietor of the *Irishman* newspaper. The methods which failed in the *Times* case, in the *Irishman's* were successful. He threw dirt, and in those days dirt stuck. Until about 1872 or 1871, men like the late A. M. Sullivan had a hard time of it in Ireland. They were not only kept out of public life, they were not safe from personal violence. In the course of time Mr. Pigott was found out, and about that time his "patriotism" evaporated. Previous again to Mr. Pigott, there was the Sadlier-Keough combination, "the Pope's Brass Band," as it was known at Westminster and in Ireland. Their patriotism was like Mr. Pigott's. In course of time they were found out, as was Mr. Pigott, and when found out, the principal, Sadlier, went out and shot himself, precisely as did Mr. Pigott. From the disposition to throw dirt (as a proof, we suppose, of Irish patriotism) which we observe in some of our exchanges, one would at times be led to think that the late Mr. Pigott did not die without leaving a large journalistic issue. The *Buffalo Union and Times* for example, and *United Canada*, look to be from the same litter.

With regard to this "slandering the Irish," there are only two things in respect to it which it is worth while to take the trouble of saying. The first is that the Irish, we thank God, are a people who cannot be slandered. They are above, they are safe from it. They are a kindly, virtuous, God-fearing people, who for their fidelity to God have suffered much. Than the history of their sufferings, if we except those of the Jews, who were the chosen people, there is nothing sublimer. Their individual virtues, and their love of virtue, have been the foundation of that marvellous national vitality which seven hundred years of persecution have sufficed only to strengthen, not to extinguish. From the dark night of penal legislation, devised to degrade them to the level of beasts, they emerged free men in soul, unscarred, and unsubdued. It is not so long ago—only back one generation—and from the pitiful condition into which they were plunged the people are only slowly recovering. They are still a poor, and a despised, and again at this moment, in many districts, a starving people. They till a few sad acres for bare life and wear a few poor rags for bare warmth. Like Ixion at his wheel they trace eternally the same circle of their woes. They lighten the burden of their lot with the dews of a simple faith in Heaven. Given a chance, and their genius rises superior to the cruellest disabilities. In our own day, despite the past, they give priests to the altars, missionaries to the pagan lands, soldiers to the empire, statesmen to the greatest nations of Europe. The picture is a fine one, that of this persecuted but indestructible old race, engaged in the statesmanship and the sacred shepherding of two continents. Must it not be that God has designed such a people for a Providential mission?

Writing thus, and feeling thus, as men of Irish blood and of Irish breeding, there is only one second word for us to say in conclusion. It is this, that it lies not in the power of any number of drunkard eaterers, nor of their subsidized papers, to prevent Irish patriotism. Patriotism is not a privilege of which they possess a monopoly. "I allow," said the western lawyer, when defending a client who had been an extensive murderer, "I allow that my client is a bad man, I allow that he has always been a dead shot, and a notorious horse thief, but," (with fine pathos) "I claim for him that

his heart always beat warmly for his native land." Similar process of argument appears to be popular just now with some of our contemporaries. They are mistaken if they think they can hoodwink any sensible man by it.

By way of protest against the employment of the term "slanderers," in alluding to men of conscientious convictions on the temperance question, we quote a paragraph from the *Baltimore Mirror*:

The honest affection of Father Foley for the Irish, however, does not blind him to their faults, nor compel him to shut his eyes to the existence of a corroding vice that is gnawing at the vitals of a noble race. On the contrary, it encourages him to use all the influence of his tongue and pen to avert the danger, as he sees it. As far as his opinion attributing the ills of Ireland in a great measure to the prevalence of intemperance is concerned, it is amply justified by the opinions and testimony of some of the most public spirited men of the race on both sides of the Atlantic. No Irishman worthy of the name who does not lament the occasion of this reproach, and none who feel aggrieved at the desire of high-minded men like Father Foley to blot it out.

There is no chance to mistake the motive that has instigated this attack upon Father Foley. The esteemed contemporary has been accused more than once of working the "Irish racket" for the purpose of popularizing itself with a certain class of Catholic readers. The artificial warmth and unreal sensitiveness displayed in the present instance are entirely uncalled for, and prove that such accusations are not without foundation.

Honest friendship for the Irish race does not stoop to the fulsome flattery indulged in by those who simply desire to trade upon the credulity of its members. "Taffy" is all very well, but its constant dispensation with a view of gratifying selfish ends is more insulting to the "blood" and intelligence of self-respecting Irishmen than is the manly denunciation of a too prevalent vice among them. Between Father Foley and his accuser it will not take long for any sane minded lover of the Irish people to decide. Father Foley is discharging a duty; his maligner bidding for subscriptions.

FRA AGOSTINO.

The last sermon of the illustrious Franciscan, at the close of the Lenten season, has been rendered memorable by an incident which has been much misrepresented in the cablegrams of the New York press. It was stated that the orator had been summoned to the Vatican and severely reprimanded by His Holiness for invoking a blessing on King Humbert and the Italian army. This was simply another example of those so-called dispatches, by the concoction of which it is hard to see what is gained, as it only requires a few weeks to detect their unverity. The text of the words supposed to have given offence to the Vatican are worthy of reproduction for their eloquence and pathos:

"Bless, O my God," said the preacher, "the Church and its Chief, Leo XIII., Thy Vicar on Earth, and may the wishes of that wise Pontiff be graciously heard! Bless the Princes of the Church, the pastors of souls and the clergy.

"Bless the fatherland! At that word I feel my heart grow heavy. Bless her, my Jesus, and save her from the evils that threaten her.

"Bless him who is the supreme chief (*supremo regitore*), and the personification of the fatherland, bless those who labour with him, that, remembering the law of Christ, they may lead the country to prosperity and greatness.

"Bless the young men enrolled under the country's flag, and who must one day defend it. Bless the people who are exposed to the seductions of the wicked. Bless the families of this city, and may Thy blessing shed upon them peace and make them one day blessed in heaven!"

We are told that at the close, the audience, forgetting almost the sanctity of the place, broke forth in applause and cheers for Leo XIII. And the most consoling feature of the scene was that a large proportion of them were ready not many months ago to shout "Down with the Pope! Down with the Church!" Verily, the finger of God is seen in this! *N. Y. Freeman's Journal*.

CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION AND THE PERILS THAT NOW THREATEN IT.

A LECTURE BY THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP RYAN.

The distinguished lecturer prefaced his discourse with a brief reference to the celebration of the feast day of Ireland's patron saint. National apostles, he said, are the civilizers of the nations to whom they preach the Gospel. In this capacity St. Patrick converted Ireland from pagan to Christian civilization; and this latter condition of human existence His Grace had chosen for his theme. In substance he spoke as follows:

I propose to speak to you this evening, ladies and gentlemen, on the subject of "Christian civilization and the perils that threaten it." I have selected the subject because I deem it a very important one at the present time. I feel, too, that it is not inappropriate to this occasion. The national apostles of all countries have been also their great civilizers, in the highest sense of that term. No matter how great may have been its material wealth and progress before its advent, the introduction of Christianity into any country marks a new and most interesting era in its history; hence, St. Patrick, the Irish Apostle, was not only the Apostle of the Christian religion of that Island, but was also the Apostle there of that Christian civilization which is the offspring of that religion, and his children should preserve from peril the heritage of that civilization. The term civilization is a very general and somewhat vague one, and various definitions and descriptions of it have been given. I think, with Edmund Burke, that the essence of civilization consists in the spirit of a gentleman and in the spirit of religion; that is, the union of all that is noble and sacred in religion with all that is gentle and strong in our humanity. Emerson says: "The truest test of civilization is not the census, not the size of the cities, not the crops, but the kind of a man the country turns out." Our highest conception of a perfect man is the union of religion and gentle manhood, realized in the person of Jesus Christ, the Founder of Christian civilization. Christianity is Christ continued, and its civilization is His continued influence on the outside world. I think the best test of the civilization of an individual, or of a nation is unselfishness, and the best test of unselfishness is care for the poor and oppressed of our race. Mr. Lecky complains of this race as defective in the spirit of self-sacrifice. Its defect is in proportion to its forgetfulness of the teachings and the spirit of Christianity, which is pre-eminently the religion of self-sacrifice.

This spirit of self-sacrifice is essential to the continued existence of civilized society. Each man must pay a little of personal comfort to the general fund of society. Selfishness led to the fall of pagan civilization, and threatens our own. Carlyle says "that men of learning and profound reflection begin to doubt whether it is possible for the existing framework of civil society to hold together without the principle of cohesion, supplied by the truths which it has cast away."

Fortunately, only a portion of society has been rash enough to reject them, and as Christianity is immortal, like its Founder, that rejection can never become universal. It is, however, the duty of Christians to keep it within as narrow limits as possible.

Christianity is a fact in the history of the human race, the most mysterious in its nature, the most stupendous and universal in its effects, a fact which philosophy cannot ignore, nor fidelity deny, nor skepticism doubt; which has influenced religion, arts, arms, sciences, literature, social life, politics, human happiness, human suffering, human progress, more than any other fact in the history of our race. The unbeliever who regards it lightly as one of the many false religions embraced by man, at various periods of his history, who thinks that its influences were simply and exclusively confined to the secret intercourse between the Creator and the creature, such a one can never adequately understand the philosophy of human history. Christianity refashioned the whole being of man, politically and socially, as well as religiously. It formed not only the Christian saint, but the Christian statesman, the Christian warrior, the Christian citizen, the Christian artist, the Christian soldier, and the Christian philanthropist.

"Christianity," says Mr. Gladstone in his "Studies of Homer," speaking of it from the third century upwards, "has marched for fifteen hundred years at the head of human civilization, and has driven, harnessed to its chariot as the horses of a triumphal car, the chief intellectual and material forces of the world. Its learning has been the learning of the world; its art the art of the world. Its genius the genius of the world; its greatness, glory, grandeur, and majesty have been almost, though not absolutely, all that in these respects the world has had to boast of." But in no sphere, ladies and gentlemen, did it effect so signal a revolution as in the formation of Christian philanthropy. To understand this fully, we have but to view the poor, helpless, and suffering, under pagan and Christian civilization, to behold the spirit of Christ passing along the wayside of human history, bending, good Samaritan-like, over the wounded and robbed sufferers of our race under paganism, and not only pouring into their wounds the balmy and strengthening oil and wine, but also bearing the sufferers to the inn—that is, founding institutions for the permanent cure and comfort, and promising that when the Lord shall return in the end, He shall pay whatever is over and above to the caretaker of wounded humanity. To see the condition of the unfortunate under pagan civilization, we need not take examples from the rude, untaught children of the forest, who are called the barbarians of antiquity, but to look to the polished, educated, highly cultured nations of Greece and Rome. It is the fashion of a class of modern humanitarian political philosophers, who have some influence in this age and country, to praise classic antiquity, to exhibit its virtues, as proofs of what unaided man can do, to practically ignore the civilization of Christianity, and to hold forth the pagan nations as magnificent models for the emulation of our own young Republic. God forbid that we should ever adopt these models. If we do, our moral corruption will, like theirs, increase with our material greatness, and a false civilization, with a terrible power for evil, will, like the strong man of Scripture, soon twine its mighty arms round the great pillars that support the national edifice, shake them to their foundations, and be destroyed only in the crumbling ruins of the edifice itself. I am far from denying to these classic nations of antiquity many glorious natural qualities. Their learning, military powers, exalted patriotism, their cultivation of the arts, and their spirit of material progress, are unquestioned and unquestionable. But for their morality, for their care of the poor and the suffering, for disinterested sacrifice for others, requiring self-sacrifice, for genuine civilization, we look almost in vain until the rising Orient of the Christian day, the "Light of Light," appeared above the troubled waters of paganism, and illumined the dark passage of this valley of tears.

Behold, then, the appalling spectacle! Helpless infancy exposed, killed, cast to dogs. See the yellow Tiber, as it sweeps by the marble palaces, by the temples and luxuriant baths of ancient Rome, bearing upon its waters the floating bodies of pure, innocent, holy childhood! Such, ladies and gentlemen, was the state of the world when a voice was heard from obscure Palestine. It was but the feeble cry of a child; but it was to reverberate in thunder tones through the universe and to awaken and purify the echoes of the seven-hilled city. It was the cry of infancy from the stable of Bethlehem. It was the deep, solemn protest of the Child-God against the barbarism of infanticide. It was the proclamation of the young King, that infancy was now sanctioned and should be revered, that Divinity itself had descended from on high, and appeared in the vesture of infantine humanity. "A Child is born to us, and a Son is given to us, and the government is upon His shoulders, and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, God the Mighty, Father of the world to come, the Prince of Peace." Behold Him afterwards in that sweet scene of His public life, when the children clustered around Him, and the disciples would keep them at a distance, and when He restrained these disciples, saying, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." When protecting the virtues of little children from scandalizers he seemed for the time to lose His sublime habitual calm. He pardons the greatest sinners with gentle pity; He cries out

from the cross to His Heavenly Father for mercy on those who mock and crucify Him; but when He speaks of those who, by word or deed, injure the soul of only one of His little ones, "the Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world" becomes "the Lion of the fold of Judah;" the benediction becomes a malediction, and the scandalizer of childhood, like the barren fig-tree, falls beneath His withering curse. "Woe to the man that shall scandalize one of these little ones. It were better for him that a mill-stone should be hanged about his neck and he should be drowned in the depth of the sea." Again, He says: "See that you despise not one of these little ones, for I say to you that their angels in heaven always see the face of My Father who is in heaven."

Woman was exalted in the person of the Mother of Christ. Therefore it was, as it were, the triumphant Magnificat canticle of liberated womanhood! The Christian Church abolished at once simultaneous and successive polygamy, and thus preserved the dignity and freedom of woman. Should she ever become degraded again, it will be by the modern paganism that ignores Christianity. Already perils surround her. For nearly nineteen centuries Christianity, organized in the Catholic Church, has contended for the indissolubility of the marriage tie, which is woman's only hope of retaining the position which she now possesses. Unfortunately, this doctrine has been disregarded, and divorce, with permission to marry again, is drifting us back to successive pagan polygamy. The twentieth century will see and feel and acknowledge the wisdom of the old church in repressing, rather than partially indulging, human passion, by sweeping away the very possibility of marriage after divorce. The world will yet do justice to Christian Rome as the only power to save her from Pagan Rome, and will address her with the author of *Childe Harold*:

"Parent of our religion, whom the wide
Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven,
Europe, repentant of her parricide,
Shall yet redeem thee, and all backward driven
Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven."

Men and Things.

General Boulanger paid a visit to the House of Commons a few days ago, being introduced by Mr. O'Kelly. He occupied for some time a seat in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, and afterwards dined with Mr. O'Kelly, Mr. Arthur O'Connor, and Mr. Justin McCarthy. General Boulanger has taken 51, Portland Place, as a residence during his stay in England. The house is next door to the Chinese Embassy.

That the barmen and barmaids have a very difficult life, and in more ways than one, is the very reason why one reads with regret the report of their rather flippant proceedings the other afternoon.

"A barmaid suggested, amidst laughter, that a communication should be sent to the Archbishop of Canterbury, asking him to explain the relationship of the Church to the Fourth Commandment. She would mention, in confidence, that she had looked in at church that morning to get out of the rain—and the parson had told her to keep holy the Sabbath day. She wanted to know how to commence."

A propos of such "bad-weather" worshippers, Rowland Hill said that he had often heard of religion being used as a cloak, but this was using it as an umbrella. — *Weekly Register*.

Perhaps no better word-portrait of Archbishop Walsh has yet been given than this, which we quote from the Easter Day address of Lord Mayor Sexton, of Dublin:

The Archbishop of Dublin is a marvel of intellectual achievements, his functions as Metropolitan appear to be only the beginning of his labours. This great archdiocese, under his hands, has reached a position more prosperous and more flourishing in the spiritual sense than ever it had before, and at the same time it is not too much to say it is but strict and simple justice to say—that His Grace accomplishes more in the secular sphere than many a public leader of even the first ability who has no other care upon him.

Every case is illuminated, and every critical turn of affairs is beneficially effected, by a letter or an article, or a speech from His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin. These letters, articles, and speeches which proceed continually from his mind—the most rich as well as the most prolific amongst the Irish race—are finger posts upon the rough and devious paths of politics, and they help to guide us all. I do not presume to conclude what opinion His Grace may hold about the House of Commons—I don't suppose His Grace is greatly concerned what opinion the House of Commons may hold about him—but I venture to offer myself as a witness in that case, and I can assure His Grace and my fellow-citizens assembled here that no Irish debate is now considered complete without a quotation from Archbishop Walsh.

Such is the value attached to the evidence of Archbishop Walsh, and I should wish to add, as I have spoken on the question of evidence, that so long as history of our country remains men will never forget the great, the inestimable public service rendered in a memorable emergency by His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin in vindicating and enforcing the Divine command. "Thou shalt not bear false witness." Our people have good cause to be thankful to His Grace. Our race throughout the world are proud of him.

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

The death of Father Damien was the close of a life the last sixteen years of which have been as full of heroism as can be found in the long record of heroic Christian charity. It is sixteen years since he left his native country, a young priest full of bodily and mental health, and gazed on the world before him and around him. There is much every where for the good priest to do, and he can work out his own salvation while ministering at marble altars and preaching from gilded pulpits. But it was not to the regions where gilded pulpits and cushioned pews are numerous this young Belgian turned his eyes most lovingly. It was off in the direction of the south Pacific where, he had heard, there was an island peopled by lepers. To these he would go and he would be at once their priest and their servant, their apostle and their physician. He knew the consequences, but the knowledge only fixed his purpose and quickened his motion. He was happy when he arrived in the leper settlement, though he knew that home and country and the pleasures of civilization were gone forever and that the end for him would be the slow and painful and loathsome disease from contact with which all men have fled.

The end has come for him; he has given his life for the lepers. It must have been a great relief; and yet, we have no doubt, it would have been painful for him to die, but for the fact that his death will not leave the poor lepers pastorless. Father Conrady, also a Belgian by birth though an American by adoption, left the city of Portland, Oregon, less than a year ago to assist Father Damien in the terrible work. We need have no doubt that Father Conrady, too, will fall into a leper's grave, though we may pray God to spare him for many years. And—just contemplate the ways of Providence, and see how heroes arise when they are needed—as Father Conrady went to help Father Damien, so he in turn will be helped; for at this hour another brave young Belgian priest is on his way to Molokai.

Let us thank God that the days of Christian heroism are not past.—*The Michigan Catholic*.

The building in the rear of the Church of the Gesu, Seventeenth and Stiles streets, Baltimore, Md., which was formerly used for church purposes, is now undergoing considerable change. The altars, pews and gallery have disappeared, and the interior is being changed into a long double line of commodious class-rooms. The expenses of the change are to be taken from the \$300,000 left by the late Francis A. Drexel for a Jesuit college in Philadelphia. The classes will open in September, and will embrace the ordinary studies of a regular classical and collegiate course. The usual collegiate degree will be conferred on graduates. Tuition will be altogether free. Charges will be made for books and stationery, but even these will be remitted in some cases. Applicants

for admission must be able to pass an examination in studies such as are taught in the higher grade of the parochial and public schools. Much interest is shown in the new college. In addition to the class-rooms there will be libraries, lecture halls, laboratories and museums. There will be nine class-rooms. There will be a spacious yard at Seventeenth and Thompson streets, which will serve for outdoor recreation.

ROMANTIC PIETY.

Pius IX. had a romance connected with his early career. The details were invented by the fertile pens of sketching biographers, whose aim was to be graphic rather than truthful. Many a great ecclesiastic has had the facts of his life written to order in this manner. It is a way with worldly minded romance makers. Lucile is a nun because there is a tearful story of love and self-immolation in her youthful days. Sir Launcelot is expiating by vigil and fasting his great and guilty affection for Guinevere. None could see in this austere monk the pride and glory of King Arthur's court.

And thus on. There is no more frequently exploited vein of fiction.

The present attack is on the Pere Agostino. He loved above his rank. Cruel parents of his innamorata. Young man joins the army of Garibaldi and goes away to the wars. Meanwhile parents select a wealthy marquis for mourning herome. Preparations for the ceremony are all completed with the greatest pomp, for the King had promised to be present; the moment for signing the marriage contract had arrived, the company had all assembled, when from the bride's chamber came the dreadful news that she had been found lying dead upon the bed—attired in the gay and fashionable dress of the bride elect—still grasping in her hand the magnificent bouquet sent to her by the bridegroom. The catastrophe of Juliet was repeated, save that the slumber produced by the deadly draught proved eternal; and she was buried amidst the tears and lamentations of the whole population.

Then the return of Agostino now decorated a captain of the guards. Scene at the grave. Perception of the nothingness of the things of this world. *Vanitas, vanitatis*. And here we have him in these May days enchaining thousands of worldlings by the sacred power of his golden eloquence in the ancient churches of the Eternal City! The austere, the ascetic, the pathetic soldier of the cross with such a memory hid under the coarse habit of his Order.

The fallacy of all such romantic nonsense lies in its failure to conceive the possibility of a pure religious vocation without the interposition of some worldly catastrophe. The spiritual life is chosen as a *denier resort* only when the anticipated happiness of the world is lost. This is romance. But our reading of some authentic lives of the saints, as well as the faithful biographies of great Churchmen, teaches us that the call to spiritual service comes usually as a first inspiration. And it has been rightly honoured as of the highest degree when it has no sere and yellow leaf of romance behind it. *Milwaukee Citizen*.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY CRUSADE.

Cardinal Lavignerie, in a pastoral letter just issued, dwells on the anti-slavery crusade which he was commissioned to preach by the Holy Father: "For a moment," he says, "dismayed by the thought of such responsibility and by the difficulty of such an undertaking, I felt tempted to put aside the task, but two days afterwards, kneeling at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff, I accepted the commission without any hesitancy, confiding, notwithstanding my age and feebleness, in the help of God and in the paternal encouragement of the Holy Father." And thus I departed from Rome.

"Immediately after my arrival at Paris I began in the Church of St. Sulpice where I had been ordained priest, the preaching of this crusade of charity. But it was not only in the churches and to Catholics that I proclaimed my mission.

"It is the cause of humanity of which we all are soldiers.

the cause of justice and of liberty which are the chief blessings, because they are the source of all others, the cause of the destruction or the safety of our African continent, the cause therefore of civilization itself, and in such a cause all are equally interested. It is then not only to Catholics, that I have been sent, it is to all men, like St. Paul and the Apostle to preach to every creature. In conformity with the wish of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, I addressed myself to all without distinction. I am happy to say that everywhere my words have been heard. I preached to Catholics; they have listened with an ardent and natural sympathy. I have spoken in the midst of the Protestants of England and they have overwhelmed me by their receptions; the philosophers, the free thinkers joined in the crusade, and the most eloquent of them have publicly co-operated in the work. The Jews themselves declared in favour of the cause, and even the Mussulmans could not but express their interest in the work, and this in one sense was the most eloquent tribute, for they declare by the voice of their ambassadors that slavery is not permitted by the Koran, and assert that slavery no longer exists in the Turkish empire.

A LAND WITHOUT LAUGHTER.

The Irish have been described by novelists and travelers as a light hearted and rollicking people—full of fun and quick in repartee—a devil-me-care race of folks, equally ready to dance or to fight. I have not found them so. I have found them in the west of Ireland a sad and despondent people; care worn, broken-hearted and shrouded in gloom. Never once in the hundreds of cabins that I entered—never once ever did I see a merry eye or hear the sound of a merry voice. Old men and boys, old women and girls—young men and maidens—all of them, without a solitary exception, were grave or haggard, and every household looked as if the plague of the first-born had smitten it that day. Rachel, weeping for her children, would have passed unnoticed among these warm hearted peasants, or, if she had been noticed, they would only have said, "She is one of us." A home without a child is cheerless enough; but here is a whole region without a child's laugh in it. Cabins full of children, and no boisterous glee! No need to tell these youngsters to be quiet. The famine has tamed their restless spirits, and they crouch around the bit of peat fire without uttering a word. Often they do not look the second time at the stranger who comes into their cabin.—*Kedpath's Letters to N. Y. Tribune*.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

We have made arrangements with Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," which will enable all our subscribers to obtain a copy of that valuable work *free* by sending their address (enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) to Dr. B. J. KENDALL Co., EXOSUREN FALLS, VT. This book is now recognized as the standard authority upon all diseases of the horse, as its phenomenal sale attests, over four million copies having been sold in the past ten years, a sale never before reached by any publication in the same period of time. We feel confident that our patrons will appreciate the work, and be glad to avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining a valuable book.

It is necessary that you mention this paper in sending for the "Treatise." This offer will remain open only for a short time.

FREDERICK T. ROBERTS, M.D., Physician to and Professor of Clinical Medicine at University College Hospital, London, Eng., say say: "Bright's Disease has no symptoms of its own, and may long exist without the knowledge of the patient or practitioner, as no pain will be felt in the kidneys or that vicinity." This accounts for many people dying with Bright's Disease, or advanced kidney malady. The disease is not suspected until it reaches a fatal period. If Warners Safe Cure is used at the proper time, the fatality from that disease would be greatly decreased. Dr. Thompson also says: "More adults are carried off in this country by chronic kidney disease than by any other one malady except consumption."

FOOD FOR REFLECTION.

The New York *World* of February 9th. says :

"The question as to how much of what they pretend to know doctors really know is a very interesting one.

"They possess exceptionally great facilities for humbugging, and the presumption is that they are not proof in most cases, at all times at least, against temptation to make use of them. Their profession comes as near being an esoteric one as any that is acknowledged to be respectable. But the revelation as to their views in the Robinson arsenical poisoning cases in Boston is startling.

"There were five deaths from the drug, and the doctors in their certificates attributed them respectively to pneumonia, typhoid fever, meningitis, bowel disease and Bright's disease of the kidneys. The truth would have never been known but for suspicions with which the doctors had nothing to do. There is food here for reflection—and for doctors."

The above criticism is fully warranted by the startling ignorance shown by the attending physicians in the Somerville cases.

Too often it happens that fatal results follow an improper course of treatment—the physician treats the patient for consumption, general debility or for nervous disorders, whilst the real disease, which is slowly destroying the kidneys and filling the system with a poison quite as deadly as arsenic, is altogether overlooked or does not attract attention until too late.

Physicians too often treat the symptoms of disease instead of the disease itself.

It is well established that four-fifths of the ordinary ills of humanity are the results of disease in the kidneys which will yield to the curative properties of Warner's Safe Cure if timely used, and to it alone. What is apparently a disease in the other organs is more oftentimes a mere symptom of kidney disease, which should be quickly eradicated by Warner's Safe Cure before it secures too firm a hold on those organs.

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AND

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The Statutes and some of the publications of the Government of Canada are for sale at this office, also separate acts, Revised Statutes, price for 2 vols., \$5.00 and for supplementary volume, \$2.50. Price list sent on application.

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Department of Public Printing and Stationery,
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TENDERS

SEALED TENDERS, marked "For mounted Police Provisions and Light Supplies," and addressed to the Honourable the President of the Privy Council, Ottawa, will be received up to noon on Tuesday, 18th June, 1889.

Printed forms of tender, containing full information as to the articles and approximate quantities required, may be had on application at any of the mounted Police Posts in the North West, or at the office of the undersigned.

No tender will be received unless made on such printed forms.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted Canadian bank cheque for an amount equal to ten per cent of the total value of the articles tendered for, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the service contracted for. If the tender be not accepted to be returned.

No payment will be made to newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority having been first obtained.

FRED WHITE

Comptroller, N. W. M. Police.

Ottawa, May 10th, 1889.

SEALED TENDERS marked "For mounted Police Clothing Supplies," and addressed to the Honourable the President of the Privy Council, Ottawa, will be received up to noon on Friday, 31st May, 1889.

Printed forms of tender containing full information as to the articles and quantities required, may be had on application to the undersigned.

No tender will be received unless made on such printed forms. Patterns of articles may be seen at the office of the undersigned.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted Canadian bank cheque for an amount equal to ten per cent. of the total value of the articles tendered for, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

FRED. WHITE,

Comptroller, N. W. M. Police

Ottawa, May 5th, 1889.

**NOTICE.**

Weights and Measures.

TRADERS, Manufacturers, and owners of Weights, Measures and Weighing Machines generally, are specially requested to read carefully the following instructions and act accordingly:—

1. The Weights and Measures Act provides for a regular biennial inspection of all Weights and Measures used for trade purposes as well as for irregular inspections of the same, which may be made at any time when deemed necessary by the Inspector, and it also imposes a heavy penalty on any trader or other person who wilfully obstructs or impedes an Inspector or Assistant Inspector in the performance of his duty under said Act, or who refuses to produce the whole of his Weights and Measures for inspection when called upon to do so by an Inspecting Officer.

2. Every trader, manufacturer and owner of Weights, Measures and Weighing Machines, when paying moneys to Inspectors or Assistant Inspectors of Weights and Measures for verification fees, is entitled to, and is specially requested to demand from the officer who makes the inspection, an official certificate ("Form O. 6" with the words "Original for the Trader" printed at the head) of which he is to take care to ascertain whether or not the stamps attached to each certificate represent exactly in value, the amount of cash paid. Traders are requested to bear in mind that certificates of verification are of no value whatever unless stamps covering the full amount of fees charged are attached.

3. Owners or holders of these official certificates are specially requested to keep them carefully for two years, and in order to secure their safe keeping it would be advisable to placard them in their places of business in the manner in which ordinary License certificates are done; for it must be distinctly understood that all traders who are unable to produce their properly stamped certificates, when asked to do so by an Inspector or Assistant Inspector, may, in all probability, have to pay over again their verification fees.

E. MIALL,
Commissioner.Department of Inland Revenue
Ottawa, April, 15th, 1889.**John McMahon****MERCHANT TAILOR**

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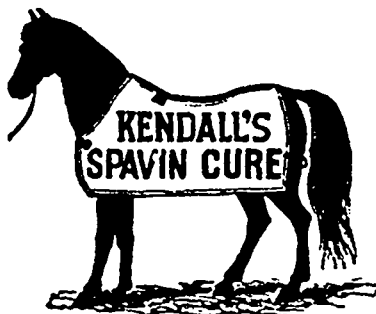
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