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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

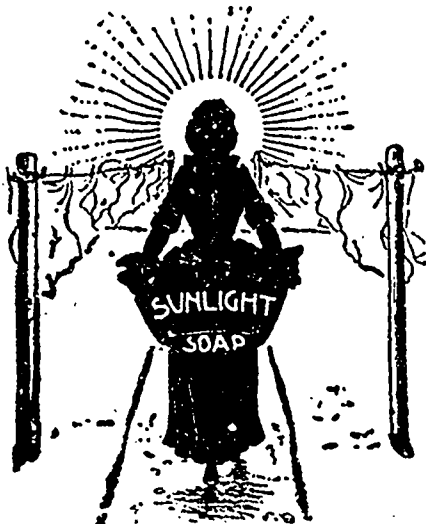
Reddite quæ sunt Cesaris, Cesaris; et quæ sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt 22: 1.

Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday, Nov. 26, 1892.

No. 42

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City of Toronto Bishop of Eudocia,
deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to R.
S. O. c. 110, s. 39, that creditors and others
having claims against the estate of the
above named Right Reverend Timothy
O'Mahoney, D.D., Bishop of Eudocia de-
ceased who died on or about the 8th day
of September, A.D., 1892 are required to
deliver or send by post (prepaid) on or be-
fore Monday the 14th day of November
A.D., 1892 to Frank A. Anglin of the City
of Toronto, corner Bay and Richmond
streets, Solicitor for the Very Reverend
Monsignor Rooney, V.G., executor of the
said deceased, a statement in writing con-
taining their names, addresses and des-
criptions and full particulars of their
claims with vouchers, if any, verified by
Statutory Declaration.

And notice is hereby further given that
after the said date the said executor will
proceed to distribute the assets of the es-
tate of the said deceased among the parties
entitled thereto, having regard only to
claims of which he shall then have had
notice and the executor will not be liable
for any claim or claims of which he shall
not have had notice, as above required, at
the time of such distribution.

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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Reddito quæ sunt Cesaris, Cesaris; et quæ sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday 26, Nov. , 1892.

No. 42

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Notes.

Baroness Rothschild, whose conversion to Catholicism was recently announced, was baptized on the 17th in the cathedral at Beauvais.

It was announced as certain on Wednesday that His Grace the Most Rev. Wm. J. Walsh, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin, would be made a cardinal at the approaching consistory.

At the recent meeting of the Catholic Truth Society in Liverpool, Rev. J. S. Vaughan stated that out of 29,000,000 of people in England hardly one and a half millions professed the ancient faith.

The Spanish Cabinet has decided to ask the Cortes for \$150,000 for the Spanish exhibition at the World's Fair at Chicago, and to authorize the sending of all the archives pertaining to Columbus.

A cablegram asserts that Mr. Edward Blake, Nationalist member for South Longford, is understood to be working daily to reconcile the McCarthy and Parnellite factions, and is hopeful of ultimate success. It is stated that some of the Parnellite leaders are willing to join hands with the opposite side under his leadership.

The pilgrimages to Rome on the occasion of the Pope's Jubilee will begin at the end of January. The pilgrimage from Alsace-Lorraine will be the first to start. They will be followed by the

Irish pilgrims, headed by Archbishop Walsh; the English, headed by the Duke of Norfolk; and then the Italians, headed by several bishops. The pilgrims will be received in succession on the 15th, 16th, and 17th February. All will attend the Jubilee Mass on February 19th. The German pilgrims will be received in March, and those from France and Spain in April. The beatifications decreed by the Holy See will be proclaimed at the end of February.

Says the *Mail*: "Emilio Castelar, the Spanish patriot, statesman and scholar, has, according to the despatches, been invited to be the orator at the opening of the World's Fair next May. The choice is in many respects a good one. Not only is he the most eminent Spaniard of his day, but he is a brilliant scholar and orator, and so qualified to bring the message of congratulation from the the Old World to the New. It was under his leadership, that his country undertook the Republican form of government. He can speak from a profound study of Republican institutions, from a wide and varied experience in public affairs, and his words will have the background of a character of the highest type. Castelar is a world's figure, and his presence would add dignity to the opening of the Columbian Fair." Politics (Spanish, to wit) aside, Castelar is a clever man, and if his *Century* articles on Columbus do him nothing more than justice, an eminently fair one. They are the best Columbian series we have read, and we have, issue by issue, regretted that we had not in time, seized the opportunity of reproducing them for our readers.

Our esteemed contributor "H." draws attention to the lies (hardly annuals they are) which every year find tongues of ministers ready to roll them sanctimoniously over when the 5th of November comes round. Says the *Universe* on the same subject:

Anything more puerile to a civilized and educated community than Guy Fawkes' Day, as it is called, is difficult to find. English people of the present day have, no doubt, devoted some time to the study of the history of their country.

They know that the so-called Gunpowder Plot was the work of a few desperate men, and that most of the old Catholic families remained loyal to the Crown. We have had far more dangerous explosion plots during the recent reign. Just imagine succeeding English generations keeping alive, year by year, by the most stupid and the most ridiculous of means the attempt to blow up the Houses of Parliament only five years ago. The attempt in 1887 is forgotten, while the 1605 attempt is remembered in a manner both childish and reprehensible.

No danger of their keeping alive the memory of attempts made by their own paid servants to throw the onus of a horrible crime on a nation struggling for the very breath of life.

Perhaps the souls of some of our dear friends may be suffering in Purgatory on our account; perhaps for their fondness for us, or for sins of which we were the occasion by scandal, provocation or otherwise; in which cases motives not only of charity, but also of justice, call upon us to endeavor to procure them all the relief in our power.

IN THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.

"Wise men know how to sooth
Adversity, not sorry it."

Ford, "Perkin Warbeck."

Educational institutions have again opened and resumed their work for the current scholastic year. Catholic journals have made the usual autumnal pronouncement in behalf of Catholic education, and our schools are thronged with Catholic youth eager in the preparation for life's duties. They are in safe hands when under the direction of the teaching orders whose vocation it is to care for the young in the education of body, mind and soul. Of these there need be no apprehension, but there is a class that has passed beyond the control of the school into the larger school of life, and it is for these that their former instructors still feel the burden of responsibility.

There are in life crises, distinct and vivid, on which men look back and feel that they have colored their whole destiny; they can say but for that one year, one week, or one day, how different might all have been. This is true of all human existence, whether its dominant influence be for good or for evil. Silently and unconsciously are we swept on towards supreme moments of exultation or depression, which stand like hills here and there, from whose elevation life stretches like a panorama before us, not the life of the future hemmed in by the shortness of our vision, but the life of the past, in its sunshine and its shadow, as it reveals itself in its fulness to no human eyes save our own. In these supreme moments, which come to every one, we know that but for such and such events we should not feel and be as we are. Chance and fatality are the words of pride and self-consciousness, and are no explanation of the life we survey. The humble, loving spirit looks higher for the solution of these marvels in human destiny, which lie beyond human reason.

The graduates of the last school year now stand on the threshold of a new school—the school of life, from which comes no dismissal, no diploma till death affixes the seal and closes forever the volume of earthly study. High hopes and glad anticipations are in accord with buoyant spirits, and the dream of the future hardly compasses the historic fact that the most prolific school is the school of difficulty. It is true that "all things come to him who waits"—who waits in meekness, in patience, and in industry, but not in pride, in fretfulness, and in idleness. To make the best of things is the highest worldly wisdom. Some of the finest workmen have had the poorest tools with which to work. Tools do not make workmen; skill and perseverance are better than the best of tools; they make the workers. An eminent continental scientist once called on Dr. Wallaston requesting to be shown his laboratories, in which science had been enlarged by important discoveries. The doctor conducted him into a small room not larger than a good-sized closet, and on a table stood a tea-tray containing a small balance, watch-glasses, test-papers, and a blow-pipe. Pointing to these Wallaston remarked: "This is all the laboratory that I have." Professor Faraday, who became the successor of the great Sir Humphrey Davy, made his first experiments in electricity with no better appliances than an old bottle, and that, too, when he was working at the trade of book-binding. Indeed the little acts are the elements of true greatness. They increase life's value, as do the little figures over the larger ones in arithmetic, to its highest power. They are the alembic in which are tested the virtues of patience, industry, truthfulness and disinterestedness, whose sum total makes character. They are the straws on life's current which show the current's way. They move on the dial of human destiny with a significance beyond present valuation, and in them is bound up the responsibility which assures immortality. In the beaten paths of human duty acts of great heroism are rarely called for, but the real heroism of daily life is to do all its little acts of love and kindness promptly and faithfully for the help of others and the education of ourselves. It is interesting to know that Faraday was first attracted to the study of chemistry by hearing one of Sir Humphrey Davy's lectures on that subject at the Royal Institution. A member calling at the shop in which Faraday was employed in binding books, found him reading an article on electricity in an encyclopedia put into his hands to bind. Inquiring into the tastes of the young man, he discovered that he had an intellectual longing toward scientific matters, and he gave Faraday an order of admission to the Royal Institution to attend a course of four lectures given by Sir Humphrey Davy. Faraday took notes, and when Sir Humphrey finished his lectures his patient auditor

presented himself with his epitome of the course. Its accuracy gained the confidence of the great professor, who was surprised at the humble position of Faraday, now wishing to devote himself to chemical studies. Davy did all that he could to dissuade him, but the persistency of the applicant overcame all scruples, and he was taken into the Royal Institution as an assistant. Time passed on, and Sir Humphrey Davy, once the apothecary's boy, was succeeded by Faraday, once the book-binder's apprentice. Not always do little acts of kindness produce such important results, but they give help even when resolution is lacking to reach large issues.

"The wave is mighty, but the spray is weak!
And often thus our great and high resolves,
Grand in their forming as an ocean wave,
Break in the spray of nothing."

"Where there is a will, there is a way," but the way is missed if an unhappy environment paralyzes exertion or the want of spontaneous energy—which Niebuhr once complained of in his son, saying, "*Er hat keine Sehnsucht*"—creates indifference to knowledge.

"We see but what we have the gift
Of seeing; what we bring we find."

Some one asked Opie by what wonderful process he mixed his colors; the painter replied: "I mix them with my brains, sir." Stothard, closely studying the wings of butterflies, learned the secret of combining colors, and he often said that no one but himself knew how much he owed as an artist to these tiny insects. Benjamin West made his first brushes out of a cat's tail, and Bewick first practiced drawing on the cottage walls of his native village, which he covered with sketches in chalk. Vanderlyn, as a lad, attracted the notice of Aaron Burr by his delineations on the doors of a blacksmith shop, and among the little acts of kindness in the life of Burr, which returned to him four-fold when a lonely exile from his native land, were the benefactions in money and in encouragement bestowed on his friendless protegee.

"He who would carry the ox must every day shoulder the calf," is our old English saw, derived from the Latin—*Ferret taurum qui tulit vitulum*. Patience under discouragements, whether they be poor appliances or unforeseen calamities, show the metal of which we are made. Wilkie began a great career in art with a burnt stick and a barn door in lieu of pencil and canvas, and a kite made of two cross-sticks and a silk handkerchief afforded Franklin the means of robbing the thunder-cloud of its lightning. Watt's first model of the condensing steam engine was the conversion of a syringe of an anatomist, who used it for the injection of the arteries prior to dissection. Ferguson, with a common jack-knife constructed a wooden clock, an excellent time-keeper, and with a thread and a few beads on it, stretched between his eyes and the stars, made a chart of the celestial bodies. Small scraps of leather beaten smooth supplied Gifford, the cobbler's apprentice, with material upon which to work his first problems in mathematics. But greater than all these was the dauntless patience of Sir Isaac Newton and Thomas Carlyle, under accidents so appalling that only men of iron nerve could face with calmness the question of repetition of their labors. "You have done me a great mischief, Diamond," was Newton's remark when he discovered that his dog had overturned the table and burnt up abstruse calculations upon which he had been occupied for years. Carlyle lent a manuscript volume of his "History of the French Revolution" to Mill whose servant used it to kindle a fire. With face livid Mill broke the news of the terrible catastrophe to almost Carlyle, who said that he did not believe he could reproduce it. Laboriously he set to work again, and those matchless cabinet-pictures of the great French drama were evoked from their ashes, and live to-day in their vivid coloring.

"It is useless trying" is the dreary pessimism of faint-hearted souls who would dry up all wells of inspiration while the dews of the morning still glisten on the brow of youth. They are the last words of failure which has bereft life and its high purposes of all enthusiasm. They are the dead fruit of a tree nigh unto death, but yet cumbering the ground. They rarely come alone to crush out hope and invite despair, but are usually coupled with the blasting sequence—"you will never succeed." There is another voice with a better spirit, with a holier inspiration, the refrain of whose burden is—"try, try, again!" It enkindles the fire of the student's vigil and reanimates his lifeless work. Not alone does it give fresh tone to the flagging energies of the intellect, but it warms the soul of man for new and higher ventures in the spiritual life. We recently commemorated one of the greatest events in history, and Discovery

Day brought new thoughts and new impulses to all who listened to its lessons. Well may it be asked, what would America have been, if Columbus, moved by the loftiest inspiration, had heeded the jeers and discouragements of the doubters about him? Every age has its skeptics who question all undertakings, individual or otherwise. They generally belong to a class possessed of such tender consciences that they remind one of Mr. George Bradford, of whom Hawthorne once remarked that "his consciousness seems to be a kind of itch, keeping him always uneasy and inclined to scratch!" They never lend their name or their influence to what is doubtful in inception, but they are noisy promoters when success begins to dawn. They are the prudent men in business as in charity, but their prudence savors of cowardice and their charity of niggardliness. Caution is a virtue and highly to be commended, but, like other virtues, its excess is a vice. From a worldly point of view it is the antithesis of the maxim, "nothing venture, nothing gain."

If we could teach the young, just entered into the school of life, how to reach that happy equilibrium of mental and moral forces which give poise to character, then the great aim of Christian education would be accomplished. But, alas, experience in the school of life is the master of education! And its lessons are too often learned when the steps are faltering, and the eyes dimmed, and its last chapters of existence wet with tears.

"This is death and the solo death,
When a man's loss comes to him from his gain,
Darkness from light, from knowledge ignorance,
And lack of love from love made manifest;
A lamp's death when, replete with oil, it chokes."

A. J. Faust, Ph.D. (in *Catholic News*).

LIFE'S MISTAKES.

Somebody has condensed the mistakes of life, and arrived at the conclusion that they are fourteen of them. Most people would say if they told the truth, that there is no limit to the mistakes of life; that they are like drops in the ocean, or the sands on the shore in number; but it is as well to be accurate.

Here, then, are fourteen great mistakes: It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly; to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; to look for judgment and experience in youth; to endeavor to mold all dispositions alike; not to yield to immaterial trifles; to look for perfection in our own actions; to worry ourselves, and others with what cannot be remedied; not to alleviate all that needs alleviation, as far as lies in our power, not to make allowances for the infirmities of others; to consider everything impossible that we cannot perform; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp; to expect to be able to understand everything.

The greatest of mistakes is to live for time alone, when any moment may launch us into eternity.—Ex.

A SILVER JUBILEE.

The ceremonies attending the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, a full account of which we give in this issue, were of the most imposing and magnificent character. Prelates and priests from almost every portion of the Dominion of Canada, as well as from the neighboring Republic, came to the Queen City to pay their respects to its beloved Archbishop and tender him tokens of affection and admiration. Nor can we be in the least surprised at such a pleasurable spectacle. May we not say that "Well done, thou good and faithful servant" has been inscribed on his behalf in the Book of Life in the celestial hereafter, for "Well done, thou good and faithful servant" was the unanimous acclaim of the thousands who gathered about him, laden with good wishes and congratulations on his having fought the good fight as a Prince of Holy Church during a quarter of a century. The prayers of the rich who admire him for his piety, his prudence and his learning—the prayers of the poor who have had in him a friend when the clouds of misfortune and want hovered over their threshold—the prayers of the grief-stricken who have received from his lips words of comfort and hope when their future was dark and dreary and uncertain—the prayers of the orphans, for whose sustenance and comfort he has provided with a father's heart—will ascend to heaven that he may be spared for many years in their midst; and may we not hope that heaven will grant their prayers, for heaven's work has ever, been near and dear to his heart, equally in the sunshine of youth, in the vigor of middle age, and in those years that are now upon him when the summer of life is waning and the autumn coming fast.—*Catholic Record*.

Silence is a great peacemaker.—*Longfellow's Table-Talk*.

HOW WISE THAT CHURCH HAS BEEN.

In his diary the Hon. Francis Adams made this entry .—

"1867, March 6, Thursday.—Mrs. Metcalf is buried to-day from the Roman Catholic Church in Franklin Street, Boston. There was a very large attendance of judges, lawyers and friends of her family. The deep, uniform bass of the requiem is still in my ears. Centuries speak through it. How wise that Church has been, and how firm, to maintain its liturgy, its chants, its universal language against all the assaults of time and place!"

EPISCOPALIAN HIGH MASS.

The High Church Episcopalians of New York are playing at the Catholic mass again with candles, crosses, incense, holy water and all other rubrical imitations they have been able to pick up. Their "low brethren, of course, are wroth at all this "Popish" trumpery. But "Father" Riddell seems to enjoy their chagrin and by way of answer has ordered more gorgeous vestments and even a longer tassol on his beratta. As an indication of High Church belief, this reply to a "low" critic will not be uninteresting. Says High Churchman:

"My understanding is that the Episcopalian may use the full ritual of the Roman Catholic Church if he so chooses. The Church of England only differs from the Church of Rome in that it substitutes the King for the Pope as the head of the Church. We recognize the Pope now as the Bishop of Rome. The good brother is one of those members of the Episcopalian Church who should be in the Methodist Episcopal branch. I do not think there will be any attempt at interference with Father Riddell."

We observe, too, that prayers for the dead are also becoming the Protestant fashion in high quarters. Such prayers, the intelligent reader cannot fail to note, logically pre-suppose the existence of the Catholic dogma of purgatory. Eliminate the doctrine of a middle state of temporary purification, and prayers for the dead would be utterly useless.—*Union and Times*.

CATHOLIC INTEREST IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

One would imagine from the indignant tone assumed by some of our daily newspapers and non Catholic brethren whenever the Public School System is a theme of discussion among Catholics, that the Catholics of the United States are veritably aliens, and have no right to "meddle" with the institutions of our country. How utterly absurd this position is needs but a moment's reflection to show. Catholics are American citizens, and this is our common country. It is not only their right, but it is their duty as good citizens to take an intelligent and practical interest in the institutions of their country, and all that pertains to the welfare of its citizens.

And this interest and duty are neither lessened nor circumscribed by creed or circumstance, but comprehend the whole scope of governmental function. It is the duty of the citizen to intelligently cooperate in the enacting of good laws, in the selecting of competent and trustworthy men to execute those laws, and in the establishment of all necessary means for promoting the general welfare of the country. Chief among these is the securing unto their children and the children of the State the qualifications for the intelligent exercise of the right of citizenship itself.

The Public School System is founded on the theory that the State has a right to require, or to itself impart such a minimum of education as it deems necessary for this purpose. Catholics have no contention as regards this principle but if in the exercise of this limited and restricted right to educate, a departure is made from the principle itself, have Presbyterians, have Episcopals, Methodists and Baptists no right to complain? And if they have the right, why have Catholics not the same right, too? Catholics have interests and duties of citizenship in common with all their fellow citizens, and it is just as much their duty to see to it that the public schools, as such, are properly conducted, and kept within the scope of their legitimate work, as it is their interest and duty to vigilantly watch over and guard any other institution of our country designed for the common good.

If Catholics from reasons of conscience establish and maintain at enormous cost an independent system of education, which, in making their children good Catholics, makes them also good citizens, it by no means follows that they have in any way surrendered or waived any of their rights and interests in the common schools, which are established and maintained at the common expense.

Much confusion exists in the public mind concerning the Catholic position on the subject of education, but there could be nothing more absurd and illogical than the assumption embodied in the arrogant and insolent command so often addressed to Catholics:—"Hands off our public schools!"—*Catholic Standard*.

Important.—Besides the invaluable property of restoring the hair to its original color and beauty, *Capilline* claims that of cleaning the scalp, removing dandruff, preventing its falling out and promoting its healthy growth.

Local.

Lindsay.

The Catholic Literary Association of Lindsay at their last meeting unanimously elected the following officers: M. Kenny, President; Joseph Primeau, Vice-Pres.; B. McHugh, 2nd Vice-Pres.; D. J. Murkham, Fin. Sec.; A. O'Boyle, Sec.; Joseph Gillogly, Treas.; Vincent Keenan, Marshall.

Very Rev. Father Murray's Silver Jubilee.

The silver jubilee of the Very Rev. C. B. Murray was celebrated in Trenton on Wednesday of last week. His Grace Archbishop Cleary, of Kingston and 40 priests were present, representing the dioceses of Kingston, Peterboro, Alexandria, Quebec, Ottawa and Albany, N.Y. A deputation was present consisting of the mayor, the editor of *The Cornwall Standard*, and twenty others representing the people of Cornwall. Addresses were received from the parish of Trenton, presenting a purse of \$600; from St. Columbus', Cornwall, presenting a pure silver chalice, and from the priests of the dioceses, presenting a purse of \$500. After the dinner His Grace Archbishop Cleary announced that he took the occasion of the silver jubilee celebration of Father Murray's ordination to confer on him the dignity of dean. The splendid celebration testifies to the high esteem in which Very Rev. Dean Murray is held by clergy and laity.

Funeral of Mr. Lawrence Coffee.

The funeral of the late Mr. Lawrence Coffee took place on Friday morning in the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes. Solemn high mass was sung by Rev. Father Walsh. There were present Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., Rev. Father Rohleder and Rev. Father O'Connor, Rochester, N.Y. The pall bearers were Hugh Ryan, William Ryan, Eugene O'Keefe, Matthew O'Connor, Thomas Flynn and B. B. Hughes. The chief mourners were Mr. Coffee's two sons, John and James. Among those present were: Hon. Frank Smith, Ald. Verral, ex-Ald. Frankland, Mr. Hart, M.P.P., Kingston, Geo. Kiely, Patrick Burns, L. J. Cosgrove, William Clark, J. J. Foy, Q.C., Charles B. Doherty, George Greene, John Scully, M. Croake, H. A. Kelly, James Merrick and John Stormont.

Mr. Coffee was, at the time of his death, 72 years of age. About eight years ago Mr. Coffee had his spine injured by being thrown from a buggy, and the partial paralysis which eventually resulted confined him to the house for the past five years. He leaves two sons and three daughters, the eldest son, John L. Coffee, being a member of the firm. The deceased, who was one of our foremost merchants, commenced business in 1846.

Mrs. L. O'Byrne.

Another esteemed Irishwoman—the wife of our old friend, Mr. O'Byrne—departed this life on the 6th instant. Mrs. O'Byrne's death will be sincerely regretted by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. She was of most amiable disposition, and her kind word and sympathy were never wanting where sorrow had entered. Born in 1837 at Glinn, County Limerick, Ireland, she came to this country in 1852, settling at Napanee, where she married Mr. O'Byrne. Many of her relatives (the Culbans', which was her maiden name) still reside there; but for the last twenty years she had resided in Toronto. Besides her husband, there survive her one son, and four daughters—Patrick; Mrs. Duncan S. Farquarson of Rochester, N.Y.; Mrs. A. J. McDonagh of Toronto; Bridget and Mary Jane. Mrs. O'Byrne was pious and strict in her religious duties; and when it pleased God to take her away, she was well prepared for the final journey beyond the grave. She bore her illness—originating in a cold contracted a year since—with patience and resignation, and died a most edifying death. May her soul rest in peace.

Presentation of Prizes to the Girls' High Class.

His Grace the Archbishop presided at the presentation of prizes to the young ladies of the above class at La Salle Institute on Monday afternoon. There were present Right Rev. Mgr. Rooney, Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., Very Rev. Dean Cassidy, Rev. Fathers Rohleder, Ryan, McInerney (C.S.S.R.), Hand and Coyle. Among the laymembers of the Separate School Board present were Messrs. C. Burns, James Ryan, John O'Connor and W. Walsh. The pupils sang a full chorus, entitled "Jubilee Greetings," composed for the occasion, and Miss Katie O'Donoghue, on behalf of the pupils, presented His Grace with an address. After the singing of another chorus His Grace proceeded to present the following prizes:

PRIZE LIST

Junior Leaving Certificate—Miss Lucia Melady.
Commercial Certificate—Misses O'Donoghue, Greenan, O'Connor, Larkin, Regan, and Whalen.
Gold medal, presented by Monsignor Rooney—Miss Lucia Melady for general proficiency.

Special prize for Christian Doctrine presented by the Very Rev. J. J. McCann—Miss Lucia Melady.

Special prize presented by the Rev. Father Rohleder—Miss Emily Greenan, for obtaining certificate in phonography and typewriting.

Special prize presented by the community of St. Joseph—Miss Katie O'Donoghue for obtaining certificate in phonography and typewriting.

CLASS PRIZES

Miss Mary Reddin, Form III.—Arithmetic and Algebra, English and Essay writing. Miss Kate McKeown—Euclid and English Literature, Chemistry and Ancient History. Miss Annie Regan, Form II.—French Grammar and Translation, Arithmetic and Rhetoric. Miss Maggie Whalen—English Poetical Literature and Derivation, History, Geography and Euclid. Miss Laura O'Connor Physical Geography, Arithmetic and Grammar, Literature. Miss Lizzie Larkin—English Constitutional History and Reading, Grammatical Analysis and Arithmetic. Miss Adelaide Dennis—Literature and Composition.

CLASS PRIZES—FORM I.

Prize for Christian Doctrine—Miss Bella Milne.

First examination prize for General Proficiency—Miss Lizzie Judge.

Second—Miss Alice Mooney.

Prize for Bookkeeping, Phonography and Typewriting—Miss Jennie Higgins.

Prize for Regular Attendance, Application and General Proficiency—Miss Bella Milne.

Catholic Truth Society of Ottawa.

REPORT FOR 1891-1892.

In laying before the Catholic Truth Society of Ottawa this our first annual report the Committee have to congratulate the Society on the very fair progress that has been made during the year. The Society was formed on Nov. 8th, 1891. An account of the initial proceedings will be found in our pamphlet No. 1. The objects of the Society as set forth in its constitution are identical with those of the English Society with the additional feature borrowed from the Catholic Truth Society of America, of undertaking the prompt and systematic correction of mistatements, slanders or libels against Catholic truth.

The Committee have during the year held eighteen meetings, at which there has been an average attendance of 9.88 or nearly two-thirds of the members of the Committee.

The work the Society has undertaken to perform, and which the Committee have done their best to carry out, may be surmised by saying that we endeavor by every means in our power to promote the spread of Catholic truth and Catholic devotion among Catholics and non-Catholics alike, and to defend the Catholic religion whenever publicly attacked. Our chief means toward the accomplishment of this end is the circulation of cheap literature, either published by ourselves or imported from other similar societies, by means of sales at our depots, or whenever practicable, by free distribution. We have established depots for the sale of our publications at the following book stores: J. Durie & Son, 33 and 35 Sparks street; W. P. Patterson, 111 Bank street, and P. C. Guillaume, 495 Sussex street. The thanks of the Society are due to all these gentlemen for their kindness in aiding us in this respect, and more especially to the last two, who, being Catholics, sell our publications without remuneration. A considerable number of orders by mail, also, have been filled directly by the secretary.

LOCAL PUBLICATIONS.

While the circulation of the Society's publications remains at or near its present limit, very much more can, as a rule, be accomplished for the same expenditure, by importing the publications by the English and American Truth Societies than by undertaking the publication of works ourselves. Nevertheless the Committee have thought it advisable to issue during the year two pamphlets of our own. Number One contains a short introduction by the Secretary describing the formation of the Society; a paper by Mr. J. A. J. McKenna entitled "A Neglected Field," and the inaugural address of our President, Sir John Thompson, giving some account of how the Society proposes to work, and what it hopes to accomplish. This pamphlet is entitled "The Catholic Truth Society, its Aims and Objects." Number two is entitled "Traditions," and is by Mr. Joseph Pope. One thousand copies of each were published, and of these 1044 have been sold or distributed, leaving 956 on hand. A large number of pamphlet number one have been distributed free both in the city and elsewhere, with the object of adding to the membership of the society and of endeavoring to bring about the formation of similar societies in other places in Canada.

As pamphlet number three of our series the Committee decided to reprint the excellent article, "Roman Catholic Church," from Vol. VIII. of the new edition of Chamber's Encyclopædia. The requisite permission for this was obtained from the J. P. Lippincott Co'y, the owners of the American rights, and the pamphlet was actually set up and the revised proof corrected. On the eve of publication, however,

it was discovered that the Canadian copyright was owned, not by the J. P. Lippincott Co'y, but by the Chambers themselves, and the latter firm refusing their permission, the work had to be abandoned.

IMPORTED PUBLICATIONS.

The most active work of the year has been in the direction of importing and circulating publications of the English and American Societies. From the former we have purchased in all 3,780 copies of 58 pamphlets and 4,400 copies of 48 leaflets; from the latter 2,000 copies of 14 pamphlets, and 315 copies of three leaflets, and from other sources 158 copies of three pamphlets. Of these, 2,788 pamphlets, and 2,944 leaflets remain on hand, and the balance of 3,152 pamphlets and 1,771 leaflets have been put into circulation either by sale or distribution. Adding the copies of our own two publications, this makes a total of 7,988 pamphlets and 4,715 leaflets acquired, and 4,190 pamphlets and 1,771 leaflets, or a grand total of 5,967 publications put into circulation during the year. These figures include an order purchased through us by the St. Vincent de Paul Society for free distribution among the poor whom they visit.

Owing to a lack of funds we have not so far been in a position to keep in stock anything like a full selection of the publications of the Catholic Truth Society of England, we have, therefore, been obliged to select from their catalogue those works most likely to do good hoping to add new work from time to time as the increase of our revenue permits. The Catholic Truth Society of America has, as yet, issued very much fewer publications than the English Society. We have, therefore been in a position to keep on hand a complete stock of their pamphlets and leaflets with the exception of a few which appeal peculiarly to the people of the United States and which would not be of interest in Canada.

We have printed and largely distributed a price list of all the publications we keep on hand.

LECTURES.

Shortly after their election a year ago the Committee decided that the work of the Society would be materially aided by the holding of free public entertainments, at which, in addition to an attractive musical programme, papers on subjects germane to the work of the Society should be read.

It was originally intended to hold five or six of these meetings during the season, but unavoidable circumstances prevented arrangements being made for more than three. These under the name of "Musical and Literary Evenings," were numerous attended and otherwise most successful, and without doubt contributed largely towards increasing the membership of the society and advertising our publications.

The first we held in the Catholic Lyceum on December 17th, and it was the occasion of the delivery of the President's inaugural address, and of Dr. Pope's paper on "Traditions," both already referred to. The second entertainment was held in the hall of the Rideau street Convent on February 4th. The paper of the evening was a description by Mr. J. A. J. McKenna of the Convention of the "Apostolate of the Press," held a short time previously in New York. The third and last took place in the music hall of the Gloucester street convent on March 5th, a member of the Society contributing anonymously a letter on the late Cardinal Newman.

The thanks of the Society are due to the ladies of the two Convents and the authorities of the Catholic Lyceum, for the free use of their respective halls, as well as to the several ladies and gentlemen who aided in making the programmes attractive.

It is strongly recommended that these meetings should be continued during the coming season, and that if possible one should be held every month, commencing in December. As last year they entailed a necessary expenditure for printing, hire of chairs, &c., of from ten to twelve dollars each, it has been suggested that during the coming season, in order to cover expenses, a nominal admission fee of ten cents should be charged.

NEWSPAPER WORK.

Under this head there is very little to report. The local newspapers have been singularly free from mis-statements on Catholic subjects, and none of the anti-Catholic lecturers have appeared in our midst since the formation of the society. It has, therefore, only been necessary on two occasions to send communications to the press in defence of Catholic truth.

WORK IN OTHER PLACES.

Ever since the formation of the society in Ottawa it has been the constant aim of the Committee to endeavor to bring about the establishment of similar societies in other places in Canada. With that end in view the Secretary has distributed, wherever it was thought they might do good, considerable numbers of our own pamphlet No. 1, our price list, the advertising pamphlet of the American Society, and of two pamphlets published by the English Society entitled "The Catholic Truth Society," and "How to Help the Catholic Truth Society." The tangible result is the Catholic Truth Society of Almonte, which does credit to the Catholics of Almonte; would that every town and village in the country would do as well! This is the only branch actually established as a result of the formation of our own society but the Secretary is in correspondence with some half a

dozen other places where the formation of branches is under discussion; and it is sincerely hoped that in some, at least, of these, Catholic Truth Societies will eventually be established.

Besides our own and that at Almonte, there are two branches of the Catholic Truth Society in Canada, one in Toronto formed some years ago, and one in Winnipeg almost contemporaneous with our own. There is also the recently formed Catholic Association in Montreal, which we believe aims at similar work. In Pembroke, while no branch of the Society as yet exists, the Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society has purchased a quantity of publications from us and distributed them free to the poor.

C. Y. L. L. A.

The Catholic Young Ladies Literary Association had a most enjoyable "Evening with Columbus" in the Hall on McCaul St. on Wednesday evening. Very Rev. Father McCann delivered the address and Miss M. L. Hart read a paper on Columbus. The young ladies of the Association were responsible for some very well rendered numbers. To keep things quite level they sang the "Maple Leaf" first and the "Star spangled Banner" afterward. Miss Eva Ward, Miss Belle Rose Emslie, and Miss Fannie Sullivan assisted in carrying out a most interesting programme. After that the Association presented a grand tableau of the "Crowning of Columbus."

EARNEST RENAN'S DEATH.

The death of Earnest Renan removes one of the most prominent figures of French Literature. He was a man of great talent, and his literary style was a model of grace, beauty and eloquence. But his genius he turned against God and Christianity, believing in neither, although originally educated a Catholic and intended for a Catholic priest. Renan always spoke highly of the men who trained him in his religious faith:

"They taught me to love truth, to respect reason and to see the serious side of life," he says in a recent work, "and this is the only part of me which has never changed. I have never departed from the sound and wholesome programme which my masters sketched out for me. I no longer believe Christianity to be the supernatural summary of all that men can know, but I still believe it is the most frivolous of things unless it is regarded as one great and constant duty.

In another passage he says:

"I passed thirteen years of my life under the care of priests, and never saw anything approaching to a scandal; all the priests I have known have been good men. Confession may possibly be productive of evil in some countries, but I never saw anything of the sort during my ecclesiastical experience. The old-fashioned book which I used for making my examinations of conscience was innocence itself."

Renan spent his long life in seeking to undermine Christianity, and died, in great suffering, without the consolations of Christian religion.—*Baltimore Mirror*.

A STRANGE FACT.

"We are going to relate a fact: let our readers draw whatever conclusion they may think proper. We do not pretend to decide upon the cause, nor the effect in the occurrence that we are about to record, we simply tell what took place. For special reasons we withhold names. In the village of Lacolle there lives a grocer who recently came from Valleyfield. He is—or was in August last, an Atheist. He had sought to spread his anti-Christian and infidel ideas through Valleyfield; he carried on the same unholy work of Satan in the parish of Lacolle. One day not very long ago a group of boys were collected in the store, and as usual the proprietor was inculcating his atheistical ideas into the young lads of the place. The discussion upon God and His existence ran high and waxed warm. Suddenly one young fellow, aged 19 years, a Catholic boy—son of a widow, who was absent from her home, gave expression to his disbelief in a Diety. Striking the counter he swore an oath, and said,—"I tell you there is no God!"—He struck the counter, but never raised his hand from it, he stiffened out, and the united strength of all his companions could not straighten his arm, nor bring vitality to his form. They roled him, they did all that man could do, but in agony he cried and cried; "Mon Dieu! mon Dieu un pretre! un pretre." The priest was sent for; he came. The boy was carried home, his mother was informed of the sad event, she returned to witness her child's paralyzed condition. When the boy made his confession, and received Communion, the paralysis disappeared and he recovered all power of his limbs. Such are the facts all the people of Lacolle and surrounding country know of them. The names of the parties are at the disposal of any one who should happen to be inquisitive about the case. As we said at the beginning, we draw no conclusions. Was it a visitation from God or was it a mere coincidence? We do not attempt to decide. We merely tell what occurred.—*True Witness*.

The test of a great love—yes, even of a supreme passion—is not what it demands, but what it consents to do without.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

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

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

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

The Late Archbishop Lynch.

The Late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carberry, of Hamilton.

The Late Rev. Father Dowd of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.

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

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOV. 26, 1892

THE HIBERNIAN HORSE-LEECH.

No gentler term could the *News* of this city find in all its vocabulary for the Irish race at home when they ask assistance abroad. Will the *News* read the *Mail's* special on Monday last and say who is the "horse-leech"? A wealthy landlord declares with emphasis and much thumping of the table that "if there was any starving to be done he did not intend that the landlord should do it." And again "he did not care WHAT THE CONDITION of the tenants was, the landlords MUST GET THEIR MONEY." Who is the Hibernian Horse-leech?

THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

The Ottawa Branch of the Catholic Truth Society make a fine shewing in the annual report which we publish elsewhere, that the officers of the Society know how to defend Catholic truth, and are not afraid to do so when occasion offers, is instanced by Mr. W. L. Scott's promptly challenging Rev. Dr. Campbell's 5th of November assertion that Cardinal Manning had declared that "he acknowledged no civil power . . . no temporal prince, etc." The letter appears elsewhere, but the Dr. made no reply; did not even attempt to state where he had found the quotation he used.

A most interesting paper by the same energetic gentleman on "How to Help the Society" is held to next week.

The publications of the Catholic Truth Society can be obtained in Toronto by addressing the Rev. Superior, St. Michael's College.

THE LANDLORDS "WONT DO THE STARVING."

We gave in a recent issue an account of some of the horrors being perpetrated upon the unfortunate tenantry of Ireland by the landlords driven to desperation by the judicial investigation of their misdeeds, and in their turn striving to drive to desperate and futile reprisals the unhappy objects of their fury. The special correspondent of a Toronto daily, which certainly cannot justly be accused of favoring the Irish cause (the *Mail*), furnished on Monday a typical case which he himself calls a striking illustration of the landlords' attitude toward their tenants. At the meeting of the Granard Board of Guardians on Friday, Col. Dopping, an extensive landed proprietor in the County of Long-

ford, and a member of the Board of Guardians, was present. Mr. Reilly, a member, moved that "In view of the terrible depression of business throughout the country and the abnormally low prices for cattle, we earnestly urge landlords of this district to make the largest concessions possible in the matter of reducing the rents of their tenants." Mr. Reilly then addressed himself directly to Colonel Dopping, saying that he hoped he would be the first to set a good example. The Colonel said, in reply, that he would do nothing of the sort. If the tenants wanted relief let them get it from the shopkeepers of Granard. Member Farrel said that the shopkeepers were already taxed to the utmost, and the tenants were all burdened with debt. Colonel Dopping said he did not care what the condition of the tenants was, the landlords must get their money. If there was any starving to be done he did not intend that the landlords should do it. Chairman Masterson said that there was no fear of the landlords starving. Mr. Reilly addressed the Colonel, saying: "I hope that what I have heard to-day is untrue; that you are going to evict a number of your tenants at this inclement season." Colonel Dopping said the report was perfectly true; they must pay or go. "I have been abused for putting the tenants to the trouble of going to Dublin to have the cases tried," he continued, "instead of bringing proceedings in the local county court. Now (and he pounded the table with his fist,) I will never bring a case before the county court again. I have been insulted and blackguarded there by the practising attorneys with the full consent of the presiding judge." Notwithstanding the vigorous protest of Colonel Dopping, the resolution was put and carried, Colonel Dopping being the only dissenting member. This, among other signs, goes to show that, besides ignoring the objects of the "evicted" Commission, the landlords intend making it hot for the tenants.

A NAUGHTY NOUGHT.

A naughty nought made the *Baltimore Mirror* say that 200 children sang their tribute of praise to His Grace the Archbishop on the occasion of the school celebration of his jubilee. The *Mirror* should find that O, court-martial it for desertion, and expel it from the office. Or, if it proceed against it under the Truancy Act, the 2000 children who were there will be charmed to hear of its having received condign punishment.

THE ARCHBISHOPS OF AMERICA.

The *Boston Pilot* (quoted elsewhere) declares that the New York Conference embraces the "Archbishop of the Church in America." It is fortunate that the error is so great that no suspicion of malice can be entertained. Had it said "the Archbishop of North America" we might have felt inclined to mention the following Archdioceses of North America: Québec (a diocese 115 years before Baltimore) made an Archdiocese in 1844, Halifax (an Archdiocese in 1852), Toronto (in 1870), St. Boniface (in 1871), Montreal and Ottawa (in 1886), and Kingston in 1889; seven to add to their thirteen.

GUY FAWKE'S DAY.

The 5th of November has happily gone by; the lurid fires that consumed the effigy of the redoubtable Guy have gone out, and the ashes are blown about by the boisterous winds of clerical eloquence, let loose from a hundred pulpits which were ostensibly erected to voice the Evangel of the Man God. But alas! "when men rush in where angels fear to tread" what can we expect the poor vessels of flesh to do but cause the disappointed angels to weep?

The November orator rings his bell, calls his flock to order; the curtain rises, and lo! a man of straw appears. The might

of rhetoric descends, and the poor chaff falls beaten to the floor! Men who reflect, men who read, are ashamed of the annual November bombardment made by ignorant ranters in Protestant pulpits, but enough untutored ones are left to applaud the mountebanks and reward their antics. Now, what are the facts about the gunpowder conspiracy?

Let us review the period when the plot was hatched, for, there was a plot. Queen Elizabeth had succeeded in forcing the Protestant liturgy on the English nation, still largely Catholic in belief. The most cruel edicts were enacted against Catholics, and life itself was made unendurable for them. Nevertheless, when in 1588 the Spanish monarch sent his "Armada" to conquer the country the English Catholics were among the first to rise up and repel the invaders. This fact ought to have silenced their political enemies: but bigotry swallowed up humanity. When in 1603 James I. succeeded to the throne, the Catholics sought from him, through the Spanish ambassador, Velasco, the privilege of worshipping in private as their consciences directed. Even this slight request was refused; while exile, confiscation of property, and other penalties, continued to be inflicted on the unfortunate "recusants," and reports were circulated that worse was to come. It is wonderful that in such circumstances a few hot heads should regard violence against king and government as justifiable? That they should think death, in a fruitless attempt to better their condition, preferable to constant persecution? Lesser grievances have often precipitated insurrection, and created heroes whose success the world applauds.

Yet few Catholics dreamed of reprisals, as the records of the trial prove. Only Catisby, Winter, and fourteen others are mentioned in the indictments as participants in a conspiracy to blow up the King, Lords, and Commoners (among whom, by the way, are several Catholics). Guy Fawkes, an adventurer, was chosen to apply the match.

Among the accused was a Jesuit priest, Garnet by name, whom Coke, the Attorney General, succeeded in having convicted and executed, though the sworn confessions of Fawkes and Winter showed him innocent of participation in the plot (*Winter's confessions*, p. 50. *Fox's fifth examination*, Nov. 9th, subscribed Nov. 10th) State papers.

It is known that the Pope (Clement VIII.) favored the accession of James to the throne. It is also known (Greenway's manuscripts, page 42) that Garnet, when approached by Catisby for the purpose of having his plot justified, maintained the proposition that violence was not to be thought of, even under the trying circumstances in which the Catholic subjects of the realm were placed. Catisby did not reveal the plot explicitly to the Jesuit who, however, heard it otherwise, but under the seal of confession which, of course, he dared not divulge. It follows from this, therefore:

1st, that the Catholics of England were not responsible for the plot.

2nd, neither were the Jesuits, even supposing to be individual Garnet guilty.

3rd, nor was the Pope implicated in it in any possible way notwithstanding Coke's bombastic speech to the jury. Indeed, common sense would keep the Pope and Catholics aloof from a plot which, without any prospect of benefiting, was sure to bring greater misery upon them. This ought to be clear even to those who will not admit that Catholics would shrink from an atrocity which, until that time, was unparalleled in the novelty of its conception and the barbarity of its proposed execution.

What, then, do the preachers mean by insulting Catholics every year, branding them as enemies of civil and religious freedom? When, under Archbishop Langton, they bearded John and wrung the Magna Charta from that tyrant king? When, under Bishop Winchelsea, they demanded the recognition of human liberties? When they fought to repel the Spanish in-

vader of British soil? When, under Wellington, they helped dethrone the great Napoleon? When, in this very land, they (wisely or unwisely, as you will) fought under the "Jack," while the stars and stripes offered them many inducements to desert from their allegiance? But enough. The man who reads Cobbet, Hallam, Bryce, and Lecky will turn in disgust from the 5th of November exhibitions of clerical ignorance, and ask whether the liberty these cowards would like to dig up from the forgotten past is the liberty to plunder their Catholic brethren, the liberty to exile, imprison, rack, or burn them, because they will not accept a gospel that was broached, and spread by fire and sword fifteen centuries after the Founder of Christianity had disappeared from the treacherous earth. Ordinary men of intelligence are now-a-days asking for proofs of everything they hear, and, as a rule, are willing to read what is said on every side of a mooted question. Let those, then, who do not wish to be looked upon as mere school children, repeating like parrots the burden of a text-book, take up the works of scholars, and study the vista of the past things, the luminous atmosphere created by their historic researches. To the ones mentioned in this article should be added the famous Lingard, whose pages are scored and loaded with original documents that give the lie to many a now-a-days vulgar clerical assertion. H.

SOME TEXTS FOR THE HIGH-HIGH RITUALISTS.

The London *Universe* furnishes the following as a first instalment:

1. If God has made a revelation the Roman Church is its only witness. — Westminster Rev.
2. The Papacy has no rival, and can have no successor. — LECKY.
3. England some 250 years ago led the way in Europe in sowing the seeds of atheism and deism, and is receiving back with accumulated usury her own godless venture. The English Church is not moved to declare against denial of the eternal Godhead of the Son . . . the Church of England appears to have endorsed the verdict of the world of England that it has no proper authority over men, and to find all such authority as it has in Acts of Parliament and in courts of law. — DENISON "Tempters'" cup.
4. The Bishops of the Establishment are only Protestant men, they are selling Christianity as fast as they can. The Establishment after an experiment of above 300 years has at most only half the people of these islands; it is about to cease amongst us. — IDEN.
5. The Church of England is Protestant. — ARCHB. LARD
6. The Church of England is a hundred sects battling within one. — MACAULAY.
7. It is of great importance that no suspicion should reach posterity of the divisions amongst us, for it is beyond imagination ridiculous that after having broken off from the rest of the world we should agree so little amongst ourselves in the very outset of our reformation. — CALVIN to MELANCTHON.
8. Even the most advanced believing party in the English Church cannot claim Catholicity of belief—the English Church stands insulated without any recognized Catholic sister, disowned by the whole Catholic Church, unable to be controlled on the Catholic deposit of faith, defective and truly Protestant. . . . The Church of England is no Church at all—it has no organic life, no unity. — OVERBECK at Bonn Conference.
9. This writer quoted Cranmer, Barlow, Hooker, Cosins, Field, Mason, Hall, Stillingfleet, Bramhall, Usher, Wake, and Warburton to prove that the Church of England never taught even the necessity of Episcopal ordination.
9. The prevarications of Anglicans expose their creed to the shafts of the scuffer. — *Times* newspaper.

We must pause here for the present.

WHAT THEY THINK ABOUT A CATHOLIC PAPER.

"Wherefore since custom has made newspapers a necessity, Catholic writers for them should labor principally to apply to the salvation of society and the defence of the church, that which is used by the enemy for the destruction both of the one and the other." — Pope Leo XIII. to the representatives of the Catholic Press, February 23rd, 1889.

"Unfortunately there are many who are willing to overlook the great good a paper may be doing, but who are quick to point

out some slight error which can easily be remedied. . . . The man who enters the Catholic editorial chair and is afraid to risk an occasional blunder, has mistaken his calling and is of little use in the battle of truth."—Cardinal Gibbons.

"The charge is made that the Catholic press is not free to express itself as its conductors desire. Let it be free, I say, to do its part for God and country. Men will make mistakes—the best among us will occasionally go beyond the exact bounds of judiciousness, but better, I say, liberty with mistakes than mistakes with slavery.—Archbishop Ryan.

"Finally, Christian parents, let us beg your earnest consideration of this important truth, that upon you, singly and individually, must practically depend the solution of the question, whether or not the Catholic press is to accomplish the great work which Providence and the Church expect of it at this time. So frequently and so forcibly has the providential mission of the press been dwelt upon by Popes and Prelates and distinguished Catholic writers, and so assiduously have their utterances been quoted and re-quoted everywhere, that no one certainly stands in need of arguments to be convinced of this truth. But all this will be only words in the air, unless it can be brought home to each parent and made practical in each household. If the head of each Catholic family will recognize it as his privilege and his duty to contribute towards supporting the Catholic press, by subscribing for one or more Catholic periodicals, and keeping himself well acquainted with the information they impart, then the Catholic press will be sure to attain to its rightful development and to accomplish its destined mission."—Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.

CHATS WITH GOOD LISTENERS.

By Maurice Francis Egan.

READING AGAIN.

That the question of children's reading is agitating the minds of parents generally is evident from the fact that Mr. George E. Hardy's "Five Hundred Books for the Young" is in its second edition.

A knowledge of books must precede the library; and the need for direction as to the choice of volumes was instanced by the great popularity of the list of "One Hundred Best Books" given by very eminent men to a London publication some time ago. People are beginning to awaken to the truth that the choice of books is just as important as the choice of food. If a boy, in other days, was quiet, with a book in his hand, he was "out of mischief." Under the very eyes of his parents he could finish all the works of Alexander Dumas, Sr., and read up the two hundredth of Beadle's Dime Novels, without drawing on himself the faintest suspicion.

The books supplied to the boy of '92 are more dangerous than even Dumas or Beadle. They are viler and coarser. Dumas, at least, had some of the elements of Sir Walter Scott; and so rapid is the action of the movement of the story in his novels, that the average boy was likely to have overlooked the motives that actuated D'Artagnan, Aramis, and the rest of those heroes whom Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson so much admires; and the Dime Novel of '64 was a gem of edification compared to the wretched stuff printed in a cheap form for the boys of '92. It is scrofulous, it is coarse;—and when you coarsen and brutalize a boy by low books, you put the first nail in the coffin of all his virtues. And that father or mother who lets his or her boy read what he pleases, helps to lower the child to intellectual and spiritual death.

Mr. George E. Hardy, who, by the way, is not only a clever writer and a keen observer, as well as a humorous one, but an earnest Catholic, has prepared an easy way by which the careful father, who has no time to read much for himself, can settle the status of any book he finds in his house. He has only to look at Mr. Hardy's list, which Charles Scribner's Sons have admirably published. If the book be not among those named by Mr. Hardy, let it be cast out,—there is something wrong with it. It will be seen at once how valuable this little volume is.

There is one defect in it, on which it is not necessary to dwell, but which is only faint to point out. Mr. Hardy, like most Catholics when they address a general audience, seems to have been too reticent. One can easily understand that it would militate against the success of a book intended for the families of all denominations of religion, to

name half a dozen books for young folk in which the practices of Protestantism are alluded to perhaps disrespectfully, or half a dozen more in which the doctrines of the Catholic Church are made prominent. But if "Ben Hur" is put on the list I can see no reason why "Fabiola" and "Dion and the Sibyls" should be omitted. For Catholics there needs to be a supplementary list, and it is hoped that this will soon be made out.

Mr. Hardy's preface is delightful. He gives his own experience, with that charm and lightness of touch which ought to qualify him to write a *talking* children's book. "Jack Hackaway," he says, "was, in school and out, my idol; and I followed the astonishing career, from start to finish, of that ingenious young gentleman with feelings of undisguised admiration and envy. Serial literature did not, however, engross my entire leisure hours. Books that Dr. Johnson said could be held readily in the hand, possesses the same charm for me as they did for the doctor; and it was with pardonable pride that I could point to a musty roll of several hundred of Messrs. Munro and Beadle's gray and terra cotta covered publications, the *chef-d'œuvre* of which I had read and reread many times."

"Oseola the Seminole and "Red-Headed Dick," of the past, were bad enough; but they were edifying compared with the filthy stuff on which the modern small boy feeds his mind. Mr. Hardy tells us that, finding a small pupil reading one of the books in vogue now, he, in memory of old days, dipped into it. "It took me," he says, "an hour to read the book; and the long shadows of a late September afternoon were falling athwart the empty benches when I had finished the last words of the miserably printed pages. My whole temper and frame of mind had undergone a change in this time; and I now seemed to see shadows, longer and darker than those cast by the setting sun, falling across the little ones who on the morrow would fill those empty benches. For the first time I began to realize what a wretched change had been wrought since I was a boy in the character of the reading matter offered for children."

Mr. Hardy found the vilest of "hoodlums" and his female partners offered for imitation in this "library." The court records in New York show that murder and robbery and the low vices are engendered by this form of "popular" literature. Let us look carefully that the serpent be not in our own household. What are the boys about us reading? A little attention will help us to answer that question. And what ought they to read? Mr. Hardy's good little book will go a great way toward answering that. He has done well, and a supplementary list for Catholic children would perfect this work.—*Are Maria.*

THE ARCHBISHOPS' MEETING IN NEW YORK.

On Wednesday of this week, November 16, the Archbishops of the Church in America hold a meeting in New York at the residence of Archbishop Corrigan, on Madison Avenue. This is the annual meeting of the archbishops, and that New York is the scene of it has no significance further than that it is New York's turn for it.

These archiepiscopal meetings have been held annually, since the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, in the metropolitan cities of the different Provinces. But this especial meeting has excited greater interest from the fact that the chief subject of its deliberations has been known in advance.

Last May, after the settlement of the case presented to the Holy See by Archbishop Ireland, and familiarly known as "The Facibault Plan," the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda addressed a letter to the American Archbishops, in the course of which the desire of the Holy See was expressed as follows:—

"The Reverend fathers also make known their desire that on the first occasion that the Archbishops of the United States shall meet together they shall diligently inquire as to what means are necessary to provide for the salvation of the many Catholic children who, according to trust-worthy statistics, attend the public schools in preference to parochial schools.

"The pastoral solicitude and ardent zeal in the cause of religion with which the Bishops of your vast country are animated are well-known to the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, who take it without question that they will take the greatest pains to find the most opportune remedies to efficaciously combat these evils."

The sessions of the archbishops will, of course, be private.

No remarkable expressions or unusual acts are to be looked for. The recent fierce newspaper discussions on the education question within the Church have confused many minds.

On the supreme question—the necessity of religion in education—there are and can be no differences of opinion among the prelates of the Church. The thing to be considered is how can the needed religious teaching be brought most speedily and effectively to all Catholic children.

The multiplication of parochial schools, of Catholic colleges and academies, and all other agencies for training the young in the knowledge and practice of their faith must grow with the Catholic growth in America and strengthen with its strength.—*Boston Pilot.*

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment.
—*Longfellow.*

THE ROMAN QUESTION.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* in a recent issue, calling attention to an aspect of the Roman question that is always in the mind of Catholics throughout the world, asks what would be the position of the Sovereign Pontiff if Italy were involved in a war with one or more European powers. To this question there is but one answer; which is obvious to every fair-minded man. Communication between the Sovereign Pontiff and his representatives in the country or countries at war with Italy would be stopped or hampered; mail correspondence would be subject to an interference which among civilized people is regarded as felonious and the interests of the Church would suffer very materially. This consideration suggests that while there is time some international action should be taken to guard against such dangers as the interests of the Church would most certainly be exposed to from a state of things by no means impossible nor improbable.

In a late issue of the *Catholic News* we referred to this subject and quoted eminent Catholic and non-Catholic authorities on the necessity for maintaining the independence of the Papacy. To enjoy perfect freedom in spirituals the Pope must be absolutely free in his temporal condition. Ranke tells us that a speaker at the Council of Basle declared "that virtue without power is ridiculous, and the Roman Pontiff, stripped of the patrimony of the Church, is simply the servant of kings and princes." Muller adds that "if the Pope had remained at Avignon he would have become a sort of Grand Chaplain to the French Government, for he would have been recognized as Pope by no other government." Thiers, in his *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire* records the following words from the lips of Napoleon I. "Would the authority of the Pope be as great if he dwelt in a country not his own, and under the influence of the State? The Pope is not in Paris and that is well. We venerate his spiritual authority precisely because he is neither in Madrid nor in Vienna. And in Madrid and Vienna they say the same thing. It is a great blessing to us that he resides neither with us nor with our rivals, but in old Rome, far from the reach of the German Emperor, far from the Kings of France and from the Kings of Spain, holding an even balance among Catholic sovereigns, inclining slightly to the most powerful, but rising above him when he becomes an oppressor. This is the work of ages, and it well that it is so; it is the wisest and most advantageous institution that can be conceived in the government of souls."

From this, it is evident, and reason and public opinion demand it, that the Pope requires an independence from all civil governments, for the full and free exercise of his spiritual power. Even Gibbon defends the temporal dominion of the Popes and considers as "their noblest title to it the free choice of a people whom they had redeemed from slavery." The Popes cannot yield in silence to the usurpation of their sovereign rights. These rights they may not surrender or renounce at pleasure because, at their elevation to the Pontifical throne they pledge themselves, as Popes, to maintain the temporal dominion of the Roman Church. As Pius VII. said when asked to abdicate his temporal dominion: "We have not the power to renounce that which does not belong to ourselves otherwise than as administrators of the Roman Church and of her temporal dominion. This dominion, the Emperor, even though he cut our body to pieces, will never obtain from us."

The Papacy must be free and untrammelled. Its enemies would make it the vassal of a revolutionary government or the foot-stool of a reigning king. The Church seeks no such honor as that. When the Pope becomes a mere citizen, he is no longer free to publish decrees, briefs or letters without being liable to being confronted, in the civil government to which he would belong with a mass of laws, and tribunals that would hamper his sovereign freedom. He might be prevented from gathering around him congregations, Councils of Bishops or General Councils, and laws might be passed that could be so constructed as to make their violation a necessity for the good of souls; the Conclave itself might be restricted in its freedom in the election of a Sovereign Pontiff. Some arrangement should be made to protect the rights of Catholics throughout the world, and among those rights is that of free communication with their spiritual head, who should enjoy the fullest freedom in his position. The fact that the Pope up to this time has not been molested more than he has, in his foreign relations, is no indication that he will not. The existing government in Rome has broken faith in some things and it may do in others. It is of the greatest importance that Catholics at large, agitate the question before us and devise a peaceful solution of the situation of the Sovereign Pontiff. The day will come, in God's own good time when justice and right will triumph. "The robberies of the wicked shall be their downfall, because they would not do judgment. . . . There is no wisdom, there is no prudence, there is no counsel against the Lord."—*Catholic News*.

Gentlemen,—I was thoroughly cured of indigestion by using only three bottles of B.B.B., and truthfully recommend it to all suffering from the same malady.

Mrs. Davidson, Winnipeg, Man.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Dr. Thomas O'Hagan writes in the *Mail* the following letter of which the editor says "it is a timely protest, with which, in the main, I agree. An absurd amount of exaggerated gush is being indulged in about the late Poet Laureate to which he would have been among the first to object."

Do you not think that the praise now being showered upon the dead laureate of England is very indiscriminate and misleading? It is, I suppose, because his loss appeals to the English-speaking world as something akin to a personal one that writers and lecturers have allowed themselves to bestow upon him a measure of praise which, if merited, would place the author of "Locksley Hall" side by side in the same way as He has been placed above Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton, but for what reasons I cannot understand. Milton is sublime in the very highest sense of the term, Tennyson scarcely ever. The only passage in which Tennyson ceases to be Tennyson the exquisite, and becomes Tennyson the sublime is in the last of the idyls,—in "The Passing of Arthur," where King Arthur speaks that most marvelous speech beginning with the line, "And slowly answered Arthur from the barge." That the dead laureate has written some exquisite lyrics such as "Break, Break," and "Tears, Idle Tears,"—lyrics which are charged with the very divinity of inspiration—no person will deny, but to clothe him with the greatness and merit of Shakespeare, or Spenser, or Milton, is both unkind flattery and unfair criticism. My own judgment upon the works of Tennyson is that in future years his fame will rest most securely upon that noble elegy "In Memoriam," though I must confess that to me it has always seemed a poem with more divinity of intellect than divinity of soul. It is so charged with doubt—mirroring, I suppose, this our age—that instead of bringing consolation to the soul it has sown the seeds of scepticism and wavering faith. It is claimed that the "Princess" is a solution of the "woman's question." If so it is a very vague and cloudy solution—not nearly so clear and definite as that of John Ruskin. I notice few of the critics speak of Tennyson's limitations. Few of them refer to his lack of breadth and robustness, his femininity of grace, and the lack of manly bass in his music. No, the genius of Tennyson has about it neither impressiveness, nobility, nor grandeur—he is simply an artist, the greatest one of the nineteenth century, and I believe with that eminent critic Edmund Clarence Stedman, "that the only just estimate of Tennyson's position is that which declares him to be by eminence the representative poet of the recent era"—its philosophy, its culture, and its doubt.

THE DANGERS OF IGNORANCE.

Ignorance has always been the greatest enemy of the Church; she has been obliged to war against it outside of her communion, and we regret to say, inside of it. Mis-educated Catholics are a danger to the Church and to themselves. It becomes, then the duty of Catholic educators, of those who have in hand the training of young minds and the shaping of Catholic thought, to be broadminded and thorough. The Church hates prejudice and narrow-mindedness. Let our children be taught the Catechism, not simply required to recite it; let our young men, on leaving college, know the truths of their religion and not simply be able to get off a graduating address full of high sounding words and mingled with sublime truths which are, after Commencement, laid on the college shelf with due care, for the next year, graduates to get off. Herein is where Catholic Young Men err. They imagine that religious instruction is a thing to be learned in college and..... to be left there. How are they to defend their faith, if they have left their arms at the arsenal when they go forth to battle? Is it any wonder that they are often overwhelmed with confusion when confronted by the unbelievers, and that they shrink from the contest? Let them carry with them the arms they have received at college and let them be kept bright by careful and continued study and always ready for use when demanded. But, let them be used with care and intelligence; then will they understand, what the Holy Father means when he says that "whilst holding with the affirmation of dogmas and not compromising with errors, it is a Christian prudence not to clash; or to explain it better, to know how to conciliate one's self to the surroundings of all honest men, whether individually or socially."

Catholics can afford to be liberal with what belongs to them. God's truth is given to them in trust; let them be able to give a good account of their stewardship when He shall demand it again at their hands.

DOUBLY COMMENDED.

Sirs,—I had a very bad cold and was cured by two bottles of Hagar's Pectoral Balsam. I cannot do without it.

Mrs. W. G. H. PERRY, Sea Gull, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—I can highly recommend Hagar's Pectoral Balsam as the best remedy for coughs and colds I have ever used.

Miss F. STEPHENSON, Oakland, Ont.

Our Story.

PHILIP'S RESTITUTION.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

Reprinted from the *Ave Maria*.

VI.—Continued.

Certainly the engagement by plea of which he had escaped was not a very important one. Mrs. King had told him when they parted in the morning that she had some music for him. 'Come soon and get it,' she had said. It seemed to him that this afternoon was a very good time to go. Accordingly he ascended the steps of a house in the neighborhood of the Cathedral, rang the door-bell, and was ushered into a drawing-room filled—rather too much filled—with artistic furniture, and bric a brac that Mrs. King had collected in many quarters of the world. He made his way through it with the ease of an accustomed visitor, and found his hostess in her favorite seat near the fire. She held out her hand to him with a smile.

'You have just come in time,' she said. 'I am glad to have the pleasure of presenting you to Miss Percival. Alice, my dear, this is Mr. Thornton, who paid your voice such a pretty compliment this morning that I must ask him to repeat it to you.'

Philip turned with an absolute shock of surprise toward the figure, which he had perceived without identifying it, on the other side of the fireplace. Was it possible!—yes, it was Alice Percival herself, who looked at him with her dark eyes, and bowed in acknowledgment of the introduction. If she disliked his acquaintance to be thus forced upon her, there was no sign of such a feeling in her manner, only a courtesy that might be perhaps a little more grave than usual. For himself, Philip felt like an awkward school-boy, utterly bereft of the power of speech. He thought of Graham, and the conviction that his name was an odious sound in his ears seemed to make everything impossible except the deep bow with which he bent before her. Happily for him, Mrs. King went on:

'I tried to remember your compliment, but the words eluded me, and I think it is always a pity to spoil a well-turned phrase by quoting it clumsily. What was it exactly?'

'Not a compliment at all, if you will pardon me,' answered Philip, addressing her, but including Miss Percival in his glance; 'only a description which struck me when I read it, and which was forcibly recalled to my mind this morning.'

He repeated the French sentence a little hurriedly, for he would have preferred another opening to his acquaintance with Miss Percival.

Mrs. King nodded toward the latter. 'That,' she said 'is a perfect description of your singing,' though it comes from a French novel. Strange how these people have the knack of expressing things!'

'If it is a correct description of my singing,' replied Miss Percival—and the low, clear tones of her voice seemed to Philip like spoken music 'I think it needs improvement. *Trop idéal pour être humaine*—surely we must be human in order to touch humanity.'

'There are countless things to touch us on our human side,' said Philip, quickly. 'But to find something that enables us to forget it, even for a time, that is to help us in our battle against the evil trinity of which we have all heard.'

Miss Percival looked at him, and in the gentle gravity of her glance he could not read any trace of the repugnance which he feared that she must feel for him.

'If one could do that,' she answered, 'it would certainly be well.'

'Your voice does it,' said Philip. "'*On est dit une ame qui chantait*,' and while one listens one realizes one's own soul. There are many times, you know, when one forgets it.'

The ingenious candor of his tone made her smile. 'Yes,' she said, 'I know that there are such times; but the forgetfulness is surely not great that can be so easily dissipated.' Then she rose and turned to Mrs. King. 'I am forgetting how time flies,' she said; 'and mamma will be looking for me.'

'So I must not detain you,' replied the elderly lady; but promise me you will come on my next musical evening.'

'I can not promise,' Miss Percival answered; but I will try to come, since you really wish it.'

'Of course I really wish it,' said Mrs. King. And so do a great many other people.'

'The other people do not matter,' replied the young lady, with a gesture of indifference; 'but you do.'

She bent down as she spoke, touched her lips to Mrs. King's cheek, bowed slightly to Philip, and passed—a slender, stately figure—down the long room and disappeared.

VII.

Philip felt as if he were in a dream when he quitted Mrs. King's house. It seemed to him incredible that he had really made the acquaintance of Miss Percival, and that in so simple a manner. Evidently, Mrs. King was not aware of any reason why they should not know each other. Recalling this, and Miss Percival's quiet acceptance of the introduction, he began to hope that the latter had no such feeling with regard to his uncle as he had been led to imagine.

It was astonishing how much of a weight this thought lifted from him. It not only opened a vista of possible acquaintance, which he felt would be pleasant, but, more than this, it reinstated his uncle in his respect. He said to himself that Mr. Thornton had been hard, no doubt, on the man who had nearly ruined him; but this hardness as he had lately learned, was part of his character; and if he had been just, no one had a right to blame him.

These reflections rendered his manner more than usually affectionate and respectful to his uncle when they met. With the impulse of a generous nature, he was eager to make amends for what might have been a harsh and mistaken judgment. But, naturally enough, Mr. Thornton misunderstood him. He thought that Philip feared to have offended him, and that the change of manner was dictated by a desire to propitiate. The error was of importance only as it led him to believe the young man to be of more easily moulded material than he was, and to imagine that his displeasure would be sufficient to influence him in any future emergency.

There did not seem much probability, however, that such an emergency would arise, for up to this time the lives of uncle and nephew had passed without any of those (sometimes unavoidable) frictions which frequently occur in the nearest relationships. If there had not always been perfect sympathy, there had at least always been perfect harmony between them, and a deference on the younger man's part, which was graceful because evidently springing from affection. And since he had, in his thoughts at least, accepted the life marked out for him—a life which opened before his eyes like a vista of serene prosperity—there seemed little reason to fear any possible collisions or difficulties in the future.

Meanwhile the present was a smooth and easy path to his feet, though it was not a path which crossed that of Alice Percival soon again. He saw her in the Cathedral choir, and sometimes received a silent bow of recognition; but beyond this point their acquaintance—if it could be called an acquaintance—did not progress; for he never saw her anywhere else. She did not appear on Mrs. King's musical evening, and the ladies who were anxious to secure her voice for their operetta failed entirely to do so. But the sound of that divine voice Sunday after Sunday kept the thought of her in Philip's mind, mingled with other thoughts which it seemed to suggest—thoughts of higher and holier things than those that filled his life, which was apt to appear to him at such times a mere record of frivolity.

How long this singular kind of influence might have lasted it is impossible to say, for finally an accident occurred which brought the two together again. The Spring was by this time well advanced, and Philip, who had been out of the city for a few days at the old country house of a friend, was returning on an accommodation train, that stopped at all stations, when he perceived seated in front of him a lady, whom he knew, even before she turned her head, to be Miss Percival. She was alone, and he at once felt a great inclination to go to her, and perhaps take the vacant seat by her side; but a fear of seeming to presume on a very slight title to acquaintanceship, and one which had, moreover, been forced upon her, restrained him. The elation which he had felt on that Sunday afternoon when he quitted Mrs. King's—the hope that, after all, there was no serious reason why Alice Percival should not wish to know him—had faded long before this. There had been something in the very bow with which she acknowledged his acquaintance that made it impossible to press it further.

So he kept his own seat and contented himself with watching the nobly-outlined head, with its classic pose, and the delicate line of profile, which was now and then turned toward him as she glanced out of the window by her side. His thoughts went back to the old question of Percival vs. Thornton, of the severed

business connection, and of the doubts which he dismissed at one time only to find them return at another. He was debating them afresh, when suddenly a shock that unseated every one was felt throughout the train; the car rocked violently for a moment, and seemed about to fall over on its side, but finally recovered its equilibrium, while at the same moment the frightened passengers found their tongues and their feet. 'What has happened?' every one asked of every one else; and, since no one could answer, there was an immediate rush for the door. Philip observed that Alice Percival alone resumed her seat, and he stopped beside her. Danger gave him an opportunity to speak to her, though he did not think of it at this moment as an opportunity.

'Can I be of any service to you, Miss Percival?' he asked. 'Will you let me assist you out of the car?'

'Mr. Thornton!' she exclaimed, looking up at him with a start; for she had not seen him before. Her face was pale, but she was perfectly self-possessed. 'No—I think not,' she said in answer to his question. 'I will not leave the car, unless there is need to do so.'

'In that case I will make some inquiries, and return as quickly as possible, in order to let you know if there is need,' said Philip.

He made his way out, and soon discovered what had happened. The engine, tender, and two or three of the foremost cars had been thrown from the track by an obstacle placed upon it, whether through malice or carelessness it was impossible to say. No one was seriously injured, but several persons were severely bruised, and the damage to the train was great. Philip mastered to whole situation in a short time and returned to Miss Percival.

'You were quite right,' he said, when he had told her what had occurred, 'not to yield to panic; for there is nothing worse before you than the prospect of waiting some time for a train, which will, of course, be sent out for the passengers.'

'I did not suppose there was any danger after the shock was over,' she answered quietly. 'And I knew I should soon learn what had happened. So we must wait here for an indefinite length of time!' She looked out of the window for an instant, and then turned back to him. 'Do you know how far we are from the city?' she asked.

'Not more than two or three miles,' he replied.

'If you are sure of that,' she said, rising and taking up a satchel by her side, 'I shall walk in. Two or three miles will be only a pleasant walk this beautiful afternoon.'

Philip's eyes brightened. 'It is a very good idea,' he answered, 'if you are not afraid of the fatigue, and'—he hesitated—'if you will allow me to accompany you.'

'Why should I do that?' she asked, regarding him with a grave but not unkind scrutiny. 'There is no reason for my troubling you so far.'

'So far from troubling me, you will do me a great kindness by permitting me to accompany you,' he replied, with evident sincerity. 'I do not wish to remain here waiting indefinitely any more than yourself. But I should not for that reason venture to offer my companionship to you,' he added quickly. 'I do not think that it would be safe for you to walk into the city alone.'

'Why not?'

'You might be annoyed—or worse. If the obstruction which has thrown the train from the track was wilfully placed upon it, there may be more desperate people about than you imagine.'

She sat down again—whether to remain, or to reflect upon this view of the matter, Philip could not tell. She was silent for a moment before she said:

'I am not at all afraid of any annoyance.'

'I can well believe that,' answered Philip, seeing how brave the dark eyes were. 'But lack of fear is unfortunately not a safeguard.'

'Then perhaps I had better remain,' she said, as if speaking to herself.

[To be Continued.]

RACKED WITH RHEUMATISM.

Dear Sirs,—For ten years I suffered with rheumatism in Spring and fall. I have been confined to bed for months at a time, but since using B.B.B. I have not suffered from it at all. I also suffered from the dyspepsia, which has not troubled me since using the B.B.B., and and I therefore think it a splendid medicine.

MRS. AMELIA BRENN, Hayesland, Ont.

A PRETTY COMPLIMENT.

By direction of the President, the Secretary of State wrote to Cardinal Rampolla to express "his very deep satisfaction on learning of the warm interest which His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., takes in the approaching Columbian Exposition at Chicago." One passage in the Secretary's letter deserves special emphasis: "The intimate association of the Holy See with the Columbian enterprise and its results has so linked the memory of Rome and her Pontiffs with the vast achievement of Christopher Columbus and his comrades and competitors in the work of discovery and colonization, and exerted so they revealed, that an exhibit such as, by the President's direction, I marked an influence on the destinies and progress of the New World have the honor to suggest, could not fail to be among the most noteworthy contributions to this international celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery. By co-operating to this end His Holiness will manifest for our country a regard which will be highly appreciated not only by the managers of the Exposition but by the American people at large." This is a pretty compliment, gracefully expressed. Its truthfulness, too, is its chief charm. And the Pope will appreciate it for he loves America and would do anything in his power to please the American people. Mgr. Satolli has delivered to the Secretary the Cardinal's answer, and the Holy Father has made provision for a special Vatican exhibit at the Fair.—*Catholic Review* (N.Y.)

PROTESTANT PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD.

No Catholic who has ever been present at a religious burial service of Protestants but has been almost appalled by the almost tragical hardness that characterized it. In such a service there always seems to be a feeling of melancholy doubt, a suggestion that after all it is but a "leap into the dark"—in other words, an almost fatalistic resignation to the inevitable, but little or no suggestion of a sincere Christian hope. To be sure, they are many exceptions to this, from the almost over secure confidence of the old fashioned Calvinist that the deceased as one of "the elect" passed immediately into realms of bliss, to the more reasonable and Christian belief of the Catholic minded Protestant, who, with a more or less correct and definite belief in the purgatorial state, prays for his beloved departed ones, in spite of the condemnation of prayers for the dead by the official professions of faith of all the important Protestant sects.

The "Vespers for the Dead" in the Episcopal Church of the Transfiguration, in New York, on All Souls' Day, was a striking instance of how Catholic Truth has survived among our separated brethren and manages to force its way up among the now dry and decaying Protestant weeds that have so long checked its growth there. Doubtless similar manifestations of this Catholic instinct, amid schism and error of various kinds, have occurred on All Souls' Day in many other churches of the Episcopalians and Lutherans. Every movement towards the truth, even if slight, or apparently illogical, ought to be hailed with kindly welcome by Catholics, for it is an evidence of the working of the Holy Spirit of God that is adorable wherever it shows itself.—*Catholic Review*.

"In contemplating Purgatory, we consider the yet imperfect charity of the holy souls submitting itself to the purifying process there prepared, until the dross of cupidity being cleared away, they emerge in perfect charity and thus pass on to heaven."—*The perfection of Man by Charity*.

"If while at vocal prayer, you feel your heart inclined to mental prayer, refuse not the invitation, but let your mind turn gently that way without being concerned at not finishing the vocal prayers your purpose to say; for the choice you have made is more pleasing to God and more profitable to your soul."—*St. Francis de Sales Devout Life*.

A LITTLE LAND-LOCKED BAY.

I know a little land-locked bay,
For souls upon a stormy sea;
What light on all the hills around,
What song of birds in every tree!

No billows roll, no rocks there rend,
No wildly wrecking winds are there,
But tiny ripples whisper—"Peace"!—
That little land-locked bay is Prayer.

A. RAND.

Schiffmann's Asthma Cure.

Instantly relieves the most violent attack, facilitates free expectoration and insures rest to those otherwise unable to sleep except in a chair, as a single trial will prove. Send for a free trial package to Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn., but ask your druggist first.

SHE'S VERY PERSPICACIOUS.

A woman who prides herself on her insight into the characters of men she meets remarked the other day that a man always judges other men by himself as a standard. This is the way she finds one man judges another man:—

A Crank—One who has theories about men and things different from his own.

A Dude—One who dresses better than he.

A Miser—One who saves more money than he.

A Spendthrift—One who spends more than he.

A Snob—One whose social position is better than his own.

An Upstart—One whose social position is worse than his own.

A Rascal—One who owes him money.

Ditto—One to whom he owes money.

A Smart Man—One who thinks as he does.

A Fool—One who doesn't.—*New York World.*

"Saturday Night's" Christmas for 1892.

The Christmas number of *Saturday Night* will be a magnificent publication. The Sheppard Publishing Co. say this issue will cost them over \$12,000, and it looks it.

The cover contains a picture in photo-lithograph in seven colors and as many half-tones. The pictorial supplement, which is larger than that of last year, is a production of a picture owned by the proprietors of *Saturday Night* themselves. It is exceedingly lovely. The stories this year are as follows: "Tom's Little Sister," by John Hubbard, author of *Helin's Babies*. "The Nephew of His Uncle," by Octave Thanet, author of *Expiation*. (The most popular magazine writer in America). "The Rich Relation," by George Parsons Lathrop. (There is no more attractive name in American Magazines). "Kate Gordon's Christmas Miracle," by Julian Hawthorne. "Little Lady," by Ida Burwash, probably the prettiest story in the book. "Senior the Engineer," by Edmund E. Sheppard.

All these stories are magnificently and copiously illustrated by the best artists in New York and London. Mr. Sheppard's story is being specially illustrated by Mr. F. A. Fernand, of New York, from photographs and studies made by the author while in Mexico, and, artistically at least, this will be one of the most prettily illustrated tales that has ever appeared in America.

Altogether an exceedingly handsome and interesting number.

The Best Evidence of Merit.

In any line of manufactured goods is the demand for such goods. It shows that the excellence of the workmanship and quality of material is recognized by the intelligent and appreciative public. Such is the case with the superior Buckeye Bells of Cincinnati, O., for Messrs. Vanduzen & Tift report a constantly growing demand for their Chimes, Bells and Peals. They are now at work casting 10 Chimes and Peals aggregating 60,000 lbs. (exclusive of hangings) destined respectively for the following places, viz: Duluth, Minn.; Camp Washington, Ohio; Menominee, Mich.; South Chicago, Ill.; Cincinnati, O.; Chicago, Ill.; Cleveland, O.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Randolph, O.; Manistee, Mich. Besides these they are casting a 2,000 lbs. bell for Marion, Ind., a 2,000 lbs. bell for Winchester, Ky., a 2,500 lbs. bell for Galesburg, Ill., a 2,500 lbs. bell for Nova Scotia, a 2,500 lbs. bell for Sioux Falls, S. Dak., a 2,500 lbs. bell for Muskegon, Mich., a 2,100 lbs. bell for Jackson, Miss., a 4,000 lbs. bell for Green Bay, Wis., besides a great many more bells ranging from 400 lbs. up to 1,800 lbs. each, and the satisfaction their bells give is flattering in every way. Their bells are hung with the best, latest improved hangings, containing many superior advantages not to be found in any other make of bell hangings, which puts this firm in the front rank of skilled Bell Founders. The firm lately used a fine bell in the Columbus Anniversary Celebration, and afterwards an Italian gentleman bought it and had it inscribed, and it will be shipped to Genoa, Columbus' birth-place, thence to go 125 miles—near Rome—and be swung in the tower of a church there. A peculiar coincidence.

COLUMBUS' PRAYER.

"Lord! Eternal and Almighty God! Who by Thy sacred word hast created the heavens and the earth and the seas, may Thy Name be blessed and glorified everywhere. May Thy Majesty be exalted. Who hast deigned to permit that by Thy humble servant Thy sacred Name should be made known and preached in this other part of the world."

As a blood purifier the *Indigenous Bitters* holds the first rank amongst medicines of any price or country, recommended for this purpose. These Bitters are sold at 25 cts. package.

HEARTLESS AND BRUTAL.

Respect for the President's very recent grief should have restricted the caricaturing journalists during that portion of the political campaign which followed the death of Mrs. Harrison. We trust that now, at least, political disaster having followed fast on domestic bereavement, the heartless caricaturists will cease their brutal work.—*New World.*

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Remarkable Cure of Dropsy and Dyspepsia.

Mr. SAMUEL T. CASEY, Belleville, writes: "In the spring of 1884 I began to be troubled with Dyspepsia, which gradually became more and more distressing. I used various domestic remedies, and applied to my physician, but received no benefit. By this time my trouble assumed the form of Dropsy. I was unable to use any food whatever, except boiled milk and bread; my limbs were swollen to twice their natural size; all hopes of my recovery were given up, and I quite expected death within a few weeks. NORTHROP AND LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY having been recommended to me, I tried a bottle with but little hope of relief; and now, after using eight bottles, my Dyspepsia and Dropsy are cured. Although now seventy-nine years of age, I can enjoy my meals as well as ever, and my general health is good. I am well known in this section of Canada, having lived here fifty-seven years; and you have liberty to use my name in recommendation of your VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, which has done such wonders in my case."

Dyspepsia Had to Go.

Mr. JAMES JOHNSTON, 4th con., 7th lot, Amaranth, writes: "Two bottles of NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY cured me of Dyspepsia. Mine was a bad case and I had tried a number of other preparations without getting any benefit from them."

Mr. W. J. DEVELL, Wingham, carpenter and builder, writes: "Three years ago I was greatly troubled with Dyspepsia; a pain between my shoulders was so bad that I thought I would have to quit work altogether. No medicine gave me ease until I got a bottle of NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, which gave me relief. I continued using the medicine until I had taken three bottles, when I was perfectly well. I consider it invaluable as a cure for Dyspepsia. I know of several persons who have used it with the same benefit."

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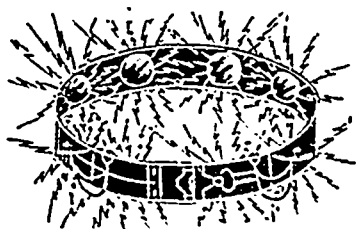
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TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of November, 1892, mails close and are due as follows:

Table with columns for Mail Name, Close (a.m., p.m.), and Due (a.m., p.m.). Includes G. T. R. East, O. and Q. Railway, G. T. R. West, N. and N. W., T. G. and B., Midland, C. V. R., G. W. R., U. S. N. Y., and U. S. West States.

English mails close on Monday and Thursdays at 7.15 and 11 p.m. The following are the dates of English mails for November: 1, 3, 5, 7, 10, 12, 14, 17, 19, 21, 24, 28.

N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Saving Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such branch post office.

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