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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Reddite autem sicut Cesaris, Cesaris: et autem sicut Dei, Deo.—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday May 14, 1892.

No. 14

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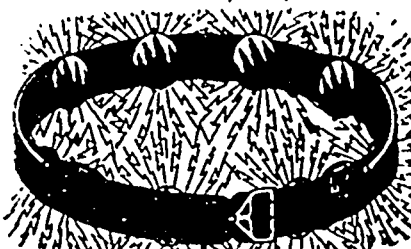
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Reddite que sunt Cesaris, Cesaris; et que sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday, May 14, 1892

No. 14

ST. BASIL'S NOVITIATE.

CHAPEL OF OUR LADY OF THE MOST HOLY ROSARY.

Imposing Ceremonies.—Blessing of Corner-Stone. —Sermon by His Grace the Archbishop, etc., etc.

ON April 30th we gave a sketch of this institution, whose corner-stone was laid Sunday, May 8th, Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph. Seldom have we had the pleasure of witnessing more imposing ceremonies or a larger gathering of Catholics and church dignitaries. Any better day for an out-door ceremony could not be devised, and nearly every Catholic home in Toronto must have been represented at the new building. A few minutes before three o'clock the various societies, who had formed for a procession in the College grounds, moved forward in the following order: The College Band, led by Rev. J. J. Guinane and Rev. A. Martin, followed by about one hundred and fifty students of the College. Then came the Knights of St. John, St. Alphonsus Society Irish Catholic Benevolent Union, Celtic League, Emerald Beneficial Association and the Ancient Order of Hibernians. Between the long lines of the procession rode the clergy and citizens in carriages in the following order: Rev. Fathers Walsh, DuMouchelle, Hayes, Lamarche, O'Donohoe, Ryan, Granottier, Frachon, Mr. W. J. Macdonell, Knight of the Order of St. Gregory; Rev. Fathers James Walsh, McBrady, Murray, Teefy, Cushing, Vicar-General McCann, Vicar-General Rooney, Fathers Flannery, Marijon, Provincial of the Community of St. Basil, His Lordship the Bishop of London, His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto; the Christian Brothers and prominent Catholic citizens. On the grounds were also Dean Cassidy and Father Cherrier. The procession must have covered over a mile, and was one of the most orderly demonstrations we have ever witnessed. Everybody moved forward with the order and precision of a soldier's parade. When the building was reached the Bishop of London, vested in pontificals, began the ceremony of blessing the corner-stone. The chants were sung by the clergy and students of the college. As the procession of ecclesiastics passed round the building offering prayers and singing psalms the scene was very impressive, and the whole assemblage looked on in silence and with deep interest. When the corner-stone was declared "well and truly laid" His Grace the Archbishop ascended the platform erected in front of the building. As soon as his venerable form was seen above the heads of the surpliced ecclesiastics an unbroken silence settled down on the vast multitude. Every ear was bent forward to catch every expression His Grace should utter, and every available vantage ground was eagerly seized so as to hear the better. Though we have tried we have not been fortunate enough to secure any authentic report of His Grace's eloquent words. With the master hand of the artist he dealt with his subject, and made an impression on his audience which was exhibited in strong expressions of conviction and approval. He dwelt on that question which to-day, perhaps more than any other, exercises the mind and claims the attention of the rulers of at least two continents, Europe and America, "Who shall educate our children and how shall they be educated?" It was a vital question, on which the Church cannot and will not be silent. To educate the intellect without at the same time educating the heart was a false system, it was the education that brought ruin to the Roman Empire. It was the system which is to-day covering the face of Europe with atheists and freethinkers and scoffers at religion and authority, no matter in whom centered. It was the

system which has given to society its most dangerous elements, before which the thrones of Europe were trembling. Hence the Church of God regards a false system of education as one of the greatest of evils, and hence, she is prepared to make any sacrifice rather than yield up her right to superintend the education of her little ones. Thus in the neighboring Republic, when the State refused to pay over Catholic taxes for the education of Catholic children, Catholics hesitated not. They paid one tax to the public schools, as the law compelled them to do, and then willingly put down their hands into their pockets and paid another tax to educate their children in the Catholic school. Were circumstances such as to require the same sacrifices here in Canada he was sure neither priest nor people would be found wanting. They would do their duty towards their children no matter how great the sacrifice. The Church teaches that religion and education go hand in hand. No other system can possibly succeed.

The church was accused as the enemy of education. That accusation was false. To her Europe owed its most famous seats of learning. Oxford and Cambridge, the great universities of France, Spain, Germany, Italy, that for long centuries were the centers of light and fountains of knowledge for all Europe, were the creatures of the Catholic Church. In the novitiate, whose corner-stone had just been laid, young men would be trained and prepared to continue the work St. Michael's College and the Basilian Fathers had been doing for nearly forty years in this province. He wished the institution every success. There were before him some of the old pupils trained by the Basilians who would say a word after he had finished. He would ask Father Flannery, who had been long acquainted with the Basilians, to make a few remarks. His Grace urged the friends of the good work to be generous in their contributions. He knew the generosity of the people of St. Basil's parish, and he felt convinced they would second the efforts of the Basilian Fathers. When His Grace had closed his remarks Fr. Brennan thanked him in the name of the Community for the active interest he had all along taken in the novitiate. To-day this interest had assumed a very substantial form—His Grace had subscribed one hundred dollars to the building fund. The Bishop of London also subscribed one hundred dollars. This announcement was warmly received and must have influenced other offerings as the collection was quite generous.

Fr. Flannery humorously remarked that he had good reasons to be well acquainted with the Basilian Fathers. They had taken him into their mother house at Annonay when his own country had driven him out. Later on he was one of the pioneers whom France sent to Canada to found St. Michael's College. Of the five who then came four had gone to their reward. Step by step he traced the progress of St. Michael's from the first beginnings on Queen street to St. Vincent's chapel, thence to the present site on Clover Hill. Not only was St. Michael's College able to do its own work, but it had also sent out offshoots which were as prosperous and successful as itself. The founding of the novitiate was the most important work yet. It was the cradle of the community. The Basilians had done much for this province and the neighboring republic. He saw around him to-day representative men who were mere boys when St. Michael's College began its work, and who owed to it their present positions of distinction. He was one of the staff of the College when Bishop Dowling of Hamilton, Bishop O'Connor of Peterborough and his own Bishop of London began their college course. He looked for a bright future for the novitiate, and hoped it would have a most successful career.

Dr. Cassidy had followed with interest the progress of the Basilians in Canada since he had entered St. Michael's a mere boy. But for the fact that the Basilians had settled amongst them in Toronto many of them would certainly not have had

(Continued on page 231)

THE HAUNTS OF SCOTT.

It is but five minutes walk from the station. Coming down from Edinburgh by rail, I crossed the Tweed a dozen times in an hour and a half; and thought all the while how the flashing waters of that pretty stream flow under the battlements of Abbotsford just as they used to do sixty years ago, when Sir Walter Scott, surrounded by his famous friends, made his palatial home a hall of royal revelry. Melrose town is pretty enough, so is the valley of the Tweed, to repay a visit, even were neither associated with the life and death of the poet.

A tidy maid admitted me into the ruined Abbey of Melrose, through a wooden gate thrown across the south aisle. There is a charge of fourpence at the gate; and a tempting stall within, where photographs and wooden trinkets are on sale. There are people lounging about, chatting, consulting their guide-books, making purchases of curios, and seeming for the most part rather bored than otherwise. It is ever thus. When you come to a shrine with your heart in your throat, you must carry your purse in your pocket as well, or you are into a corner by the professional sightseers, who make a business of furnishing their houses with the easily bought trophies of travel.

Melrose is a florid wilderness of stone; time cannot wither it. Cromwell's batteries have succeeded only in embroidering some parts of it in a new pattern. Fire and fury, and the ruthless hands of the iconoclasts, have left enough of the elaborate grace of the original to save it from unfavorable comparison with the thousand and one ruins that are scattered through Great Britain. The Abbey is carpeted with rich, deep sod, the rooks croak in the chinks of the walls and look solemnly down from the broken arches, like sentinels. It is remarkable to note the preference which these big black birds show for dilapidated abbeys. I am more than ever inclined to believe that the souls of certain clerics inhabit the black vestments of the rooks, and are slowly living out a penance for deeds done in the flesh. There are worse purgatories than this, "sad and fair" though the place seemed to him who wrote of its transcendent moonlit beauty. By the way, Scott, who sang,

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

is said never to have seen the grand old Abbey under such circumstances, though he lived for a number of years within three miles of it.

Under the east window a successful and appropriate restoration—Alexander II. lies interred, and near by is the heart of Robert the Bruce, which Lord Douglas strove, unsuccessfully, to carry to the Holy Land. Many a monk and many a warrior has gone to dust under the moss at Melrose. St. Waldeys, the second abbot, among them. On an ancient stone in the Eighth Chapel there is a Latin inscription, with this appendix: "Pray for the soul of Peter the Treasurer." I think there should be special prayers for all treasurers, inasmuch as their lives are beset with temptations. Tom Purdy, Scott's faithful forester, is buried in the churchyard, under a stone erected by his loving master.

It is the utter ruin of the once splendid edifice that appeals to you as you take your last look at Melrose. In the middle of the twelfth century it was completed and dedicated to the Blessed Virgin by the Cistercian monks, who lavished upon it all that art and devotion can achieve. In less than two centuries it was destroyed by the English in their retreat under Edward II. Since then its history has been varied, but the last chapter is the most sorrowful of all. There it stands, roofed with the sky, shined upon, rained upon, blown through and through by the winds; a sweet, solemn, pathetic shadow of itself a memory and a regret.

Driving over the hill, the carriage halted suddenly in the road, under a cluster of trees. We knew it was the spot we were seeking; for there were a half dozen vehicles drawn up in the shade, awaiting the return of the guests, who were at that moment somewhere in the building. Yes, it was Abbotsford. Passing down a green lane, we turned under a wall of the garden thickly covered with ivy, entered a private gate, crossed a grass plot, and came to an ante-room, or office, where about twenty people were waiting to be shown over the premises. We were kept in that dismal room for nearly half an hour. The custodian, who had taken one party in charge and carefully locked the door after him, had much to explain, and it was with some difficulty that he persuaded the listeners to the office when he had made his accustomed round and talked himself out.

At last our turn came. We were admitted by the garrulous gentleman who had just collected a shilling a head from the preceding party, and who now locked us in with him on the sacred side of the door. Then followed a rapid, set description of the rooms through which we were led—the study, the library, the drawing room, armory, and entrance hall. "This is Sir Walter's study," said the custodian, in the most business-like way. "That is his chair," pointing with a wand to a well padded easy-chair standing by the desk on which so many thousand pages had been written. On the mantel were a few ornaments, just as Scott left them full many a year ago. His books

were there—books of all sizes and descriptions, but such as he was most in need of when at work. Half way up the wall is a small gallery with an iron railing, encircling three sides of the room. A light iron stair leads to it, and at the farther end is a door opening into the bedroom he used to occupy. It was his custom to steal out of that room on restless nights, and, passing along the gallery, descend to his solitary work while all the rest of the household slept. Fancy that grand old man in nightcap, dressing-gown, and slippers, with candle in hand, coming into his study at 2 a.m.!

The library is a handsome room, sixty by fifty feet, with a ceiling of richly carved oak, and contains twenty thousand volumes. These books are kept behind a wire screen, and are never moved except at the annual dusting season. The portrait of his son hangs above the mantel. In the deep window is a cabinet of relics, some of them highly interesting. We were shown the last suit of clothes Sir Walter wore: a broad-skirted green coat, with big buttons, plaid trowsers, heavy boots, broad brimmed hat, and stout walking stick. These he put off when he went to his bed never to rise again. That silver vase, the gift of Lord Byron, is no longer in the library. The present proprietors of Abbotsford seem to fear the mob of tourists who besiege the gates in pleasant weather all the year round. There is much that is elegant and interesting in the drawing-room, especially the original sketches by Turner illustrating Scott's "Provincial Antiquities."

The armory is so small that it seems like a playhouse of weapons. It resembles the entrance hall of almost any respectable private dwelling—I mean as for size—but is very elegant in its appointments. This hall divides the drawing-room from the dining room, but to the latter we were not admitted. In that dining-room what feasts have not been given; what gatherings of royal souls, what bursts of wit, what convocations of noble fellowship! And in that room he died; yet we were not permitted to look in at the door for one little moment. The entrance hall is another museum of antiquities. I happened to see in the corner the crucifix of Queen Mary, and wondered how it felt there among fragments of sculpture from crumbling abbeys and the rest of the curios of less affinity.

We looked out of the broad windows on to the lawn that slopes to the edge of the Tweed. The hills beyond looked hazy, and the river flowed silently by, under the spreading boughs that nearly swept its placid current. From another window, on the opposite side of the house, we saw the grave of one of Scott's pet dogs. There is a small stone with a name cut in it; but we were so hurried by our impatient custodian, and so crowded by our companions, that it was hardly possible to make it out. Having paid our shilling, it was our privilege to inscribe our names in the visitors' book, and retire by the same gate through which we entered.

Nothing of the garden or the grounds could we roam over; not one half the ground floor of the house was shown us. We were herded like sheep till there was a room full, and then were driven through the apartments I have mentioned, and ushered out without more ado. They who live in the home of Scott no doubt find us very tiresome and persistent people; but we who love Abbotsford, and have come long pilgrimages to see it, think that, of the two, the residents are the more objectionable. We turned our backs on the fine old mansion with hearts full of the bitterest disappointment. O for a day such as Irving spent there, and such as many another less worthy guest has been favored with! If the house were indeed open—untenanted by any save the ghosts of those who once frequented it in the flesh—how dear it would be to us, and how precious would be the remembrance of our pilgrimage!

Down a long road, over the hills beyond Melrose, with the vale of Lammermoor in view at one point, and a delightful landscape always around you; over a swingbridge, that makes you feel queer before you get across it and pay your penny toll; up a lane that leads to a footpath, deep, narrow, and densely shaded; and then off to the right, between a high wall and a row of thickly-leaved trees, that make a perpetual twilight in the place—it is thus you come upon all that is left of Dryburgh Abbey and the tomb of Scott.

Standing at the west doorway—a crumbling arch swathed in ivy—you look up the grand path that was once the nave of the abbey church. At the far end still stands a fragment of the high altar and a font full of rain-water. To the left of this altar is a chapel called St. Mary's Aisle, right against the north transept. This solemn and sacred ruin is a legacy of the twelfth century. In the chapel—the most beautiful that I know of in the range of abbey ruins—lie the remains of Walter Scott, his wife, his eldest son, and Lockhart, his son-in-law. Sitting in the sunshine of the soft English summer, and listening to the rooks that cry from the green summits of the tottering walls, I think of these haunts of Scott—of Melrose and Abbotsford, and all the pleasant paths that lie hereabout; and I turn the pages of a volume that I have stumbled upon, and read this record of the last days of the Wizard of the North. The Rev. Lorenzo Gilfillan writes:

"At Edinburgh, on the morning of the 11th of June, 1832, Sir Walter was lifted into his carriage—left, and knew not that he was leaving his own romantic town forever. He remained torpid till, descending the valley of the Gala, he raised his head and began, like

a man waking from a dream, to gaze about him. Suddenly he murmured: 'Gala Water, surely; Buckleolm, Torwoodle!'

When he saw the Eildons he became greatly excited; and when, turning on his couch, he suddenly caught sight of Abbotsford, he uttered a cry of delight and could hardly be kept in the carriage. His excitement continued ungovernable until he reached the threshold of the door. Landlaw was in waiting, and assisted in carrying him to the dining-room. Here he sat bewildered for a few minutes, when, resting his eyes on his old, kind friend, he said: "Ah, Willie Landlaw! How often, man, have I thought of you!"

"By this time his dogs assembled around him; they fawned on him and licked his hands. He now sobbed and now smiled, till exhausted nature laid him asleep in his own Abbotsford."

Referring to the close of Scott's life, the same writer adds:

"This came about half-past one in the afternoon of September 2, when, in the presence of all his children, the sun of autumn shinning softly in at the open window, and the Tweed uttering its silver melody, the spirit of Scott was released from its body of death."

I closed the volume, with a leaf from the tomb carefully folded between its pages, and a few moments later strode out into the twilight.

—Charles Warren Stoddard in *Avic Marie*.

A TRIP TO NORTH CAROLINA.

FROM SNOW TO SUNSHINE.

How often does it happen that we become possessed of some object long desired, we admire it from all points of vantage, we sound its praises, we gloat over its charms, wonder how we ever could have existed without it, and rejoice that now at last we have all that we could desire. When lo! a short time proves it false—the reality falls far short of the anticipation and our one anxiety soon is to be rid of this whilom treasure. We left you last time in our "Maun Car" in supreme content rushing towards the South; nothing could be more delightful—the sun comes out, we throw wide the windows, the country becomes wild and mountainous, deep gorges dip down here and there, the pines peep above them, a fresh breeze springs up and—a sudden lurch of the train throws me backward ignominiously, an umbrella and a shawl strap topple down on my prostrate figure from the hat rack above, a telescope bag falls at my feet, and worse than all, trees, hills and—everything outside go bobbing up and down as if laughing at my discomfiture. I smile feebly, and try to believe it is a good joke but yet think it rather unkind of the "Maun Car" to play me such a nasty trick when I had only that moment finished an eloquent panegyric on its even and uniform motion. I rise to my feet assuring myself and others that there must have been a stone on the track, when as I stand surveying the spot where I had lain, I sit down hastily—very hastily indeed, another lurch worse than the first and this time there is no doubt about it, a succession of plunges follow which gradually moderate into a series of wobbles and bumps, bumps and wobbles that keep splendid time to the lively and gerky air of the "Rocky Road to Dublin." My face falls and must look woe begone, for as I glance across the car my eyes meet a pair of grey ones opposite brimming over with fun, and irresistibly we go off into a hearty fit of laughter.

The conductor comes hat in hand with true Southern politeness, and enquires how we like our surroundings. We reply feebly that just now it is not very delightful but no doubt will be better; as he goes out the porter comes in with dinner, this is the crowning point, for the train sways from right to left and to get something into one's mouth without depositing half of the same on one's garments is a feat beyond us. The porter comes to bear away the remains, and how he keeps on his feet during the ordeal excites our admiration. He goes quite safely and then we throw off all disguise to each other and denounce our treasured "Maun Car," though the despised object does its best to drown our opinions, for it rattles and bangs at such a pitch that we have to scream to reach each other's ears. We begin indignantly, and end laughingly. "Men are deceivers ever." I cry between a fresh peal, "now and always, what else could we expect from Maun or his car." We have subsided, we turn our eyes from our injuries within to the beauties without, and are soon lost to all things pertaining to self, with ever-changing views of mountain and valley, opening summer and blossom. We rattle along by a country road, winding at the foot of the mountains, smile at two girl riders with great sunbonnets jogging along on ponies, rush over a torrent that comes leaping down its rocky bed, look down the gorges that open delightful vistas of the blue ridges beyond, tear past struggling paths leading to their very hearts, by the negro cabins in the woods, their dusky inhabitants lounging in lazy attitudes on the doorsteps with a happy-go-lucky air that tells plainly work is an institution little appreciated. With lightning speed, almost, we fly southwards in and out through five successive tunnels, varying in length from a mile and three-quarters to one mile. By the dim light of the lamp we see the wall of solid rock that has been cut through to make way for this great iron steed in his fiery race to the sea.

On and on we go through God's beautiful world with the wild flowers, the brooks, the lofty peaks and the soft blue sky above proclaim-

ing His glory and His power. Here amid these solitudes how the heart rises to the Creator whose bounteous hand is everywhere lavishing gifts untold on His creatures, who repay Him with what...

All through the day the warm Southern sun lights up hill and dale with wondrous radiance. In a glory of crimson and gold he bids us a soft goodnight as he drops behind the peaks, and the mountain world is draped at his going. Through the waning light we leave our despised and faithless "Maun Car," sorry that our hopes of the morn are so cruelly blighted. The porter and conductor escort us to our train which takes us in two hours to Knoxville, where we must rest our weary bones for the night. We look forward with some dread to this "last straw" of our day's experience, picture a close, stuffy atmosphere, loud voices, banging of doors, and various etceteras. Our astonishment is great when we enter to find all the windows wide open, with the balmy mountain air coming refreshingly through; no loud voices, or, worse still, oaths, that so often in the North shock the traveller who is obliged to sit and listen to the coarsest blasphemies. When we stop at the stations the people come in and out quietly, even the children's voices are soft, and not once did a rude speech disturb the harmony of the scene. A peace and stillness hangs over the mountains, the lights from the farmhouses twinkle through the pines, the frogs lend their music to the night that bears to some mind so strong a resemblance to the sleigh bells, that, but a day before, rang in our ears over the Canadian snow. Never shall I forget that April night travelling through Tennessee. The train comes slowly into Knoxville, the lights of the city shine out above, and the effect is quaint and picturesque. We get to our carriage and the horses go slowly up the steep, winding street to the hotel. Tired out, we reach our rooms, a bath and a bed are delightfully welcome. A hearty *Deo Gratias* for our preservation, and for the pleasure of the day that is gone and Morpheus the drowsy god steals calmly and sweetly o'er languid eyes.

D. G.

(To be continued.)

THE BEAUTIFUL HAND.

Four maidens were sitting, one day.

Where sparkled a brook through the grass,

And three were vain creatures, alas!

Who openly worshipped the charms

The brook could not fail to display.

"Just look at my neck and my arms!"

Each thought, as she bared them, and lay

Admiring herself in the stream.

"How graceful, how whitely they gleam,

No queen could wish fairer than they."

At length a discussion began

Whose hands the most beautiful were,

One dipped up the stream as it ran,

Till each slender finger was lit

With a diamond drop in the sun,

Like dew when the breeze is astir.

One plucked up the violets sweet,

Of raindrops and golden light spun,

Till fragrant her fingers became

As the wealth of the meadows they bore.

The third gathered berries of flame,

Till stained by their rude-plundered store,

Her fingers grow rosy with shame.

An old, haggard woman passed by,

Who begged for a gift, being poor.

The three rival maids cried "Not I,"

The fourth dropped a coin in her hand,

And wished it were more, with a sigh,

While gently the beggar she scanned.

"A judge," then cried out, "to be sure,

We'll ask the old hag to declare

Whose hand of the three is most fair."

Then slowly the beggar replied.

"Not hers that is sweet with the bloom,

Nor hers that is pink with the fruit,

Nor hers that was dipped in the tide,

But hers who gave heed to my suit,

Whose heart for sweet pity found room.

The hand that gives alms to the poor

Is the beautiful hand, to be sure."

She ceased and stood sudden revealed,

An angel, appareled in white

Amazed then before her they knelt;

She smiled, with a smile like the dawn,

And lo, in an instant was gone,

Unseen in her heavenward flight.

Independent

Catholic Canadian Celebrities.

FATHER STAFFORD.

Over the bright busy town of Lindsay on Sunday, November 12th, 1882, hung the thickening gloom of mourning, for as the curate priest turned to the congregation and said, "*Ita misa est*," the soul of their loved pastor, Father Stafford, passed from amongst them into the presence of its God.

Father Michael Stafford was born on the first of March, 1832, in the township of Drummond, Lanark county, and was of Irish descent, his parents having come from Wexford, Ireland, and settled in Ontario.

He was taught the rudiments of his education in the county school and Perth institute, but left at the age of seventeen for Chambly College, Quebec, and also spent six years at St. Theresa, where he finished his course in Arts. Leaving there he entered Regiopolis College, Kingston, where he completed an education that ranked him as one of the most cultured men of the Province.

In 1856 he turned from the brilliant career which surely must have awaited such a man among his fellowmen, to join the priesthood.

Father Stafford was ordained by Bishop Phelan, and was immediately appointed director of Regiopolis College and Professor of Philosophy and Metaphysics.

For some time he was assistant chaplain to the Kingston penitentiary. And may we not presume that the sin and crime, against an outraged State, which he saw the unfortunate convict slowly and drearily wiping out, must have made him look for the cause of all this degradation, and finding the general answer, intemperance, it conceived within him that zeal for temperance, which made him the "Father Mathew of Canada."

Although at the time of his death a man of powerful physique, in his younger days Father Stafford's health was so delicate that his superiors ordered a long holiday in the south. It was on this journey that our young northern priest spoke such scathing words upon the slave auction, that he barely escaped some rough usage.

His first parish was Wolfe Island, a place teeming with well patronized beer saloons. But after three years of untiring labor Father Stafford, when saying good-bye to his parishioners, could look with laudable pride upon his now sober and industrious people.

In May, 1868, he received the appointment of parish priest of Lindsay and Ops.

Like Wolfe Island, there was room for improvement among his now parishioners, more particularly in connection with the religious and educational facilities, which are first necessary before a reformer, be he ever such an apostle of temperance, can hope to solidly ameliorate the condition of both young and old. In consequence of this, the energetic Father Stafford set to work to erect churches and establish

schools and the people generously seconding his efforts, in a very short while he had changed the whole face of things. From his own private purse he expended seven thousand five hundred dollars upon educational requisites. With the broad mind that won him so much respect, he saw that it was ignorance alone begot bigotry, and he sought to remedy it for the benefit of all, and where public schools were in need of school furnishing, he supplied them with it.

So much indeed did he do towards raising the standard of education in the country, and so highly were his abilities and influence rated, that he was offered the position of Principal of the Ottawa Normal School. But he declined the honour for the love of weak and erring souls. Once before we endeavoured to outline Father Stafford in his "blue ribbon town" but we find our inability to do him justice, so much secret good did he do. We can only render sincere thanks to his good and pious memory for the grand results he brought about.

He pleaded from the pulpit, he counselled from the confessional, and persuaded at the door of the saloon for the freedom of the slaves of intemperance. To the first communicants he administered the pledge of total abstinence until the age of twenty-one, in order to strengthen the body till the mind would be equally strong.

In 1878 Father Stafford went to England, and whilst there lectured at the request of Cardinal Manning upon the topic so dear to both, temperance, and he told the English people of his parish in Canada, where not one single drunkard could be found.

But in the prime of his splendid manhood, and in the midst of his loving people, the zealous preacher of temperance, the scholarly gentleman and the pious priest died the death promised to all who "hear His word and keep it."

"Father . . . most sacred name,

And never worn more sacredly by man
Than by this gentle priest.

Who held a widening parish in his love,
And still had heart for more:

Not by the majesty of princely Rome,
The pomp of ceremony, mystic rites,
Authority's swift fiat or fear's spell,

He held his place, and won men to his will
But by the holier force of blameless walk
And tender pity, he made captive all;

A priest most pure, a man, a patriot true,
A Christian soldier, fighting as he fell.

See at his tomb the mourners weeping kneel,
Learning and temperance, widows sore bereaved

'Twere impious now to ask them of his creed
Leave that to God—We know He loves the good.

Raise no vain shaft to mark his resting-place
None of graven, of cunning art, or man's device;

His life work rises grandly o'er his grave,
And from its front in gentle, steady flame

Shines forth a name revered by rich and poor
And loved by every creed, and honest men of note."

L. A. HENRY.

General Catholic News.

Dr. Salford, the new Archbishop of Westminster, is a strong believer in the power of the press. It is said that he is financially interested in the *Dublin Review*, the *Tablet*, *St. Joseph's Advocate*, *Illustrated Catholic Missions*, and the *Harvest*. The Catholic Truth Society has at all times been favored by his advocacy and aid.

On Easter Sunday ex-President and Mrs Cleveland were present at the High Mass in St. Peter's church, Brooklyn, of which Mr. Cleveland's old friend, the late Father Fransioli, was pastor. The Ex-President, after the service, called at the pastoral residence and complimented the acting pastor, the Rev. Father Barry, upon the excellence of the service. The ex-President's presence was not known to the congregation, and only a few learned of it until after his departure. Mrs. Cleveland is specially interested in the free kindergarten attached to the church. It is the largest in the country and is endowed as the special memorial of Father Fransioli's golden jubilee. Mr. Cleveland went to Brooklyn two years ago and spoke in behalf of that object.

A dispatch from Rohatyn, in Austrian Galicia, gives brief details of an outrageous and cowardly attack made upon Dr. Dzorowicz, a high ecclesiastical dignitary, who resides at that place. Dr. Dzorowicz was walking in the vicinity of the town, when he was suddenly set upon by two ruffians, armed with cudgels, who beat him severely. His assailants then car-

ried the doctor to the river and throw him in. He had been badly injured by the blows showered upon him by the men, and, faint and weak, he could only cry feebly for help. Fortunately some passers-by heard his cries, and, running to the river, they succeeded with much difficulty in reaching him. The two men, as soon as they had thrown their victim into the river, their evident intention being to drown him, took to their heels and made their escape. No reason for the assault is given.

Father Van Rensselaer, a young Jesuit priest of St. Francis Xavier's parish, New York, has just organized a club for Catholic young women, to be called the Notre Dame Club. The new organization will combine the popular features of the Association of Working Girls' Clubs, the Young Women's Christian Association and some of the features of the Navier Club for Young Men. There will be a pleasant club house, with piano, newspapers and magazines, games and other pleasant recreations, where young women may spend their evenings in congenial company and refined surroundings. As soon as the club is properly established, there will be classes in languages, music, type-writing, shorthand, book-keeping and other studies for the special benefit of young working women whose time is occupied during the day.

The many friends of Joseph McDonough of St. Joseph's High School will learn with pleasure that he has creditably passed the final examination for admission to the military academy at West Point. Of the first seven suc-

cessful students from St. Joseph's High School in last June's competitive examination, held at the request of Congressman Luther F. McKinney, Mr. McDonough ranked third, John E. of North Weare and Michael Byron J. Conway, now stenographer for the Forsaith Machine Company, being respectively first and second. Some weeks ago Mr. McDonough was notified to hold himself prepared for another physical and mental examination, to be held at Fort Warren, Boston, under the immediate authority of United States officers detailed from the war department. March 1 the young Manchester cadet presented himself as directed, and having been pronounced by the examining physicians to be as sound and healthy as Uncle Sam requires he was ordered to remain at the fort for a mental ordeal of four days. The result of this final test is now made known through the adjutant-general at Washington, who acquaints the young man of his successful examination for the United States Military Academy. Without further examination he will be admitted to that institution as a cadet upon reporting on the 15th day of June next. This is a signal honor for Mr. McDonough, for St. Joseph's High School, for the Christian Brothers, his teachers and for his parents. His friends wish him success in his chosen vocation and hope that he may imitate the example of his namesake on Lake Champlain."

Rev. Father Pickel of Silverton, Col., perished in a snow storm recently while attempting to cross the mountains in Western Colorado, on snow-shoes, to attend a sick call in that remote region.

Dr. Gabriels Consecrated Bishop of Ogdensburgh.

ALBANY, May 5th.—Nearly a score of prelates, over five hundred priests and several thousand of the laity attended the consecration of Dr. Gabriels in Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception on Thursday, May 5th. Archbishop Corrigan was the consecrator assisted by Bishops McNiernoy and Ludden. Monsignor De Regge of Rochester, read the Papal bull naming Dr. Gabriels Bishop of Ogdensburgh.

On the left of the altar sat the visiting Bishops—Archbishops Duhamel, of Ottawa; Fabre, of Montreal, Cleary, of Kingston; Chappello, coadjutor Bishop of Santa Fe; the Bishops of Providence, Hartford, Brooklyn, Trenton, Newark, Buffalo, Syracuse, Manchester, Pontiac, Three Rivers, Curium, Portland, and the auxiliary Bishop of Boston; and the Right Rev. Monsignori Farloy, of New York, and De Regge, of Rochester. Standing around the consecrator were the most notable priests of the province. The deacons of the Mass were Administrator Walsh, of Ogdensburgh, and the Rev. James Lynch, of Utica, at one time Vicar General of Syracuse. The deacons of honor were the Rev. Dr. Pulasant, present head of the Troy Seminary, and Rev. John Edwards, of New York. To the right stood the Bishop-elect in white vestments, with Bishops McNiernoy and Ludden at his side, and his chaplain, the Rev. Joseph Conroy, rector of the Ogdensburgh Cathedral. Assisting them were Vicar-General Burke, of Albany; Chancellor Mooney and Secretary Connolly, of New York, and others. In the body of the church were grouped the priests and seminarians.

The Cathedral choir was assisted by one hundred and fifty students from the Troy Seminary. The seminarians sang the music directly connected with the consecration, and the sanctuary boys sang the responses in the *Te Deum*. Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, was the preacher. He dwelt largely on the offices and duties of a bishop, and said in substance:

"What the actual power of a bishop is, the priests of the people know; they bow to him in loving submission, they kiss the ring upon his hand and pledge of loyalty, they support him as the one man holding in the diocese the complete power and perfection of the priesthood. His position is one of dreadful responsibility, however, and its burdens are often too great for man. As the guardian of truth, the bishop must be ready at any moment to defend it. Silence in him would be treachery. His office is not merely to instruct the souls of men, but to nourish them. It is often said to the people, in the words of St. Paul, that they should give heed to the bishops appointed over them; but the chief work of a bishop is to rule over himself.

"Honor the dignity of that position to which Dr. Gabriels is raised to-day. No man ever entered the episcopate so well prepared as this man. For years the bishops have been his debtors in the patient work he has done in the seminary; the hundreds of priests here present have felt the influence of his noble personality, both within and without the seminary. And now he fitly enters the hierarchy, a ruler who has learned the art of ruling himself before attempting to rule others."

After the ceremony a dinner was served to the clergy in Union Hall, and an address and a purse of \$10,000 were presented to the new bishop. Next week he will be received with honors in his new See.—*N. Y. Catholic Review*.

Milwaukee has in Mgr. Latz a priest with a remarkable record. He has erected a church, chapel, parochial school and convent out of his

private fortune, and has invested in the buildings nearly \$100,000. On Sunday before last the church was consecrated. He will take his money to heaven with him, by giving it to God now.

...When a Catholic society lose a member by death says the *N. Y. Catholic Review*, it should not waste money in a costly "floral offering." The Catholic way to show regard for the dead is to have a Mass offered for the repose of their souls. Catholic organizations should not follow a fashion that is contrary to the mind of the Church.

That notorious writer of fictions, James Anthony Froude, whose untrustworthiness as a historian was exposed by Father Tom Burke and by Edward A. Freeman, has been appointed by the Marquis of Salisbury Regius Professor of History at Oxford. He ought to spell his name Fraud. He is called Anthony, and in accordance with the gift of that saint, he has been found out. Condolences are in order with the students who will listen to his inventive lectures.

...Italy is bankrupt. The people are fleeing from Italy. Oppressed with taxes to support an immense standing army, they see no outlook from their misery except through exile. The Government's own statistics, just published, report that in 1891 the ominous number of 294,208 emigrants left the country. Others would have gone, but were kept back by lack of means for the voyage. But if only a quarter of a million of young men and women quit the land every year, how long will it be before it will fall into decay?

...With that uniform munificence of bounty which signalizes the Papacy, the Holy Father caused to be distributed through the Apostolic Almonry the sum of *forty-two thousand francs* at the last Easter festival. Portion was given to indigent families, another portion to former civil and military employees in the Pontifical service, and to the teachers of Catholic institutions. The remainder goes as dowries or for the purchase of household furniture for poor and deserving young girls.

...The Rev. Father Hathway, a Jesuit, died recently in the island of Jamaica. After referring to the saintly life of the deceased the editor of *Gull's Weekly News Letter*, a Protestant, says:

"Their ministrations are given as freely to the humble and poverty-stricken as to the rich and prosperous, and they are ready to face any personal sacrifice for the good of their people. Exactly the reverse of this, the writer insists, is the character of the average Protestant missionary. He is grasping and avaricious, unwilling to endure personal discomforts. He panders to the rich, while he absolutely neglects the poor. The primary aim of his labour is said to be not the saving of the people but the accumulation of property."

...An interesting memento of the late Cardinal Manning—his cardinal's hat—which he bequeathed to the Pro Catholic, Kensington, has now been placed in the position it is intended to occupy permanently. A silken cord has been fastened to the centre of the first arch on the left hand of the nave near the high altar, and from this the red hat depends.

...Treves, which has been made famous by the exhibition of the Holy Coat, has lost its bishop, Dr. Heinrich Felton, who has succumbed to the influenza, complicated by congestion of the lungs. He was only 57 years of age, but he had done noble work in his time and will be sorely missed. During the Franco-Prussian war, being then stationed at Fraulatern, he turned his presbytery into a hospital, and with his own hands tended night and day over fifty sick and wounded soldiers.

...The Redemptorist Fathers have permanently

established themselves on the Pacific coast. Last May in compliance with the request of Bishop Junger, they took charge of the Sacred Heart church, Seattle. Since then they have erected a convent, built a school, and purchased a dwelling for the Sisters. The school is conducted by the Dominican Sisters. About 200 children, boys and girls, are attending. The church has been lately frescoed and two fine Gothic altars, one in honor of the Sacred Heart and the other in Honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, will soon enhance its beauty. Besides attending to the wants of the parish the Fathers are preaching missions, both in English and German. They lately closed a very successful two weeks' mission in Spokane, Wash. May God bless their work on the Pacific as He has done on the Atlantic.

The *American Catholic Quarterly Review* for April contains the following: "The Catholic Idea in Prophecy," by Very Rev. A. F. Hewit, D.D., O.S.P.; "Beatrice and other Allegorical Characters of Dante Alighieri," by Rev. James Conway, S.J.; "Father Hermann," by Theodore L. I. Feeling; "Christopher Columbus—the Prophecy, the Acceptance," by Richard H. Clark, LL.D.; "Church and State in France," by Very Rev. John Hogan, S.S., D. D.; "The Last of the Three Great English Cardinals—His special Work," by Arthur F. Marshall, B.A. (Oxon); "Catholic Astronomers," by Rev. T. D. O'Sullivan, S.J.; "The Two Kennicks," by Very Rev. John Canon O'Halon, M.R.I.A.; "In Memoriam—Cardinal Manning," by Cardinal Gibbons; "In Memoriam—John Gilmary Shea.

...Rev. Father Mollinger of Pittsburg, Pa., who has been widely known to have accomplished many remarkable cures, did some excellent work during the past few weeks. Cornelius Lahey of Terre Haute, Ind., had suffered for years from rheumatism, and was unable to move without excruciating pain. He placed himself under Father Mollinger's care, and in two weeks was entirely cured. Patrick Breen and Miss Breen, also of Terre Haute, the former being afflicted with catarrh and the latter being nearly blind, were also entirely cured. Joseph Brumm, a little boy of Youngs town, O., was entirely blind in one eye. His mother brought him to Mount Troy. After four days' treatment his sight was restored. Charles Gummerson, a miner, had both his legs injured so badly in the Dunbar Mine disaster that he lost the use of them and was compelled to resort to crutches. He came to Father Mollinger's and in three days threw away his crutches and returned to his home a well man.—*Catholic Home*.

...The general of the Jesuits will be elected in Rome this month. He holds office for life. Recent statistics show that there are in round numbers 13,000 members of the order, 5,800 priests, 7,200 scholastics and lay brothers—in the whole world. They are divided into five groups, which are themselves subdivided into provinces. The Italian group composed of the provinces of Rome, 397 members; Naples, 312; Sicily, 247; Turin, 453; Venice, 355; making a total of 1,764; while in France, where there are 2,863 Jesuits, or more than in any other country, there are the provinces of the Isle de France, 866; Lyons, 777; Toulouse, 662; and Champagne, 538. The German group comprises the provinces of Germany, 1,009; Belgium, 935; Austria, Hungary, 642; Holland, 450; and Galicia, 374; making a total of 3,470; while the Spanish group comprises the provinces of Aragon, 945; Castile, 869; Toledo, 428; Portugal, 205; and Mexico, 123. The seven English speaking provinces are England, 585; Maryland, 564; Missouri, 403; Ireland, 267; Canada, 210; New Orleans, 195; and Zambesi, 154; making 2,908 in all—all the above provinces having certain missions in foreign countries.—*Catholic Home*.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

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

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

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

The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto

The Late Archbishop Lynch.

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

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

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion.

Published by

The Catholic Review Publishing Company, (Limited)

Office: 64 Adelaide St. East, (opposite Court House).

A. O. MACDONELL, President.

PH. DEQUOY, Editor and Manager

REV. W. FLANNERY, Associate Editor

Terms: \$2.00 per annum, or \$1.50 if paid strictly in advance. Advertisements exceptable in character and limited in number, will be taken at the rate of \$2 per line per annum 10 cents per line for ordinary insertions. CLUB rates: 10 copies, \$6.

All advertisements will be set up in such style as to insure the tasteful typographical appearance of the Review and enhance the value of the advertisements in its columns.

Remittances by P. O. Order or draft should be made payable to the manager.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1892.

THE FRENCH-CANADIAN EXODUS EXPLAINED BY THE MAIL AND THE WITNESS.

No misrepresentation of French-Canadian life and manners is too outrageous, or falsehood too gross, to satisfy the fanatical readers of the *Montreal Witness* and the *Mail* of our city. Although living under the same skies and governed by the same laws, with representatives from both provinces meeting every year in Parliament and exchanging vows and courtesies, probably in the same hotel or boarding house for months at a time, the people of Ontario can be made to believe any extravagant misstatement, or lie direct, about their French fellow Canadians, as though they were Hottentots or heathen Chinese. Last week, a correspondent signing himself "*Un Voyageur*," who is contributing a series of interesting (?) articles to the *Witness*, on the French-Canadians in the New England States, says the *Mail*, referring to the causes of the exodus, writes: "I should mention as one of the causes of emigration, the exactions and increasing demands of the clergy from their parishioners." We stop here to remark upon the impossibility of any such exaction or increase in the demands of the French clergy upon their parishioners. The moderate stipend which the industrious and frugal habitant pays to his parish priest is regulated by law, both in church and State. A farmer gives one twenty-sixth of his grain, and a tradesman or storekeeper from two to four dollars per annum. No cure or pastor can exact one cent more than is provided by the regulation. The *Voyageur*, therefore is not telling the truth, when he speaks of exactions that are impossible of demand or enforcement. Is there one church attending Protestant in Ontario who pays so little? When we consider that the average amount paid to the French-Canadian cure is from 400 to 500 dollars, it seems the very acme of absurdity for any one to hazard the statement that "the French habitants are so weighted down and oppressed by clerical exactions that they are forced to flee the country."

The correspondent to the *Witness* continues, "Two examples will explain this point. Take as an instance the parish of Longueuil, opposite Montreal. You see over there a church costing at least 100,000 dollars. Is it not rather a high expenditure for a population comparatively poor? It is a well-known fact that the priests of this day vie with each other in regard to beautiful and costly churches, no matter whether their parishioners are rich or poor, and as there are legal means compelling them to pay, what is the consequence? The emigration of our

countrymen by hundreds and thousands." Can it be possible the scribe is ignorant of the fact that the priest has nothing to do with the building of churches in Montreal or Quebec? Does he not know that all expenditures of money, and that all plans for the erection or improvement of churches belong to the Fabrique or body of church wardens? This Fabrique is established by law, just as a town council or a board of school trustees have their existence, and the members who compose it are elected every year by a vote of the people. Whenever it happens that expenditures are oppressive the people have no one to blame but themselves. The remedy is in their own hands, all they have to do is to elect a new Fabrique. It is true the priest is always a member, but he has no more power over the board than a chairman of school trustees or a mayor of a city has over the finances of each. If the priests of this day vie with each other in the beauty of their churches it speaks volumes for their zeal and piety, when an opponent—of the character of "*Voyageur*" feels compelled to accord them so high a tribute. Their emulation for beautiful and costly churches forms a striking contrast with the clergy of the Establishment, for whose correction and punishment the British House of Commons, two weeks ago, found it necessary to enact special acts of Parliament.

Longueuil is probably a poor district for all we know, being so convenient to so large and flourishing a city as Montreal, however, it may command far greater resources than the "*Voyageur*" has any notion of. But although it were a poor district it is entirely Catholic, and therefore within the possibility of owning a magnificent church. Small sums from many willing hands and hearts can accomplish great things. The grandest and most magnificent churches in North America were built by the laboring classes and the poor of Ireland. A willing multitude has the irresistible force and power of many waters. When a body of church wardens called upon Dean Swift to take counsel with him about finding means to build a new Protestant church in Dublin, his reverence said, "build a Catholic church and you can pay for it by the means of penny collections. When it is all paid for you can turn it over by an Act of Parliament to the Protestants."

The correspondent of the *Witness* gives another instance: "After Longueuil, let us cite Cape Saint Ignace, below Quebec. There was in that poor parish a church which cost from \$72,000 to \$75,000. It was burned down about two and a half years ago. Not at all daunted, the cure, the Rev. Mr. Sirois, is building another temple as expensive, if not more so, as the preceding one. In order to avoid this heavy and useless task, the inhabitants sell their properties and emigrate to the States with their families." The correspondent had not wit enough to see a contradiction in this argument. How could the farms be sold if there were no purchasers? But the purchasers are not afraid of the new church. They certainly appear no less undaunted than Rev. Mr. Sirois, whereas they purchase property liable to a heavy assessment for the erection of a grand new church. Neither does the correspondent know or suspect that the burnt church was insured to its full value, and that the parishioners will not be taxed for one cent towards its erection. All the churches in the diocese of Quebec are mutually insured for all they are worth. So that instead of one parish being mulcted, it is a small tax that will be levied on the whole Province that will erect the new church. The correspondent, yelegt "*Voyageur*," would be puzzled to name the enormous sum that is paid yearly by the Protestants of Ontario to Insurance Companies. The Catholics of Quebec are free from this heavy annual tax; but when once in a space of thirty or fifty years a church happens to be destroyed by fire the whole Province shoulders the burthen. It goes without saying that no Protestant is ever called on for a cent on such occasions, no more than he is compelled to contribute one cent for Catholic education.

The Voyageur must evidently look for some more tangible causes of the exodus than the grinding of the faces of the poor by the priests who "vie with each other in the erection of beautiful and costly church edifices."

From the census taken in the Province of Quebec in 1881, it can easily be seen what sum the tithes paid to the clergy reached at that period. The whole amount raised for wheat, barley, rye, oats and peas in that year realized \$500,000. As the priests are not over-exacting, it can be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that on the average they remit or neglect to collect at least 20 per cent., which would leave a real value of not more than \$400,000, to be divided among nine hundred priests doing parish work--or an average of \$50 each adding \$100 perquisites, which is the average received, we have a total of \$550, as the annual stipend of parish priests in Lower Canada. If this small salary should suffice to drive the people out of the country, how can we account for the Protestants of Ontario staying in the Province, where the salary of Protestant parsons ranges from \$1000 to \$5000 per annum.

The correspondent of the *Witness*, so gloatingly quoted by the *Mail*, continues: "Another thing that impoverishes our farmers is the construction of so many convents in all parts of the Province. To-day a priest who has not a convent in his parish is an unhappy man. He loses his appetite, and cannot sleep. And who has to pay for all this? Poor Baptiste hardly able already to procure daily food for his numerous family." The Voyageur again displays his crass ignorance. He does not know that the mother houses in Montreal and Quebec are wealthy enough to build branch convents in every parish in the Province. Jean Baptiste is not called upon to erect those institutions of education and charity that are the source of so much comfort and happiness, as they are of edification and piety to the surrounding populations, besides eliciting the wonder and approving admiration of Protestant and Catholic tourists, who visit those favoured localities during the summer holidays. Where the mother houses of the Hotel Dieu nuns or of the Sœurs de la Congregation do not found houses, there are convents built on a smaller scale by the munificence and piety of the Cures, who have no families to support, who work all summer, who preach and sing mass July and August, and who are never seen off on an ocean trip with valises and hand-boxes and other etceteras, while the churches are closed to the public.

These brave men who are not of the world worldly, can afford to devote a portion of their slender income towards the erection of a home for the education and pious training of their little girls. A late Prime Minister, replying to the attacks of the Equal Rights Association of Toronto, said in a printed pamphlet addressed to Principal Caven:—

"It is thanks to the generosity of the clergy that are founded and maintained the numerous institutions of charity - asylums, refuges, hospitals, and parish convents, which are seen all over the Province. You would be astonished, you Protestants, at the number of young men belonging to poor families whose education, classical and commercial, is paid for in whole or in part by our good country priests, you would be equally astonished at the number of legacies bequeathed by those good Cures to our colleges, on condition that interest thereof should be employed to meet the cost of the education of poor children . . . With an income of five or six hundred dollars, the Catholic priest lives comfortably, can even practice a few economies which ecclesiastical discipline obliges him to employ in good works. The Protestant minister, on the contrary, only finds what is absolutely necessary for himself and his family in an income of six hundred dollars. . . . It is thus that are formed in great part by our clergy, and without the least over-burdening the faithful, these resources with which are created and maintained the greater number of these convents and other Catholic institutions which are the admiration of every one not blinded by prejudice. That which the Protestant minister gives to his own family, the

Roman Catholic priest devotes to the rise of the people and to works of public benevolence."

When all these facts, proved and substantiated by men in authority and by the country's statistics, are quoted in contradiction to mere verbiage and broad assertions of men who trade on bigotry, it becomes obvious to all, except, no doubt, to the *Mail* and the *Witness*, how false and absurd is the contention of "Voyageur" that the exactions of the clergy force "our countrymen to emigrate by hundreds and by thousands."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We invite the attention of our readers to the article on Secret Societies published in another portion of this issue. With the number of Catholic Societies in existence on this continent there can be no excuse for any Catholic afflicting himself with those outside the church. Many of the Catholic Societies give equal inducements to members with the best of non-Catholic societies. The Catholic Order of Foresters notably, giving a weekly sick benefit of from \$4 to \$5 and a death benefit of \$1000. The C.M.B.A., E.B.A., and others, also offers good inducements to members.

The following is the appeal the National Federation of America has issued to the friends of Home Rule for Ireland:

New York, April 18, 1892.

Fellow countrymen and friends of Home Rule in Ireland After centuries of misrule in Ireland, after an unbroken line of martyrs have yielded up their lives in protest, after enduring every form of persecution that could be inflicted, making every sacrifice that was demanded, accepting poverty and exile rather than abandon the hope of a restored nationality, the constancy, loyalty and sympathy of the liberty-loving, and won from the majority of our claims and their consent to render the justice long denied.

The Tory Government, the implacable enemy of the Irish people has been driven finally to lay. Advice from the other side point inevitably to an early dissolution of Parliament. The general election following immediately will decide the Home Rule question for our generation if not forever. Friends of Ireland in America will you aid the Irish people now? Will you organize at once and give the necessary material support, without which the battle cannot be won?

The Tory party have arranged to contest every seat in Ireland, to impose new burdens on our people, knowing their poverty. Shall the sacrifices and devotion of the past be in vain, because of indifference now? Shall the present prove recreant to the past? The heavy statutory fees must be deposited when nominations are made. The necessary funds should be in our treasurer's hands before the dissolution of Parliament, in order to be available at once. The hour for final effort is upon us. You have pledged your support to this contest until the victory is won. The purpose and lines of the contest have not changed. Never in the history of the long struggle has Ireland gained a position so full of promise as the present. Avoidance of the duty you owe your race now, under any pretence, is desertion in the face of the enemy.

The hour of destiny has arrived for Ireland. This is Ireland's Opportunity," and to nations as to individuals such opportunities seldom recur. The fate of the Home Rule question rests now in your hands, defeat can only come through the apathy of professed friends. The hour for hesitation and discussion is passed. To work! To work at once!

Send on your subscriptions without delay, organize branches of the Federation where none exist, and appoint collecting committees. Remember that on every man will rest a share of the shame of defeat, or the honor of victory. Answer the exultant Tory cry that you have deserted the cause of Ireland by material aid forwarded to the Central Office, 22 Cooper Union, making checks or money orders payable to Eugene Kelly, treasurer. In addition to the receipt from the treasurer's office, subscriptions hereafter will be publicly acknowledged in the press.

THOMAS ADDIS EMMET, M. D., President
EUGENE KELLY, Treasurer,
JAMES S. COLEMAN, Secretary,
JOHN BYRNE, Chairman Board of Trustees,

The National Federation of America has issued an appeal to the friends of Home Rule in the coming struggle for Ireland's rights. The appeal is signed by gentlemen well known and respected throughout the United States and Canada and whose standing in the whole country commands the fullest confidence. As the report says, remarks the *New York Catholic News*, "the fact of the Home Rule question rests now in your hands, defeat can come only through the apathy of professed friends. The hour of hesitation and discussion is past." Yes, the hour of union is at hand. Mr. McCarthy and Dillon have both cabled to the honourable President of the Federation, Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, that there is no longer division in Ireland on the Home Rule question. No news could be more welcome to the friends of Ireland in this country. Too many sacrifices have been made already to much hard earned money has been contributed by "fingers weary and worn" to allow of any retrograde movement now. Let Irishmen all over the world show the Tories that they have not deserted the cause of Ireland. Let every friend of Ireland read the appeal of the National Federation and respond to it with the zeal and generosity of the true patriot.

His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto has also kindly consented to receive subscriptions for the Fund.

In connection with the rumors actively circulated, that the Irish National Party was being split into sections with internal discord. President Emmet, of the Federation cabled to McCarthy to learn the truth and received this reply:

"No foundation for the rumor of division in the Irish Party.
"Justin McCarthy,
"John Dillon."

A contemporary says that the recent discussion in the British House of Commons on the clergy discipline bill could not have been very edifying to the friends of the Establishment. This bill is designed to enable the Government to deal summarily with such preachers as have recently in considerable numbers disgraced the Established Church in their relations with their parishioners. Mr. Gladstone supported the bill and said: "Recent scandals among the clergy has shown that such a measure was imperative. Several Radicals denounced the framers of the bill for omitting the offences of Bishops from the provisions of the final clause, arguing that Bishops also had shown themselves not to be above sin. If the statement made by Mr. Gladstone be true, it is strange that any opposition should have been offered to a measure tending to withhold from the preachers the national stipend."

DESPATCHES from Rome give notice of a Ministerial crisis in Italy, and also show that country to be almost on the verge of bankruptcy. The policy pursued of spoliation and confiscation of religious institutions and properties have brought their own reward. The plunderers and invaders of the rights of the Papacy are now reaping what they have sown, and which they will continue to reap until reparation and restitution have been made for wrongs inflicted upon, and penitence shown for crimes committed against, the church and religion. One of the despatches says that "It is believed that the Ministerial crisis will be of long duration. It does not appear possible to form a Cabinet which in the present temper of the Chamber would have fair chance of commanding a majority. The fact is that the Chamber is hopelessly divided among cliques and factions. There is a lack of decision as to what is the best means of delivering the country from its distress."

It is said that one result of the downfall of Marquis Rudini will be the dissolving of the various groups which the Italian Parliament is split up into. This system was introduced by Signor Depretis and adopted by Crispien when in power, at present they are constituted as follows

Extreme Right, 20 members, Conservatives, 100, Right Centre, 70, Left Centre, 130, Liberals, 80, Nicotera partisans, 70, Extreme Left 40, Socialists, 5.

Tangled finances are the chief cause for the prolongation of the crisis. It is settled that the new Ministry will reject all the proposals of Signor Luzzati, the old Minister of Finance, but it will be a difficult task to devise new plans for fighting off the spectre of a deficit.

The shortage for the present year is at least sixty millions lire, next year it will amount to 90,000,000 or 100,000,000 lire. A reduction of the civil estimates seems impossible, and Parliament and the country would vigorously oppose fresh taxes, so the impression grows that in a reduction of the military burden lies the sole, though unpalatable, remedy.

General Corte a prominent writer on military topics says of the much lauded Italian army that at present the stores and magazines are depleted, the cavalry and artillery in part under horsed and only in part armed with modern rifles, and the artillery armed dangerously out of proportion to the rest of the service.

It is expected, that as a result of the crisis and reduction of the military estimates the triple alliance will be destroyed.

By Papal Brief the territories acquired by the independent state of Congo in the east of Kassai are annexed to the Apostolic Vicariate of Scheut. A new mission is created under the title of the mission of Korrango and is confided to the Belgian Province of the Society of Jesus. Its limits are the Inkissi from the Portuguese frontier to the railway, the railway to Stanley Pool, the Congo, the Kassai, the line between Kassai and the Korrango, and the Portuguese frontier. The Jesuits in addition have a right to establish a sanatorium. Thus does this noble Order carry on the work of the church, bringing the glad tidings of religion to the heathen, seeking him in his darkness and ministering unto him with the bread of life.

We learn from the London *Univers* that the Annals of the Propaganda for 1892 has just appeared from the polyglot printing office of that establishment. It supplies the names of all the Cardinals, prefects, and prelate secretaries who have been there in succession since the foundation by Gregory XV. in 1622. Among the prefects are two Barberini, a Borgia (founder of the museum of the name), Gonsalvi, the famous diplomatist and Minister, Cappellari, who afterwards became Gregory XVI., Barnabo, Franchi, and Simeoni. Among the prelate secretaries figure Casanate, founder of the library of the name at the Minerva, Brunelli, and the savant Mezzolanti. At present the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda embraces in its Council, besides Cardinal Ledochowski, Prefect-General, Cardinal de Ruggiero, Prefect-Econome, twenty five Cardinals, Mgr. Persico, the secretary, and forty five prelates and consultors. The special Congregation for affairs of the Oriental Rite, presided over also by Cardinal Ledochowski, has upon its Council fourteen Cardinals, the secretary, Mgr. Anuti, and thirty one prelates, consultors and interpreters.

The *Church News* of Washington thus gives another instance of the peculiar construction and elasticity of the Protestant religion. Which true to its name it even protests against the possibility of the torments of hell or the person of a devil. It says:—"A New York paper has been interviewing prominent Protestant clergy-men of that city as to their belief in a future state, and the result shows a rather misty state of mind on what would naturally be regarded as the most important doctrine they were supposed to teach. One, the pastor of a fashionable church, declared that sinners had their hell upon this earth; he was uncertain as to whether there was any place of punishment in the hereafter. Another thought there might be something of the kind in the future, but it would not be everlasting. They all, as far as interviewed, seemed to have strong doubts as to the personality of Satan, generally fighting shy of the question by jokingly referring the reporter to the streets of New York, where he would find plenty of personal devils. If this be the uncertainty of the leaders, what kind of belief have those who sit under their ministrations in the momentous matters of eternity?"

An interesting and very important question is answered by the Rev. D. O'Leary in a late number of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*. It relates to the necessity on the part of a dying person who receives the Papal Blessing (to which a plenary indulgence is attached) of invoking the Holy Name. The Maynooth theologian says that a decree of the Congregation of Indulgence removes all shadow of doubt concerning the matter, and that "therefore when the blessing is given to a dying person having the use of his senses, he does not gain the indulgence unless he invoke the Holy Name, at least mentally."

In the current number of the *Review of Reviews* appears an able article on Mr. Gladstone, from the pen of Mr. Stead. It is at once a testimony of the author's admiration for him personally, and also an unbiased resume of his character and his works during the long period he has been before the public. His parliamentary career extends over sixty years, or two generations. For over forty years he has taken a leading part in the making and unmaking of Cabinets. He has served his country in almost every capacity in office. Yet notwithstanding his long sojourn in the domain of wire pulling and red tapeism we are assured that "his heart seems to be as the heart of a little child." In his wonderful courage, faith, and versatility he can put even the youngest man to shame. His eyes are undimmed, his natural force unabated, and, what is best of all, his splendid physical frame, carefully preserved, gives every promise of a continuance of green old age.

The *London Universe*, also, in its current issue deals with the eminent statesman by paying its tribute to his worth in the course of which it says:—Mr. Gladstone is essentially a man of one idea. Yet, while seemingly absorbed in the pursuit of one set object he is all the while making an understudy of other questions. He is a wonderfully all-round man, and even when consumed by his preoccupation about Ireland or Bulgaria he snatched time to review *Ecc Homo*, or "Robert Ellesmere," to discourse on the Olympian gods, or to write essays about Marie Bashkersteiff. Of course as a financier and as a popular orator he stands without a rival. He is a man of marvellous courage, resource, and indomitable resolution. A naval officer lately remarked that Mr. Gladstone would make a splendid naval commander of the old type—once let him be convinced of the righteousness of his cause, and he would fight against any odds, nail his colours to the mast, and blow up the powder magazine rather than surrender.

Again the *Universe* says. "It has been truthfully said that the English are at bottom a profoundly religious race. Hence those who would arouse them to enthusiasm must touch the heart rather than the head of the nation. This is what Mr. Gladstone is quite capable of doing. He is a man who time after time has shown himself to be capable of self-sacrifice. He is a man of faith, the born leader of the people, the champion of the desolate and oppressed. The secret of Mr. Gladstone's power lies in the fact that he is animated by a supreme regard for the welfare of the common people, and an all-constraining conviction of his obligation to God. He regards man as a moral being. His appeals are ever addressed to our higher nature, or as Emerson would say, to the "over-soul." He towers aloft, majestic even when mistaken, and is ever ready at the call of distressful innocence or outraged justice.

"No man," Mr. Gladstone once declared, "has committed suicide as often as I." This is perfectly true. From the political point of view he has ruined himself over and over again. He disapproved at first of the Maynooth grant in the days of Sir Robert Peel, and later on, when his views upon the matter had undergone a complete change, he resigned his seat in the Cabinet in order that his advocacy of it should be purged of the least taint of self-interest. Such is Mr. Gladstone's fastidious sensitiveness of conscience. Yet even his very blunders have helped him, and the mistakes, which would infallibly have proved the ruin of a less disinterested man, have served only to render the person of Mr. Gladstone more dear to the popular heart. Mr. Gladstone opposed tooth and nail the absurd Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, and so determined was his opposition to the Divorce Bill that he sometimes allowed himself to go to the length of positive obstruction."

ST. BASIL'S NOVITIATE.

Continued from first page.

opportunities of preparing themselves for the positions they today occupy. The city and province owed much to the Basilian Fathers. In the new institution they all took a deep interest. They were proud of it because it was their own. The children of another nation had come here and planted a bud which was taking deep root in this free, generous soil of Canada. He paid a compliment to the foresight of the Community in securing the

fine property and picturesque site for the important purposes to which it was to be devoted. He could and should like to say much more on the subjects he had touched, as the grounds he was on were familiar and he felt deeply interested in them, but he dare not trespass farther, as he knew time was limited. He wished every success to this new project.

J. J. Foy, Q.C., was glad to have an opportunity of testifying his esteem for the Basilians and the interest he takes in all their works. Fr. Flannery had taken them back forty years. He could not accompany him that distance, though he could go back a good way. He remembered the first founders, to whom Fr. Flannery referred. They were men of fixed purpose and of sacrifice. They were men who had left green memories in the hearts of Toronto Catholics. He referred to Fr. Vincent, Fr. Soulemi, Fr. Malbos, Fr. Molmey, names well known and dear to nearly every Catholic household in this city. The work the Basilians had done was important and in this new institution they had an earnest that that work would be permanent. He hoped it would fully realize all the expectations of its friends and founders.

Dr. O'Sullivan and Dr. Guimane were booked for next, but as it was growing late there was no further speaking and His Grace dismissed the gathering with his blessing. The societies reformed and marched back to the college, Bishop O'Connor received them and in the name of the Basilians thanked them for the part they had taken in the day's ceremonies. They had done a service and an honour to the Community, and they had done an honour to themselves. Their numbers, their appearance, their behaviour were a credit to the Catholics of the city. He was proud of them. Referring to the O'Connell fife and drum band, he said he never before liked the music of the fife and drum, because, unlike to-day's, it had not the right ring about it. He thanked the fife and drum band for their fine music and wished the societies success. Here a deputation from the college boys interposed with a request for a holiday. It was granted, and three rousing cheers were given for the bishop of London and three more for the Catholic societies. The societies returned the compliment, and the day's celebration was over.

CORNER-STONE.

In the tin box set in the corner-stone was placed the following document together with numbers of the Toronto daily papers and Catholic newspapers of the province and specimens of coin of the Dominion:

CONGREGATIO P. P. S. BASILII, PROVINCIA CANADIENSIS.

Unum cor anima una.

TORONTO, die Octava Maii, 1892.

Octavo Idus Maii, Luna duodecima, Anno Domini Millesimo Octingentesimo Nonagesimo Secundo,

Cum Reverendissimus Adrianus Fayolle Societati Patrum Sancti Basilii præesset.

Leone XIII. Pontifice Maximo feliciter regnante,

Illustrissimo ac Reverendissimo Joanne Walsh, Ecclesiam Torontinensem gubernante, Necnon solemnitati hujus diei presidente..

Illustrissimus ac Reverendissimus Dionysius O'Connor, Episcopus Londinensis,

Hunc Lapidem Angularem istarum ædium

In quibus Alumni prædictæ Societatis Religiosæ disciplinæ informabuntur,

In honorem Beatæ Mariæ Virginis Reginae Sacratissimi Rosarii erigendarum Benedixit et Posuit.

† JOANNES WALSH, Archiepiscopus Torontinensis.

† DIONYSIUS O'CONNOR, Episcopus Londinensis.

The trowel used in laying the corner-stone was that with which Bishop Power had laid the corner-stone of St. Michael's Cathedral in 1845. There must have been eight thousand people present on the grounds at the beginning of the ceremony. Much credit is due to the organizers, as everything proceeded with the the greatest harmony. We compliment Mr. M. J. Ryan, 574 Yonge st.,—county delegate of the A. O. H.—on the creditable turnout of the societies. Altogether the day was remarkably successful.

SECRET SOCIETIES AND CATHOLICS.

The *Milwaukee Catholic Citizen* in its last issue publishes the following regarding the joining of secret societies by Catholics, giving also a statement of the rules of the Third Plenary Council and their approval by Rome, and publishing the resolutions of the Archbishops of the United States. The *Citizen* says:

The Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, held in the year 1884, contains a long chapter on "Secret Societies," which received the approbation and commendation of the ecclesiastical authorities at Rome, and constitutes to-day the law binding every Catholic in the United States. The Council declares that forbidden societies are of two kinds—those forbidden by name, and those forbidden implicitly, *i. e.*, falling within the range of general condemnations. It says that the societies condemned by name are only two, *viz.*, the Free Masons and the Carbonari. It says that the societies that are condemned implicitly are all those whose members take an oath of blind obedience, *i. e.*, to do whatever is commanded them whether it be right or wrong, and which forbids the making known the purposes of the society to legitimate ecclesiastical authority. However, in order to prevent confusion or diversity of discipline in the Church in the United States, the Council provided that the application of these principles to any one society in particular did not belong to the province of any single priest, bishop, or archbishop of the United States, nor to any collection even of bishops, but to a committee composed of all the archbishops of the United States, and, in order further to prevent the possibility of scandal in this matter, it provided that no direct application of these principles should be made by name to any one determined society without the unanimous vote of all the members of the Commission. This was approved by Rome, and the decree is found under No. 255 of the acts and decrees of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. The words are as follows:

"Moreover, to prevent the possibility of a confusion of discipline by the toleration in one diocese of a society which same society is condemned in another, to the consequent great scandal of the faithful and detriment of ecclesiastical authority, we desire that no society be condemned by name as falling under one of the classes indicated before the Ordinary has referred the case to the Commission which we now constitute for deciding such cases, and which shall consist of all the Archbishops of these provinces. But if the society should not seem to all to be one to be condemned, recourse must be had to the Holy See in order that a sure decision may be had and discipline be preserved uniform in our provinces."

Since the time of the Council this Commission of Archbishops holds a meeting every year to take into consideration whatever points of Church discipline the past year has presented as most demanding attention. In the year 1890 they assembled in Boston and took into consideration the condition of societies in the United States that were under no formal condemnation, and passed the following resolution:

The Free Masons excepted, the societies most prevalent in America, such as the Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Sons of Temperance, etc., are not formally condemned by the Church; many of these societies may be, and very likely are, from their position and tendencies, more or less dangerous to Catholics, and it were better by far that the Catholics had no part in them. Catholics should be discouraged from joining them; however, when Catholics do belong to them, the question of leaving them or remaining in them must be decided by the conscience of each individual. So far as the societies are now known to the archbishops there seems to be no absolute certainty of any positive wrong in them, and consequently no general mandate can be issued forbidding them; moreover, we must be prepared, it was said, to leave as much latitude as we well can to individual Catholics, as severe restrictions imposed upon them, where no absolute necessity of so doing exists, would only irritate them and do harm."

The next meeting of the Archbishops was held at St. Louis on the occasion of the jubilee of Archbishop Kenrick. The question of societies was again placed under consideration, and the Archbishops resolved to stand by the decrees of the Council of Baltimore and by the resolution taken in their meeting held at Boston the year previous. A correction was, however, introduced in that resolution where it is said "The question of leaving societies or remaining in them must be decided by the conscience of each individual," the words should have been "by the conscience of each individual under the direction of his confessor."

"After further discussion the resolution was passed, that the rules of the Third Plenary Council regarding societies be adhered to, the resolution of the Boston conference to be explained as not having altered these rules."

This is the law of the Church in the United States in force at this moment concerning the condemnation of societies and the attitude of Catholics toward them.

The *Citizen* in the same issue also publishes extracts from a recent lecture of Rev. Fr. Abbelin on this subject. It is in effect as follows:

"The following are the principles upon which the Church forbids secret societies

I. Any society which obliges its members to complete secrecy is forbidden by the Church.

II. Any society which obliges its members to a blind and absolute obedience is forbidden by the Church.

III. Any society which has its own religious ceremonial and minister is forbidden by the Church.

IV. Any society which pursues tendencies dangerous to church or state is forbidden by the Church.

Do not think, gentlemen, that these principles are fiction of my fancy. All of them are laid down in the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore (1884) and recognized by Rome. Consequently, they are truly and really the principles which every Catholic of America is bound to respect and follow. If, therefore, a Catholic is approached to join any society, no matter what its name or object may be, even a labor union or a social club, he can not join it unless he knows for certain that it does not conflict with a single one of the above stated clear principles of the Church. Here then, gentlemen, is the well-defined standpoint which the Church takes in regard to secret societies.

Now the question arises: Is the Church justified in taking this stand? I hope to convince you, gentlemen, that the Church is obliged to take it, that she can not do otherwise than to forbid her members to join any society which is in conflict with any of the above-given principles.

I. First, then, the Church forbids any society which obliges its members to complete secrecy. The secrecy consists in this that, by an oath or by a promise taking the place of an oath, the member obliges himself to reveal, at no time and to no one not belonging to the society the secrets thereof, be such secrets already known to him at the time he takes the oath, or may they become known to him in the future."

DUTY OF YOUNG MEN TO SOCIETY.

In our last issue we briefly pointed out that the day was passing when prejudice existed against the advancement of young men in professional and commercial life. It is a fact that in many pursuits, in this country at least, young men hold higher positions than they did in the first years of the Republic. They have achieved this end by opportunity on the one hand and endeavor on the other. There is no such thing as luck in life. Opportunity, however, comes to all men and those who recognize and grasp that golden period, and hold on like grim death, persevere with candor and uprightness, will certainly succeed. Whilst admitting the opportunities this age offers to young men let us not lose sight of the duty they owe to the age and the demands society makes upon them.

In the first place we are put here for a purpose: that purpose is to serve God. In thus fulfilling our sacred obligations we also serve our country, society and ourselves. No man can serve two masters. Therefore in serving God we do not serve the devil and when we do not serve God we must necessarily serve the devil, because we are placed here to serve God and Him alone, and when we disobey that command we commit the terrible sin of our first parents. Honestly pursuing our avocations, making good use of all our time, dealing fairly with our neighbors and performing the various obligations which the Church of God demands of us, is living up to the divine decree. In utilizing all our time to the very best advantage we are bound to succeed in a material sense as well as basking in the warm glow of the affection of the Almighty. How do our young men utilize this time? Bring the question home and apply it to the youth of this time. It does not take a very close observer to discover that many of them fail to appreciate their mission in life and what society expects of them. A surplus of money is one sequel to the evil and an almost inherited thirst to gamble is another. Means on the one hand and disposition on the other are linked in the walk down the avenue of degradation and death. Thus some of the most promising and brightest minds are lost and in chronicling their obituary the biographer cannot say that the world was better for their having lived in it, but rather passes on with the thought of what they might have been. Young men need restraint. They should not think that because they are fresh from college, having a good education and plenty of money, that they know it all. If they be educated they will remember that our greatest men were of ordinary education and humble beginning; they will realize that knowledge can be scraped from the skulls of the most ignorant. They should not be like the college graduate who asserted that he knew more than his father and asked an old gentleman if he doubted the truth of his statement. "No," replied the old man, "but I was just wondering what a fool your father must have been." Hon. Chauncey M. Depew is a good example of the successful man of the age. Some time ago he addressed a college class and among other things made these pointed observations:

"It is safe to say as a general rule that 90 per cent. of the college graduates do secure independence in their business or in their profession. Is it success to gain money? Then, how much? Is twenty millions success? There are 63,000,000 people in the United States, and not more than 200 have that much money. Is ten millions success? There may be 1,000 who have ten millions. Is a million? Of the 63,000,000 people in the United States only an infinitesimal percentage can claim undisputed mastery of a million dollars. I have

been thrown all my life among men who have been eminently successful in accumulating money and who have not had the advantage of an early education. I never met one of them who did not regret with pain that he was not educated. I never met one of them who would not spend his whole fortune rather than that his sons should be obliged to endure the mortification which he himself had to endure. But, they say, 'You should not study the classics.' So says my friend Charles Francis Adams, and so says another gentleman who is not so intimately my friend, the young Emperor of Germany; because they say the classics you cannot use in business. But business is not all life. Our language is founded largely upon the Latin, and our literature is permeated with the Latin, the literature of the Church is Latin; and the man who does not know that ancient and glorious tongue, and the Greek with it, reads the paper and reads the volume and does not understand or appreciate one-half of what he reads. He thinks he does. But to the man who is educated in the classics every word has a new meaning, and he sees at once how a classic quotation sheds an electric light across the whole subject, making it brighter and more beautiful."

But education does not necessarily make the man. True it is a grand thing to be able to master philosophy, science and the languages, but what would all our learning profit us if we lost our faith; what would the wealth of the world profit us if we lost our souls? The late Cardinal Newman was one of the most learned men of the nineteenth century. He was always a very industrious worker. He penetrated every field of knowledge and offered objections to Catholic doctrine which he himself answered in later years in his *Apologia*. He humbled himself and thus acquired the grace of God. So it is not always the most learned men who are nearest to the Father. In our days many young men on leaving the university, after four years' studying science and football, have an unlimited conception of themselves. Some of them are so enlightened that they do not hesitate in disputing the history of Christianity and placing themselves in opposition to religious belief. They regard it as "quite the thing" to declare there is no God. Ingersolism is their creed and the chief infidel their god. From mere subterfuge this becomes a fixed idea and thousands thus loose their Christian faith. Therefore the fact confronts us forcibly that our best lessons, after all, are our first, and they are from our mother's lips and at our mother's knee. The boy is father of the man. As his character is moulded in youth, so will it remain throughout the storms of life, becoming firmer as the battle wages, never receding from honorable position and methods. There are none of us too wise that we cannot learn from our parents, should we live to be as old as the ancients we can recall wise counsel and grand principles from our first lessons. We should never lose sight of the fact that while we are the noblest of God's creation we are very ordinary beings, and after going through life, enjoying its triumphs and experiencing its disappointments, after penetrating every avenue of human intelligence, we can look back and repeat with much sincerity, "What fools we mortals be!"

"FORGET—FORGIVE."

G. M. IN "CATHOLIC MIRROR."

III.

"My dear young lady, I trust you are not seriously hurt?" gasped Mr. Pounceby—for the unusual exertion of a run at the top of his speed, although it had been but a short one, had put him out of breath.

"No, I thank you, sir. How can I express my gratitude for your timely assistance?" answered the lady, drawing to her side a little boy who was sobbing as if his heart would break.

"More frightened than hurt eh? Well, I'm glad it's no worse; but what is the matter? Have you lost anything?" asked Mr. Pounceby, the question being evoked by the trembling anxiety with which she felt in the different pockets of her dress and jacket.

"Oh, dear, I am much afraid so! Yes, I have lost my purse! See they have cut out the pocket of my dress! Oh, how shall I get home? And my poor husband! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

Here the lady burst into a flood of tears, her pretty face—and it was both young and pretty, as Mr. Pounceby could see by the light streaming from the plate glass windows of the tavern at the corner of the street—bearing an expression that was pitiable in the extreme.

If the lawyer was somewhat grasping and saving on principle, he was generous and kind hearted by nature, and it was with quite a glow of pleasure that, having led the young lady clear of the little crowd that had assembled he said:

"Pray do not distress yourself, my dear lady; let me be your banker. Nay, I will take no refusal. You were on your way to the railway station, I presume, when this audacious attack was made upon you? Please tell me where you live."

"Battersea," replied the lady, "but, my dear sir—"

"But me no buts" that's a quotation from Shakespeare, madame!" interrupted Mr. Pounceby facetiously. "Battersea? Well that is fortunate, for I am going the same way! Pray take my arm and come along at once, or we shall lose the next train, which starts in a minute or two."

And the old lawyer hurried his fair companion to the railway station and into the refreshment-room, and, in spite of all her protestations to the contrary, supplied her with a glass of sherry, and thrust a triangular raspberry puff into the hands of her child; then he rushed off to the booking office.

When the little party were seated in the compartment of a first-class carriage, which fortunately they had all to themselves, Mr. Pounceby proceeded unobtrusively to observe his companions more closely, and at once arrived at the conclusion that a fairer or more interesting face he had rarely beheld than that of the lady whom he had so opportunely befriended. Her features, it was true, did not possess that perfect regularity which is associated with feminine beauty of the highest type, yet she was a great deal more than pretty. Dark-blue eyes—speaking eyes—beamed under well-defined eyebrows delicately arched and a shade or two darker than the fair luxuriant hair worn smoothly parted over her low white forehead; her nose was clear-cut and slightly aquiline, and when she spoke or smiled charming dimples played hide-and-seek around the corners of her mobile mouth. Her face was pale, her cheeks were a little sunken, and lacking the rosy bloom that one would have liked to see there; but the expression was refined and possessed that indefinable charm which is associated only with a high and educated intelligence and a disposition in which truth and sweetness combine with that steadfast energy—the power bravely to bear and suffer—which is the attribute of heroines. A world of love and tenderness lay in her full red lips, though the shortness of the upper one, which revealed a glimpse of pearly teeth, denoted a touch of pride; and, when she caught the earnest gaze that was fixed upon her, there was all the charm of womanly modesty and delicacy in the warm flush that suffused her face.

She was plainly though becomingly and comfortably clad; a close-fitting black bonnet, with wide strings of the same color, enhanced rather than subdued the attractiveness of her face; and a neatly braided cloth jacket, which set off her slender yet well rounded figure, and a well-worn silk dress completed her attire.

"Quite the lady," cogitated Mr. Pounceby. "A nice face; and she has what is not too common nowadays—nice quite manners. Poor I should imagine, or she would never have drawn that neatly-mended glove over that dainty little right hand. I wonder where the fellow one to it is? And I don't like to see those needle marks—dear me, how deeply scored they are! on the first finger of the other. That and her pale face put me in mind of those lines of Tom Hood's, 'Stitch, stitch, stitch—band and gusset and seam.' H'm I forgot the rest! Used to read poetry once, and enjoy it; wonder whether I shall ever do so again. 'Pon my word, I should really like to make that dear young creature a present of some gloves—say, half a dozen of Dent's in a box—but perhaps if I were to make the offer it would give offense. Yes, I'm certain it would, she looks too high-bred and independent to accept a gift from a stranger. And then she's married too. I wonder what her husband is like? I hope she's got a good one; sure she deserves one; no one but a good fellow ought to have a wife like that. And that's a nice little boy too—something like what my own dear—Ah, dear me!"

Here Mr. Pounceby gave a sigh and a little cough, and at the same moment the wheels of the carriage, as they jolted along with an easy and regular motion over sleeper after sleeper, seemed to take up the refrain that the clock in his room at the office had that afternoon so persistently kept dimming into his ears.

"Forget, forgive—forgive, forget!" Yes, there it was, plain enough, only louder and stronger, and perhaps a trifle quicker, filling the compartment and the outer air, as the train rushed along above the houses, and driving every other thought from his mind. Ay, and so strongly did it take hold of him that his lips half-formed the words, and for the moment he forgot all else but the tender meaning with which they were fraught.

His companion wondered at the silence that had so suddenly fallen upon the old gentleman who a few moments before had been so lively and cheerful—but, casting a glance at his face, she read there enough to tell her that she was not alone in sorrow—for sorrow she had—and when the lawyer raised his eyes and they met hers, her look was so full of sympathy that he observed and understood it, and his heart went out to her.

"I'll do the right thing for once in my life!" said John Pounceby to himself.

"Forget, forgive!" sang the wheels.

"I'll see if I can't make the world a little brighter for her, poor thing! A few pounds more or less are nothing to me; but they mean rest and comfort for her and hers. I shall be none the poorer, but all the better and happier for it. Yes, for once in a way, I'll cast my bread upon the waters."

They had arrived at Waterloo Junction by this time, and Mr. Pounceby was all in a flutter lest strangers should enter their carriage on the Southwestern Railway; but by placing himself at the door, and so preventing ingress, and assuring all who would have entered that there was plenty of room farther on, he secured his object, and the train proceeded without any addition to the party.

"There's really no time to be lost if I am to render this poor young creature the assistance I wish," said Mr. Pounceby to himself. "But

how to go about it so as not to give offense—that's the question; and it is really a delicate—a very delicate matter."

Suddenly a thought struck him, and, with a paternal air and a beaming countenance, he seated himself opposite to his fair companion and her charge.

"You will excuse the inquiry, madam, but I trust your loss has not been a serious one?" he commenced, in a tone of respectful sympathy.

"Oh, it was not much that was in my purse—only a couple of sovereigns and some silver!" answered the lady with a bitter laugh. "But it was all I had in the world," she added, clasping her hands together; "and, having a husband lying ill at home, and not a friend or relative to whom to apply for help, I know not what we shall do."

The words were pitiful enough in themselves, but they were rendered intensely so by the sad look upon her pale face and the tears that slowly trickled down her cheeks.

"Pray do not give way so, my dear lady! Remember the adage, 'When things are at the worst, they are sure to mend;' and they are going to mend, I assure you," said Mr. Pounceby cheerily. "If you will kindly allow me to do so, I will soon put matters right—indeed I shall take it as a favor if you will permit me to give—ahem!—I mean lend— you such a sum as will repair your loss and make you comfortable. Suppose we say five pounds now? Money is nothing to me, madam. I have more than I know what to do with;" he continued, thumping the floor with his umbrella, as if he considered the argument a conclusive one. "'No,' you say—'can't think of such a thing!'" he exclaimed, crumpling a bank-note in his hand. "Why, madam, the idea is ridiculous, preposterous, absurd; and, after the service I have rendered you this evening—ay, I see you admit you are under some little obligation to me—I think you have no right to refuse me the gratification of doing a good and seasonable act." Here Mr. Pounceby nodded his head emphatically, and rubbed his hands together in a way that seemed to imply that he considered the proposition perfectly unanswerable. "What—you still refuse to accord me this small favor! Upon my word, I feel as if I could fling the money out of the window!" Then he waved the bank-note as if he were about to carry the threat into execution. "I—I feel as if I could fly into a passion; and I should too if it were not for the admiration I have for your spirit, and independence. But, if you won't allow me to render you this trivial service, surely there is nothing to prevent me from making this dear little fellow a present! What's your name, my little man?"

"John Pounceby," replied the child, raising his curly head from his mother's breast, where it was cooily nestling, and turning a smiling face towards the old gentleman.

If a pound of dynamite had exploded at his feet Mr. Pounceby could not have looked more astounded than he did at that moment. His color came and went; he stared at the child, and the child, with wonder in his big gray eyes, stared at him in return. Then the lawyer fell back speechless in his seat, gasping for breath, his face full of emotion.

There was no doubt about it—the child before him was his grandchild, and the very image of what his son had been at his age—the lady whom he so much admired and had so opportunely befriended was his daughter-in-law, the wife of that son for whom all day his heart had yearned, and was still yearning. A flood of tender feeling filled his breast.

"Forget, forgive!" triumphantly sang the carriage-wheels.

The tears rushed to his eyes, and with a stifled sob, to the surprise of his companion, he clasped the child to his breast and kissed him passionately.

Love had conquered—light and happiness had come again.

That night John Pounceby was reconciled to his son, and a new and happy era began in the lives of both.

John Pounceby, junior, had endured all the hardships and disappointments which, alas, too often fall to the lot of those who, alone and unaided, strive to make their way in the vast metropolis! Then he had fallen ill and was only just recovering from the fever that had robbed him of his strength and energy. But a proud flush came to his wan face and a look of inexpressible affection filled his eyes, as, taking the hand of his wife between his own, he told his father how nobly and devotedly during his long sickness she had supported him and their child by giving music lessons and obtaining work which she could complete at home from one of the warehouses of fancy goods in the city.

"Heaven bless you, my dear girl!" said John Pounceby, as in the little parlor of his son's humble home at Battersea, he drew her towards him and pressed a kiss upon her cheek. "You are a brave little woman—a good woman; I knew it the first moment I saw you. So you worked hard for poor John? Well, he'll soon get better now, never fear. Why, he's better already! My dear, if you've no objection, I should be glad if you'll do a little work for me. What say you to keeping my house for the future? If John has no objection! Of course, John has no objection—eh, John?" And, as I am anxious to establish a new and brighter order of things in my establishment without delay, suppose, by way of a beginning, you preside at one end

of my dinner-table to-morrow? Oh, you need not be frightened! There'll be no strangers present—only my old friend, Thomas Thompkins. You'll be glad to see Thompkins again—eh, John? He's a fast friend of yours, I can tell you. Kate—you see I've already got your name quite put—and many another together, I hope after this; though, believe me, in the years which may yet be mine, I shall always remember with feelings of special thankfulness the present evening, for it has not only brought back to me my son, but has given me a daughter of whom I am sure any man might be proud."

DYING.

"O bairn, when I am dead,
How shall ye keep frae harm?
What hand will gie ye bread?
What fire will keep ye warm?
How shall ye dwell on earth awa' frae me?"
"O mither, dinna dee!"

"O bairn, by night or day
I hear nae sounds awa',
But voices o' winds that blaw
And the voices o' ghaists that say
I must awa'.
The Lord that made the wind, and made the sea
Is hard on my bairn and me,
And I melt in his breath like snaw."
"O mither, dinna dee!"

"O bairn, it is but closing up the een,
And lying down never to rise again.
Many a strong man's sleeping hae I seen—
There is nae pain,
I'm weary, weary, and I kenna why;
My summer has gone by,
And sweet were sleep, but for the sake o' thee."
"O mither, dinna dee."

—Robert Buchanan.

PROPHECIES OF MALACHY.

As ingenious interpretation of the prophecy of St. Malachy in which the successor of Leo XIII., in the Papal Chair is prefigured in the legend "*Ignis Ardens*" points to the learned Dominican Cardinal Zigliara, as the prelate who is destined to be next Pope. The prophecies relating to the succession of the papacy, attributed to the Archbishop of Armagh, who lived in the eleventh century, took the form of a number of Latin mottoes. Thus the motto predicted for the two hundred and fifty seventh pontiff, who happened to be Pius VI., was "*Peregrinus Apostolicus*," which, in view of the numerous voyages and exiles of that Pope, turned out to be singularly appropriate. The motto, "*Aquila Rapax*," was assigned to the two hundred and fifty-eighth Pope, and as the latter was Pius VIII., the prophecy received fulfillment by the robbery of the temporal possessions by Emperor Napoleon I., whose emblem was the eagle. The prediction for the two hundredth and sixty second Pope, Pius IX., was "*Crux de Cruce*," which was borne out by the persecution and troubles to which he was subjected throughout his long pontificate by the House of Savoy, whose armorial bearings display a Latin cross. The prophecy for his successor was "*Lumen in Cælo*," which may be regarded as accomplished by the fact that a comet figures in the armorial bearings of the present Pontiff, Leo XIII. The prediction for the next Pope is "*Ignis Ardens*" (burning fire). Now the sole member of the Sacred College to whom this present appears applicable is assumed to be Cardinal Zigliara, who belongs to the Dominican Order. The armorial bearings of the latter consist of a dog holding in his mouth a flaming torch, in allusion to a prophetic dream which St. Dominic's mother had before the founder of the Friars' Preachers was born. Cardinal Zigliara is a man about sixty years of age, though he appears considerably older. This is due in part to his habit of walking about with bowed head and leaning heavily on a crutch-hand stick. His mouth, like that of the present Pontiff, whose intimate friend and confidant he is, is noteworthy for its appearance of strong will and determination. He is the editor of the edition of the works of St. Thomas Aquinas, published under the auspices of Leo XIII.—*Church Progress*.

The fact that Rome often decides against bishops and in favor of priests in matters of disciplinary dispute, where the latter are discreetly advised, is again brought prominently forward in answer to the old slander by the case of Father Spirings of Keyport, N. J., who appealed from the suspension by Bishop O'Farrell to Rome, through his counsel, Right Rev. Monsignor De Concilio, D.D., with the result that he has his choice of retiring on a pension of \$500 a year for life or of reinstatement in his old place as rector of St. Joseph's, Keyport.—*Union and Times*.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY.

The Capital Prize \$15,000 Won By A Poor Girl.

The Capital prize \$15,000.00 4th of May Drawing, "Province of Quebec Lottery" was won by Miss May Donovan, 113 Dufresne Street, Montreal.

Dame Fortune was not blind, for once. This fortune could not have fallen into better hands.

Miss Donovan belongs to a poor but highly respectable family. The father, now dead, was one of the good parishioners of Reverend J. J. Salmon, parish priest of St. Mary's, Craig Street, who takes pleasure in recalling the merits of this good man.

The mother left a widow, dependent mostly for a living on her daughter's daily labor. She, bestowing on her mother all the care that her feeble resources permitted and very often she wished to be able to do more. It was for this end that she deprived herself in order to buy a lottery ticket, not however without adding a fervent prayer. Her hopes were not in vain as we may see.

She presented herself this morning at the Lottery's Office accompanied by her mother and Reverend Father Salmon.

The prize was paid her at once as the two following certificates may show.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY.

CERTIFICATE MONTREAL, 6th May, 1892

of the bearer of

Ticket No. 18458

\$15,000.00

DRAWING OF MAY 4TH, 1892.

I the undersigned do hereby certify that on presentation of my ticket No. 18458 which drew the first capital prize \$15,000.00 at the Drawing of May 4th instant of the Province of Quebec Lottery, I have at once been paid.

Witnesses

AIME MATHIEU LOUIS PERRAULT

(signed)

MARY DONOVAN, 113 Dufresne St., Montreal.

CERTIFICATE OF REVEREND J. S. SALMON.

I the undersigned, Cure, of St. Mary's Church, Craig Street, Montreal, do hereby certify that the above prize has been paid this day in my presence to Miss Mary Donovan.

MONTREAL, 9th May, 1892

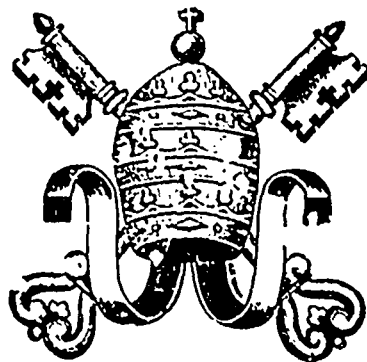
Witnesses

AIME MATHIEU LOUIS PERRAULT

(signed)

JOHN J. SALMON, P. P. St. Mary's

"LA PRESSE," Montreal, 6th May, 1892.



FRECHON & CO.

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1845 NOTRE DAME ST. MONTREAL.

ST. LEON WATER SAFE AS MILK

And must be used freely for a spell, especially in chronic cases, as no good can result until the deadly obstructions, putrid waste and blood poisons are removed.

Drink, drink drink from early morn till night, especially on retiring; dose, one cup or goblet every hour, or at proper intervals, to regulate. Try St. Leon, cold, hot, or mixed with milk, also make warm injections of this water which are highly beneficial.

Head Office, 101 1/2 King St. West, Yonge street Flower Depot, 164 Yonge St.



Advertisement for Scott's Emulsion featuring an image of a man carrying a large fish on his back. Text: 'The Cod That Helps to Cure The Cough. The disagreeable taste of the GOD LIVER OIL is dissipated in SCOTT'S EMULSION OF Pure Cod Liver Oil with HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA. The patient suffering from CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, COUGH, COLD, OR WANTING DISEASES, takes the remedy as he would take milk. A perfect emulsion, and a wonderful flesh producer. Take no other. All Druggists, 50c., 1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.'

Advertisement for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. Text: 'FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

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

Table with columns for destination (G. T. R. East, O. and Q. Railway, etc.), Close time (a.m., p.m.), and Day (a.m., p.m.).

English mails close on Monday and Thursdays at 4 and 10 p.m., and on Saturdays at 7 p.m. The following are the dates of English mails for May: 2, 3, 5, 7, 9, 12, 14, 16, 19, 21, 23, 25, 28, 30. 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. T. C. PATTERSON, P.M.

The Province of Quebec Lottery AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE for public purposes such as Educational Establishment and large Hall for the St. John Society of Montreal.

-MONTHLY DRAWINGS FOR THE YEAR 1892 20 January, 3 and 17 February, 2 and 16 March, 6 and 20 April, 4 and 18 May, 15 and 16 June, 6 and 20 July, 3 and 17 August, 7 and 21 September, 5 and 19 October, 2 and 16 November, 7 and 21 December.

3134 PRIZES WORTH \$52,740.00 CAPITAL PRIZE WORTH \$15,000.00 TICKET, . . . \$1.00 do - - - 25 Cts.

LIST OF PRIZES. Table with columns for prize number, prize worth, and total value. 3134 Prizes worth \$52,740. S. E. LEFEBVRE, MANAGER, 81 St. James St.,

Advertisement for Castle & Son Memorials and Leaded Glass. Text: 'CASTLE & SON MEMORIALS AND LEADED GLASS CHURCH BELLS—TUEULAR CHIMES AND BELLS CHURCH FURNITURE MEMORIAL BRASSES FONTS LECTERNS ADDRESS, MONTREAL An Only Daughter Cured of Consumption... then death was hourly expected from emphysema, all remedies having failed and Dr. James was experimenting, he accidentally made a preparation of Indian Hemp, which his only child, and now gives this recipe a receipt of two stamps to pay expenses. It also cures night sweats, nausea at the stomach, and will break a fresh cold in twenty-four hours. Address Craddock & Co., 1063 street, Philadelphia, Pa., naming this'

Advertisement for 'THE WORLDS BEST' The Dorenwend Electric Belt. Text: 'the home treatment of all forms of Muscular, Nervous and Chronic Diseases. Send for book and particulars of the very best Electrical body Appliances in existence The Dorenwend E. B. & A. Co., C. H. Dorenwend, Electrician, 103 Yonge St., Toronto, Can. Mention this paper.'

Advertisement for Invitations, Tickets, Programmes, and Every Description of Church, Society, and General PRINTING executed by The Catholic Review.

Advertisement for WESTERN ASSURANCE CO. FIRE AND MARINE. Capital \$1,000,000. Assets over 1,500,000. Annual Income over 1,700,000. HEAD OFFICE, Cor. Wellington & Scott Sts. Toronto. A. M. SMITH, President. Geo. A. Cox, Vice-Pres. J. J. KENNY, Managing Director. Agencies in all cities and towns in Canada. WM. A. LEE & SON General Agents, Toronto. Telephone 592 and 2075

Advertisement for RUBBER BOOTS, COAT And other Rubber Goods Repaired -H. J. LA FORCE- Fine Boots and Shoes Made to Order 25 Church St. - - - of Queen

Advertisement for PILES CAN BE CURED? Dr. W. L. Smith, Rectal Specialist, offers a speedy, sure, painless CURE of Piles (Hemorrhoids), Painful Fissure, Fistula, Polypus, Pruritus, Rectal Ulcers, Constipation, Diarrhoea, Lymphoma, etc. Has been in use ten years. Over 30,000 treatments, not one death. No knife used, no anaesthetics, no detention from business. Send 5c. stamp for 60 page pamphlet on Diseases of Rectum. Consultation free, Office at 135 Gerrard street East, opposite the Gardens, Toronto, Ont.

Advertisement for Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pain till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

Advertisement for BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY, CINCINNATI, O., U.S.A. Best Copper and Tin School and Church BELLS, PEALS AND CHIMES. Price and Terms Free. Name this paper.

Advertisement for ASTHMA-CURED FREE. THE DR. TAYLOR'S ASTHMA CURE. Address: we will mail you a free copy of our pamphlet. THE DR. TAYLOR'S ASTHMA CURE. FREE

