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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. II.

Toronto, Saturday Dec. 8, 1888

No. 43

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NOTES.

The serious illness of Mr. Bright obliterates party feelings, and now that his life seems to be threatened, the Irish people show a disposition only to remember his former generosity to them. "Those who remember the prime and manhood of the people's Tribune," observes the *Nation*, and experienced the sympathetic services of those years, cannot contemplate his suffering without regret. Most Irishmen, notwithstanding recent events, echo Mr. Gladstone's prayer for his old colleague."

From all accounts of the causes which led to the estrangement between Father Lambert and Bishop McQuade, it appears clear that Father Lambert was at all events not the aggressor, and has maintained an attitude of dignity and forbearance. "All Catholics, and even well-disposed Protestants," says the *St. Louis Watchman*, "will regret the feud between Father Lambert and his bishop, the more so as there is no cause of quarrel between them. In a moment of weakness, Bishop McQuade entered into a controversy in the newspapers with Father Lambert, on a subject on which he was not well informed and in which consequently he took the wrong side; and, as might have been expected, the author of 'Notes on Ingersoll' readily disposed of his imprudent antagonist. Out of this newspaper quarrel grew an estrangement and subsequent friction that have lasted for several years—entirely too long for the good sense of the litigants and for the patience of the public. The matter has gone to Rome, and the decision Rome will give will probably be: antagonists in the arena of old were stripped; Knights of the quill must wear neither mitre or beretta," "The public in America," adds the *Watchman*, "is Cæsar, and Bishop McQuade appealed to Cæsar."

From the *Weekly Register* of London we learn that Sir George Errington has issued a sort of apology for his political opinions, which have been of a somewhat shift and transitory kind on his own showing. He has done so through the medium of a letter to Rev. Austin Powell. That he has done so the *Register* thinks is to be regretted,

as also it is to be regretted that Father Powell in return has permitted himself the use of terms needlessly offensive to those who disagree with him—as it thinks the great majority of his fellow Catholics in the British Empire very heartily do. "It is not good," says that journal, "to hear a priest condemn as rogues and robbers a multitude of the priests who live about him. It is not good to hear such terms applied to the whole Hierarchy of Ireland—for even the Bishop of Limerick does not falter about Home Rule or think it "indissolubly linked with nefarious practices." That men are not "good Catholics" who do not share Father Powell's opinions in so thinking it, is an implication which Father Powell will be the first to regret when he has ceased to be so feverishly anxious to pull Sir George Errington's chestnuts out of the fire. Diplomats have not shone lately as discreet letter-writers. But the *gaucheries* of Lord Sackville are harmless enough when compared with those of the amateur envoy to the Pope, whom the Pope declined to see. Lord Sackville gave unselfish advice which could injure nobody but himself. Sir George Errington, in writing what he supposes will benefit himself politically, cares not what ill-will he may breed or whom he may wound."

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union, says an exchange, which embraces the various total abstinence societies organized in this country, is recognized even by non-Catholics as an association of level-headed, sober-minded men—bishops, priests, and laymen,—who believe it is their bounden duty to prevent drunkenness as far as they can by moral suasion and by peaceably but firmly opposing the saloon interest. Its members do not meddle in politics: as a body they take no part in the strife of parties. For this they have received high commendation from politicians themselves. It is by persuasive influence, such as this organization exerts on the community, and not by hot-headed fanaticism, that the solution of the great drink question will be obtained.

The *New York World* of last Saturday publishes a map showing what the United States will look like after the annexation of Canada. It cuts Canada up into 27 new States and territories. With delicate consideration for the perplexities of future map-makers, it names them all; and with a freedom from partisan bias beyond praise, calls two contiguous territories respectively Cleveland and Harrison. It generously apportions fourteen new Senators, 52 Congressmen, and a probable representative in the Cabinet to the Dominion. It has figured it out that the United States could buy Canada for about \$300,000,000; and if the Republicans should have failed in their patriotic endeavours to reduce the surplus, it might be applied to the reduction of Canada's enormous debt. "Having conquered the Western wilderness," says the *World*, warming into poetry, "the star of empire northward points its way. This consummation," it continues, "would at once remove what is about the only disturbing foreign factor in contemporary politics by shaking off Great Britain from the North American Continent. There would be no more trouble about fishing treaties or retaliation measures, and peace with all nations would be assured by making the United States absolute master of the vast Western Continent." The *New York World* is too premature.

THE TRADITIONS AGAINST CATHOLICS.

Two of my instances are despatched, and now I come to my third. There is something so tiresome in passing abruptly from one subject to another, that I need your indulgence, my Brothers, in making this third beginning; yet it has been difficult to avoid it, when my very subject is to show what extensive subject matters and what different classes of the community are acted on by the Protestant Tradition. Now I am proceeding to the legislature of the nation, and will give an instance of its operation in a respectable political party.

The fountain springs up in this case, as it were, under our very feet, and we shall have no difficulty at all in judging of its quality. Its history is as follows:—Coaches, omnibuses, carriages and cars, day after day drive up and down the Hagley Road; passengers lounge to and fro on the footpath; and close alongside of it are discovered one day the nascent foundations and rudiments of a considerable building. On inquiring it is found to be intended for a Catholic, nay, even for a monastic establishment. This leads to a great deal of talk, especially when the bricks begin to appear above the surface. Meantime the unsuspecting architect is taking his measurements, and ascertains that the ground is far from lying level, and then, since there is a prejudice among Catholics in favour of horizontal floors, he comes to the conclusion that the bricks of the basement must rise above the surface level at one end of the building than at the other, in fact that, whether he will or no, there must be some construction of the nature of a cellar or vault at the extremity in question, a circumstance not at all inconvenient, considering it also happens to be the kitchen end of the building. Accordingly, he turns his necessity into a gain, and by the excavation of a few feet of earth, he forms a number of chambers convenient for various purposes, partly beneath, partly above the line of ground. While he is thus intent on his work, gossipers, alarmists are busy at theirs too. They go round the building, they peep into the underground brickwork, and are curious about the drains.*

They moralise about Popery and its spread; at length they trespass upon the enclosure, they dive into the half-finished shell and they take their fill of seeing what is to be seen, and imagining what is not. Every house is built on an idea, you do not build a mansion like a public office, or a palace like a prison, or a factory like a shooting-box, or a church like a barn. Religious houses, in like manner, have their idea; they have certain indispensable peculiarities of form and internal arrangement. Doubtless, there was much in the very idea of an Oratory perplexing to the Protestant intellect, and inconsistent with Protestant notions of comfort and utility. Why should so large a room be here? why so small a room there? why a passage so long and wide? and why so long a wall without a window? the very size of the house needs explanation. Judgments which have employed themselves on the high subject of a Catholic hierarchy and its need, found no difficulty in dogmatising on bed rooms and closets. There was much to suggest matters of suspicion, and to predispose the trespasser to doubt whether he had yet got to the bottom of the subject. At length one question flashed upon his mind: what can such a house have to do with cellars? cellars and monks, what can be their mutual relation? monks—to what possible use can they put pits, and holes, and outhouses, and sheds? A sensation was created, it brought other visitors, it spread, it became an impression, a belief; the truth lay bare, a tradition was born, a fact was elicited which thenceforth had many witnesses. *Those cellars were*

* This is not the first time a dwelling of mine has been the object of a mysterious interest. When our cottages at Littlemore were in course of preparation, they were visited on horseback and on foot by many of the most distinguished residents of the University of Oxford. Heads of houses and canons did not scruple to investigate the building within and without, and some of them went so far as to inspect and theorise upon the most retired portions of the premises. Perhaps some thirty years hence, in some "History of my own Times" speculations may be found on the subject, in aid of the Protestant Tradition.

cells. How obvious when once stated and every one who entered the building, everyone who passed by, became I say, in some sort, ocular vouchers for what had often been read of in books, but for many generations had happily been unknown to England, for the incarcerations, the torturings, the starvings, the immurings, the murderings proper to a monastic establishment.

Now I am tempted to stop for a while in order to *improve* (as the evangelical pulpits call it) this most wonderful discovery. I will therefore briefly consider it under the heads of—1. The Accusation; 2. Its Grounds; 3. The Accusers; and 4. The Accused.

First.—The Accusation.—It is this, that the Catholics, building the house in question, were in the habit of committing murder. This was so strictly the charge, that, had the platform selected for making it been other than we know it to have been, I suppose the speaker might have been indicted for libel. His words were these:—"It was not usual for a coroner to hold an *inquest*, unless where a rumour had got abroad that there was a necessity for one; and how was a rumour to come from the underground cells of the convents? Yes, he repeated, underground cells and he would tell them something about such places. At this moment, in the parish of Edgbaston, within the borough of Birmingham, there was a large convent, of some kind or other, being erected, and the whole of the underground was fitted up with cells; and what were those cells for?"

Secondly.—The Grounds of the Accusation.—They are simple, behold them: 1. That the house is built level, 2. And that the plot of earth on which it is built is higher at one end than at the other.

Thirdly.—The Accusers.—This, too, throws light upon the character of Protestant traditions. Not weak and ignorant people only, not people at a distance, but educated men, gentlemen well connected, high in position, men of business, men of character, members of the legislature, men familiar with the locality, men who know the accused by name, such are the men who deliberately, reiteratedly, in spite of being set right, charge certain persons with pitiless, savage practices; with beating and imprisoning, with starving, with murdering their dependants.

Fourthly.—The Accused.—I feel ashamed, my Brothers, of bringing my own matters before you, when far better persons have suffered worse imputations; but bear with me. I then am the accused. A gentleman of blameless character, a county member, with whose near relatives I have been on terms of almost fraternal intimacy for a quarter of a century, who knows me by repute far more familiarly (I suppose) than any one in this room knows me, putting aside my personal friends; he it is who charges me, and others like me, with delighting in blood, with enjoying the shrieks and groans of agony and despair, with presiding at a banquet of dislocated limbs, quivering muscles, and wild countenances. Oh, what a world is this! Could he look into our eyes and say it? Would he have the heart to say it if he recollected of whom he said it? For who are we? Have we lived in a corner? have we come to light suddenly out of the earth? We have been nourished for the greater part of our lives in the great schools and universities of Protestant England; we have been the foster sons of the Edwards and Henries, the Wyhehams and Wolseys of whom Englishmen make so much; we have grown up amid hundreds of contemporaries, scattered at present all over the country, in those special ranks of society which are the very walk of a member of the legislature. Our names are better known to the educated classes of the country than those of any others who are not public men. Moreover, if there be men in the whole world who may be said to live *in publico*, it is the members of a College at one of our Universities, living, not in private houses, not in families, but in one or two apartments which are open to all the world, at all hours, with nothing, I may say, their own; with college servants, a common table, nay, their chairs and their bedding, and their cups and saucers, down to their coal scuttle and their carpet brooms, a sort of common property, and the right of their neighbours. Such is that

manner of life, in which nothing, I may say, can be hid; where no trait of character or peculiarity of conduct but comes to broad day, such is the life I myself led for above a quarter of a century, under the eyes of numbers who are familiarly known to be my accusers; such is almost the life which we have all led ever since we have been in Birmingham, with our house open to all comers, and ourselves accessible, I may almost say, at any hour; and this being so, considering the charge, and the evidence, and the accuser, and the accused, could we Catholics desire a more apposite illustration of the formation and the value of a Protestant Tradition?

I set it down for the benefit of time to come, "though for no other cause," as a great author says, "yet for this: that posterity may know we have not loosely, through silence, permitted things to pass away as in a dream, there shall be for men's information this much." One commonly forgets such things, from the trouble and inconvenience of having to remember them; let one specimen last, of many which have been suffered to perish, of the birth of an anti-Catholic tradition. The nascent fable has indeed failed, as the tale about the Belgian sin-table has failed, but it might have thriven, it has been lost by bad nursing; it ought to have been cherished awhile in those underground receptacles where first it drew breath, till it could comfortably bear the light; till its limbs were grown, and its voice was strong, and we on whom it bore had run our course, and gone to our account; and then it might have raised its head without fear and without reproach, and might magisterially have asserted what there was none to deny. But men are all the creatures of circumstances; they are hurried on to a ruin which they may see, but cannot evade, so it has been with the Edgbaston Tradition. It was spoken on the house-tops when it should have been whispered in closets, and it expired in the effort. Yet it might have been allotted, let us never forget, a happier destiny. It might have smouldered and spread through a portion of our Birmingham population; it might have rested obscurely on their memories, and now and then risen upon their tongues; there might have been fitting notions, misgivings, rumours, voices that the horrors of the Inquisition were from time to time renewed in our subterranean chambers; and fifty years hence, if some sudden frenzy of the hour roused the anti-Catholic jealousy still lingering in the town, a mob might have swarmed about our innocent dwelling, to rescue certain legs of mutton and pats of butter from imprisonment, and to hold an inquest over a dozen packing cases, some old hampers, a knife-board, and a range of empty blacking bottles.

Thus I close my third instance of the sort of evidence commonly adducible for the great Protestant Tradition; not the least significant circumstance about them all being this, that, though in the case of all three that evidence is utterly disproved, yet in not one of the three is the charge founded on it withdrawn. In spite of Dr. Waddington, Dr. Matland, and Mr. Rose, the editors of Mosheim still print and publish his slander on St. Eligius, in defiance of the Brussels protest, and the chair tariff of St. Gudule, the Kent clergyman and the *Times* still bravely maintain our traffic in sins; in violence to the common sense of mankind, the rack and the pulley are still affirmed to be busy in the dungeons of Edgbaston; for Protestantism must be maintained as the religion of Englishmen, and part and parcel of the Law of the land.

And now, in conclusion, I will but state my conviction, which I am sure to have confirmed by every intelligent person who takes the trouble to examine the subject, that such slanders as I have instanced are the real foundation on which the anti-Catholic feeling mainly rests in England, and without which it could not long be maintained. Doubtless there are arguments of a different calibre, whatever their worth, which weigh against Catholics with half-a-dozen members of the University, with the speculative Church-restorer, with the dilettante divine, with the fastidious scholar, and with some others of a higher character of mind, whether St. Justin Martyr said this or that; whether images should be dressed in

muslin, or hewn out of stone; what is the result of criticism on passages in the prophets;—questions such as these, and others of a more serious cast, may be conclusive for or against the Church in the study or in the lecture-room, but they have no influence with the many. As to those charges which do weigh with the people at large, the more they can be examined, the more, I am convinced, will they be found to be untrue. It is by wholesale, retail, systematic, unscrupulous lying, for I can use no gentler term, that the many rivulets are made to flow for the feeding the great Protestant Tradition,—the Tradition of the Court, the Tradition of the Law, the Tradition of the Legislature, the Tradition of the Establishment, the Tradition of Literature, the Tradition of Domestic Circles, the Tradition of the Populace.—*From Cardinal Newman's Lectures.*

MONTREAL GOSSIP.

The opening of the new wing of the Grey Nunnery means a happy healthy babyhood for the poor little morsels of humanity, who begin visiting early in life. From a well ventilated basket, or a brown paper wrapper, to the bright, cheerful, beautiful nursery of the new creche, is indeed a change for the better. The foundlings hitherto have only remained long enough amid the delights of their Guy Street home to get fed and thawed out—they were then sent to the country to various, more or less, kindly dames, with whom they remained until they were over two years old, when they were recalled to Guy Street. Now there is to be no more "farming," the poor little waifs are to be cosseted and comforted into crowing cheery babyhood in the beautiful new wing, which Madame de Youville's daughters have built at a cost of over forty thousand dollars. I am told that the row of baths one foot wide by two long, and the row of feeding bottles, and the blanket chests, and the warming closets for airing the little garments, and the gas stove apparatus for heating food at the shortest notice, are all, in their respective lines, little short of perfection. What a wonderful vocation is that of the Grey Nuns. How good they are!

Somebody has given Mr. Chiniquy a cane which he has promised that he will use when he is an old man—he is now over eighty. He has announced his intention of setting down in Montreal—a piece of news which is not altogether welcome in Ville Marie.

I saw recently, in a priest's scrap-book, a large lithographed portrait of the apostate before his apostacy. He is represented in surplice and stole, holding aloft the crucifix. It is rather a joke, but this portrait was discovered by M. le Curé B in a place of honour on the wall of the *salon* of one of his parishioners, who, not knowing whom it represented, cherished it as a remarkably edifying ornament to his room. Needless to say it came down pretty quickly when its identity with Chiniquy was discovered. There was a rumour recently set afloat that Pere Hyacinthe also was coming to Montreal. May he and Chiniquy be happy together.

And in spite of Chiniquy and the Sabrevoix Mission, and other such stumbling blocks, God has given His angels charge over the Catholic households of Montreal. And now we hear that school accommodation is wanted for four thousand pupils! It seems incredible, when one considers the enormous number and vast size of the Catholic schools, but it is true and being needed it will be supplied forthwith.

The triduum in celebration of the canonization of the three new Saints of the Society of Jesus, St. Peter Claver, St. John Berchmans and St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, was conducted with great solemnity and magnificence in the Church of the Gesu. The decorations of the sacred edifice were rich and costly, though to many they were unwelcome. No decoration can enhance the delicate

beauty of the Gesu, and while magnificent combinations of the gold of Ophir and the dyed stuffs of Tyre may be in themselves not worthy, they are scarcely calculated to harmonize with the pale beauty of the exquisite frescoes.

The panygeric of St. Peter Claver was preached by Rev. Père Plessis, O. P., of St. Hyacinth. The sermon was a marvel of eloquence but was just a little too long. An hour is a fair limit even for a *sermon de circonstance*. An hour and three quarters is trying both to preacher and people.

The music was something superb. Never has the orchestra of the Gesu reaped such laurels, never were such encomiums passed on it or on the boys' choir. Speaking from personal experience, I know quite a number of persons who journeyed ninety miles to hear it, and who were not disappointed. All honour to Rev. Father Garceau. The mass—Fanconner's new Mass de l'Assumption—is to be repeated by the combined choirs of Church and College, on Sunday, 8th December.

It was good news to many of Father Brown's old friends, that the Rev. gentleman would return to the city, to assist Father Salmon in St. Mary's parish.

Father Brown was for many years associated with Dr. Hogan at St. Anne's when that parish was in charge of the Sulpicians. He is, if I mistake not, a convert from Methodism. OLD MORTALITY.

WHAT OUGHT WE DO FOR OUR CHILDREN?

II.

2nd. We ought to give them a suitable education.

By this I mean a suitable secular training—the religious training of the Catechism they have had already. The latter is of the first importance—the worldly training comes next. "The three R's," as the old saying has it, embraced a very good curriculum; not so elaborate as the five-and-twenty things in the modern school course, but more useful than the most of these and, if well learned, sufficient for nearly everybody. The boy who reads fit to be heard and writes fit to be seen is a rare enough youth in our own day; nevertheless, he is engaged in literature, mathematics and the rudiments of a variety of sciences. He begins Latin and other languages, he studies botany, he indulges in literary criticism. He learns a number of things, that like the dessert after dinner, are good enough in their way but not enough to keep one from famishing. To read, write and cipher are the three wholesome courses of a square, everyday mental meal, and most people can do without the dessert.

The never-ending exhortation of give your child a good education ought to be allowed to rest for a while. Give your child a suitable education is more sensible. What is the use of giving an education beyond a man's calling? It will render him dissatisfied, and, in his own opinion, misplaced in creation. One would be amused to see a coal-heaver dressed out as a shopman, or a plowman in the fashion of an artist. Yet there is some such mental incongruity in setting out with the theory that a dozen children all to become stationed very differently in life are all to receive the eternal good education. Of course no one ought to consider that the mere capacity to read and write and do ordinary multiplication is education—that is only such an outfit as keeps us from being absolutely naked. It is a universal homespun garment that every one, scholar and coal-heaver, must keep on as a general shield and protection during the business affairs of life. It is as necessary in that respect as the Catechism is in the moral and religious affairs of this world.

The secular education I mean in this paper is the education that begins after and springs out of this rudimentary everyday schooling; that no one should be without any more than without something to shield him from the weather. This early schooling is as much as many a learned statesman possessed in by-gone times, but now-a-days the conditions and surroundings are not the same as heretofore. The unlettered man of talent who ages

ago would have risen to the councils of the nation, finds to-day that his neighbour with less of talent and with no genius will, with the aid of a superior education, easily outstrip him in the race. So education, in its higher sense and in its proper meaning, makes the most of a man's talents and refines him up to the highest degree of polish of which he is capable. And if a youth is incapable of polish or has no ability, what has he to do with a superior education, or what is there in harmony between him and it? Nothing—they won't mix any more than oil and water, and money and time are wasted in the attempt. If the youth is not fashioned that way there is no use in butting one's head against nature, for nature will assert itself.

Except for the man whose bread and butter is sufficiently assured, the advantages of a liberal education should be devoted to those for whom in after life a liberal education is a necessity. It is a necessity in the professions and in some few callings not ordinarily ranked so high, but in other cases it is an accomplishment merely. It may be taken as a pretty safe rule that unless a good education is a necessity, it can be advantageously passed by. A misplaced education is worse than ignorance. And so I believe that unless a young person is to profit by his education and use it every day in the week he is all the better without it.

The great thing is to find out for what walk in life a youth is naturally fitted and then train him up to the requirements of that position, and no further. The successful men are those who concentrate themselves and their energies in the direction of their best talents or their only talent; and it requires no argument to see that in our age that must be so. The specialists carry the day—the polymath is spread over too much ground and is thin and weak. "Divide and conquer," said the old Roman; "united we stand," echoed the modern Celt. It would be a blessed dispensation if some ministering angel went the rounds of the schools and colleges and brought out those who should never have gone there and burnt all their books and notes before the whole faculty. That would go some distance towards allowing those who have no aptitude for brain work to concentrate their energies on manual labour and leave books alone. That would keep them in their walk of life; and be a wholesome lesson to those who remain to devote themselves to the profession they have in view.

A LAYMAN.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN ON THE PAPACY.

THE POWER OF THOUGHT.

Preaching in the Cathedral, Baltimore, U. S., on the occasion of the consecration of the Right Rev. John S. Foley as Bishop of Detroit, on Sunday, November 4th, Archbishop Ryan said: The Papacy, the episcopate and the priesthood constitute the three powers of the teaching and ruling Church. They are, in the language of the apostle, "compact and fitly joined together" in one harmonious whole. Men are, however, so short-sighted as to see truth but in a fragmentary manner, and whilst contemplating the great powers of any one of these three offices, they often forget or fail to fully appreciate the others. An exaggerated estimate of episcopal powers will lead to Gallicanism, whilst the contemplation of the vast powers of the Papacy without advertance to the episcopacy might lead to suspicion of that absolutism with which the enemies of the Church charge its constitution. She has sometimes been designated a great absolute monarchy because of the Pope's power. By others she is regarded as like a republic, because all her great offices, even that of the Pope himself, are elective, and the majority rules. But all these comparisons fail; the Church is a divine institution, the balancing of powers within is not the result of human wisdom. The episcopate is the institution of God, like the Papacy. We cannot imagine the Church divided. The Pope is the foundation of the building, the king of the kingdom of God on earth, the visible head of the body of the Church. But what is a

king without a kingdom? a foundation without a building? a head without a body? To the exalted position of the Roman Pontiff all honour and obedience should be rendered by his children, bishops, priests and people. We have recently seen how wonderful and universal was the tribute paid to the present great occupant of the chair of Peter by the whole world. I had the privilege of being an eye-witness of this in Rome during the jubilee celebration. Even now, without armies to back him, he is honoured by the kings of the earth as representing a power stronger than that of armies, a power which they cannot, dare not defy. We know the secret of that power, but the outside world, not acknowledging it as of divine institution, calls it by various names. Thus a representative English Protestant newspaper, the *London Standard*, speaking as a Protestant for Protestants (according to its own words), of the recent visit of the German Emperor to the Pope, says: "It is not displeasing to see these great military monarchs, these earthly demigods with so many trumpets before and such vast material force behind them, compelled to treat with a power absolutely non-material, obliged to acknowledge that a sovereignty may be real, though it is powerless except for its sway over the minds and imaginations of a section of mankind. The Papacy is fighting unconsciously the battle of all thought." And a representative American secular paper of the highest standard, the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, in its issue of the 25th of October last, in commenting on this extract from its London contemporary says: "Leo XIII. has no armies at his back to enforce his will; he has his palace, but no territory; his retinue is insignificant, his wealth not great, and yet the Emperor of Germany, perhaps the first power in Europe, dare not visit Rome without paying reverence to him, no matter how eager may be his wish to honour his cousin and ally, the King of Italy. The Pope had no other power to compel this recognition of his august sovereignty than that which is his as the representative of thought." It is a power which seems too intangible for everyday uses, and yet it serves to force the great Kaiser to the side of the sovereign who has neither armies nor lands, who rules by the superior right of thought. The thought of man, as expressed through some representative head, in a creed, in a revolution, in an idea, rules the world. It was the power of thought that abolished slavery in the United States; it was the force and majesty of thought that compelled the emperor of many armies and navies, of millions of acres and more millions of subjects, to stop and do reverence at Rome to the Pope. It is a good thing that in this world there is a force more potential than that controlled by kings. Were it not so, human liberty would have but poor chance against the might of ambitious, unscrupulous men with armies and navies at their back. Thought, stronger than they, controls them and their armed hosts and bristling ships. Thus we see how the outside world recognizes in the Papacy not only a great religious power over its own subjects, but a great moral power to protect the liberties of all men against mere physical force. It was this fact that made a public man say, "I am not merely a Catholic, but a Papist," If that mean anything, true it is that this power should be itself left free to act out its mission, not only to the children of the Church, but to all humanity. Free it cannot be while the Pontiff is the subject of an earthly king, who is the representative of physical force alone. Hence his children should unite in demanding that he shall enjoy such independence as will enable him to freely discharge the duties of his spiritual office. And men who appreciate the great spiritual power of thought over physical force ought to unite with this same effort. But why is it, brethren, the Pope is such a power? Because he represents the Church, being its head; because around him stand the Bishops of the world, and back of them the priests and the faithful laity. He is the power of thought, but it is the thought of God in the creation of His Church.

THE NEW BISHOPS OF HAMILTON AND PETERBOROUGH.

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—A Roman cablegram to *The Catholic*

News announces that Rt. Rev. Thomas Joseph Dowling, Bishop of Peterboro, Can., has been translated to the See of Hamilton, to succeed the late Dr. Carbery, and that the Very Rev. Richard A. O'Connor, Dean of Barrie, in the Archdiocese of Toronto, has been nominated for the See made vacant by the translation of Dr. Dowling.

SKETCH OF BISHOP DOWLING.

The Rt. Rev. Thomas Joseph Dowling, present Bishop of Peterboro, was born in Limerick County, Ireland, on Feb. 28, 1841, and came to Canada with his parents when ten years of age, the family settling in Hamilton. He entered St. Michael's College, Toronto, in 1855, where he remained seven years, at the end of which time he was professor of classics, and taught one year, afterwards going to the Grand Seminary at Montreal, where he remained two years and finished his theological course. Returning to Hamilton he was ordained priest in Aug., 1864, and took charge of the Paris Mission the following October.

In 1877 he accompanied the Canadian Pilgrimage (organized by the venerable Father Dowd, of "St. Patrick's," Montreal) as a delegate of the diocese of Hamilton, and had an interview with Pope Pius IX., on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee. The pilgrimage had an eventful passage, the "City of Brussels" having broken her shaft and being for twenty-one days unheard of. It took thirty-nine days to cross the Atlantic. On this occasion Father Dowling visited the principal cities of England, Ireland, France, Spain, and Italy.

The Paris Mission in those days included, besides the town of Paris, several neighbouring places, and his first duty on taking charge of it was to pay off the debt on the Paris church, about \$3,000. To accomplish this purpose he went on a collecting tour to Chicago and Pennsylvania, and received material assistance in aid of the building fund. In 1881 he commenced to rebuild the Paris church, and to build a \$5,000 church in Galt. In the same year he was appointed Vicar-General by the late Bishop Crunnon of Hamilton, and on Bishop Crunnon's decease in 1884, was elected Administrator of the diocese. In 1885 he was re-appointed Vicar-general by Bishop Carbery, and made a member of the Bishop's council, and diocese examiner in theology. In 1886 he was appointed Bishop of Peterboro in succession to the late Bishop Jamot, on the recommendation of the hierarchy of the Province of Ontario, with the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and was consecrated in St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, on Sunday, May 1st, 1887, the late Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, being the Consecrator.

Since then all Bishop Dowling's energies have been devoted to the betterment of the religious and educational needs of his young diocese. He is a man of great zeal and some little scholarship, and has been ready to lecture in aid of any charitable or educational object. He is the first student and the first priest of the diocese of Hamilton who has risen to the rank of Bishop, and the announcement that he is to return to his old diocese will be heard there with sincere pleasure by the clergy and laity, among whom for twenty-one years he has steadfastly laboured.

BISHOP-ELECT O'CONNOR.

Richard Alphonsus O'Connor was born in Listowel, Kerry, Ireland, on the 15th of April, 1838. Coming out to this country, he attended St. Michael's College from 1852 to 1858, receiving there his classical and part of his theological education. His theological studies were completed at the Grand Seminary, Montreal. The various minor orders were conferred upon him by Bishop Bourget, and the sub-deaconship, deaconship and priesthood by Archbishop Lynch, the last named being received on August 2nd, 1861. His first charge was as assistant in the parish of Toronto Gore. He afterwards was parish priest of Niagara Falls and of Adjala, and on October 20, 1870, he was appointed to succeed Father Northgraves in Barrie. In Barrie, where he has continued to work till the present time, he has built a fine church and convent. More than this not much is known about Dean O'Connor. He is a tall and gentleman-like looking man, and is regarded by those who know him as worthy of his new honour.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Published Every Thursday

Office: Hon Accord Building, 34 Church-street, Toronto.

Terms: \$2.00 per annum, payable strictly in advance. Advertisements unexceptionable 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, \$15.
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Remittances by P. O. Order or draft should be made payable to the Editor.

LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

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

GENTLEMEN,—

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

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, March 17, 1887

MY DEAR MR. FITZGERALD.—

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

Believe me, yours faithfully,

JAMES J. CABBERT,
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DEC. 8, 1888.

The saloon, says an exchange, is, in more senses than one, a training school of anarchy. In Chicago there are six anarchist Sunday schools, each located in the rear or in the basement of saloons. On a Sunday afternoon, lately, one of these schools was found to contain 120 children ranging from 5 to 14 years seated on long benches, and listening to what a teacher was explaining to them about Johann Most.

THE PARNELL COMMISSION.

The Parnell Commission was adjourned on Wednesday until the 15th of January. So far no light has been thrown upon the question of the truth of the *Times*' allegations, nor has any word of proof been obtained in support of its statements. It is for proof from the *Times* that the public are waiting. It was understood that the question was simply one of the authenticity of certain letters attributed by the *Times* to Mr. Parnell, instead of determining which, its counsel have carefully evaded the issue. Sir Richard Webster has engrossed the time of the Commission in monotonously surveying the Moonlighting records in Kerry and Galway. And the sum total of the evidence of his witnesses has not been in his favour. For example, on Wednesday the *Mail's* report stated certain witnesses were called who swore that they knew of cases of boycotting and outrages, but "on being cross-examined," the despatch continues, "they all testified that the League denounced outrages, and was mainly instrumental in securing reductions in rent which were very properly requested after the bad seasons of 1878 and 1879. These witnesses said it was their belief that if the reductions had been voluntarily granted, the country would have remained peaceful."

The *Times* appears to be relying, too, upon the testimony of witnesses whose characters seem to be of a rather uninviting description. On Wednesday a man named Walsh, an ex-secretary of a branch of the League in May was brought forward to prove that by order of the League several persons had been boycotted for refusing to join in the Plan of Campaign. "On cross examination," we read, "he admitted that he had been charged with pilfering of funds, and had been expelled from that League. He also admitted that he had been agent for a glass insurance company, and had been discharged by the company for making a fraudulent claim for damages. He had also attempted to defraud the Gresham Life Insurance Company." And replying to a question directed by Mr. Davitt he further admitted that "the police had intimated to him that they did not know what would befall him in connection with these insurance matters if he refused to give evidence on behalf of the *Times*, and that he then consented to testify." It may be taken for granted that the case must be desperate which depends upon the evidence of such witnesses, and the employment of such methods as the *Times* has lately had recourse to. It has manufactured a chain of irrelevant evidence, and its purpose in doing so has been more than apparent. Instead of coming directly to the point by clearing up the mystery of the forged letters and demonstrating beyond doubt, if it can, that Mr. John Dillon, as the *Nation* says, is a Moonlighter in disguise, and that Mr. William O'Brien's hands are red with the blood of many a murdered landgrabber—instead of proving by direct testimony, as it boasted it could prove, that any members of the Irish Party were in complicity with any series of crimes or offences against the common law—it rakes up the records of moonlighting raids, the boycotting of farmers, and the loughing of cattle, and it does so in order to fill the English mind with a horror of the people of Ireland. Was a murder committed in Kerry, and were some poor cattle mutilated in Clare? The peasants of Ireland are in consequence a demoralized lot, about on a par with the Hottentots, having been ruined by the National organization. Is there a handful of moonlighters in Kerry?—the whole of Ireland is over-run with marauders and murderers. Is a tenant farmer dragged out of his bed in the middle of the night in a remote corner of the county Galway and forced to swear allegiance to a secret society? Ireland is honeycombed with sinister, secret associations, and no honest farmer can sleep without fear of his life in that unfortunate country. It is by such deductions that the *Times* hopes to poison the wells of English public opinion.

It would be idle to deny that there have been outrages committed in Ireland, the consequences in some cases, too, of the agrarian movement. That there would be some outrages, it may be said were inevitable. The wonder is that there were so few. The Irish leaders, and all good men, deprecate and deplore them. Their appeal has never been to the *lex talionis*.

"It is a thing rarely accomplished," says the literary critic of the *Dublin Nation*, "to write a book that a child can read with interest and pleasure, and his elders find instruction and profit in as well." And yet, from all accounts, this is what Mr. Oscar Wilde has done in "The Happy Prince," the title of a recently published book of fables. Mr. Wilde's tales are couched in the form of children's stories; they are written in simple, and at times,

poetical language, and belong to that class of literature which all can read, and each age derive some instruction and satisfaction from. Apart altogether from its didactic purpose, the work, merely from an art point of view, like all Mr. Wilde's written work, is delightful, the description of nature it contains being both faithful and beautiful. The first story, from which the collection takes its name, is admirable in its conception. "High above the city on a tall column stood the statue of the Happy Prince. He was gilded all over with leaves of fine gold; for eyes he had two bright sapphires and a large red ruby glowed on his sword-hilt." A little swallow, who, when his friends had gone to Egypt, had stayed behind for his love, a beautiful river reed, in his selfishness deserts her. "She has no conversation," he said, "and she is always flirting with the wind. I admit she is domestic, but I love travelling and my wife, consequently, should love travelling also." He flies from her, and, coming to town, rests on the statue, but is disturbed by the weeping of the Happy Prince. The Prince, looking from his high place, sees all the ugliness and all the wretchedness of the city, and his eaden heart is grieved. In a conversation with the selfish little swallow, he converts the latter, and makes him become his messenger of good. To the poor needle-woman, struggling to finish the lady's ball dress, that her fevered little son may have bread to eat, his envoy brings the ruby of the sword hilt; to the impoverished writer one of the sapphire eyes, and to a little match-girl the other, while bit by bit the golden covering he gives away to relieve the needy, for, says the Prince, of all the marvellous stories, the most marvellous is the suffering of men and of women; "there is no mystery so great as misery." The little swallow, going hither and thither, sees "the rich making merry, and the beggars sitting at their gates." He flies into dark lanes, and "sees the white faces of starving children looking out listlessly at the back streets." And his little heart learns the luxury of doing good, and, refusing to go away to Egypt to avoid the cold winter, he devotes himself to the cause of charity, and at last lays down his life, dying at the Prince's feet. Then the mayor and town councillors, coming along to inspect the statue, declare it has become shabby since all its ornamentation is gone, and the Art Professor at the University pronounces it to be no longer useful since it is no longer beautiful. So the figure is pulled down and condemned to be melted down for metal, and because the dead bird was found there a proclamation is ordered forbidding birds to die there in the future. A fitting commentary on the recognition which the world gives to those who devote all they have, and even their very lives to the cause of others.

The book too is filled with fine satire and humour. "I am so clever," says one speaker, "that sometimes I don't understand a single word I am saying." Then you should certainly," is the reply, "lecture on philosophy."

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON A GUEST OF THE TRAPPISTS.

In one of his lesser known books, Mr. Robert L. Stevenson—certainly a most charming writer—has given us a delightful description of a sojourn with the Trappists. "Travels with a Donkey" is the story of a unique trip among the mountains of Southern France, a book full of grace, and humour and freshness—such refined humour

too, and so evidently the work of a gentleman. The book abounds in fine descriptions of landscapes and of outdoor impressions, it is full of that sort of suggestiveness which may be said to be the mark of a scholar's writings,—that sketching with a few bold strokes the outlines of a grand picture, the details of which it is for us to fill in as we may will. Mr. Stevenson's book is mainly interesting to us, however, as revealing the impressions a Scotch Protestant obtained during a sojourn at the house of one of the old monastic orders. What these were will be made clear to our readers by one or two extracts:

"I had not gone very far ere the wind brought to me the clanging of a bell, and somehow, I can scarce tell why, my heart sank within me at the sound. I have rarely approached anything with more unaffected terror than the monastery of Our Lady of the Snows. This it is to have had a Protestant education. And suddenly, on turning a corner, fear took hold on me from head to foot—slavish, superstitious fear; and though I did not stop in my advance yet I went on slowly, like a man who should have passed a bourne unnoticed, and strayed into the country of the dead. For there upon the narrow, new made road between the stripling pines, was a mediæval friar, fighting with a barrowful of turf. He was robed in white like any spectre, and the hood falling back, in the instancy of his contention with the barrow, disclosed a pate as bald and yellow as a skull. He might have been buried any time these thousand years and all the lively parts of him resolved into earth and broken up with the farmer's harrow."

The author tells us that he was troubled in mind as to etiquette. Durst he address a person who was under a vow of silence? Clearly not. So he doffed his cap to him with a far away superstitious reverence. The monk nodded back and cheerfully addressed him. Was he going to the monastery? Who was he? An Englishman? Ah, an Irishman, then? No, he was answered, a Scotsman. A Scotsman! He had never seen one before, "and he looked me all over," says Mr. Stevenson, "his good, honest, brawny countenance shining with interest, as a boy might look upon a lion or an alligator." From him he learned with disgust that he could not be received at Our Lady of the Snows; he might get a meal perhaps but that was all. But as their talk ran on and he learned that he was not a pedler, but a literary man, who drew landscapes and was going to write a book, he changed his manner ("for," says he, "I fear they respect persons even in a Trappist monastery,") and told him he must be sure to ask for the Father Prior and state to him his case in full.

"On second thoughts," says Mr. Stevenson, "he determined to go down with me himself, he thought he could manage for me better. Might he say that I was a geographer?"

"No; I thought, in the interests of Truth, he positively might not."

"Very well, then (with disappointment), an author."

Father Appolinaris (for that Mr. Stevenson says was his companion's name) had been in a seminary with some young Irishmen who had received newspapers and kept him informed on the state of ecclesiastical affairs in England. And he asked eagerly after Dr. Pusey, for whose conversion the good man had continued ever since to pray night and morning. He was very near the truth he thought; and there was so much virtue in prayer. "He must be a stiff ungodly Protestant," writes Mr. Stevenson, who can take anything but pleasure in this kind and hopeful story."

The traveller's fears were not realized as to his reception. He was received by a pleasant, fresh-faced, smiling man, who took him to a pantry and gave him a glass of liquor to stay him until dinner.

"We had some talk," he adds, "or rather I should say he listened to my prattle indulgently enough, but with an abstracted air, like a spirit with a thing of clay. And truly, when I remember that I descanted principally on my appetite, and that it must have been more than eighteen hours since Father Michael had so much as broken bread, I can well understand that he would find an earthly savour in my conversation. But his manner, though superior, was exquisitely gracious."

Mr. Stevenson gives us a pleasant glimpse of the people he met within, and the routine of the monastery. He made friends with "a young little Irishman of fifty," a deacon of the church, arrayed in strict canonicals, and wearing on his head what, in default of knowledge, the author calls "the ecclesiastical shako." He showed him his own room, where he passed his time among breviaries, Hebrew bibles, and the Waverley novels. Thence he led him to the cloisters, into the chapter house, through the vestry—where the brothers' gowns were hanging up, each with his religious name upon a board—into the library, where were all the works of Veuillot, and Chateaubriand, and the *Odes et Ballades* and even Moliere, to say nothing of the fathers, and a great variety of local and general historians. Then he took him round the workshops where brothers bake bread and make cart-wheels, and take photographs, where one superintends a collection of curiosities and another a gallery of rabbits. For in a Trappist Monastery each monk has an occupation of his own choice, apart from his religious duties, and the general labours of the house. Each must sing in the choir if he has a voice and ear, and join in the haymaking if he has a hand to stir, but in his private hours he may be occupied on what he likes. Thus one brother, Mr. Stevenson was told, was engaged with literature, Father Appolinaris busied himself in making roads, and the Abbot employed himself in binding books.

Those with whom he spoke were singularly sweet-tempered, he tells us, "with a holy cheerfulness in air and conversation." They showed themselves full of kind and healthy interest in all sorts of subjects, in politics in voyages, and in the travellers' sleeping sack.

"I am almost ashamed," the author says "to pursue this worldly criticism of a religious rule, but there is yet another point in which the Trappist order appeals to me as a model of wisdom. By two in the morning the clapper goes upon the bell, and so on hour by hour, and sometimes quarter by quarter till eight, the hour of rest; so infinitesimally is the day divided among different occupations. The man who keeps rabbits, for example, hurries from his hutches to the chapel, the chapter room or the refectory all day long; every hour he has an office to sing, a duty to perform; from two, when he rises in the dark, till eight, when he returns to receive the comfortable gift of sleep, he is upon his feet, and occupied by manifold and changing business. I know many persons worth several thousands in the year who are not so fortunate in the disposal of their lives. Into how many houses would not the note of the monastery bell dividing the day into manageable portions bring peace of mind and healthful activity of body?"

At night the visitor took his place in the gallery to hear Compline, with which the monks bring every day to a conclusion. "A stern simplicity, heightened by the romance of the surroundings, spoke directly to the heart. I recall the white washed chapel, the hooded figures in the choir, the lights alternately excluded and revealed, the strong manly singing, the silence that ensued, the sight of cowed heads bowed in prayer, and then the clear trenchant beating of the bell, breaking to show that the last office was over and the hour of sleep had come, and

when I remember I am not surprised that I made my escape into the court with somewhat whirring fancies, and stood like a man bewildered in the windy, starry night."

Space unfortunately forbids our attempting to describe the somewhat comical attempts of two of the monks—one of them an old military man, an ex-commandant—to convert Mr. Stevenson, their enquiries as to "the contemptible faith of his fathers," his discomfort, when he contemplated the probable effect upon "the family theologian"—his father.

Mr. Stevenson is much pleasanter in a little book of this kind, than in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," which is of the ghastly order of writing.

WHAT ARE OUR CLERGY DOING?

One of the most hopeful signs of the times lies in the zeal and determination with which a large and increasing body of Irish American Catholics have taken up the Total Abstinence Cause in the neighbouring Republic. Archbishop Ireland is the head and front of the movement, but scarcely less enthusiastic in its advocacy are other leading prelates, such as Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishops Ryan, Corrigan, Elder and Williams, and Bishops Keane, O'Sullivan, Moore, etc. The number of priests who have publicly arraigned themselves under the same standard is very large, and of the laity close on one hundred thousand are enrolled as members of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America. The Vicar of Christ has blessed and encouraged the movement; the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore formulated a decree, solemnly laying it as a duty upon the shoulders of every priest in the country that as he loved immortal souls and himself hoped for heaven, he should without ceasing urge his people to abstain from all kinds of intoxicating drink and shun as his greatest enemy that chief stronghold of Satan, the Saloon. The result of this united effort on the part of priest and people is apparent to all. It is a well known fact that in Archbishop Ireland's own city of St. Paul, an Irish Catholic saloon keeper is unknown, and in many other cities of the Union a like result has been attained. In England and in Ireland, thanks, largely to the undaunted energy of Cardinal Manning, the Father Matthew Movement is imbued with new life, and is making the saloon keeper tremble for his very existence. But in Canada, particularly in Ontario, the reverse is the fact. Whatever the cause may be, it is the simple truth that we are labouring under a cloud of most amazing indifference on the part of the clergy to this great evil. How many Temperance sermons have been preached from Toronto pulpits within the past five years? They could be counted on the fingers of one hand. Yet our people suffer as much (or more) from the ravages of intoxicating drink as those of any other country in the world. Would to God some Archbishop Ireland would make his advent among us and do away with this state of affairs. It is time some one spoke out boldly on the subject. We have too long patiently folded our hands and said nothing, but the evil has become so great and is so rapidly increasing, that one must speak out. Our young men must be made to feel that their own welfare in this world and in the next is endangered by the use of strong drink. It is useless to quibble about the matter and to split hairs about the "moderate use," etc. We must take things as they are, and in this country and this age there can be no controversy about the magnitude of the evil of intemperance, and that the only safeguard is total-abstinence joined, of course, to the frequentation of the Sacraments. And the indifference we speak of is equally beyond controversy. To laymen, it is amazing that the counsels—yes, the command—of the Sovereign Pontiff to "every priest" to do "his best to drive the plague of intemperance from the fold of Christ, by assiduous preaching and exhortation," is so little acted upon. The present state of affairs makes us feel more keenly than ever the irreparable loss the ecclesiastical province suffered by the death of Father Stafford. Is there no one to follow in his footsteps; no one that feels it his duty to conform to the precept of our Holy Father, Leo XIII. ? God send us such an one. At present we appear to be partially atrophied.

THE VISION OF THE MONK GABRIEL.*

'Tis the soft twilight. Round the shining fender
Two at my feet and one upon my knee,
Dreamy-eyed Elsie, bright-lipped Isabel,
And thou, my golden-headed Raphael,
My fairy, small and slender;
Listen to what befell
Monk Gabriel,
In the old ages ripe with mystery—
Listen, my darlings, to the legend tender.

A bearded man with grave but gentle look—
His silence sweet with sounds
With which the simple-hearted spring abounds;
Lowing of cattle from the abbey grounds,
Chirping of insect and the building rook,
Mingled like murmurs of a dreaming shell;
Quaint tracery of bird and branch and brook
Flitting across the pages of his book,
Until the very words a freshness took—

Deep in his cell
Sate the Monk Gabriel.
In his book he read

The words the Master to His dear ones said:

"A little while and ye
Shall see,
Shall gaze on Me;
A little while again
Ye shall see me then."
A little while!

The Monk looked up—a smile
Making his visage brilliant, liquid-eyed;

"O Thou who gracious art
Unto the poor of heart,

O Blessed Christ!" he cried,
"Great is the misery
Of mine iniquity;

But would I now might see,
Might feast on Thee!"

The blood, with sudden start,
Nigh rent his veins apart—
(O condescension of the Crucified!)

In all the brilliancy
Of His humanity

The Christ stood by his side!

Pure as the early lily was His skin,
His cheek outblushed the rose,
His lips the glows

Of autumn sunset on eternal snows;
And His deep eyes within
Such nameless beauties, wondrous glories dwelt.
The Monk in speechless adoration knelt;
In each fair hand, in each fair foot, there shone
The peerless stars He took from Calvary;
Around His brows, in tenderest luccncy,
The thorn-marks lingered, like the flush of dawn;
And from the opening in His side there rilled
A light so dazzling that the room was filled
With heaven; and transfigured in his place,
His very breathing stilled,
The friar held his robe before his face,
And heard the angels singing!
'Twas but a moment—then, upon the spell
Of this sweet presence, lo! a something broke;
A something, trembling, in the belfry woke.
A shower of metal music flinging
O'er wold and moat, o'er park and lake and fell,
And through the opening windows of the cell,
The silver chimes came ringing.

It was the bell,
Calling Monk Gabriel
Unto his daily task,
To feed the paupers at the abbey gates.
No respite did he ask,
Nor for a second summons idly wait;
But rose up, saying, in his humble way:
"Fain would I stay,
Lord! and feast away
Upon the honeyed sweetness of Thy beauty—
But 'tis Thy will, not mine, I must obey;
Help me to do my duty!"
The while the vision smiled,
The Monk went forth, light-hearted as a child.

An hour thence, his duty nobly done,
Back to his cell he came.
Unasked, unsought, lo! his reward was won!
Rafters and walls and floor were yet aflame
With all the matchless glory of that Sun,
And in the centre stood the Blessed One—
(Praised be His holy name!)
Who, for our sakes, our crosses made His own,
And bore our weight of shame!
Down on the threshold fell
Monk Gabriel.

His forehead pressed upon the floor of clay;
And while in deep humility he lay,
Tears raining from his happy eyes away,
"Whence is this favour, Lord?" he strove to say,
The vision only said,
Lifting its shining head:
"If thou hadst stayed, O son! I must have fled."

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.

Rev. Father J. J. Kelley, pastor of the French Catholic congregation of Cornwall, has been advised by his medical adviser to take a long rest. Father Kelley was selected about two years ago by the Bishop of Kingston to take charge of this work, since which time he has built a presbytery and almost completed the church.

Sunday, the 18th ult., being the sixth anniversary of the death of the Rev. Father Stafford, Vicar-General Laurent of Lindsay took occasion at high mass to advert in eloquent and feeling terms to the steadfast temperance principles of the deceased priest and his powerful influence for good in that direction. Vicar-General Laurent said he himself was of the opinion that in a cold climate like that of Canada total abstinence was the only safe course to pursue. Thirty years in the climate of Canada had shown him by far too many sorrowful examples of the results of indulgence in the strong drinks of the country. Bright intellects, whose brilliant conceptions presaged great good to the nation, became enthralled and dulled, and too often the fire of genius flickered intermittently for a time and then went out in darkness. In cold climates the vital blood of the people coursed warm and rich, and the introduction of strong drink into the system could not but result disastrously. Without expressing an opinion as to the methods of temperance workers, it was his honest opinion that total abstinence was the best for the people. During eight years spent in the Muskoka and Sault Ste. Marie region, where stimulants were much used, he invariably found that hunters, trappers and others whose vocations obliged them to tramp long distances—a hundred miles or so—on foot or snow-shoes, never took liquor with them, and frankly acknowledged that it would be dangerous to do so.

* It is supposed that the idea of Longfellow's "Legend Beautiful" was borrowed from this beautiful poem. Miss Donnelly's poem appeared eight years before Longfellow's.—Ed. C. W. Rev.

His Grace Archbishop Taché, of St. Boniface, has addressed a lengthy letter to the Winnipeg papers in reply to statements of Hon. Gilbert McMickin. The latter in

an address read before the Historical Society, made references to what he considered disloyal conduct of the French-Canadians during the trouble in Manitoba in 1871. His Grace produces incontrovertible testimony disproving McMickin's assertions and completely discredits the charge.

Cardinal Lavigerie is well-known to Mgr. Fabre, says the Montreal Gazette. They were both students at St. Sulpice, France, about forty years ago. Among others who have risen to distinction in the Church, and who were classmates with Archbishop Fabre, are: the present Archbishop of Rouen, Mgr. Hugonin, Bishop of Bayeux, Mgr. Larue, Bishop of Langres, and a long list of eminent churchmen, of non-episcopal rank, such as Abbe Le Rebours, curé of La Magdeleine. During his recent visit to Europe the Archbishop of Montreal had the pleasure

of seeing several of his old friends. He also made a point of visiting all the communities that have branches in his diocese—the Sulpicians, the Jesuit Fathers, the Oblate Fathers, the Christian Brothers, and the Ladies of the Sacred Heart.

For some time past it has been rumoured in Church circles that before the departure of Archbishop Duhamel and Mgr. Lorraine, Vicar Apostolic of Pontiac, from Rome, the apostolic vicariate of Pontiac will be erected into an Episcopal See and in all likelihood the diocese of Ottawa may be divided again, the portion lying in Ontario to remain with Ottawa as its chief lieu and the portion in the Province of Quebec to be a separate diocese with Hull, Alymer and some other important town as the episcopal seat. Of course, this is unofficial and will remain without confirmation until the return of his Grace.

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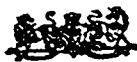
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Ottawa, February, 1888



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Hot Water Heating Apparatus, Cayuga, Ont." will be received until Tuesday, 23rd instant, for the construction of a Hot Water Heating Apparatus at the Cayuga, Ont., Post Office Building.

Plans and specifications can be seen, and form of tender and all necessary information obtained at this Department and at the Office of Messrs. Snyder & Snyder, Cayuga, on and after Friday 9th inst.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

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

By order,

A. GORRIE,

Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, November 5th, 1888.]

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at its next session for an Act to incorporate a Company to be called "The Assets and Debenture Company of Canada," with power to buy, sell and guarantee, and advance money upon debentures or other securities; to buy and sell and advance money upon stocks, shares and assets of any description, and to guarantee payments of principal or interest or both, and to act as agents in all such matters, and for such other powers as may be incidental to the business of such corporation.

F. H. CHRYSLER,

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Dated November 20th 1888.

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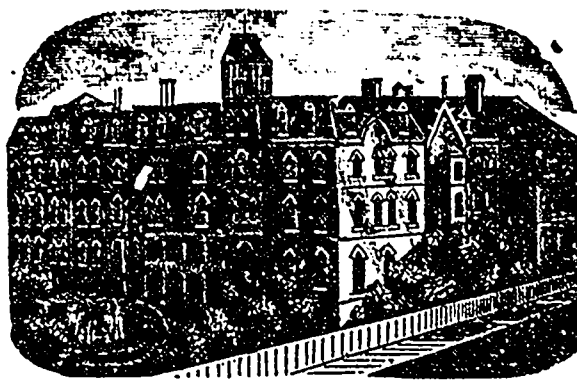
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Department of Railways & Canals,
 Ottawa, 27th September, 1888.

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