

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

# The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

*Reddite que sunt Casaris, Casari; et que sunt Dei, Deo.*—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. III

Toronto, Saturday, May 11, 1889.

No. 13

## CONTENTS.

NOTES.....	183
CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES.	
The Agitation in Montreal.....	185
Louis Veuillot on the Jesuits.....	A. T. S. 196
Montreal Gossip.....	Old Mortality 198
"MR PUNCH" IN ROME.....	197
THE ROMANCE OF A JESUIT.....	194
AT LOURDES.....	197
THE REV. JOSEPH COOK.....	201
EDITORIALS—	
The Primrose Dames.....	204
The Darwinian Theory.....	200
The Washington Centenary.....	200
Public Life in America.....	200
Prof. Goldwin Smith in the <i>Independent</i> .....	201
Brownson on the American System.....	201
The Last Rag of Religious Disabilities.....	202
The Progress of the Agitation.....	202
Men and Things.....	204
Canadian Church News.....	203
Catholic and Literary Notes.....	205
Irish Affairs.....	203
Current Catholic Thought.....	205
POETRY—A Love Story.....	Frederick Langbridge 196

## Notes.

The Hon Mr. Chapleau in the fine speech in which he replied to the congratulations of his friends on his return a few days ago to Montreal, pointedly rebuked that element in our population which would stir up race and religious strife between the two great divisions of our people, that element in our midst which is ruled by its prejudices and not by any notion of patriotism. "This diversity of race," said the Secretary of State, "of language, and religion should have the same grand effect upon the eyes of the stranger as does the first view of our great rivers, our fertile valleys and our noble plains. We must learn, ay, we have learned, that spirit of tolerance which is at all times the characteristic of a great people. The Parliament of Canada has just given evidence of that feeling, which is shared in so large a measure by the sovereign people, when, by the faulty preparation of a certain bill men's prejudices had been aroused. This grand lesson of tolerance, which has been so well learned by the people and Parliament of Canada, should be taught to the coming generations of this country."

In all the ceremonies attending the celebration last week of the centenary of the inauguration of President Washington, the Catholics of New York took a conspicuous and a leading part. It happens that the chief ruler of New York is a Catholic, and, as Mayor, Mr. Grant welcomed the city's guests and stood first at every public ceremony. He happens also to be, we learn, an Ultramontane Catholic, that is an uncon-

promising Catholic, who for power would not abate one tittle of his faith. To those who remember the past, says the *Catholic Review* of Brooklyn, his high office was the least honour that fell to his share. The great hearts that longed for the day when it would be an ordinary event for Catholics to stand in high places—Hughes, England, Spalding and Brownson—are silenced, but their aspirations and their spirit live. "The millions," says the *Review*, "who fled from English rule in Ireland to find English hate in America, and whose sorrowful souls went from us in bitterness, have their sorrow lifted in bitterness and power. Not for the City of New York alone did Hugh Grant stand, nor even for the Americans of Irish blood, but for all the dreams, the unsatisfied longings, the honourable aspirations of the past, an atonement for its sufferings, a sign of the banishment of its evil spirit and a pledge of that bright future which lies before us."

The American Catholic journals, almost without exception, are congratulating themselves that one of the results of the Centennial ceremonies must be to more firmly establish on the *pars magna fuimus* principle—the tradition that the connection of Catholics with their history and their country began with Columbus, and is older than that of the Puritans and Plymouth Rock. The first bishop of the Catholic Church in the United States, the Most Rev. John Carroll, of Baltimore, was the friend of Washington, and an envoy of the Congress to Canada. A great bishop of New York was, in the Civil War, an envoy of the Government to France, and rendered the State service. At the end of the exercises in New York a few days ago, Archbishop Corrigan of New York pronounced the Benediction upon the city and country. Fifty years before, another Catholic prelate, Bishop England, of Charleston, delivered the panegyric on Washington before the citizens of Charleston at their request. In all the churches of New York, as in many other cities, a special Mass of thanksgiving was offered on Tuesday, by order of the Archbishop. Catholic soldiers filled the ranks of the army and the civic parade, and had only Sheridan been spared, the measure of their triumph would have been complete.

We think the time has quite come when the Catholic rate-payers of this city may not improperly ask that the proceedings of the Separate School Board be hereafter conducted *in camera*. The proceedings of this enlightened body not only of late, but for some years past, have been vastly funny, no doubt, when read in the newspapers next morning, but they have a serious side to them, and that is that their disorderly dissensions furnish much too dangerous a weapon to the opponents of the Separate School system, who were never more numerous, and one which, before long, may be actively employed by them.

## THE ROMANCE OF A JESUIT.

From the French of De Bouigny d'Hagerne.

## CHAPTER IV.

In a small low room on the fourth story of a tumble-down old house in the Rue Servandoni, a young man was seated before a table loaded with books and studying with feverish eagerness.

From time to time he would raise his head and his eyes would rest for a moment on a young girl who appeared to be about fifteen and who was occupied preparing a very scanty repast. He sighed and was resuming his work when she, perceiving his sad looks, came up to him smiling, and reproaching him with having worked too hard.

"How can I do otherwise dear sister? You know I have to gain our daily bread. I would soon finish with this life of poverty if I had but myself to think of, but I cannot leave you all alone! All the money I have in the house will only just pay for my approaching final examination. If I succeed I may be able to get some employment; if I fail we may have to appeal to public charity."

"Charles, Charles, why speak thus? Why will you not have faith in Providence?"

"It is useless speaking to me of that Providence which allowed us to fall from our position of ease into our present state of destitution. I am tired of suffering and of seeing you suffer. I can not cry like a woman; my heart is filled with anger and hatred and my whole soul revolts against our having to endure our present position. I am certain that Lerouttier has robbed us and that it is our money which has paid for the very equipages from within which he mocks at our misery. Has he not spurned me, too, from his door?"

"You had insulted him you must remember."

"As I had a right to do. He had several times refused me admittance, and when I chanced to meet him near the Bourse, where, probably, he was about to speculate with the proceeds of some other victim's ignorance or weakness, I reproached him to his face with his misdeeds."

"And yet you had no proofs."

"No legal proofs if you will: but I am morally convinced of his guilt, were it only through his avoidance of me and his cowardly attitude in my presence. If ever I get the chance with what joy will I tread him under foot! My patience is at an end and I am longing for a revolution or some general upheaval of society. Heart and soul I would aid it so as to gain back my position and crush all those who have made me suffer. Why do you weep Marguerite?"

"I weep at hearing you talk thus. Dear Charles, would that you could banish these bad and unchristian thoughts from your mind and heart, and become as you were formerly."

"You ask what is impossible, yet for your sake I will try to follow your teaching, for you are all I have to love in the world, you are my only tie to life. Since, then, you believe in the existence of a just and good God, pray to him for me and ask that I may succeed in that examination on which so much depends."

Just then they heard a knock at the door, and on opening it found a servant with a letter in his hand addressed to Mons. Charles Durand. As the servant said he had been desired to bring an answer, Charles tore the letter open and turned to the signature exclaiming, Meynaudier! What can he want with me? For he, too, has abandoned me and I know him no longer. His sister, in an undertone, begged him to control himself before the servant and reading the letter over his shoulder, begged him to comply with the request contained in it. Turning to the servant who was waiting she asked him to tell Mons. Meynaudier that her brother would have the honour of waiting on that gentleman at the time appointed.

No sooner had the servant left the room than Charles exclaimed. But what have I expect from Meynaudier? At the time of my father's death, whilst he believed me to be a rich man, he was lavish in his protestations of friendship and in his offers of rendering me all the service in his power; but, since he has known our real position, I have heard nothing more of him. Even Anatole, my chosen friend,

turns aside when we meet as if I were plague-stricken, although I have never asked alms of him, nor alluded to the few hundred francs he had formerly borrowed from me and forgotten to repay."

"Dear brother, this letter seems to have fallen from the clouds; let us read it again."

"Yes, let us read it again and guess at all that it does not say, but that lies beneath the surface."

"MY DEAR FRIEND, — I have just met with an opportunity of being useful to you. I was this morning asked to recommend some young man who could safely be sent on a very delicate mission, and I thought of you. I feel perfectly convinced of your ability to perform the duties required of you, and if you succeed in so doing, as I am certain you will, I have been promised that considerable benefits shall accrue to you. If you would like to know more about this affair come to me to-morrow morning between nine and ten o'clock."

"Now see Charles, you were denying there being a Providence and yet all at once you meet with a good opening accruing to you. To-morrow morning you will know what the mission is; perhaps it is some diplomatic negotiation in a foreign court. Who knows?"

"Ah! little sister, do not anticipate too much from this summons. When men in power seek out a poor fellow like me in order to send him on some mission, there is generally more danger than glory to be gained."

"Dear brother, should there be danger, promise me you will decline the mission."

"Do not trouble yourself about that; I will not forget that I have a dear, good little sister who can not spare me yet."

The next day, at the appointed hour, Mons. Meynaudier was comfortably ensconced in an arm-chair before the fire reading *le National* when Mons. Charles Durand was announced. Mons. Meynaudier received him most cordially and after chiding him in a friendly way for having been so long a stranger, enquired into his present circumstances. He then entered on the subject of the mission of which he had spoken in his letter.

"Perhaps you are aware, he said, that the Jesuit question is occupying every one's mind just now: are you acquainted with what is being said and thought on the subject?"

"Not much, sir, I see no one and have no time to read the papers."

"I can understand that, but what is your own opinion about that celebrated Company?"

"I have impressions, rather, opinions, on that subject, for I have neither had the time nor the desire to study the question seriously. I acknowledge I have a great aversion to the Jesuits; they are men whom I hate and despise because they are the enemies of reason, and fanatic adherents of a superannuated religion, which, by its principles and doctrines, is opposed to the progress of the human mind. I hold them in special horror because of their having invented a regularly organized system of spies and informers, and also because they cover their insatiable ambition with the cloak of hypocritical virtue."

"Just so! Your ideas are in entire unison with my own and with those of the Government. Only yesterday I was with my friend Mons. — the Minister, and our conversation turned on this subject. Whilst discussing how best to rid France of them we agreed that all that had been laid at the door of the Jesuits before the suppression of their Order was of no use at the present time; what we want is some word or act of a Jesuit at the present day, on which we can base an accusation. Our best plan to attain our end would be to send some clever, trustworthy young man to St. Acheul under the pretext of asking his entry to the novitiate, and to let him stay there long enough to discover their plans, or at any rate, to report what they say and do and what ideas they put into the heads of the young men who enter their houses. We could certainly thus learn facts that would enable us to bring charges against them which their warmest and most skilful defenders could not disprove. It was then, my dear Charles, that I thought of you, for I know you to be sufficiently intelligent to carry out the Minister's idea, and you certainly would not be long among those people without seeing through them and reading their very thoughts. When

the Minister added that the young man who would render such a service to the Government should have no reason to complain of any want of generosity on their part, I thought that, having so high a regard for you, I could not neglect such an opportunity of furthering your interests."

"Excuse me, sir," said Charles, "I have just told you that what I particularly disliked in the Jesuits was their spirit of spying, of dishonesty and of hypocrisy, and yet you would wish me to employ against them the very means which I hold in such horror! I am down in the world and poor, very poor indeed, but I did not think I had yet fallen so low as to be offered the position of a spy."

"I am surprised at the view you take of the matter and cannot coincide in it. Let us lay aside heroics and talk over the matter calmly. In the first place remember that there is no other means of unmasking those men who hide away in order to carry on their plots. History is incessantly showing them to us hidden in the depths of their convents plotting the fall of a sovereign in one place, the destruction of a republic in another, the fall of a ministry in another."

"I well understand that you would prefer fighting them in open day; it would be better suited to your frank, loyal, chivalrous nature; but in open day you could not meet with them; they are enemies who flee away and hide; that kind of game has to be followed to its lair."

"You have yourself said that you hate them as the eternal enemies of human reason and progress; and yet, when the Government wishes to do battle with them in order to defend what you profess to love, *i. e.*, reason, progress, the immortal principles of 1789, you refuse to lend your aid! You will not employ trickery or deceit to unmask lying and hypocrisy; but the deceit would be but for a moment; you would only be doing as is done by the soldier or the general. The general seeks to hide his movements from the enemy, marches by night, masks his batteries, and appears suddenly in broad daylight and routs his enemies. The soldier, too, commences his attack by a feint, and thus succeeds in conquering. But when the broad daylight of the struggle shall come, you will be able to fight them in the full glare of publicity, to drag them before the tribunal of public opinion, and confound them by bringing forward overwhelming facts."

"You called yourselves virtuous men, you will say to them, you laid claim to effecting wonderful conversions; I wished to behold and admire your virtues and therefore underwent a rude trial in order to listen to your powerful arguments. Had you been what you pretend to be, I would have done homage to the truth, perhaps even have enlisted under your banner and taken my place amongst you; but your hypocrisy was not consummate enough; everywhere I have seen traces of your insatiable ambition. I have seen that your pretended vow of poverty was but a mask under which you hide your insatiable cupidity, I have seen that you make vows of obedience and humility and yet you are eaten up with the desire of commanding, of domineering, of oppressing the innocent."

"I say nothing against their chastity, for, as yet, their morals have never been attacked, however, a vigilant eye might perceive something which would lead to most important discoveries out of which a good deal might be made."

"Now, have I convinced you?"

"Not completely. I acknowledge that I should find a certain satisfaction in measuring myself with men of that stamp, in penetrating their secrets, in outwitting them, but there is an insuperable obstacle to my leaving Paris, for I cannot leave my young sister alone."

"That has been already thought of, and if you accept the mission, your sister will be placed as boarder in whatever convent you may select, at the expense of the Government."

"I would give the preference to the Convent des Oiseaux, where my sister has already been a boarder and where she has been strengthened in those religious ideas and habits which my mother first instilled into her. Though I do not share her belief, I cannot help seeing that her religious convictions give her the strength to support her trials courageously, and, for all the world, I would not have doubts assail her innocent soul, lessening her candour of mind and her angelic goodness."

"I will undertake that she shall be placed at the convent you mention for two years, at the expense of the State, and

since eventually you will be sure of the Minister finding you some good position, you are both free from care. Now, do you accept my offer?"

"Give me twenty-four hours to think over the matter."

"I will give you that much, but no longer. *Au revoir.*"

On returning home Charles found his garret duller than ever; there was no fire, no preparation made for the morning meal. Marguerite ran to meet him, inquiring as to the result of his interview, but feeling ashamed of confessing to her what a mean, low mission had been offered him he replied;

"You must know that a confidential mission means a secret mission, so I have no right to speak. Besides, I need come to no conclusion till to-morrow. Meanwhile I am very hungry and think that breakfast would be very much to the purpose."

"I was waiting for some money, as I have no more coal."

Charles opened a drawer and gave her a piece of money, and as she passed him on her way downstairs to get the coal, he noticed how shabby her dress was and how unfitted for the time of year. He counted the money in the drawer, which contained his whole fortune, and, apart from the sum set aside for his fees, there remained 32 francs and a few coppers:

These 32 francs were all, and there was Marguerite who required warm clothing for the approaching winter, there was the rent to pay, the bread and necessaries of life to be procured!

The Minister's offer tempted him strongly, for it solved this terrible problem of how to manage to live. On the one hand stood privation and hideous want; on the other, a sufficiency for the present and fortune in the future.

"I should be mad," he said to himself, "to allow foolish scruples to stand in my way. Life is a battle in which the stronger crush the weaker, and I do not wish to be crushed. What harm can there be in unmasking intriguers and knaves? The die is cast! I will accept the mission. I will go to those men, will deceive them as they deceive others. I will play the hypocrite to counteract their hypocrisy, I will worm their secrets from them and expose them to the whole world. I have suffered too much; I see want, cold, hunger approaching and do not wish to become a prey to them. I wish to regain fortune, ease and honour, so much the worse for those who would impede my doing so."

(To be continued.)

## THE ANTI-JESUIT AGITATION.

Since the Queen's Hall meeting the anti-Jesuit agitation has not abated, but it has thrown off the mask and shown openly what it was from the beginning, an anti Catholic and no-Popery crusade.

The English press of Montreal stigmatizes it as such and disclaims all sympathy with it. By English, I mean the Protestant press, for though we have an English speaking Catholic population of thirty thousand, they are not represented. They have no organ, and as a consequence, no voice in the public affairs of the city. They have been a nonentity in the discussions affecting their religious and national interests since the Evangelical Alliance raised the war cry. They serve as a sort of buffer between the large French-Canadian majority and the outspoken Protestant minority, but in the division of spoils they get little from either. It is almost amusing to see how adroitly the questions which interest them are fished to the surface at the approach of an election in the different party organs, and how quickly they sink from view again once the storm has blown over. In the various distributions that have been made of the famous \$100,000, what share has fallen to English-speaking Catholics for educational purposes and the endowment of their religious institutions?

But to return to the agitation, it is well that our Protestant fellow-citizens should recognize its true character, better still that they should trace it to its real origin and cast the blame on the right shoulders—the Ministerial Association. Some, whilst discountenancing the agitation, strongly condemn Mr. Mercier for passing the Jesuit Bill and giving rise to it. But if a large majority, nay, a whole people, through the unman-

mous voice of its legislature cannot perform what it considers an act of justice, and relieve itself thus of a moral obligation weighing on its conscience, where is its liberty? If it cowered before the loud-mouthed protestations of a fanatical Alliance, backed by the hostile feeling and threats of a neighbouring province, should it not sell itself into slavery and prove itself unworthy of the boon of freedom? The Mercier Act would have been opportune were it only the assertion of a national right, a protest against the disloyal conduct of a set of men who stood prepared to over-ride the laws, the rights, the privileges of the Province that protected them and their churches, to call in and enlist in their fanatical designs the ignorance and bigotry of their outside co-religionists. Says the *Montreal Gazette* in an able editorial: "It is not so much the amendment of a law passed unanimously by a provincial legislature that the men who are promoting agitation desire, as the imposition on the religious majority of Ontario. Good statesmanship and his best political interests demanded of Mr. Mercier a settlement of the Jesuits' Estates question. The whole Province demanded that restitution be made or some agreement come to concerning a matter that weighed on the public conscience. Our fellow Protestant merchants are loud in their praise of Catholic principle, when about Easter-tide they receive considerable sums of *conscience money* of which they had been defrauded during the year by their Catholic employees. Well, justice is even-handed and immutable. States and governments must pay their conscience-money as well as individuals. By the Act of Confederation the Province of Quebec found itself in possession of ill-gotten goods. The title on which it inherited them bore its falsehood on its face—confiscation against the rights of treaties and the laws of nations. No forms of legality could wipe out the transmitted blot on the face of the title. Restitution was to be made or some agreement entered into. The debt was acknowledged from the commencement of Confederation. Abortive attempts were made several times to affect a settlement, but to Mr. Mercier belongs the honour of having undertaken the task with the will and determination to carry it to a successful issue. He staked upon it his political position, and whilst he satisfied the conscience of the majority he took care not to offend the conscience of the minority. Resting on its legal title the Protestant minority felt no qualms in the enjoyment of the revenues accruing from the estates. Mr. Mercier took not the trouble of forcing upon it the scruples of the majority, but allowed fair compensation for the reduction entailed by the settlement. Was ever minority treated with more consideration? And this is the act that has occasioned the resolutions and protests and Queen's Hall meetings.

Montreal, May 6th.

J. J.

#### LOUIS VEUILLOT ON THE JESUITS.

As opinions so various are being expressed upon the Jesuits it may not be out of place to reproduce this extract from the celebrated Louis Veillot. This great champion of the Catholic cause has been occasionally charged with over-severity, and with a disposition to criticise everything, public and private, high and low, which fell short of his ideal standard of Catholic perfection. So that his opinion is still of weight, though his voice is long since silent. Let me premise that his style is the despair of translators. "What fine fellows are these Jesuits! A movement is on foot to expel them from Piedmont, and they cannot hope to remain long in Savoy, despite the desire of the people to have them. They are perfectly tranquil about it, saying: "What does all this matter. The revolutionists have given themselves a difficult problem to solve. How to ruin men who possess nothing; how to prevent men who have vowed obedience to God from doing the will of God. When they despoil us, they bring us to the perfection of our state, when they expel us, they merely indicate that God has imposed the cross of exile upon us, if they give us death, then, indeed, they bestow upon us the only crown we ask of life.

"They deprive us of the joy of doing good and wound our hearts in the strong affections which church and country alike inspire. But they cannot take hope from us, nor the sweet ness of offering our sufferings for their salvation.

"The storm does the work of God. The seed is dispersed

by the wind, and the wind arises only when the grain is ripe. Never do deserts blossom, and seed of the palm-tree crosses oceans. Wherever martyrs are buried, there churches are planted. In the Church, graves are fertile; the whole Church sprang from a tomb.

"The only causes which die are those for which no one dies. By suffering and dying for the Church, Christians assure her life. How often do we see iniquity, long triumphant, totter at length at the grave of its victims.

"It persecutes, it exiles, it silences, it kills, and cries out, 'I triumph.' No, thou dost not triumph, nor has thy cruelty become justice. It is in the essence of truth to declare itself by chastisements, error reveals and condemns itself by persecution.

"The world never permits itself to be long deceived by error. It seizes upon words, but it does not change things by changing words. God mocks at error by keeping alive the moral sense in man. Persecution is a refusal to accept the challenge of truth. To refuse a challenge is to acknowledge defeat. To persecute truth is to confess it loudly; to exile it is to send it on mission, it will come back; to silence it is to render it more eloquent; to kill its bearers is not to kill itself, it is immortal, but so great a crime is commemorated by a great tomb.

"The tomb of the martyr is visible from every point of the world and of life. Distance cannot efface it. History is seated there. If it be only to lie, she speaks; and sooner or later, to the side of lying history, conscience summons truth.

"This is the will of God. There is no means of preventing God from carrying out his will. We, then, who desire to do the will of God, can confidently wait. We, who know that he is eternal, can be patient.

"As to the insults and outrages, as to the sufferings and anguish of all sorts, that is the cross, and our state is to carry the cross. We are the Company of Jesus, the company of the crucified. We know it, we have chosen it. We bear this infirmity more conspicuously than other men. It is the sign of the Jesuit; a sign which attracts, the scourge, the stone, the sword. But all that does not come alone. 'The world sees the cross,' says St. Bernard, it does not see the unction. Jesus Christ also does something for us. And few Jesuits would wish to be anything else."

Louis Veillot winds up this fine appreciation of the Society of Jesus, with his usual terseness. He represents himself, with some companions, as about leaving one of the colleges of the Order, which stands upon an eminence.

"There," cries out his companion, whom he calls the Chevalier, "is one of the hearts of humanity. Suppress a few hundreds of such houses scattered over the surface of the globe, and there will be no more faith, and very soon no more light."

I have given the passage entire, except for a few humorous passages, relating to the *cause* of the establishment, which the travellers found defective. It occurs in the second volume of "*Ca et la*."

A. T. S.

#### A LOVE SONG.

A song for the girl I love—  
God love her!

A song for the eyes of tender shine  
And the fragrant mouth that melts on mine,  
The shimmering tresses uncontrolled  
That clasp her neck with tendrils gold;  
The blossom mouth and the dainty chin,  
And the little dimples out and in—  
The girl I love—  
God love her!

A song for the girl I love—  
God love her!

A song for the eyes of faded light,  
And the cheek whose red rose waned to white,  
The quiet brow with its shadow and gleam,  
And the dark hair drooped in a long, deep dream,  
The small hands clasped for their churchyard rest,  
And the lilies dead on her sweet dead breast,  
The girl I loved—  
God love her!

—Frederick Langbridge.

## "MR. PUNCH" IN ROME.

Mr. Burnard has been back in Fleet Street for some weeks but his impressions of his recent visit to Rome are still appearing in *Punch*. In the current number he writes:—

The size of St. Peter's! I mentally compare it with everything big that I have ever seen. Johnnie, having partially recovered his self-possession and the use of his voice, says, "Look here, I'll step it. I measured my back drawing room for a billiard table by stepping it, and so I can easily get an idea of its size." He at once sets to work in order to give practical effect to his theory of measurement, and he sets about it with as much care, caution, and strict attention to business as if he were giving an imitation of a man walking on a tight-rope without a balancing pole. After three attempts, each of which signally fails, on account of his inability to preserve a straight line, when he, as it were, topples off his imaginary rope, comes to the ground, and loses his reckoning up to that point, he gives it up, shakes his head solemnly and says, "Oh, it's enormous! Why, St. Paul's is nowhere compared with this!" I recall to mind the monumental effigies in St. Paul's, it's dinginess, it's lecture-room benches crowding the centre, and it's chilly dreariness; whereas here all is space, colour, light and life. Glorious! Everyone knows, by hearsay at all events, about the size of those chubby little boys who support the holy water stoups at the entrance. Come up close, and though you are carefully prepared for a surprise, yet your astonishment is not a whit the less at finding the stoups baths, and the little boys a couple of giants. I can scarcely believe my eyes, but so it is, and Johnnie and myself are never tired of walking up to those deceptive full-grown cherubs, coming on them unexpectedly as it were, and patting them on the hands and arms to ascertain whether they are playing us any trick, and whether they are the Anakim they seem. Yes, there is a deception; it is the deception of perfect proportion. Every day we go into St. Peter's, but these happy looking baby giants exercise an unaccountable fascination over us, and on our last visit we are quite sad at the idea of leaving them behind; but being unable to take them with us, we put the backs of these chubby Brobdignagians, and bid them affectionately good-bye. And the last *souvenir* of St. Peter's that will remain indelibly in my memory is the sweet-tempered smile on the faces of the two giant babies—the holy "water babies"—nearest our door of exit, craning towards us, saying as plainly as dumb action can speak, "we should so like to come with you, only we can't leave this great big heavy basin, or it would tumble down. But mind you come and see us again; you'll find us here, always on duty—don't forget."

Pouring rain. The streets of London not "in it" with those of Rome for slush and mud. Here in this museum of antiquities, the home of classic Art and ancient frescoes, the principal mural decoration that catches my eye at almost every turn is that charming picture of a female—the fair one with the golden locks—so well known to all Londoners as the pictorial advertisement of Mrs. Somebody's Hair Restorer.

This, apparently, is the most striking fresco in the City of Popes and Casars, but, as the Casars are defunct, they can't interfere; and, as the Pope's daily constitutional is unconstitutionally limited to the Vatican grounds, His Holiness, possibly, is not aware how the city is being vulgarized. Yet the obtrusive presence of this leering woman, representing Mrs. Somebody's Hair Restorer on the walls of the Eternal City, does recall to my mind a proverbial saying which seems peculiarly applicable in this instance, namely, "See Rome and dye."

The truth of another proverb, that "Rome was not built in a day," is borne in upon us with irresistible force at every turn. "Rome built in a day!" cries Johnnie. "Why, they're at it now!" Balbus and Caius, who were always building walls, by way of Latin exercise, in our youth, are still at it, still building Rome in A.D.C. 2640. They're making quite a new Rome—a Haussmannish Rome—of it. In another ten years Rome will possess splendid streets (at least I am inartistic enough to hope so) and ample pavement (also my sincere wish), and in its main thoroughfares it will be as like Paris as the Balbi and Caii, carrying out their orders and contracts, can make it.

"Masonry" is condemned at Rome," says Johnnie, "and so it ought to be, until the streets are widened and pavement-makers have been set to work."

We take a walk on the Pincio, and delight in the view. In these gardens there are so many ecclesiastics of all sorts, sizes, and ages, and such a large proportion of them evidently only students, that I am forcibly reminded of the College grounds of Cambridge or Oxford in term time. The youths are enjoying themselves with all the soberness that characterizes such reading men at either university as affect their cap and gown at all times, even when taking their constitutional. I suppose if one of these Roman students is out without his academics, there is no Roman Proctor and Bulldogs to stop him and ask him for his name and college, and then fine him six-and-eightpence.

In the Sistine Chapel we see several tourists lying supinely at full length on the seats. "So irreverent, in a chapel, too! Just as if they were resting after a Turkish bath," says Johnnie. "Though," he adds, as he glances round, "it isn't much like a chapel to look at." No, it is not. More like a decorated concert hall. We gradually become aware of the fact that the sprawling tourists are only deeply interested in the work of Michael Angelo on the ceiling, and have discovered that the only way of studying it satisfactorily is on their backs. Johnnie is tired, and pines for Monte Carlo. I rather think that a telegram which he receives on re-entering our hotel is a bogus one, only intended to give him a fair excuse for saying he must return at once "on business." As I must make the best of my way to London, I decide to accompany him, hoping for another opportunity to see Rome at my leisure, and having a month to do it in.—*Weekly Register*.

## AT LOURDES.

An eight years residence here and hourly communication with the people have proved them to be truly pious, faithful and kindly. "Rough as their rocks in some ways perhaps," say my friends, "they are just as firm in their friendship." Ever since my arrival there has been before me the quiet, orderly life of the people, undisturbed by excitement of any kind. The advent of the Duke of Norfolk as well as his departure created nothing more than a casual remark. He comes and goes without secrecy and without display. He patronizes the wayside vendors of objects of piety as did the late Duchess, and interests himself in individuals kindly and generously they say. His little son was in the crypt one morning at early Mass when I happened to be there. The people are accustomed to see him carried in and out very quietly, and do not intrude upon him or his attendants. Every one is free to worship according to the dictates of his heart, and no surprise is manifested, however different from the usual forms the manner of worship may be. A few weeks ago, a well known financier of Paris walked barefooted and bareheaded from his hotel across the bridge that spans the Cave and up the road to the Grotto, pushing before him a little carriage in which was reclining his invalid daughter. But not one curious or idle observer followed or appeared to notice him. Those who may have been forced to pass him by, bowed their heads in reverent sympathy. When the same gentleman knelt with a chosen band of poor men and the orphans of the asylum of Bernadettes' *Dames de Nevers*, who gathered around by invitation to pray with him for his suffering child, he had not alone their prayers, but those of all assembled there in the sacred Grotto. He himself prayed aloud, a-sing God's will might be done, and that if health were refused, his daughter might obtain the greater grace—the salvation of her soul.

Even at this quiet season scenes like the above excite no remark. People come continually to prostrate themselves in silent prayer and adoration, priests kneel for a long time with their foreheads pressed against the rock of the Grotto, already worn smooth and shining by the touch of pilgrims' lips. This is the beauty, the charm of devotion in Catholic lands, no worshipper is conscious of another's presence, each one in the crowd is alone with God.

I cannot say anything of the beautiful scenery that has not been said, and that is not well known to all the world, from

the view of Lourdes, spread broadcast by the thousands of pilgrims who have knelt there, of itself the face of the mountain, with its Grotto and niche, wherein is the famous statue, is too beautiful not to have been reproduced everywhere. It does not need the brilliancy of some great festival to enhance its beauty; yet I must say Lourdes with crowds of pilgrims and Lourdes left to itself are different places.—*Mrs. Jane Cave in Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*

#### MONTREAL GOSSIP.

The newspapers have all spoken more or less fully, according to their lights, of the assemblage in Queen's Hall on Thursday night to give expression to their "envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness," on the subject of the Jesuits' Estates Bill, but very few of them, in fact, none of the English ones, bestowed any notice whatever upon an entertainment which took place in the same hall upon the preceding evening, Wednesday the 24th April.

There upon the platform from which falsehood and slanders were afterwards hurled upon our holy Faith, stood and sang a band of youths and maidens, who, but for Catholic charity and Catholic love and Catholic patience, would be debarred from all intellectual pleasures, and would find the world dark indeed, and dreary.

The blind pupils of Nazareth were assisted in their concert by two graduates of the Institution, Mlle. Eugénie Tessier and Mr. Edward Clarke, and also by Mlle. Thérèse Boucher, Mr. H. Baker, Mr. Anderson, and the distinguished French musician and elocutionist, Mr. Wiillard.

The house was well filled, almost every ticket having been sold, and the audience was both appreciative and sympathetic. Mlle. Tessier, who has already gained a firm footing upon the concert platforms of her native Province, was applauded to the echo, and was the recipient of showers of roses and fragrant lilies. It is a very pathetic sight, that of this fair young girl led forward to stand and bow to the public, whom she has never seen, and who love her so well. She has a sweet and attractive face, "our Blind Sister in Song," and a graceful figure. Her dress on Wednesday evening was both rich and becoming.

Her appearance was the signal for a very storm of applause, and she was encored in both of her songs. "*Le Rossignol*" in particular, showed off the bird like notes of her exquisite voice.

Another pupil of Nazareth Convent, Mlle. J. Perry, gives promise of attaining a reputation equal to that of Mlle. Tessier, her voice was so clear and sweet.

Mr. Clarke's execution on the piano was, as usual, excellent. He touches the keys with a master hand. If I mistake not this gifted young man is also proficient on the violin; ten or twelve years ago it was one of the treats of a visit to Nazareth, to hear "little Edward" play.

The Band of the Institution was much appreciated—the boys play well, and put their whole soul into their work. It is a noble mission, that of the Gray Nuns at Nazareth, and it must have gratified them to have so flattering a recognition of the success of their pupils.

On what a different scene the curtain rose on Thursday evening, raving, ranting, howling, false statements and falsor conclusions.

The weddings at which I dimly hinted last week have come off with *éclat*. That of Mr. Charles Maze, C.E., with Mlle. Hectorine Duhamel, was an early affair—a sensible "travelling dress" wedding. In accordance with a custom prevailing at present in Paris, Mr. and Madame Duhamel held a reception on the preceding day, at which Miss Duhamel, in a gauzy pink and white confection of Worth's, bade good-bye to her friends and acquaintances.

The marriage of Mr. Frank Rolland with Miss Mary Lucy Skaife, which took place in the Pro-Cathedral on Monday, was one of the prettiest weddings that we have seen for a long time. Small and poor as is the Bishop's Chapel, it is quiet and devotional, and it was on this occasion prettily decorated with St. Joseph's lilies, and furnished with green carpet and prie-dieux. The exceeding grace and loveliness

of the bride were enhanced by her rich though simple gown of pure white satin, the appearance of the groom was, as usual, all that is implied in the word *chic*. The bridesmaids were lovely, the wedding guests, numbering about three hundred, were elegantly attired. Mr. and Mrs. Rolland are spending their honeymoon at the summer residence of Skaife at Lake Memphramagog.

As I write the last of the Easter lilies are fading upon the altar of the Sacred Heart, in the Church of the Jesu, where the Blessed Sacrament has stood high among the lights since early dawn. Before it, throughout the long May day, have knelt the Guard of Honour in prayer and reparation, and to-night we are to have Grand Benediction—for it is the sweet "First Friday"—the day of consolation to that Heart that has loved mankind so well. I hope next week to say some thing of the wonderful success of the League of the Sacred Heart in our midst.

OLD MORTALITY.

#### THE INSTALLATION OF BISHOP DOWLING AT HAMILTON.

The new Bishop of Hamilton, Right Rev. Thomas Joseph Dowling, was, on Thursday, the 22nd April, installed in St. Mary's Cathedral, which was crowded with members of the clergy and congregation. A special car was provided for the reception committee, and they met the Bishop at Oakville.

##### COMMITTEE OF WELCOME.

The car contained Messrs. H. Arland, James O'Brien, M. A. Pigot, Wm. Kavanagh, C. J. Bird, M. Malone, R. Williamson, John Roman, J. Zingsheim, D. J. O'Brien, Dr. McCabe, John Lillis, John Hunter, S. Cleary, J. Brennan, A. Dillon, H. S. Baslean, E. Green, F. L. Cherrier, James Shea, R. McKeever, and S. O'Neill. Father Slaven, parish priest at Oakville, was at the station with a band of school children, who sung a song of welcome. A large crowd of people assembled at the station to welcome the Bishop when he reached Hamilton. He alighted from his car accompanied by Archbishop Fabre, Montreal; Bishop Foley, Detroit; Bishop Walsh, London; Bishop Cleary, Kingston, and Bishop O'Connor, Peterborough. The party proceeded at once to St. Mary's Cathedral.

##### IN THE CATHEDRAL.

At about twenty minutes to ten o'clock the church doors were opened, and the clergy and choir boys formed a procession and marched down to the main entrance, led by Father Waddell, carrying a huge cross. The clergy in the procession were Very Rev. Fathers Losier, of Carlsruhe, and Bardou, of Cayuga; Father Owens, Ayton; Father O'Leary, Freulton; Father Hinchey, Brantford; Father Burk, Arthur; Father Cosgrove, Elora; Father Carre, Hamilton; Father Madigan, Dundas; Father Wey, Formosa; Father Feeny, Princeville; Father O'Casham, Mount Forest; Father Doherty, Arthur; Father O'Connell, Paris; Father Corcoran, London, and Father Geahl, St. Clements. When the Bishop arrived, he proceeded to the altar accompanied by the procession, while the organist played the Hallelujah Chorus. The Te Deum was then sung, and the Bishop of London said a prayer; then Bishop Dowling took his seat upon the throne and removed his mitre. Vicar-General Heenan then read the address of the clergy to which his Lordship made the following reply:

VERY REVEREND AND REVEREND FATHERS,—May God bless you for this kind and hearty reception on my return to the diocese of Hamilton. I left Peterborough yesterday in sorrow but, thank God, my reception here to-day has turned that sorrow into joy. Among the multitude committed to my spiritual care there are none more precious or dear to me than the priests consecrated to the service of God and the sanctification of immortal souls. And, therefore, there is no homage more acceptable, no welcome more grateful, to me than this cordial greeting of my diocesan clergy. No voice of mine can tell you how consoled I am to-day to see my clergy gathered around this throne and receive from them a hearty

Greeting. Such welcomes are always agreeable to bishops, but this is a welcome doubly dear to me, coming as it does from the hearts of old and esteemed companions and fellow-labourers in this portion of the vineyard of our Lord. No sooner did the rumour of my appointment to the See of Hamilton appear in print, than you hastened to convey to me over the wires from your several parishes what you are here in a body to present to-day—your good wishes, your prayers for me, and your cordial congratulations. God forbid that I should be so weak as to think that I am personally deserving of all the compliments you bestow on me. I know my own unworthiness, but unworthy as I am of the high and holy office now entrusted to me, I am glad that you recognize in my appointment not my own choice, but that of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and that as good exemplary priests you are here to-day to offer me, as your bishop, your homage, your obedience, and your faithful co-operation. For the first time we meet under new relations, and joyful as our meeting is, I must confess that my only regret to-day is that I am not amongst you as of old, a simple priest of the diocese, joining with you as I would wish to do in offering to one more worthy than I that reverence, obedience, and co-operation which you are pleased to offer me. The office of a bishop—always a responsible one—has become for me to-day still more onerous in accepting the charge of this important diocese, but, thank God, the burden is already lightened by the assurance of your cordial co-operation. It fell to my lot as a priest of this diocese to serve under your three bishops, and now that they have been called to their reward to render an account of their stewardship I rejoice to think that as far as I know I never for a moment was disloyal or disobedient to their authority, and I do not, indeed, take to myself the credit of having been in the past what is considered a model priest; but I do say that, in spite of all my defects, if each of my clergy work in harmony with me as I have worked with the prelates who have passed away, there shall never be any trouble in the government of the diocese. Indeed, I have no reason to suspect that there ever will, for, as a rule, the priests of Hamilton have been models of obedience and submission to their bishops. My relations with the priests in the past have always been singularly happy, and I gratefully remember that more than once you were kind enough to give me substantial proofs of your friendship and attachment, and that when the Holy Father once gave you the privilege of choosing your own Vicar Capitular, young and inexperienced as I was at the time, you were pleased to elect me to that responsible position. On your kindly reference to the progress made during my short administration of the diocese of Peterborough you were pleased to praise me in a manner which I do not deserve. For whatever progress and prosperity took place it was entirely due under God to the co-operation of the priests and the generosity of the people. God grant that your fond anticipations in my regard may be realized, and that I may, by your prayers, obtain light and strength and grace to govern to the glory of God, the happiness of the clergy, and the general good of the faithful of the important diocese of Hamilton.

At the conclusion of His Lordship's reply all the clergy present knelt before him and kissed the episcopal ring in order of seniority, in token of obedience. This being over, the Bishop faced the audience, and Mr. Henry Arland read the address of the laity. To their address the Bishop replied as follows:—

DEAREST FRIENDS,—You will pardon me if my address will be short to-day. I am labouring under peculiar emotions, but I feel that in coming back to Hamilton I am coming back as it were to the home of my childhood—I am coming amongst my own, and of me it cannot be said as it was said of our dear Lord on earth that "He came amongst His own and His own received Him not." Thanks be to God, you are kind and charitable enough to give me a hearty and respectful reception, and for this I am deeply grateful. I appreciate your loyalty to the Holy See, for in my own person you see simply the one chosen by the Vicar of Christ, unworthy as I am, to govern this diocese. I remember well twelve years ago to-day when I sailing in mid-ocean, carrying with me the offering of the clergy and of the faithful of the diocese at Hamilton on my way to Rome, and perhaps the happiest

moment of my life was when I had the privilege of kneeling at the feet and kissing the hand that holds on earth divine authority, and laying before him the homage of the good bishop, the clergy, and the faithful of the diocese of Hamilton, and I shall never forget as long as I live the greeting of Pope Pius IX. when he took me by the hand and said "Are you from the diocese of Hamilton?" and I answered, "Oui, mon pere"; yes, Holy Father and he said "Carry back my blessing, to the bishop, priests and faithful to the diocese of Hamilton."

Dear friends, you are kind enough to remind me of early eminences, and when I tell you that thirty seven or thirty-eight years have elapsed since I first set foot on Hamilton, you may well imagine that many I then knew have passed to their reward, but, thanks to God, some still remain. It was at Hamilton I received my early education, and I remember as having often served as altar boy in the old St. Mary's church that has passed away. I had the privilege of serving under three good bishops that have since been called to their reward; and, thanks be to God, my relations were of the most happy and holy kind. The first good bishop of Hamilton ordained me a priest at this very altar. The second bishop of Hamilton appointed me one of his vicars-general, and the third bishop of Hamilton assisted two years ago with the Bishop of London at my consecration as Bishop of Peterborough. They have all passed away; may the Lord have mercy upon their souls, and may it be my happy privilege to walk faithfully in their footsteps, and when my turn comes to die I may meet them in the heavenly kingdom.

But I remember another lesson. When a child I saw in old St. Mary's church a clock, a timepiece, and over that timepiece was written "*Tempus brevis est*," and as years have rolled on and bishop after bishop has been called to his account I have begun to realize the meaning of the words—that time is short. For the administrations of the late bishops of Hamilton have indeed been comparatively short, and this thought awakens very serious reflections. It is an admonition to me that I should be always prepared, and it is also an admonition to me that if time is short it should be fruitful in good works, and, thanks be to God, you promise to help me in doing good. I accept that promise, and when the time comes to inaugurate good works I trust that I will find the people of Hamilton in the future as they have always been in the past, ready to co-operate faithfully and generously with the chief pastor of the diocese. Dear friends, I cannot say any more, but thank you again most cordially for your very warm reception and for your prayers in my behalf, and God grant that I may be enabled to some extent to realize those fond anticipations that you have made, and that the bishops, priests and people of the diocese may always live in harmony with one another. As bishop of the diocese I shall from time to time have to make changes in the clerical order. It is my duty to provide for the several parishes, and in doing so sometimes I may have to ask sacrifices from my clergy; but, my dear friends, in all these matters please remember that it is the bishop that has to govern, and not the people; and for the government of this diocese I am responsible to God alone and to the Vicar of Jesus Christ. Therefore pray that I may be always guided by the Holy Ghost, that whatever I do may be to the glory of God, the good of the priests, and the sanctification of the souls of the people of this diocese. From my heart I wish you all the blessing that you ask.

After the singing of the "*Regina Celi*," Bishop Dowling then briefly addressed the audience and made the following appointments:—Very Rev. Father Heenan, Vicar-General of the Diocese and Chief Councillor of the Bishop, with charge of the parish of Dundas; Father Keough, Vicar-General in charge of the parish of Paris, Father O'Connell, Dean of Walkerton; Father Losie, Dean of the diocese; Father Finicken, Arch-deacon of the diocese and a member of the Bishop's Council; Rev. Father Craven, Chancellor of the Diocese; Father McVey, the Bishop's private secretary. The Bishop then pronounced his benediction and blessing, and the clergy retired to St. Joseph's convent, where a dinner had been prepared for them.



## The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Published every Thursday

Office: "4 Adelaide St. East, (opposite Court House).

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.

All advertisements will be set up in such style as to insure the tasteful and pictorial 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 Business Manager.

### LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 29th 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, hath with peculiar pleasure the assistance of her lay children in dispelling ignorance and prejudice. They can do this nobly by public journalism, and as the press now appears to be an universal instructor for either evil or good, and since it is frequently used for evil in disseminating false doctrines and attributing them to the Catholic Church your journal will do a very great service to Truth and Religion by its publication. Wishing you all success and many blessings on your enterprise.

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,  
Archbishop of Toronto.

### FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX.

HALIFAX, July 11, 1888.

DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

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

Yours very truly,

J. C. O'BRIEN,  
Archbishop of Halifax.

### FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, March 17, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

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

Believe me, yours faithfully,

JAMES J. CARRERY,  
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 11 1889.

There seems to be a rebound from the prevalent acceptance of the Darwinian theory of Evolution as applied to morals. Two of the ablest scholars in England have taken up the subject at once, each from a different point of view, to show that the time has come for a re-examination of the Darwinian philosophy, and that it is accepted by a large proportion of the scientific world. Prof. St. George Mivart, himself one of the most distinguished investigators of this generation, who criticised Darwin's theory on its first appearance and made an argument against it which Darwin himself confessed had great weight, has contributed to *The Forum* for May his second essay to prove that the theory fails as a scientific theory merely where man comes in and that moral deductions made from it are of no weight whatever. He brings forward much interesting evidence to show the unphilosophic character of Darwin's mind. Prof. Mivart's first essay, which he called Darwin's Brilliant Fallacy, appeared in *The Forum* for March.

The other scholar who leads the attack on the Darwinian theory of moral development, is Mr. W. S. Lilly, the great authority on ethics and his argument is from the point of view of a master of moral philosophy. It is noteworthy that as the writings of Herbert Spencer and Prof. Huxley, and to a certain extent of Darwin himself, received their earliest recognition in America so these important criticisms of their philosophy, which are attracting a great deal of attention in England, appear first in *The Forum*, an American periodical. Both Prof. Mivart and Mr. Lilly, as our readers know, are Catholic writers.

### THE WASHINGTON CENTENARY AND PUBLIC LIFE IN AMERICA.

Professor Goldwin Smith's article on "Washington, from an Englishman's Point of View," in the *New York Independent*, though not in the best possible taste in one or two minor particulars, is yet a strong bit of writing, and certainly an appreciative enough estimate of the character and of the high qualities of heart and of head of the "Father of his Country," as Washington is reverently termed by his countrymen. In fact, were we Americans, we should probably wish that Professor Smith were a trifle less appreciative. It can hardly, we should judge, be quite to the taste of the "native American" (as represented, for example, by that unbending American, the Hon. Michael Murphy of Albany) to be informed by Mr. Smith that Washington was not only "a perfect gentleman" (the expression is Professor Smith's) but "a man of thoroughly British mould whose character was a typical legacy of the mother country in the colony, and who, transferred to England, would have been a Whig and would at once have played to perfection the part of an English country gentleman, or that of the colonel of a British regiment." This, indeed, is Anglo-Saxon aggressiveness with a vengeance, and should fire the blood and the brain of every Albany Senator. Compared to the intolerable pro-Britishism which would make of Washington a Whig and an Englishman, the recent excursion of Mr. Mowat to Albany, and the presence on the floor of the House of the Saxon invader, we venture to submit, was a tame and an innocuous experiment.

The value of Mr. Smith's article will be found to consist in his keen and practical analysis of American political methods, and of the political phenomena which exist as the effect of the working of the American political system. Of the American Commonwealth as it is at present, Washington must be regarded rather as the father than the founder. "His Legal Constitution," writes Mr. Smith, "still remains, but the soul and real workings of the machine, how different from his conceptions!" A community of freehold farmers in the North, and planter gentlemen in the South, with a moderate commercial element, all under the leadership of an aristocracy of education and intelligence—such, apparently, was Washington's ideal. But whatever the form may be, the force which now governs, Mr. Smith correctly says, is that of party. The political creed has adapted itself, as it always does, to the interests of those who rule, and Party has come to be the common instrument of government. It is tolerably safe to say that the political methods and the standard of political morality which obtain in the public life of the American nation, are not those which Washington wished should obtain, or which he builded for when framing the Constitution. "From Presidential elections as at present conducted, with the carnival of intrigue, corruption, calumny, and passion which they and similar contests in all countries for supreme power, under the elective system, engender, we may be sure," observes the writer, "that he would have turned away in sorrow and disgust." Nor can he be imagined going through the endless interviews with office-seekers which a newly elected President now endures, or debating the claims of local wire pullers to post offices, which now are about the most thorny of Presidential cares. "One who has witnessed that scene," says the Professor, "must wonder not that the politicians are no better than they are, but that they are not much worse. Washington's spirit bore up against the winter at Valley Forge, but it would scarcely have borne up against the first month in the White House."

Would Washington if he were alive now, the writer asks, be elected President? On his military record it cannot be doubted, he answers, that he would, because of all political capital military glory is evidently still the most available. Several Presidents before Grant were elected on their military records, and others since then have been helped by it in their elections. As a victorious soldier, then, Washington would have been as sure of his election as were Jackson and Grant, but on the score of his civil character, he contends, that it does not seem by any means likely that if now alive he would be elected President.

"It seems not very likely that he or any statesman of his group, excepting Jefferson, would be prominent in public life or even politics at all. Only by supposing a total transformation of his nature can we conceive him, for the sake of place or political distinction, submitting his conscience to party discipline, embracing the party code of morality, learning the arts of the demagogues, angling for votes by hollow professions and compliances, playing the rhetorical tricks of the stump, manipulating caucuses, concocting platforms, and busying himself impishly in the working of the party machine. The tendency of universal suffrage combined with the demagogic system of government in all countries alike, and not least in England, is to eliminate the Washingtons from public life. Whether they will ever get back again by another road is the secret of the political future."

It is not often our privilege to give assent to Mr. Goldwin Smith's opinions and criticisms, but in the paragraphs above quoted no reasonable man can deny that the evils pointed out are those which have followed the steps of Democracy, and which vitiate in our age the political atmosphere. That great American patriot and publicist, Brownson—an American of the older, and the greater, order, if ever there was one—declared in one of the last of his essays that his respect for his countrymen was not so great as it had been some years before. They seemed to him to have sadly deteriorated during the last third of a century both intellectually and morally, and more rapidly than any other people whose history is known. Their religiousness seemed to have become well nigh extinct, they had lost all spiritual conceptions, and all true spiritual aspirations. Their sectarian religions had ceased to be either spiritual or intellectual, and had lapsed into sentimentalism or pure emotionalism. Methodism was their highest and most cherished form of religion, and Methodism he described as "a compound of sentimentalism and animalism." Nearly all the sects he maintained relied on animal excitement instead of rational conviction, making little or no demand upon the intellect or the soul. And so it came that morality, as separated by the sects from religion, became with the bulk of his countrymen: either outward decorum, or thrift, or the art, in a word, of getting on in the world. They inquired not "what is true, what is right?" but "what will be popular, what will succeed?" And no heathen people, he held, ever worshipped more devoutly the goddess Fortune than do the Americans, or more strictly hold to success as the test of merit. That his views in relation to the lowering, the vitiating, of public life were not dissimilar to those of Mr. Goldwin Smith, may be seen from the following passage.—

"We have politicians, shrewd, adroit managers of elections, and manipulators of parties, but I look in vain for a statesman in office, or a candidate for office, whether state or federal. A man, to be elected, must carry light weight, and be one whom the politicians and business men can use for

the promotion of their private interests or personal ambition. Nobody, who wants office, whether legislative or executive, cares to study the principles of civil polity, or the science of statesmanship. It would only make him carry weight, and impede his chances of success. The popular vote will supply any conceivable lack of brains, or want of moral character. I wrote in the *Democratic Review*, thirty years ago, that never again would a first class man be elected to the presidency of the Union, and experience, thus far, has done justice to the assertion. Mr. Van Buren was the last man of superior ability, and with some statesman-like attainments, that has filled the presidential chair. Since his defeat in 1840, there has been a continual descent, each successive president proving inferior to his predecessor."

"I confess, therefore," he continues, "though my interest in my country and countrymen is as great as ever, I do not consider it a high compliment to be credited with an intense Americanism. Where the people are Catholics and submissive to the law of God, as declared and applied by the Vicar of Christ and supreme pastor of the Church, democracy may be a good form of government, but combined with Protestantism or infidelity in the people, its inevitable tendency is to lower the standard of morality, to enfeeble intellect, to abase character, and to retard civilization, as even our short American experience amply proves. Our republic may have had a material expansion and growth, but every observing and reflecting American whose memory goes back, as mine does, over fifty years, sees that in all else it is tending downwards, and is on the declivity to utter barbarism."

Thus it will be seen that not even Brownson was wedded to Americanism as understood and exemplified by his non-Catholic countrymen. It may be destined to make, as they say, "the tour of the globe," but one will look to it in vain for the regeneration of modern society, or the preservation even of a country. The Democracy which is devoid of the conserving quantity of Catholicity, which is not guided by Catholic principles, and informed by the elementary Christian precepts, tends only towards disintegration.

The Republican system has received its two chiefest tests in France and the United States of America. In France it began by the elimination of God from the life of the nation, by the abolition of Christian teaching, by the spoliation of the Church, and the effects upon the national character have been disastrous. The order of civilization in America while it has not been as in France anti-Christian in character, has been, and is, nevertheless, non-Catholic, which is the same as non-Christian. And in a society of that character, where in time all the elements combine which make for disintegration, there can be no permanent national vitality. If that page of history on which the story of the French Revolution is written conveys any especial lesson to us at this day, that lesson is this: that in proportion as the Christian idea departs from the life of a people, do they become degenerate and decay. Anarchy is co-extensive in progress with Atheism. The material progress of America has been very great, but something more than material progress is needed for the preservation of the nation. "Let the American people," wrote Dr. Brownson prophetically, and the words may be appropriately quoted at the close of our American neighbours' rejoicings, "Let the American people become truly Catholic, and submissive children of the Holy Father, and their republic is safe, let them refuse and seek safety for the secular order in sectarianism or secularism, and nothing can save it from destruction."

The new Duchess of Marlborough, formerly the American Mrs. Hammersley, has been presented to the Queen at Windsor, and her social status, about which before there was an awkward uncertainty, is now established. No one can any longer look askance at the supplementary Duchess. She has received the Royal *inprimatur*. Doubtless we shall shortly hear of her taking a prominent part, after the manner of her sister-in-law, who, by the way, is also an American, in the operations of the Primrose League. There is something odd about the activity displayed by so many Anglicised American women in behalf of old time Toryism, and of institutions of which they can know but very little. The author of a novel recently issued in London, "The Last Hurdle," somewhat pointedly refers to the existence of this anomaly.

The volume opens with a visit of the author to the Olympic Club in London. His pen and ink sketch of a noble lord at the weekly club dinner is so unsparing as to make it difficult to establish the identity of the personage in question. "That little object, attached to a big moustache sitting on the right of the chair, is a Member of Parliament, and owner of a small string of racers. He went over to America a few years ago, and married an heiress. She was *not* a Virginian, being simply the daughter of an eminent pork contractor. My reason for stating her parentage is born of the fact that she is now a prominent Primrose dame, and a great upholder of "Our Queen and Constitution," as she phrases it in her very numerous speeches. The daughter of a Republican pork contractor posing as the champion of the most fossiliferous Toryism, is distinctly precious! What this woman's American relations must think of her making such a fool of herself, and what her sister English dames must whisper to each other, would be worth knowing. Fancy an American bringing back an aristocratic English bride to his native land, and fancy the said bride spouting at some political meeting on "Our Glorious Republic." . . . This lady now frequently composes her husband's Parliamentary speeches."

More than once lately has Sir Charles Russell been referred to as a probable future Lord Chancellor of England,—all existing legal disabilities notwithstanding. That it is not beyond the range of the possible or the probable, may be inferred from the words which fell lately from a politician who is coming more and more to be looked up to as the future leader of the Liberal party, and therefore the dispenser of its patronage when it comes to power, Mr. John Morley, who, speaking at Newcastle, said:—

"You have all, I should think, read more or less—I hope more—of that magnificent speech in which Sir Charles Russell exhibited. I don't hesitate to say, some of the strongest powers of the human mind in their very highest degree on behalf of one of the noblest of causes. (Loud cheers.) I wonder whether it occurred to any of you—it occurred to me as Sir Charles Russell's speech was going on, as an illustration of the unwisdom with which we have governed Ireland— that though Ireland is in the greater part a Catholic country, yet the Chief Governor of Ireland by the law of the land cannot be a Catholic. More than that, I could not help thinking that Sir Charles Russell himself, who is a Catholic, cannot attain to the highest prize in the legal profession. He cannot be made Lord Chancellor of England. A Jew can be made Lord Chancellor. There is some difficulty I know about patronage. It might be rather awkward to have a Catholic Chancellor distributing Protestant livings; but a

short time ago we were within a measureable distance of having that state of things. Therefore that difficulty cannot be a real one. Well, I only say this, because I think I can promise you, Gentlemen—and I cannot conceive how a Tory even can resist it—I think I can promise you that before very long a Bill will be introduced into the House of Commons which will sweep away this last rag of religious disability."

In the event of this happening—and who will not hope it may?—Sir Charles Russell will have been the first Catholic Chancellor since Blessed Sir Thomas More, as during the last Gladstone ministry he was the first Catholic Attorney-General.

It is much to be hoped that the suggestion of the *Arc Maria* that the essays of the late Mr. John McCarthy, of New York, be collected in book form, may be carried out. They are too precious to be buried in back numbers of periodicals. His style was remarkable for clearness and elegance.

The newspapers and politicians, lay and clerical, says the *Montreal Gazette*, who profess to regard the continued agitation of the Jesuits' Estates Question as likely to be productive of the disallowance of the Quebec Act, evidently proceed on the assumption that the people of Canada are "mostly fools," since no man in the possession of his senses can believe that any practical end is now to be served by the ventilation of the question. The time for action expired with the vote of the House of Commons on Mr. O'Brien's motion, if, indeed, it did not lapse when the Governor-General signed the report of the committee of the Privy Council declaring the Act to be *intra vires* of the Provincial Legislature. Journals like the *Toronto Mail* and the *Montreal Witness* continue to insist that vigorous agitation for disallowance may yet have a practical effect since the period within which the veto may be exercised does not expire until August. It is quite true that the time within which a Provincial Act may be disallowed by the Governor-General-in-Council is fixed at twelve months from the receipt of the measure, and that in the case of the Jesuits' Estates Act that period has yet four months to run, but obviously the circumstances in this instance preclude even the possibility of disallowance. The Government has reported the measure to be within the jurisdiction of the Legislature, the Governor-General has signed the report, and the House of Commons, by an almost unanimous vote, has approved the course of the Government. "And yet we are told," says the *Gazette*, "with as much gravity as if the pretence were really believed, that a number of petitions irresponsibly signed and representative of no one knows what, will move the Ministry and the Governor-General to stultify themselves, to stultify the House of Commons, and to outrage the system of Parliamentary government."

THE REVIEW mails this week to all subscribers who are in arrears their accounts for subscription, upon the prompt payment of which we depend very largely for the defrayal of the heavy expenses entailed in THE REVIEW'S publication. The early attention of our subscribers to this matter will be appreciated by the publishers.

## Irish Affairs.

### MR. PARNELL AS A WITNESS.

Mr. Smalley, the London correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, writes as follows:

Parnell seems likely to add to his other distinctions that of being a good witness. There is judicial authority for speaking well of his performance under cross-examination. Since the commission adjourned yesterday, I have met a judge of great distinction, who has been present in court. There could be no better witness, said this judge, whose testimony came spontaneously without a question. The Attorney-General, on the other hand, does not seem to have spent a happy day. His cross-examination was well underway by noon, when I came in. First impressions count for something and I thought things were not looking well for him or his party. As he was putting a question, his voice, always rather loud for the room, was louder than ever. He had lost his usual cheery coolness of manner; his face looked hot, and the roll of paper in his hand was slapping the shelf in front with too much emphasis. I heard that he had opened his cross-examination with some mistake about the *Clan-na-Gael*, which had set the people laughing, and provoked Sir Charles Russell into something like a sneer. There was an audience before whom nobody would care to make more mistakes than he could help. Audience or no audience, Parnell's composure was such that the spectator who knew nothing of what had gone before might well imagine that the issue was no great matter.

He was seated when I first saw him. The judges are merciful and do not keep a witness on his legs while the Attorney General is reading out his interminable extracts from Patrick Ford's prolific pen. When the question on Ford's article is at last put, Parnell rises. He is in black, nothing white visible but two triangular ends of a turned-down collar, and a pearl scarf-pin in a black satin scarf. The black frock coat, thrown open, shows a heavy double gold chain with gold pencil pendant from it. The figure is slender and upright. When its owner chooses his face is the face of a man whose enthusiasm for his ends is held in cheque by a most temperate judgment in its use of means; the face of a man with a soul all aflame, and a brain all ice. He stands not quite erect, the white hand leaning on the box, his head generally bent a little to the left. There is to-day in these pale cheeks some faint trace of color. His voice is low in tone, firm, smooth and altogether conversational. The accent resembles slightly very slightly, the very marked German accent of the Prince of Wales. Perhaps in Parnell it is a slight lisp or indistinctness of articulation rather than accent. The words have to make their way through the half-opened lips, and then through the meshes of a soft brown moustache.

The composure of his manner is perfect. The more the attorney-general storms the calmer grows Mr. Parnell. From the beginning to the end of the day there is never a sign of excitement in the Irish leader. His face never flushes, his pulse never quickens, his brain does its work in a temperature that is invariable.

If this be a duel between the attorney general and Parnell, there can be no question who gets the best of it thus far. Sir Richard Webster's boisterous impetuosity is no match for Parnell's cool suavity of demeanor. It not so much that Sir Richard has taken the wrong lines as that he cannot make up his mind what has to take. He has not thought it out beforehand. He is civil one moment, peremptory the next. He blusters and hammers out his questions. He would domineer if he could. He addresses Parnell in a tone unpleasantly suggestive of the Old Bailey. He launches at him what are meant for bitter sarcasms. He assumes occasionally—the assumption is only too obvious—a tone of contempt. He cannot resolve whether to treat Parnell from the *Times'* point of view, as a criminal steeped to the lips in treason and outrage, or as the leader of a great movement whom half of England and more than half of America regard as a hero and a statesman.

Nor does it matter to Parnell. He meets the taunts, storms, civilities, whatever Sir Richard has to offer, with the same impassive, imperturbable, polite indifference. He never retorts;

he never seems to care to take advantage of the many openings in the attorney-general's fence, save when some serious point is made. When he has made it, when he has delivered a decisive answer, when all the rest of the court sees his success, Parnell alone seems toally unaware of it. No smile of triumph, no expression of delight in his enemy's discomfiture is ever visible. He has complete control over those sculptured features; his deep, growing eyes he cannot control—a dangerous light comes in them now and then.

### CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.

His Lordship Bishop O'Mahony, who has been in California for several months, left Los Angeles on Monday, and will reach Toronto about the end of the month. He is said to be much improved in health.

Rev. Abbe Colin, superior of St. Sulpice, who has been in Rome since October last, arrived in the city yesterday morning, accompanied by Rev. Abbe de Foville, dean of the faculty of the arts of the Montreal college, and Rev. M. Lajeunesse, a young ecclesiastic from the Canadian Seminary of the Eternal City.

Mgr. Hamel, pro-rector of Laval University, while in the city on his way to the meeting of the Royal Society of Canada at Ottawa, was waited upon by most of the professors, when matters of interest to that institution were discussed.

The Most Rev Archbishop Corrigan pronounced the following blessing at the grand centennial ceremonies in New York last Thursday: "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, the charity of God, and the communication of the Holy Spirit be with you all, and may the blessings of God Almighty, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost descend upon our beloved country, and remain with it for ever."

Whilst on their visit to Toronto, Bishop Walsh of London and Bishop Cleary of Kingston paid a visit to St. Joseph's Academy. To meet these prelates a number of the clergy of the dioceses of Toronto, Kingston, London and Ottawa were present. A first-class program of music, vocal and instrumental, and recitations was admirably rendered by the young ladies. An address of welcome and good wishes was presented the bishops, who appropriately responded. Bishop Cleary eloquently praised the advantages the pupils enjoy at the Convent and eulogized the many virtues of the Lady Superior and the nuns. He gave the pupils much valuable advice. The teachers and the pupils felt highly gratified at the encomiums the Bishop poured upon them and their academy.

Dr. R. A. Gunn, M. D., Dean and Professor of Surgery of the United States Medical College, Editor of the *Medical Tribune*, author of "Gunn's New Improved Handbook of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine," says: "Belonging as I do to a branch of the profession which believes that no School of Medicine knows the truth regarding disease, and being independent enough to use any remedy that will help my patients without reference to the source from which it comes, I am willing to acknowledge and commend thus frankly the value of Warner's Safe Cure."

In Gunn's (London) Hospital Reports, vol. 1, page 396, is found the statement: "Simple hypertrophy (enlargement) of the heart, especially of the left ventricle, is found without valvular incompetency. In this numerous class the cardiac is secondary (a symptom) to the renal affection." This explains why Warner's Safe Cure is effectual in cases of heart disease. It removes from the blood the kidney acid which causes the heart disease.

## THE REV. JOS. COOK BROUGHT TO BOOK.

The following letter, which appeared in a recent issue of the *Empire*, will enable our readers to form a correct estimate of the vast historical requirements of the Rev. Jos. Cook, the Boanerges from Boston, who delivered an anti-Catholic lecture a short time ago in this city:

To the Editor of the *Empire*, Toronto:

"Sir,—The Rev. Jos. Cook, of Boston, has, I see, been enlightening the Toronto public on the subject of 'Jesuit Aggression.' In the course of his lecture the reverend gentleman is reported to have stated, 'in illustration of the lies taught to children in Roman Catholic schools,' that, 'in a geography in use in the parochial schools in Boston, the children were taught that the Jesuits were the first settlers in New England,' and I see that the audience was exceedingly diverted at this announcement, which created much laughter.

Now if Mr. Cook, or any of his audience who are interested in the cause of truth, will refer to Mr. Francis Parkman's *Pioneers of France in France in the New World*, pages 279-295, published in Mr. Cook's own town, he or they will find that the statement he selects as an apt illustration of Roman Catholic misrepresentation, is an historical fact. The Jesuits were the first settlers in New England. I quote from Parkman as above, page 274:

"It was on the 12th of March, 1619, that the 'Mayflower' of the Jesuits sailed from Honfleur for the shores of New England. She was a small craft of a hundred tons, bearing forty-eight soldiers and colonists, including two Jesuits—Fathers Quentin and Du Thet. She carried horses, too, and goats and abundant store of all things needful, by the pious munificence of her patrons. A courtier named Saussaye accompanied her, and as she winged her way across the Atlantic, benedictions hovered over her from lordly halls and perfumed chambers.

"On May 16th, Saussaye touched at L'Anse-au-Loup (in Nova Scotia), where he heard Mass, planted the cross and displayed the escutcheon of Madame de Guercherville. Thence passing on to Port Royal, he found Biard and Masse—two Jesuits,—their servant boy, an apothecary and one man besides. . . . The ship bore on before a favoring wind, foam spouting beneath her bows as she entered Frenchman's Bay, where dome-like islands rose, green with forests and with jutting rocks, while restless waves sparkled and danced between. Saussaye anchored in a harbor on the east side of Mount Desert. . . . The company went ashore, raised a cross, heard Mass, and named the place St. Saviour.' And Parkman goes on to show how what he terms 'The Jesuit Colony,' was thus established in New England more than seven years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock."

From all which it follows, that it is always well to know what one is laughing at. Yours, etc.

JOSEPH POPE.

OTTAWA, April 15, 1889.

Concerning this Rev. Joseph Cook, we are tempted to lay before our readers the opinion of the American humourist Bill Nye, on the great Boston logician. It is taken from the *New York World*.

"Strolling about over the Union as I have for the past four months, I have had the pleasure of seeing and communing with a number of men, all prominent in some line, and thinking that their personal appearance, as it struck me, might be of interest to the reader, I have reluctantly consented to write some impressions of a few, under the title of 'Eminent Men whom I have Saw.'

"Joseph Cook, as the greatest man we have on the face of the earth to-day, according to calculations made by himself, would naturally come first. He is a grand man, engaged in thinking thoughts all the time, of which he is the theme. He occasionally takes a day off, during which he curses the newspapers in an earnest way, and then he goes back to hover over his porcelain nest egg of thought.

"Joseph Cook might have a good deal of fun if he would just oversee the universe day times and let some one else do it at night, but the slightest irregularity in the habits of a planet will bring Joe out of bed in an instant. He worries all

the time for fear that a now-laid planet will wander away into the bush and get lost.

"He dreads to die, not so much on his own account, but because he wants to be spared to those who are so poorly prepared to get along without him.

"When he is colicky and fretful, it is not that he cares a cent about it personally, but because he is all the time afraid to die and leave the universe in the hands of the Creator. He has been accustomed for so long to go around with a long-nosed oil-can, searching for a hot journal in the solar system that he actually believes himself to be largely responsible for atmospheric conditions and astronomical phenomena.

## Men and Things.

The Holy Father is reported to be a very fine chess player and one priest in Rome—Father Geilla—has been his adversary ever the board for thirty-two years past. When Cardinal Pecci was raised to the Papacy, Father Geilla, who was then in Florence, was invited to take up his quarters in the Vatican.

A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* writes from Colombo, Ceylon: "The steamship *Orient* came into our harbour last Wednesday morning, and I sent off to Mr. John Dillon, M. P., a packet of Australian papers and a file of Reuter's telegrams. In the afternoon Mr. Dillon called on me, and I was sorry to see him in such a poor state of health. The few hours which he had on shore Mr. Dillon spent in driving through the town, and in paying a visit to Arabi Pasha the exile."

The death is announced of Professor Ornsby, for many years associated with the Catholic University of Dublin. At Oxford he was a contemporary of some of the most famous men of the century, and the great movement of which Cardinal Newman was the leader, brought him, as a convert, within the fold of the Catholic Church. When a generation ago Cardinal Newman became Rector of the Catholic University of Ireland, Mr. Ornsby who had been a Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and had surrendered all preferment for the sake of conscience, accompanied him to fill the post of professor of Latin. On the establishment of the Royal University of Ireland, Professor Ornsby was chosen to be a Fellow, a position for which his profound scholarship specially qualified him.

The *Baltimore Mirror* says of the late Mr. John McCarthy, a writer of considerable note, whose death we recorded last week, that his taking away is a serious loss to Catholic journalism in America. Mr. McCarthy was at one time editor of the *Tablet*, and subsequently was associated with the late Mr. Hickey in the editorial management of the *N. Y. Catholic Review*. "He was a graceful writer," says the *Mirror*, "and possessed a mind richly stored with information on a variety of subjects. At different periods Mr. McCarthy was engaged in journalistic labours on the leading secular papers of New York. In his writings for those publications, says a biographer in the *Catholic Review*, he never forgot that he was a Catholic and a gentleman, and nothing defiled ever came from his pure pen. His conscience was always his guide, and no effect to be gained or worldly preferment moved him to do wrong. He knew the right and maintained his side against all inducements. The most pathetic thing about his death is that the poor spark of life flickered out in the midst of neglect and poverty. In spite of his services to Catholic literature and to religion, when his weary hands had come to lay down the heavy burden that he could no longer bear, he was no better off in worldly goods than when he began life. His arduous and useful labours afforded him only a bare subsistence, nothing more. This is the kind of encouragement the profession of Catholic journalism holds out to aspirants hard, unceasing toil, and no earthly rewards. Whatever the *future holds out for the worker who dictates the talents that God has endowed him with to the conscientious performance of duty in the interest of the spiritual welfare of his fellow men, that will be the pay of his life's service to the cause of religion. It were ample, if we possessed the spirit of apostolic times, but, unfortunately, few of us do."*

## Current Catholic Thought.

### CATHOLIC LITERATURE.

The late number of the CATHOLIC REVIEW deploras the lack of interest in religious reading and Catholic literature, and says "unless Catholics bestir themselves and manifest more interest in their religion by patronizing the Catholic press and promoting the cause of sound, healthy Catholic literature, we shall before long wake up to the painful consciousness that we have been laying the foundation of endless trouble in the Church, to say nothing of infinite detriment to the best interests of souls."

There has been much said upon the subject of Catholic literature that the warnings which occasionally go forth relative to the dangers arising from bad books and papers fall unheeded upon the ears of the people who fail to recognize the necessity of doing something to encourage Catholic writers and publishers. The REVIEW shows how our Catholic people are being educated by the daily secular press, and, as a matter of course, imbibe its prejudices against some of the most important principles and teachings of the Church.

The fact that a publication will occasionally print an article from a first-class Catholic writer is no reason in itself why it should find a place in the homes of our people; an article by the most gifted theologian is not a sufficient antidote to all the poison that such a magazine prints. While it gladly gives place to a paper by Cardinal Manning, St. George Mivart, or some other distinguished prelate or layman, it feeds its readers to a great extent upon the infidel writings of men whose sole object in life seems to be to destroy the faith of those who are trying to save their souls.

The same remarks apply to the daily secular papers, which have their mission, and when properly conducted are capable of doing good, but how often do we find that the columns of even the daily press filled with matter not suitable for innocent children to read. Some one may say that the daily papers are a necessity. They certainly seem to be, and if they are, there is only the greater necessity for Catholic literature. Our young and old should know what the Church is doing, how her empire is being extended into the farthest portions of the earth; while in the heart of the old and civilized nations many of the most cultured scholars, reared in spiritual darkness, have recognized her divine mission and sought peace at her altars. We should have journals that can be read without a feeling of fear overshadowing the mind that there is danger concealed within their pages. Such publications are furnished by Catholic publishers, and are deserving of the warm support of the faithful.—*Church News, Washington.*

### THE SALOON.

One of the best temperance lectures we have ever seen is contained in the following words of an ex-saloon keeper: "I've given up the business; sold out and quit for good; couldn't stand drunken men. Oh, I could handle them all right—I wasn't afraid of them, but the idea of taking so much money that deprives women and children of necessaries and comforts was too much for me. I used to see poor fellows who got ten or twelve dollars a week come in of a Saturday and blow in half their earnings, and I knew that it meant distress for hard-working women and innocent children. I couldn't keep on taking their money. It broke me up." This is strictly in line with the temperate exhortation of the Third Plenary Council, in whose pastoral all liquor sellers are advised to quit the business and seek a more becoming way of making a living. Sensible liquor-sellers themselves will freely admit that there are too many saloons, and that the lower kind abuse the privileges given them in their licenses by selling to minors and keeping side doors open on Sunday. Both these things should be stopped by more stringent legislation, if necessary, and it should be seen to that the police force enforce the law they are sworn to carry out. *N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*

The Catholic Church is not a mere vehicle for the propagation of a doctrine. It is a kingdom, an imperial power, a polity into which men are called in belief of truth and in sanctity of living.—*Cardinal Manning.*

### CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

The 65th Mount Royal Rifles mustered over 200 strong in the Drill hall in Montreal on Sunday morning and marched to Notre Dame parish church to hear mass. Lieut.-Col. Dugas was in command, and the men with their new white helmets had a fine appearance. The Rev. Father Sorin was the preacher.

The ladies of the Congregation of Notre Dame, Montreal, to the number of 600, made a pilgrimage on Saturday to the Church of Notre Dame de Bonsecours. The sermon was preached by Abbe St. Jean. The pupils of the Archbishop's academy also made a pilgrimage to the church on Saturday, and a sermon was preached to them by Abbe Emard. The Notre Dame Temperance society made their pilgrimage on Sunday morning.

### VERY CANDID TESTIMONY.

(From the Toronto Mail).

To the Editor of The Mail: As a constant reader of your paper I will thank you to insert the following:

Having read so many valuable testimonials as to the value of Warner's Safe Cure, I think it my duty to contribute one, and I speak from actual knowledge.

In 1883 my wife took pains across the kidneys, and from there to her shoulders and to the pit of the stomach. The skin came off her finger ends and also off her lips, and turned purple red. She was under a doctor's care for about three years, and took different medicines, but no relief came. I got disheartened, and said one day, "Will we try some patent medicine?" She said: "Jack, let me die; I have taken medicine enough." I went down to W. Clark's drug store and procured two bottles of Safe Cure, and one of pills. I continued on until she had taken eleven bottles, when she said: "I need no more; I have no pain anywhere, and I feel myself again." My wife has never since suffered from the dreadful pains which she had before taking Warner's Safe Cure. I am sorry that in justice to the purveyors of that invaluable medicine I have not reported on it before, but nevertheless I recommend it to every human being suffering with the same affliction.

Yours, etc., J. COOPER.

April 22. Lightkeeper, Port Arthur.

[The foregoing letter comes to us direct from Mr. Cooper, without the knowledge of the purveyors of the medicine, unsolicited, and may therefore be considered as conscientious testimony. We published it at the request of the writer, and it is not an advertisement.—Ed. The Mail.]

### SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

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

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

ARTHUR FLAIST, M. D., late professor of the principles of practice of Medicine and of clinical medicine in the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, says of Bright's Disease: "Pain in the loins is rarely a prominent symptom, and is often wanting. This Statement also applies to tenderness on pressure over kidneys." It is not safe, therefore, to argue that you have not got kidney disease because you have no local symptoms of it. Your only sure plan is to use Warner's Safe Cure as soon as the most remote symptoms appear.



**ALICE McLAUGHLIN, M.D., C.M.**  
 283 Church St. (opp Normal School)  
 Office Hours 8 to 10 a.m., 1 to 4 p.m.  
 Telephone 1843

**STAUNTON & O'HEIR**

*Barristers, Solicitors in Supreme Court  
 Notaries Public*  
 OFFICE—Spectator Building, 18 James St.  
 south  
**HAMILTON, CAN.**  
 Geo. Lynch-Staunton Arthur O'Heir

**O'SULLIVAN & ANGLIN**

*Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc.*  
 OFFICES—Medical Council Building, corner of  
 Bay and Richmond streets.  
 Near door to the Registry Office  
**TORONTO**

D. A. O'Sullivan F. A. Anglin  
**FOY & KELLY,**

*Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.*  
 Office—Home Savings and Loan Co's Bldg.  
 74 Church street,  
**TORONTO**

J. J. Foy, Q.C. H. T. Kelly.

**MURRAY & MACDONELL,**

*Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc.*  
 Office—Quebec Bank Chambers,  
 No 2 Toronto Street.  
**Toronto.**

Huson W. M. Murray. A. C. Macdonell.

**FREDERICK C. LAW**

*Architect*  
 Office and Residence, 488 Sherbourne St.  
**TORONTO**



DOMINION  
**Stained Glass Co.**

FACTORY  
 77 Richmond St. W.  
**TORONTO**

**MEMORIAL WINDOWS :**  
 ART GLASS.  
 and every description of  
 Church and Domestic Glass  
 Designs and estimates  
 on application.  
 W. Wakefield & Harrison,  
 Proprietors.



U. S. Address P. O. Box 1  
 Fort Covington, N. Y.  
 Canada Address  
 40 Bleury St. - Montreal  
**Castle & Son**  
 STAINED GLASS  
 For Churches

Sacred subjects and symbols a specialty.  
 Designs free. Correspondence invited.  
 Reference by permission, Carl Tuschereau.

**ORNAMENTAL  
 STAINED GLASS**  
 AND  
**WALL PAPER**  
 SUPERIOR DESIGNS AT ALL PRICES  
**MICHAEL CAUSLAND & SON**  
 SHOW ROOMS 72 TO 76 KING ST. W.  
**TORONTO**



**St. Joseph's Academy, St. Alban St., Toronto**

This imposing Educational structure is quite in keeping with the noble work to which it is dedicated. It is pleasantly situated near the Queen's Park, in the neighborhood of the University and St. Michael's College. For particulars call at the Academy or send for a prospectus.  
 Address, MOTHER SUPERIOR, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto.

**St. Jerome's College**

Berlin, Ont.

Complete Classical, Philosophical and Commercial courses, and Shorthand and Typewriting. For further particulars address,

REV. L. FURCEN, C. R., D.D.,  
*President.*

**St. Laurent College**

Near Montreal

(Affiliated to Laval University, Quebec)

**FATHERS OF THE HOLY CROSS**

Course, Classical and Commercial

TERMS

Board and Tuition, per year	...	\$150
Bed, bedding and washing	...	20
Doctor's fees	...	3

The only complete classical course in Lower Canada, taught through the medium of the English Language.

The commercial course is also thorough. For further particulars call on Rev. E. Meehan, C. S. C., 113 East Twelfth Street, near Fourth Avenue, New York, or address REV. G. A. DION, C. S. C., President.

**St. Mary's College, Montreal,**

Canada. Under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers. Best Classical and French education. Board, tuition and washing, per year, \$180. For full particulars address,

REV. A. D. TUNGEON, S. J., President.

**Alexander & Cable**

*Lithographers*

*Engravers*

*Etc.*

**MAIL BUILDING**

- Toronto -

**National Colonization Lottery**

Under the patronage of the Rev. Father Labelle.

Established in 1844 under the Act of Quebec, 32 Vic., Chap. 36, for the benefit of the Diocesan Societies of Colonization of the Province of Quebec.

**List of Prizes, 22nd Monthly Drawing April 17.**

Principal Lot—One Real Estate, worth \$5,000.

1 Real Estate worth	...	\$5,000	\$5,000
1 " " "	...	2,000	2,000
1 " " "	...	1,000	1,000
1 " " "	...	500	2,000
10 " " "	...	300	3,000
50 Furniture Sets	...	300	8,000
60 " " "	...	100	8,000
200 Gold Watches	...	50	10,000
1000 Silver " "	...	10	10,000

2307 Lots worth : : : \$50,000

Tickets - One Dollar

Offers are made to all winners to pay their prizes cash, less a commission of 10 per cent. Winners names are published unless specially authorized.

Drawings on third Wednesday of every month.

S. E. LEFEBVRE, Secretary

Offices, 19 St. James St., Montreal

June 26, 1888

Messrs. Jas. Good & Co.

Gentlemen.—I have great pleasure in recommending

**St. Leon Water**

having used it as occasion required since its introduction in Toronto. When weary and tired with trying exercises and prolonged hours of pastoral duty, I always find St. Leon very soothing and refreshing.

I firmly believe St. Leon possesses all the virtues to purify and build up the system attributed to it by so many of our expert scientists.

Very Rev. J. M. Laurent  
 Administrator,  
 Bishop's Palace



**JAMES GOOD & Co.**

Sole Agents for Ontario  
 220 and 67 Yonge St., also 101 1/2 King  
 St. West, Toronto.

Agents wanted for all points unsold.

**CANVASERS WANTED**

For Catholic Weekly Review. Apply

at this office



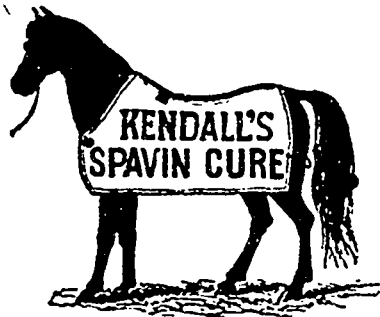
# ROYAL BAKING POWDER

**Absolutely Pure.**



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and can not be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

**BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY.**  
Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Fire Alarms, Farms, etc. FULLY WARRANTED. Catalogue sent Free.  
**VANOUZEN & TIFT, Cincinnati, O.**



The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

## KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SYDNER, BREEDER OF CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTER BREED HORSES, ELWOOD, ILL., Nov. 21, 1888.

Dr. R. J. KENDALL CO.  
Dear Sir: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles. I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.  
Yours truly, CHAR. A. SYDNER.

## KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 2, 1888.  
Dr. R. J. KENDALL CO.  
Dear Sir: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for Lamerases, Stiff Joints, and Spavins, and I have found it a sure cure. I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.  
Yours truly, A. H. GILBERT, Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

## KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BART, WILSON COURT, ONTO, Dec. 12, 1888.  
Dr. R. J. KENDALL CO.  
Gentle: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-five horses that had Spavins, ten of Ring Bone, nine afflicted with Big Head and seven of Big Jaw. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.  
Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER, Horse Doctor.

## KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price \$1 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. Dr. R. J. KENDALL CO., Knoxville Falls, Vt.

## KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

**SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.**

## W. K. MURPHY

House and Sign Painter

IMPORTER WALL PAPERS

353 Queen St. West, Toronto

## Caldwell & Hodgins

248 & 250 Queen St. West

Sacramental: Wines

Get Estimates for your next lot of

# PRINTING

from us. It will pay you to do so.



## TENDERS.

Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Indian Supplies," will be received at this office up to noon of *Thursday, 5th of May, 1889*, for the delivery of Indian Supplies during the fiscal year ending the 30th June, 1890, consisting of Flour, Bacon, Groceries, Ammunition, Twine (six Coys), Balls, Agricultural Implements, Tools, &c. duty paid, at various points in Manitoba and the North-West Territories.

Forms of tender containing full particulars relative to the Supplies required, dates of delivery, &c., may be had by applying to the undersigned, or to the Indian Commissioner at Regina, or to the Indian Office, Winnipeg. Parties may tender for each description of goods (or for any portion of each description of goods) separately or for all the goods called for in the Schedules, and the Department reserves to itself the right to reject the whole or any part of a tender.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted Cheque in favor of the Superintendent General of Indian Affairs on a Canadian Bank, for at least five per cent, of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into a contract based on such tender 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.

Each tender must, in addition to the signature of the tenderer, be signed by two sureties acceptable to the Department for the performance of the contract.

The lowest of any tender is not necessarily accepted.

This advertisement is not to be inserted by any newspaper without the authority of the Queen's Printer, and no claim for payment by any newspaper not having such authority will be admitted.

L. VANKOUGHNET, Deputy Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs.

Department of Indian Affairs, Ottawa, April, 1889.

## The Father Mathew Remedy



The Antidote to Alcohol found at Last!  
A NEW DEPARTURE

### The Father Mathew Remedy

Is a certain and speedy cure for Intemperance and destroys all appetite for alcoholic liquor. The day after a debauch, or any intemperance indulgence, a single teaspoonful will remove all mental and physical depression.

It also cures every kind of FEVER, DYSPEPSIA, and TORPIDITY OF THE LIVER when they arise from other causes than Intemperance. It is the most powerful and wholesome tonic ever used.

When the disease is not strong one bottle is enough; but the worst cases of delirium tremens do not require more than three bottles for a radical cure.

If you cannot get from your druggist the pamphlet on Alcohol its effect on the Human Body and Intemperance as a Disease, it will be sent free on writing to:

S. Lachance, Druggist, Sole Proprietor  
1538 and 1540 Catherine st., Montreal

## - Church Pews -

### SCHOOL FURNITURE

The Bennett Furnishing Co., of London, Ont. make a specialty of manufacturing the latest designs in Church and School Furniture. The Catholic clergy of Canada are respectfully invited to send for catalogue and prices before awarding contracts. We have lately put in a complete set of pews in the Brantford Catholic Church, and for many years past have been favoured with contracts from a member of the clergy in other parts of Ontario, in all cases the most entire satisfaction having been expressed in regard to quality of work, lowness of price, and quickness of execution. [Such has been the increase of business in this special line that we found it necessary some time since to establish a branch office in Glasgow, Scotland, and we are now engaged manufacturing pews for new churches in that country and Ireland. Address

**BENNETT FURNISHING CO.**  
London, Ont., Canada

## Plumbing -

Steam and Hot Water Heating

W. J. BURROUGHS 315 Queen St. W

## McShane Bell Foundry.



Finest Grade of Bells, Chimes and Pals for Churches, Colleges, Tower Clocks, etc. Fully warranted; satisfaction guaranteed. Send for price and catalogue. W. McILLAN & CO., BARRICK, M.Q.U.B. Mention this paper.