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# The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, Nov. 22, 1890.

No. 42

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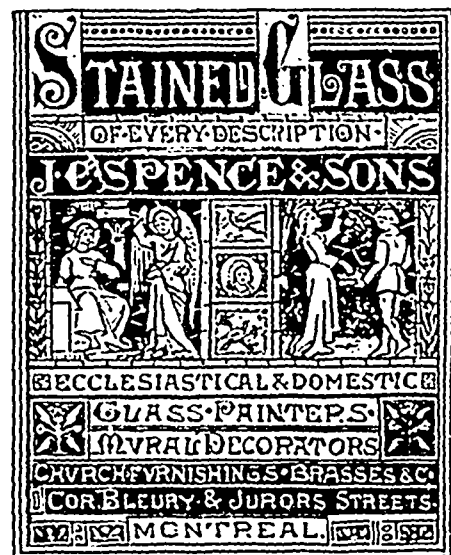
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# The Catholic Weekly Review.

Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, Nov. 22, 1890.

No. 42

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## Notes.

THE following eccentricity in the way of letters appeared in a late issue of the *Montreal Star*:

SIR.—*Apropos* of the popular hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light." I see that the *Catholic* (Roman?) *Review* is credited with the remark that "in the versions printed by sectarian houses, the final stanza is generally omitted." The *St. John's News* recently printed this verse, as discovered by a Montreal gentleman, while travelling on the continent. You noted the fact of the publication of this supplemental verse in the "Hymnal Companion," some time ago. Perhaps the following letter from Cardinal Newman to the *Cambrian* newspaper, Swansea, may be of interest to your column, as it certainly should be instructive to the *Review* above quoted:

"I feel the compliment paid me in the insertion of a translation into Welsh of my verses, 'Lead, Kindly Light.' In answer to your question, I can but say that it consists of three, not four stanzas; and the fourth, published in the "Hymnal Companion," is, to use your words, not authentic, but an unwarranted addendum by another pen. Excuse my bad writing. Your faithful servant, J. H., Cardinal Newman."

Of course, everyone knows that it was while professedly an enthusiastic Anglican that these lines were written, though we have lately been shown, to the very great regret of those who wished to believe in his good faith at that time, that Newman was even then on his way home from an interview with the Bishop of Rome with reference to his reception into the Roman Church.

Yours truly,  
The Rectory, Knowlton.

W. PERCY CHAMBERS.

If the correspondent has reference to this *REVIEW* the correction he conveys is wholly superfluous. THE *REVIEW* fell into no such error as that stated. On the contrary, so far from complaining that "in the versions printed by sectarian houses the final stanza is generally omitted," we were at the pains to point out in our issue of the 27th September (page 532) that only by sectarian houses has this verse been inserted; and that it came not from the pen of Cardinal Newman but from that of the present Anglican Bishop of Exeter, who has had the good sense to decree its suppression in future editions of the "Hymnal" into which it trespassed.

As to the elaborate sneer worked in the last lines of this letter, it is quite evident, though it may seem rude to say so, that this good man does not know what he is writing about. "Lead, Kindly Light," was not written by Newman "on his way home from an interview with

the Bishop of Rome (!) with reference to his reception into the Roman Church." To be precise, it was written on a sailing vessel off Sicily on the 16th of June, 1833. Its author was received into the Church on the 8th of October, 1845—a full twelve years later. Nor had Dr. Newman any audience, during his tour with Hurrell Froude in the summer of 1833, with the "Bishop of Rome," as it pleases this correspondent to style the Sovereign Pontiff. Otherwise such an important meeting would certainly have been set down in the "*Apologia*." Here is his own account of that journey:

"I went to various coasts of the Mediterranean, parted with my friends at Rome; went down for the second time to Sicily, at the end of April, and got back to England by Palermo in the early part of July. The strangeness of foreign life threw me back into myself; I found pleasure in historical sites and beautiful scenes, not in men and manners. We kept clear of Catholics throughout our tour. I had a conversation with the Dean of Malta, a most pleasant man, lately dead; but it was about the Fathers and the library of the great Church. I knew the Abbate Santini, at Rome, who did no more than copy for me the Gregorian tones. Froude and I made two calls upon Monsignore (now Cardinal) Wiseman at the *Collegio Inglese*, shortly before we left Rome. I do not recollect being in a room with any other ecclesiastics, except a priest at Castro Giovanni in Sicily, who called on me when I was ill, and with whom I wished to hold a controversy. As to Church services, we attended the *Tenebre* at the Sistine, for the sake of the *Miserere*; and that was all. My general feeling was, "All, save the spirit of man, is divine." I saw nothing but what was external; of the hidden life of Catholics I knew nothing." ("*Apologia*," part 3, p. 81.)

This passage puts the matter at rest. The Rev. Mr. Chambers, if this paper reaches him, owes it to himself, we think, to withdraw his unworthy insinuation.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE has rendered another important judgment, affecting the custody of a Catholic child, against Dr. Barnardo, who has three branches of his proselytising-philanthropic establishments here in Canada. The direction of this gentleman's philanthropic efforts was discussed at length in THE *REVIEW* some few months ago, along with the publication of some important correspondence.

THE *Daily Telegraph*, of London, commenting upon the last judgment adverse to Dr. Barnardo says:

"Fussy benevolence, though no doubt the fashionable characteristic of an hysterical age, fortunately receives little encouragement in the Law Courts. In delivering judgment yesterday in the case of 'The Queen v. Barnardo,' the Lord Chief Justice made some very strong remarks on the conduct of the amiable philanthropist who desired to save John James Jones, *alias* Roddy, an infant, from the Roman Catholic tendencies of his mother. After all, a mother has certain indefeasible rights over her offspring, and the best intentioned reformer of his species cannot really be allowed to take her place. The case is more serious when scandalous charges, characterised by the Lord Chief Justice, as without foundation, are made use of, and persons are employed to watch, follow, and 'shadow' the wretched woman who has the misfortune to disagree with Dr. Barnardo on the subject of religion. No doubt the boy was well cared for and happy in his alien home; but his self-elected guardian does not, among his other privileges, possess the right to retain a child against its mother's wishes, nor yet, in the pursuance of his generous crusade, to asperse that mother's character."

## PASTORAL LETTER OF THE IRISH EPISCOPATE.

The following is the full text of the pastoral address of the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland to the clergy and the laity of their flocks:—

DEARLY BELOVED BROTHERS,—Assembled in Dublin for our Autumn meeting, we feel bound, in the present critical condition of the country, not to separate without giving expression to the convictions which we unanimously entertain on certain subjects that now deeply interest our people. Our abiding solicitude for the spiritual and temporal well-being of our flocks urges us to address to them in this trying time a few words of heartfelt sympathy and salutary instruction.

First of all, we feel called upon to bear testimony to the seriousness of the calamity now impending. From close personal observation, and from the trustworthy reports of those in daily contact with the people, we have ample evidence of a disastrous failure of the potato crop over large districts of the country. We feel it, therefore, an imperative duty to call upon the Government to take effective means, whilst there is yet time, to prevent the deplorable consequences that, more especially in the poorer parts of the country, must inevitably follow from so large a failure of that crop on which the people mainly subsist. We have seen with regret that attempts have been made to deny the seriousness of the impending danger. The history of former periods of distress in Ireland furnishes but too many examples of similar denials. That history also records the deplorable consequences of such denials in hindering the timely adoption of remedial measures by the Executive.

Most useful measures for the employment of the people, and for the permanent development of the resources of the country, have been clearly outlined by leading public men, and by representative bodies enjoying the confidence of the people. The means of averting, at all events, many of the worst consequences of the impending calamity are manifestly within reach. There can be no reason why the adoption of remedial measures should be delayed. We are the more urgent in pressing for the immediate employment of the poor at remunerative work from the sad experience we have had of the demoralising effect of wholesale eleemosynary relief.

We fully recognize the relief that may be afforded by means of the construction of railways under the scheme already sanctioned by Parliament. But it is manifest that whatever benefit is to be derived from that scheme, as a remedial measure, must largely depend upon the provisions that may be made for the employment of as many as possible of the poor inhabitants of the districts through which the projected lines are to pass. It must also be kept in view that, outside the areas of projected railway extension, there are many other districts for which it is of no less urgent necessity to make provision. We must raise our voices in protest against the notion that adequate provision can be made for such districts by throwing the people upon Poor-law relief.

Bearing upon this question of the impending distress, there is another point to which we must not omit to direct attention. The crisis now before us is one that, if it be not effectively dealt with, must bring upon our people a disaster far-reaching in its fatal results, even in future years. It is, on this score, of obvious importance that measures should be taken to enable them to provide themselves for next season with potato seed less likely to be affected by disease. Whilst we suggest these means of alleviating the distress of our suffering poor we should fail in our duty if we did not remind you, dearly beloved, that visitations such as that with which we are now threatened come from God, and that to Him above all we should have recourse for help. "Our God is our refuge and strength; a helper in troubles which have found us exceedingly" (Psalm xlv., 1). "Arise, O Lord God, let Thy hand be exalted; forget not the poor" (Psalm ix., 12).

Also, dearly beloved, we take this as a fitting occasion to discharge another duty of our pastoral office. From some recent events, as well as from the comments of certain news-

papers no less hostile to the Faith than to the national aspirations of the Irish people, we find with regret that the attitude of the Bishops of Ireland on some important questions has been misrepresented and misunderstood. Moreover, certain undoubted principles of Catholic doctrine have frequently been called in question.

We deem it our imperative duty, then, to reiterate the instruction already publicly given by us to our flocks with reference to these questions and these points of doctrine. In that instruction, issued two years ago from a general meeting of the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland assembled in Dublin, we warned our people, as it was our duty to warn them, "against the use of any hasty or irreverent language with reference to the Sovereign Pontiff, or to any of the Sacred Congregations through which he usually issues his decrees to the faithful." Furthermore, in obedience to the commands of the Holy See, and in willing discharge of the duty thus placed upon us, we put it on public record that the decree of the Holy Office which had then recently been issued to the Irish Hierarchy had been issued in reference to the domain, not of politics, as such, but of morals alone. And we emphatically reminded our flocks that "on all questions appertaining to morals," as on those that appertain to Faith, the Sovereign Pontiff, the Vicar of Christ on earth, has "an inalienable and divine right to speak with authority."

This instruction of the assembled Bishops of Ireland was followed by a statement from the Archbishop of Dublin, in which the scope and binding force of the decree were most fully and most lucidly explained. In that statement it was pointed out, first of all, that the decree was "a decision strictly and exclusively on a question of morals;" that the point dealt with in it was as to the lawfulness, the "moral lawfulness," of employing, in the agrarian struggle described in the question, the methods of action known as the Plan of Campaign and Boycotting; and that the decision was in the negative; that is to say, "that in the struggle in question those methods of action could not lawfully be employed."

It was also pointed out by the Archbishop that whilst the matter so dealt with by the Sacred Congregation had, no doubt, a most important political aspect, "this aspect does not, and cannot, alter the essential character of the question itself." This point was developed by his Grace as follows:—"Every question as to whether a particular action, or line of action, is morally right or morally wrong, is a question of morals. As such, it comes within the sphere of the authority of the Church. The action, or line of action, in question, may, if considered from a worldly point of view, be political, or social, or medical, or legal. But the question whether that action or line of action, is, or is not, in accordance with the principles of morality—that is to say, with the natural law—is not a question of political, or of social, or of medical, or of legal science. It is essentially and exclusively a question of morals."

Every such question, the Archbishop went on to explain, "is to be dealt with by that tribunal which is competent to deal with it on moral grounds. Persons who are not Catholics have to examine such questions conscientiously for themselves, each man according to the lights of his own private judgment as to what is right or wrong. In matters not decided by the authority of the Church, Catholics are left free to do the same. But when such a question is decided by that authority, mere private judgment is called upon to give way. When there is question of the moral lawfulness of an action, or line of action, which is productive, it may be, of some enormous advantage—an advantage, for instance, in politics—the question of moral lawfulness manifestly stands altogether apart from the question of political utility. Those questions belong to different spheres. Politicians may deal with one. The Church deals with the other. The Church has no more to do with the political advantage or disadvantage of a given line of action than the constituencies, or the Houses of Parliament have to do with its morality. She deals with the moral aspect of the case, and with that only. Her decision may, of course, be set at naught, either by those who repudiate her authority, or by

those who, without formally repudiating that authority, disregard it. The Church can only declare what is the moral law. She cannot always hinder men from breaking it." Similar expositions of the scope and authority of the decree were given by other Bishops, as occasion required, in their respective dioceses.

In conclusion, we deem it our duty to express our deep sympathy with those unhappy tenants who, from various causes, have been evicted from their farms and their homes, and have been thus deprived of the means of procuring subsistence for themselves and their families. Proposals designed to procure the restoration of these poor people to their homes have already been made in Parliament, and appear to have been favourably received in the most influential quarters. We earnestly hope that the wisdom of Parliament may be able to devise some means of effecting this most desirable object. It is indispensable for securing the peace of the country. For there can be no hope of peace or harmony in Ireland so long as these unhappy families are left thus homeless, and depending for their daily bread on the generosity of their fellow-countrymen.

Neither can we deem it consistent with justice or humanity that evictions should now be carried out, especially in the distressed districts, where, by a visitation of Providence, the poor tenants have become unable not only to pay any rents but even to procure from the soil the absolute necessities of life. For the rest, dearly beloved, let us unite in earnest prayer to the Almighty Ruler, by whom kings reign, and law-givers decree just things. May He vouchsafe to grant to this long-troubled land the blessings of an abiding peace! "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord; the people whom He hath chosen for His inheritance. . . . The king is not saved by a great army, nor shall the giant be saved by his own great strength. . . . Behold the eyes of the Lord are on them that fear Him: and on them that hope in His mercy. To deliver their souls from death: and feed them in famine. . . . Let Thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us, as we have hoped in Thee." (Psalm xxxii., 12-22). The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.

- † MICHAEL, Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of all Ireland.
  - † WILLIAM, Archbishop of Dublin, Primate of Ireland.
  - † JOHN, Archbishop of Tuam.
  - † LAURENCE, Bishop of Elphin.
  - † JAMES, Bishop of Clogher.
  - † JAMES, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin.
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  - † THOMAS, Coadjutor Bishop of Killaloe.
  - † NICHOLAS, Bishop of Canea.
- DUBLIN, 16th Oct., 1890.

A meeting of the Cardinal Newman Memorial Committee was held lately at Norfolk House, under the presidency of the Duke of Norfolk, when it was decided that a fund, to be called "The Cardinal Newman Memorial Fund," be raised for objects which are specified. The committee, which comprises a number of the more distinguished Catholics of Great Britain, has also been joined by eminent persons not belonging to the Catholic communion, among them being Viscount Halifax, Lord Coleridge, Lord Tennyson, Sir Francis Sandford, the Provost of Oriel, and the President of Trinity College, Oxford.

#### A NOBLE MEMORY.

THERE is not one of John Boyle O'Reilly's friends who can think of that August day on which he fell from them into the arms of that God whom he had served so well, without a renewed sense of loss as the months go by. No more will come to those afar from him the letter bearing the beloved handwriting that always symbolized kindness and encouragement; for O'Reilly believed and practised his own saying, that "kindness" was "good."

He was the most tolerant of men to the faults of his friends, and yet he saw them very clearly. When the time came for helping them beyond them, he held out his hand; and who could refuse such assistance in overcoming a fault which became evident in the light of a friendship as generous and tender as it was full of tact? If a man showed cynicism or bitterness in his utterance, mistaking it for cleverness, O'Reilly waited. He did not call attention to it, as most critics would, in print; but in his next letter there would come a word, a hint; but the word or the hint would be luminous.

Criticism, and even censure, provided it came from one in whose good faith he trusted, was received by him with unaffected gratitude. When "Moondyne" came out, the present writer was asked to review it anonymously for a magazine of influence. There were some faults in it which an honest critic, who, being young, fancied that there was only one way of telling the truth, could not overlook. The only thing to do was, in his opinion, to refuse to print his review rather than wound a friend. But at the same time he felt it a duty to send his criticism, in the form of a letter, to O'Reilly.

"This ends our friendship," he remarked to himself; "O'Reilly will never stand this from a younger man."

He not only stood it, however, but seemed grateful for it. "I remember," he wrote, "being on a long, forced march, with a crowd of convicts. It was a hot day; thirst made me almost mad with longing for water, when a kind native stepped forward and gave me a gourd. The fruit was bitter, but I went on refreshed." What future was not possible to a man like this? There was no petty vanity there; none of that sensitiveness which resents censure even from a friend, and finds it unpardonable.

His letters brought sunshine. He could point out a defect with the lightest and the most unerring touch. "You are wise," he wrote, "to push aside the cares of newspaper life. I wish I could. I long for the quiet of home, away from the disquiet and responsibility of work in a great city. No matter what people say, go and make the best of yourself."

He seemed to care very little for praise, except in so far as it helped his work. He cared very much for the opinion of his friends, and seemed to like to quote them; but he looked out rather than in.

At a quiet little dinner—there were only two of us—he gave very freely his ideas of men and things. He hated *hatred*. He looked on fierce theological battles as being more of anti-Christ than Christ. "Don't try to be a theologian," he said to a young editor: "be a Christian. We need Christians true to the great heart of the mother Church, rather than lay theologians, who put their own patchwork on the glorious purple of her garment."

A writer in the Contributors' Club of the *Atlantic Monthly*, who knew O'Reilly, quotes words with the same ring in them. "I am a Catholic," wrote Mr. O'Reilly, "just as I am a dweller on the planet and a lover of yellow sunlight, and flowers in the grass, and the sound of birds. Man never made anything so like God's work as the magnificent, sacrificial, devotional faith of the hoary but young Catholic Church. There is no other church; they are all just way-stations." Another advice he gave at the same time: "Do not make your 'leaders' too humorous. Humour is well in paragraphs, but wit is better. The mass of the people can not be influenced by humour in serious-looking type. They do not understand it; it only puzzles them."

He spoke admiringly of his assistants, and seemed to know all the best poems of Mr. James Jeffrey Roche by heart. One could understand their loyalty to him when one heard

him speak of them. Of Miss Conway he said: "She is poet and logician; she has the heart of a woman and the pen of a man." Of the Bostonians, Sullivan, Miss Guiney, and several others, he predicted great things; he lost all consciousness of himself when pointing out the good in others.

"Your poetry deserves all the good said of it," he wrote; "but do not make more simply because editors ask for it. Reticence will be your best friend, and I hope you realize this. If you cannot write from your heart or your convictions, don't write at all. You have a tendency to dig up old nails, not worth much, and to polish them until they shine. Do not do it any more. If too much praise has frightened you from writing much for fear that you may not realize Mr. Steadman's expectations, let this little bit of censure deter you from writing at all, if you cannot write about living things."

He was a thoroughgoing friend. He held to the people he believed in even when they appeared to be wrong. He helped his friends by that broad Christian optimism, which seemed as much to belong to him as perfume to a rose. His sympathies were so wide that he drew love from all sides. He disarmed ill-feeling with the tone of his voice. The most prejudiced of men, whose prejudices were generally founded on principles, and who declared that O'Reilly was "untheological," and therefore to be honestly abused, melted at the sound of his words, and declared that he was the best of good fellows, even if he did not know Pere Gury by heart.

But he is gone—one forgets for a while, only to remember that the familiar envelope with the *Pilot* stamp upon it, and the clear writing, will never come again, bringing spring in winter and comfort in doubt. He is gone—but only a little ahead of us; and, thank God! our prayers can solace him. We are not hopeless or helpless: we can stretch across to him helps far more potent than the clasp of hands or even the kindest of written or spoken words.—*M. F. Egan, in Ave Maria.*

#### A FORGOTTEN HERO.

It is somewhat strange that in the recent "revived remembrance" of the noble Six Hundred no mention has been made of the brave soldier who, undismayed by the instinctive knowledge that "some one had blundered" in giving the order to the cavalry, led on the gallant troopers at the word of command—

"Into the jaws of death,  
Into the mouth of hell."

Captain Edward Nolan belonged to the old Milesian clan of O'Nolan, whose territory in the bygone time was in that part of Leinster which is now the county of Carlow. Like many Irishmen, he began his career in the Austrian service in one of those Hussar regiments for which that army has always had a reputation. He subsequently entered the British army, in which his father likewise held a commission. The book on cavalry reform, which Captain Nolan published, showed how disgusted he was with the arrangements presided over by the old women warriors at Whitehall, many of whom had little practical knowledge of campaigning.

Captain Nolan received the fatal order from Lord Raglan. Of course, Lord Raglan, in hurriedly writing the order, made a mistake, for he could not mean that a few squadrons of horse should alone dash at the batteries of the Russian army in something like line of battle. And the able veteran officer who bore that order from him, of course saw that there was a mistake; but it seemed to him that, under existing circumstances, it would be a far greater mistake not to avail of the order, and literally carry it out. The branch of the service in which he was an enthusiast had been slighted, and with something of exultation he carried the message to the ornamental head of the Light Brigade.

When Lord Cardigan received the "blundering" message from Lord Raglan he read the order and stared about him. "Where is the enemy I am told to attack?" "There, sir," replied Nolan, scornfully, and pointing to the batteries in front—"there is your enemy!" But to make sure that the movement would take the right course, he would pioneer it himself. Then it is related that, getting off his horse's

back, he tightened the girth, and remounting, as the trumpet sounded, he rode out some sixteen yards in advance, heading the charging squadrons, until the Russian batteries opened fire and the brave fellow was torn from his saddle by a cannon ball. England is justly proud of the exploits of her army at Alma, at Inkerman and at Balaklava, but the exploit of which she is most proud is the "Charge of the Six Hundred," which Captain Nolan brought about. Yet the name of that Irish soldier of guiding head and hand is now almost unmentioned, and poets and critics conjoin him with the Raglans and Cardigans in the dreary statement that "somebody blundered."

#### A GREETING.

Ireland! Mother unknown,  
Sitting alone by the water.  
Lift up your eyes to your own,  
Stretch out your arms to your daughter!

Many and many a day have I longed for your green robe's splendor,  
Your eyes of the deep sea gray, your strong love patient and tender;  
For the coon of the welcoming voice, and the smile half joy and half  
sadness.

Soul of my soul rejoice, for this is the hour of thy gladness!

Sure if I never had heard  
What land had given me birth,  
And cradled the spirit's bird  
On its first weak flight into earth:

If I never had heard the name of thy sorrow and strength divine,  
Or felt in my pulses the flame of the fire they had caught from thine,  
I would know by this rapture alone that sweeps through me now  
like a flood,

That the Irish skies were my own, and my blood was the Irish blood!

Proud did I hold my race,  
Yet knew not what pride might dare;  
Fair did I deem thy face,  
But never one half so fair;

Like a dream with deep happiness fraught that some happier dawn  
makes true,

Nothing was glad in my thought but gladdens still more in you—  
From ivied tower and wall, and primrose pale on the lea,  
To vales where the bright streams call to the lilted bird in the tree.

How can I frame the thought  
That sets all my soul aglow!  
How can I speak as I ought  
The longing that moves me so!

My comrades laugh like a boy whose heart to pleasure is stirred.  
But my heart is weeping with joy while my lips speak never a word;  
Here where the green hills start from the breast of the deep blue  
water,

Ireland! land of my heart, stretch out your arms to your daughter!

--Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Blake, in "Verses along the Way."

#### Men and Things.

Pere Didon does not find M. Ernest Renan's theories of current history quite in accordance with facts. He denies M. Renan's statement that his hands are "tied by his Church." This argument, continues the Friar, could be turned against M. Renan by saying that he examined the history of Jesus according to a system that was concerted beforehand and that he was thus debarred from understanding the true Jesus. Approaching the life of the Redeemer from the point of view of pure reason, Pere Didon is also convinced that the veritable Christ has been depicted by himself. Pere Didon also maintains that M. Renan only ran through Palestine whereas he himself made two protracted stays there, and examined every place with the Gospels in hand. By this means he became convinced that the Evangelists invented nothing. Finally, Pere Didon regrets that his monastic habit prevents him from disputing face to face with those who contradict him.

## C. M. B. A. News.

Branch No 15 will meet in their hall on Monday evening next. A full attendance of members is requested as the nomination of officers for the ensuing year will take place.

The second meeting of Branch 144, the newly organized branch in Our Lady of Lourdes parish, was held on Monday evening last. Two initiations took place. With the reputation for "push" which the charter members of this branch possess, a rapid increase of membership can be safely predicted for it.

The seventh annual reunion of Branch No. 26, Montreal, took place on the 12th inst., and, as we foretold, was a most gratifying success, and eclipsed all previous efforts. The attendance was about 250 persons. Addresses were delivered by President Nugent, J. J. Curran, Q.C., M.P., and others.

Members of the C.M.B.A. should make a sacrifice, if necessary, to be present at the last meeting of their branches in the current month. At these sessions, officers will be nominated for the ensuing year, and it is of vital importance, as we pointed out last week, that the best qualified members of each branch be placed in nomination. Upon the individuality of the officers and the interest taken by them in the organization depends much of its success. Whilst the order is doing a good work and rapidly gaining ground, it can be made a great deal more powerful for good than it now is at present. Every Catholic man under 50 and over 18 years of age should belong to it, and brothers should be elected to office who can appeal to, and win the most enlightened minds for the order, also the young men generally. Therefore all should try to be present at the nomination meeting of their branches, and on the night of election poll their votes unreservedly for the best men for the various offices.

The following letter, which speaks for itself, has been received by Grand President MacCabe:—

THOROLD, Ont., Nov. 1<sup>st</sup>, 1890.

DEAR SIR,—Inasmuch as the supreme council has answered our call for a separate beneficiary in such a coercive and despotic manner, and that the said council was urged to the same through the antagonism brought about by revengeful persons, smarting under alleged grievances, said to be inflicted by our Canadian grand council, and that we will attribute to this action of the supreme council whatever animosity may arise between our Canadian and American brothers—Dear sir, by taking the initiative in this matter, and bringing out your views as well as those of other prominent officers and members of our order in Canada, we will have attained our object.

Signed in behalf of Branch 24.

John Corbett, *Chan.*; Jones Williams, *Pres.*; John Battle, *Second Vice-Pres.*; Wm. Gearin, *Treas.*; E. D. P. Foley, *Fin. Secy.*; A. McPeague, *Secy.*; Jas. Rogers, *Asst. Secy.*

The object aimed at by THE REVIEW in its C. M. B. A. columns is to not only give members information on the various subjects of interest connected with the Association, but to also reach those of its readers and patrons who whilst eligible for membership have refrained, through ignorance of its objects, or otherwise, from throwing in their lot with us. Many of our most prominent and wealthy Catholics look upon the C.M.B.A. as an Insurance Society exclusively, and not requiring the benefits in that direction have ceased to think of the Association further. True, the C.M.B.A. is an insurance society, inasmuch as it pays to the widows, orphans, or parents of deceased members a beneficiary of from \$1,000 to \$2,000. But there is also another, and, to our minds, a grander side to the C.M.B.A., that of uniting together scattered bodies of Catholics throughout the country, and uniting them into one common brotherhood, imbued with fervent love of Holy Church, aiding her teachings, and helping her work. It brings into one fellowship

the rich and the poor, the learned, and the unlearned, who by the interchange of common views are of greatest benefit to all alike. Many who might have wavered or fallen away from the teachings of the church, have been strengthened in their faith by the force of example of its members, whilst others may have been led to see its truths. The words of the eloquent Archbishop of Toronto, the Spiritual Adviser of the order in Canada, uttered at the recent convention in Montreal, which we republish below, should be carefully considered, and those who would not join the Association for its benefit of Insurance solely, still should do so, on account of the good work it is accomplishing, thereby giving the use of their counsel and strength in forwarding and increasing its membership.

The Archbishop's words are as follows:—

"I am glad to be here, and proud to see so many representative members of the association assembled for the promotion of its better organization and efficiency. I believe your association is a good thing for the protection of homes and Catholic interests. It does good in a social sense by bringing Catholics to know each other better, and strengthening the bonds of fraternal love and neighborly spirit. Before the days of this association, Catholic men in many parts of the country were as items, scattered amongst a non-Catholic population, and almost absorbed. It has brought together Catholic toilers and artisans, professional and business men from all quarters of Ontario and Quebec, and cemented them together in a common bond for the protection of Catholic interests. Hitherto there was a strong temptation to Catholic men to join other benefit societies of doubtful and questionable morality. I do not mean that the members were not of good character, moral and respectable, but the principles of these societies and their rules of life and conduct were not those of the Catholic Church, and exposed to danger the faith and morals of our people. Your association is in harmony with the church, and I believe it is good from a religious point. You enjoy on your members the observance of Easter duties, and others; and a body conscientiously and fearlessly attending to their religious duties is a good example, both in the home and in the parish. Financially, too, it is a good thing; it has been a comfort to many a desolate home; it has wiped away the widow's tear, and enabled many a Christian mother to rear her children in respectability and give them a useful education. These convictions led me to join it, and to promote its interests wherever I can. I am delighted with the spirit of harmony that has prevailed throughout your meetings. I trust that you may continue to prosper until the C.M.B.A. becomes coterminous with the Dominion of Canada, and that its name be blessed by widows and orphans for all time."

## AH, WHAT!

The room was ablaze and the music was dying  
In soft lingering strains at the end of the dance,  
When she lifted her flowers, half laughing half sighing,  
And gave me right shyly a rose and a glance.

A tender blush rose like the heart of a cupid  
A glance like the opening of flowers in May,  
But the rose had a thorn and my finger was crimsoned,  
And in the rose petals a little elf lay.

She saw a small wound with a sweet perturbation,  
With eyes softly pleading and lips half apart,  
She gave me her kerchief to bind up my finger—  
Ah! what will she give me to bind up my heart?

Frederic Langley.

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## The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto.  
The Most Rev. C. O'Brien, Archbishop of Halifax.  
Rt. Rev. T. J. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton.  
The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto.  
The late Archbishop Lynch.  
The late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carbery of Hamilton.  
The Rev. Father Dowd of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.  
And by the leading clergy of the Dominion

Published by

The Catholic Review Publishing Company, (Limited)  
Offices: 64 Adelaide St. East, (opposite Court House).

A. C. MACDONELL, President

PH. DEGRUCHY, Business Manager

Terms: \$2.00 per annum, payable strictly in advance. Advertisements unexceptionable in character and limited in number, will be taken at the rate of \$2 per line per annum 10 cents per line for ordinary insertions. CLUB rates: 10 copies, \$15.  
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOV. 22, 1890.

MR. GLADSTONE has ended his Midlothian campaign which made the politics of the past month so interesting. The speeches he delivered will fill, by themselves, a goodly volume: even omitting, as one could wish to see omitted, the paragraphs devoted to what the *Weekly Register* terms "a most unhistoric account of England's diplomatic relations with the Holy See." The fact is that there is little that Mr. Gladstone can say against Lord Salisbury in that regard that does not hit back with tenfold force against himself and the well-known Errington missions.

As a recent address Lord Coleridge made some remarks on the subject of public speaking. Dignified and scholarly language, he said, would always have its effect upon the masses of mankind. He pointed out, however, that fine language was worthless unless it was founded on thought, and thought had little value unless it was supported by knowledge and fact. It was said that eloquence had left the Bar, only lingered in Parliament, and was almost leaving the pulpit. But he had listened at the Bar to Sir Alexander Cockburn, to Bethell, to Lord Cairns, and to the greatest of all the advocates who, in his time, had adorned the profession, and was supreme in the art of forensic speaking. Sir William Erle, and he had no doubt that all these great men would agree with him in dissenting from that proposition so far as the Bar was concerned. Again, he added, it could hardly be said of a Parliament which still numbered Mr. Gladstone among its members, and which but lately had, either in rapt silence or tempestuous applause, listened to Disraeli and Bright, that eloquence had departed from its portals. He was fully convinced that eloquence had lost none of its power in the Parliament of Great Britain. As to the pulpit, Lord Coleridge said that he had in past years, Sunday after Sunday, hung upon the almost inspired lips of the great Cardinal whom all England the other day followed to his tomb; and although he had himself never heard the late Canon Liddon or the Bishop of Peterborough, their names alone proved that eloquence had not deserted the churches. Language, said the Lord Chief Justice, was the vehicle of thought, and was the distinguishing feature which marked mankind off from the rest of the animal creation; and clearness of thought was therefore indispensable to the proper and effective use of words.

THE inherent weakness of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule measure of five years ago was that it made no provision for the retention of Irish representation at Westminster; and it was upon that vulnerable point in his projected legislation that the storm of opposition mostly spent itself. Ever since the defeat of the tentative measure Mr. Gladstone, though repeatedly urged to declare what the character of any future Home Rule measure that may be framed will be in this particular, has, however, been singularly reticent; but during his recent campaign in Midlothian, he at last appears to have spoken out his mind on the point definitively. The principle that representatives of Ireland are to continue to have a place in the Imperial Legislature, and a voice in the management of Imperial affairs was now, he affirmed, a cardinal doctrine of the Liberal policy. This explicit declaration will do much, we believe, to pave the way for the return of Mr. Gladstone to power. Besides the violation involved in the Bill of 1885 of the primary principle of Government that there shall be no taxation without representation, which formed in the minds of many an insurmountable objection to its acceptance, the prevalence of the idea that the Irish people, in the event of Home Rule being conceded, would be cut off from either place or interest in Imperial affairs, lent a certain colour of seeming to the accusation that Irish autonomy was a name for the disintegration of the Empire—an impression which undoubtedly militated greatly against the progress of the Home Rule movement in Great Britain.

THE November number of *Merry England* devotes its first twenty odd pages to "Memorials of Father Anderdon, S.J.," contributed by Father Ignatius Grant, S.J., Mrs. Raymond Barker, and the Editor, with whom Father Anderdon was most closely associated. Father Anderdon was a nephew of Cardinal Manning, and was one of the most finished preachers and writers in the ranks of the English priesthood. What manner of man Father Anderdon was may be learned from a passage in the "Memorials" which speaks of his connection with the *Weekly Register*:

"Father Anderdon," we read, "was not content to be merely one of the most zealous dischargers of missionary duty, in its conventional forms. He placed no limits on the sphere of his usefulness, and he nursed no illusions as to the comparative importance of this sphere and that. He knew what were his successes as a preacher; but his first thought on being invited to join the staff of the *Weekly Register* was that he would have an opportunity to address a greater audience than the walls of any church could enclose. Through this medium, too, every word could be made distinct to the furthest member of the greater congregation—not only to the serried company of readers at home, but to the many nations of the colonies abroad, and to units and groups scattered about wherever the beloved exiles of English, Irish and Scotch families—Catholics holding their faith—are kept within touch by letter and by newspaper; to fellow-priests as well as to laymen and women of many nationalities: why, at thought of the thing, the ink leaped to his pen. Now, too, he could sway, and none need know the swayer: the pulpit challenges the eyes of all beholders, but the writer can be hidden behind the grille. The humilities and personal abnegations of journalism were very dear to the heart of Father Anderdon. For five years he appeared in the *Register* almost weekly, with leading articles containing the best thought and manipulation he could offer—and no man knew the master's hand. How fine was his art as a newspaper writer, and how large the loss inflicted on Catholic journalism by his death, may be realized by the fact that when he died there was not one Father in all the Society who combined the will with the ability and the opportunity to take his place."

## CONVENTION RHETORIC.

AN American organization, known as the Catholic Young Men's National Union, lately held a convention, at which among other resolutions passed was one to the effect that its members "favoured using every means in their power to support the Catholic press, the untiring champion of the principles of our religion." The resolution was adopted, it is said, with enthusiasm and applause. A similar resolution was passed by the Catholic congress which met in Baltimore in November last, and the spirit with which it was endorsed gave some ground of hope, to those who undertake the labour of sustaining them, that thenceforth, as one result of the congress, Catholic papers would be more widely and more substantially supported. Whether those hopes have been realised we should judge, from the muttered sounds that sometimes come from our contemporaries, to be a question of some uncertainty. If, however, Catholic congresses or Young Men's conventions are really in search of a subject that would give them something to think about—and which, perhaps, they would be more ready to think about than to talk about—THE REVIEW takes the liberty of suggesting this: To what extent, in their judgment, it is to be anticipated that any practical benefit will accrue to the Catholic press from their verbal professions of regard, put forward, unmeaningly and promiscuously, once per annum?

In noticing the resolution of the Young Men's convention above quoted, a contemporary, the *Mirror* of Baltimore, asks the members of the association what it means. "Do they" it asks, "mean simply that they would be pleased to find the wrappers of religious journals sent gratuitously to the reading-rooms of their societies occasionally broken? Do they mean that they will recommend Catholic newspapers to the attention of their friends among the members of the organizations which they represent, and others? Or do they wish to imply that they will cultivate a taste for this sort of literature themselves? The value and import of the resolution adopted with such *clat* in the convention depend entirely upon its significance to those who voted for it." That much we think is undeniable.

Our contemporary adds that it has personal knowledge of the fact that at the recent convention there were delegates who rarely, if ever, look at a Catholic publication of any kind. Nevertheless, they subscribed fervently to the sentiment that "they favoured using every means in their power to support the Catholic press," and so forth. And it intimates, too, that the same thing may be said of some conspicuous participants in the proceedings of last year's Catholic congress. If so, the efficacy of such encouragement of Catholic journals and literature will be apparent.

There is only one way, as the *Mirror* reminds the members of these societies, in which they can contribute to the success of Catholic journalism and further its mission, and that way is to patronise it—to subscribe for a Catholic paper and then read it. All other modes of support are a show and a delusion. The endorsement and recommendation of the Catholic press by individuals who neither read nor purchase a Catholic paper, is the veriest humbug, and is estimated as such. If the members of these conventions and organizations are really solicitous of strengthening the most powerful engine that can be employed, at this day, in the defence and spread of their most cherished interests, they will begin by taking a personal and a practical interest in it. In that way mainly can they be of help in carrying the beneficent possibilities of their press to a development commensurate with the talent and labour expended on it.

## THE AFRICAN EXPEDITION.

MR. HENRY M. STANLEY, the chief of an expedition which the world had been led to regard as an enterprise of civilisation and mercy, but which in the light of what has of late been disclosed appears now more of a synonym and a name for almost incredible inhumanities, is announced to deliver a lecture next week in Toronto. After a brief stay in England Mr. Stanley landed in New York a fortnight or so ago; so that it will be seen no great time has been lost between the return of this much-heralded (we had almost said *New York Herald*-ed, Paladin of the Dark Continent, and his betaking himself to the lecture platforms of Major Pond. The Pond Lecture Bureau, we may explain, is a business which discharges for the public in the lecture line what, in another form of entertainment, is accomplished through the medium of the Messrs. Cook's "Tours."

It was Cardinal Lavigerie, the primate and patriarch of Algiers, who a few years ago made the world of Europe acquainted with the horrors of the African slave trade; and one result of his appeals to the conscience of the Old World was the holding of an international anti-Slavery congress which met to devise means for the furthering of the work of ransom, and the eradication of the giant evil of slavery from out those benighted regions. It deserves to be borne in mind when we speak of Africa that the most civilising and the most self-sacrificing work that the story of that Dark Continent has yet disclosed is the noble work which Cardinal Lavigerie and his missionaries have pursued through years of silent heroism—the work of the redemption of the slave, as the first step towards the civilising of these savage nations, and as the first service demanded alike by religion and by humanity. These men, we repeat, were the first in the field, and the true "explorers." They were not well paid adventurers, travelling through the land with a well equipped and military accoutred *entourage*, and smiting the places through which they passed as by a scourge, but simple missionaries, clad only in the armour of righteousness, and armed only with the sword of the Spirit, going forth at the double behest of Heaven and humanity, to baptize, and to bless, and to receive—their martyrdom. May their names and their memories be ever blessed!

The world which learned only so recently from the lips of Cardinal Lavigerie the story of African cruelty, was stirred by the recital. Since then, all that concerns that land and its races has been read with new interest; the progress of the recent expedition and the record of its experiences awakened eagerest interest; and the high mission of winning that vast territory and its millions to civilisation took form in men's minds as an obligation imperatively imposed on the epoch.

But this glamour of heroism and of high purpose, which the world was quick to invest it with, can no longer be held to belong to the Stanley-Barttelot expedition. The darkest chapters of "In Darkest Africa" contain nothing more horrible than the story, as partially known, of the barbarities and infamies that attended the advance of the late expedition. The jealousies and rivalries of the officers of the party have brought out into the light of day deeds and atrocities that would seem almost incredible. Between these "heroes" all is charge and recrimination. Against Stanley, the charge is made with some circumstantiality that he carried the best part of the supplies with him, leaving the rear guard, under Barttelot, to their own resources, and to kill, bite, and flog the friendly blacks who were their unhappy escorts. Then,

as to Barttelot, comes story upon story of fiendish brutality, of the killing of his boy interpreter, and attack upon the woman of a friendly tribe, of the lashing of an unfortunate native until the flesh became a mass of putrid corruption covered with worms and festering ulcers. It is like the recital of some ghastly dream! But this is not all. Following these other horrors now comes the news that Jameson, Barttelot's lieutenant, wishing to see an instance of cannibalism, paid six cotton handkerchiefs for a girl of twelve, who was handed over to be eaten, and then set eagerly to work to sketch the dreadful scene as the slayer drove his knife into her heart, and the savages fought among themselves for choice portions of her flesh, which they toasted and eat ere it had scarce ceased quivering! By such crimes as these is the story of the expedition stained, and they are related, too, on the testimony of the principal actors.

It has been said of these disclosures that they have proved that men may be worse than demons. The press of two continents unite in saying that the truth must be known about these butcheries, which concern all humanity, and are a blot upon the scroll of the civilisation of the century.

#### STAGE REFORM.

MR. JUSTIN HUNTLEY MCCARTHY, M.P., inherits some of the fine literary gifts of his father, but he has a hysteria of style that is all his own. This enthusiasm of the pen has lately drawn down upon Mr. McCarthy an expostulation respecting the appropriateness of some rather exuberant language; and the criticism thus encountered has a not less instructive than amusing side. Mr. McCarthy had committed himself to the opinion that a Gaiety Theatre burlesque, "with its shining procession of fair faces and fair forms, with its glow of colour, subtly harmonised by a master-hand, is as fascinating a sight as a man jaded by the ugliness of a grey city could see."

Perhaps Mr. McCarthy did not mean this to be taken too seriously, but, at any rate, it has led to a column of very trenchant criticism in the *London World* from Mr. William Archer, the well-known art and theatrical critic. The *Weekly Register*, too, has taken sides with Mr. Archer against Mr. McCarthy, and, united, their comments are quite lively and destructive.

"The illumination of the Gaiety stage," says the *Register*, "is a fire of cross lights that would disgust an artist; the glow of colours is a glare of coarse dyes; the 'fair' faces are under-bred faces painted about as delicately as a clown's; the forms are violently displayed in *maillots*, after a fashion that is simply the last word of vulgarity." This is Mr. Archer's view also. "A well-mounted Gaiety burlesque, I grant you," he says, "will probably present one or two spectacular tableaux of a certain tawdry, kalidoscopic effectiveness; but as for its 'glow of colour subtly harmonised by a master-hand'—tell that to the colour-blind." His opinion of the artistic attractiveness of burlesque is thus described:

"For my part, I never go to the Gaiety without realising afresh the artistic rightness of the instinct which has led civilised womankind, from the earliest ages, to dissimulate, so far as possible, its lower extremities. Even in classic sculpture, in which all proportions are corrected and idealised, the semi-draped figures are surely far more digni-

fied and attractive than the nude. Compare the Medicean Venus with the Venus of Milo; how petty, how apologetic, how nimity-pimity she seems! Then imagine the Medicean Venus made waspish here, and bunched there, with her limbs gloved in a hideous cuticle of satiny pink, swaggering about with a self-conscious simper in a cross fire of garish limo-lights—and ask yourself whether Gæthe would have considered the contemplation of such a mannikin a sufficient act of nightly homage to the Spirit of Beauty? Observe, too, that I have assumed, for the sake of argument, that the average Gaiety chorus-lady is by nature as shapely as the Venus of the Ufizi,—a hypothesis which may, or may not, be capable of verification."

The *Register*, speaking of the wretched and offensive stage-dressing of women, says that a protest made by the *World* will have a better echo than could be hoped for one made in an organ of the Church. Even the street-posters so much discussed of late are only the too faithful representations of the style of raiment to which audiences are accustomed at most of the English and American theatres. Against the former the *Weekly Register* announces that Cardinal Manning has lately protested in a private letter which has not yet seen publication; and in this letter we learn that His Eminence, treating the street advertisements as a kind of picture gallery of the poor, dwells upon the degrading effect of "art" in that shape.

Upon the subject of dress reform in relation to the stage, the *Register* speaks most sensibly. "We are fully aware," it says, "that dress is an arbitrary matter of custom; that the undraped figure is proper in Central Africa; that a Catholic Nun with her face uncovered is so scandalous in Islam that for a 'practising' Mohammedan voluntarily to let his eyes rest upon her is to commit a mortal sin. Therefore we judge stage dresses by no law except the rule of the society of which the actresses are members. So judged, all the tights and trunks stand condemned. The women of the audience would not wear them; the men of the audience would not allow their daughters and wives to wear them; that is enough. They are contrary to the custom of our place and time. As regards beauty and dignity there can be but one educated opinion. The ignominy of the effect of a woman in a page's dress, amounts, in itself, almost to immorality." And yet at any Shakespearian production, even at the best theatres, troops of women are so burlesqued. One theatre only, we learn, is free from this reproach, the Savoy,—the home of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's operas—where Mr. Gilbert has steadily refused to ask any woman to wear on the stage what another woman would be ashamed to wear in a drawing room. That he has not been seconded by Catholic dramatists, journalists, or critics, is a fact our contemporary cannot explain. It has done its part by urging, whenever opportunity arose, Mr. Gilbert's reform as an example, and by abstaining from noticing pieces, which otherwise it would have been a pleasure to praise, wherein the actresses displayed themselves in a manner that set them apart from other women, believing that in such departures is the beginning of a great evil of society.

FATHER CONATY, the President of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, a keen-sighted, practical man, takes no roseate view of the much talked of "future of Irish America." "The public saloon," he replies, "blocks the way socially and politically."

## MR. PARNELL.

WHAT effect the sensational disclosures in the O'Shea divorce case will have upon the fortunes of the Irish party, it is too early yet to even surmise; but it is to be feared that one immediate result of them must be the relegation of Mr. Parnell to the limbo of lost leaders. However that may be, the result at the moment is wholly deplorable, both as respects the heavy blow which it deals to Mr. Parnell's reputation, and the consequences which it may involve to the historic cause with which his name has so long been associated.

The circumstances of the case seem to leave little room for a lenient judgement. In view of his great services to his country, and the hold which he had won in the esteem and confidence of his people, it is most sad and regrettable that Mr. Parnell should have done for himself what the *Times* and his bitterest enemies failed to do—wrecked his own reputation. The overthrow of his good name and influence comes just at a time when a strong reaction in the public mind had set in in his favour as a man who had endured a great wrong, and had passed through, silently and with calm dignity, a great persecution.

The effect of Mr. Parnell's personal effacement on the fortunes of his party cannot as yet, as has been said, be conjectured. A change in the leadership is looked upon as inevitable, and in that case the succession will probably fall to Mr. Justin McCarthy, the Vice-Chairman of the Irish party, and its most distinguished member. The name of Mr. Dillon has also been put forward in this connection, and those of one or two other prominent Nationalist members. But in no other member of the Irish party are to be found the same high qualities, the tact, prudence, and generalship, that made Mr. Parnell so accomplished a parliamentary leader; and whatever may be the personal cost to him of his misconduct, it may be hoped that his colleagues will not be wholly deprived of his advice in their counsels.

One conviction remains, which we feel our readers will share with us. It is that however fatal may be the effect of this unfortunate episode upon Mr. Parnell's public career, there is something ungenerous in the readiness which has betrayed itself in some quarters, and which characterises some natures, to expedite the falling leader with a kick. Though at the moment Mr. Parnell's reputation and influence appear to be irretrievably ruined, there is one thing which, even in his fall, he has not lost—his claim to the gratitude of the people whom he has served through very trying years. The bitterest enemy of Mr. Parnell never questioned his consummate abilities as a public man and political leader. To his genius and generalship alone is due the great change in the positions of the political parties in Great Britain, the existence in such strength of the Irish party at Westminster, and the now measurable certainty of Irish Local Government. The least return that the recollection of these services entitle him to, is that his name should not be needlessly aspersed, nor his later years embittered by anything like ingratitude.

Pere Didon has received a letter from Cardinal Rampolla, conveying the Holy Fathers' thanks for his *Life of Christ*, as a work which has earned the author the praise of savants and will produce abundant fruit to the advantage of the Faithful.

Cardinal Mermillod is about to reside at Rome, and will preside over a Papal Commission on social questions.

## THE DISGUISED KNIGHTS.

THE castle of Hohenfels was built upon one of the loftiest heights on the Rhine. Rising with a lofty sweep from among the lesser hills around, the huge rock swept onward until it reached the river, where it plunged downward in a tremendous precipice. Nearly eight hundred feet above the river, the stately walls of the castle rose, with all its pomp of towers, and turrets and bulwarks; by day spreading forth its flaunting banner to the breeze, and by night upraising its watch-fires that blazed like meteors against the sky. The road from Germany to France passed within a few miles of the castle, and all travellers were compelled to cross the river within sight of it. The tolls which were levied on these people were enormous, and happy was the man who could escape with the sacrifice of half his baggage.

One day a company of monks descended from the opposite side of the river towards the place of crossing. There were about thirty of them, and the thick layers of dust that covered them from head to foot showed that they had come upon a long journey. They were enveloped in robes of black cloth, which hung about them in ample folds; their faces were completely covered, so that their eyes only were visible; and the heavy cowls that hung over their heads seemed to conceal them more effectually. They entered, one by one, into the barge, and took their seats in silence.

The ferryman, like all of his class, was extremely loquacious, and anxious both to tell and hear the news. So after many efforts, he ventured to address the monk who appeared to be chief among his passengers. This monk was a man of remarkable stature, and Atlantean shoulders.

"You have been upon a long journey, holy father," said the ferryman.

"Yes," said the monk, in a voice of great richness and depth.

"It must have been important business," continued the ferryman.

"It concerns life and death," replied the monk, turning away with a gesture that forbade further questioning.

But the ferryman was not daunted, and he asked: "Whither may you be going, reverend father? Is it not to France?—or perhaps to Italy?"

The chief monk stretched forth his hand, and pointed silently towards the castle of Hohenfels, upon which were now glittering the shades of the twilight, and from whence the light of the kindling watch-fires streamed out in long lines of radiance.

"Ah, that is a noble castle!" said the ferryman. "There is none like it on the Rhine. But, methinks, it is a strange thing for you to go there. Men of your order stay away as far as possible."

"Ah!" said the monk, with some interest.

"It was not so in the days of Count Hugo," continued the ferryman; "but since Count Franz has held it there has never been so much as the foot-print of a priest or monk inside its gates."

"Why would they not go in?" inquired the monk.

"Because they have been plundered or scourged outside," replied the ferryman.

"Why does this Count Franz treat inoffensive monks so cruelly?"

"He treats all harshly," said the ferryman. "It was only yesterday that a party of merchants were stripped of everything. The reason why he hates monks and priests, I suppose, is because they trouble his conscience."

"And was it not always thus?" asked the monk.

"Ah, no," was the reply. "The Count Hugo was a just and virtuous man. He never took more than his due. In his day I kept my barge crossing all day long; but now it is only at times that passengers come here."

"What became of Count Hugo?" was the monk's next question.

"He went to fight for the Holy Sepulchre, and died there," replied the ferryman. "Count Franz, his cousin, heard the news of his death about a year after he left. He took possession of the castle at once. Count Hugo had a wife and son; but since that day they have never been seen out of the castle."

The monk slowly clenched his hands together, and said, in a strangely altered tone. "Can you tell me friend, what has become of them?"

"I know not," was the reply: "I only hear what people say. Some say they are dead—both of them. Some say that Count Franz has killed them; others say that they are alive but kept in a dungeon; others say that only the son is confined, but that the lady is free. I hear almost everything."

"Had Count Hugo no friends who could see justice done to his relatives?" inquired the monk.

"Most of his friends went away with him," said the ferryman. "Those who remained could do nothing. Who could enter there and ask questions? Count Franz keeps to himself and has no friends; all within Hohenfels is a mystery. It is seven years since Count Hugo left; and I think if his wife and child are not dead now, they soon will be."

The monk bowed his head low, and a half-stifled groan escaped him. His companions looked at one another in silence. The ferryman wondered, but said nothing. He passed the remainder of the time in silent conjectures as to the purpose of the monk, but was completely baffled. Soon, however, they reached the other side.

One by one, the monks disembarked, in the same silent manner in which they had entered the boat. The chief monk stepped out at last. As he touched the shore he turned round and whispered to the ferryman. The man uttered a cry and staggered back.

The Count Franz Hohenfels was in the reception hall of the castle. It was a large and richly furnished apartment. Rugs and tapestries from the East, gold and silver vases, splendid armour, ornaments of rare material and beautiful form appeared on every side. All this had been the plunder which the Count had obtained from passing travellers.

The Count was pacing the hall. His armour was on, and he was arranging a plan for an attack upon a village not many miles away. The bustle of preparation for the expedition sounded throughout the castle. The Count was a stout man with strong and muscular frame. His helmet lay upon the table by his side, so that his head and face were exposed to view. He had a thick neck, harsh and gross face, and fierce gray eyes, that seemed always inflamed with passion. As he was walking, a page entered the room. At his announcement the Count started, and struck his clenched fist upon the table—"Monks?" said he. "Monks here!"

"Yes, my lord," replied the page.

"The idle drones!" cried the Count. "Take them down and throw them into the river. But no," he suddenly added. "I have an idea. Let them in. There will be some use for them this night, I'll warrant them."

He resumed his walk up and down the hall, gesticulating and muttering to himself. Presently the page reappeared, followed by the new-comers. The thirty monks, dressed in their mysterious robes, entered solemnly, one after another, and stood before the Count Franz.

"Who are you?" he said, rudely. "and what do you want?"

"My lord," said one of the monks, who stood nearest the chief, "we are humble friars, on a journey for a solemn purpose, and we wish to rest here for the night. We crave from your lordship food and shelter."

"Take them down to the court yard" cried the Count. "and let the knaves have some victuals. But remember," he added, sternly, "this is the first time and the last time that any of your order have passed me without being scourged or thrown into the river. Away, you dogs!—say your *pater noster*, and wait till I summon you."

The monks departed with the same solemn step, without a word, and descended into the courtyard, where some rude servants' fare was given to them. After about an hour, an imperious message came from the Count for them to reappear.

When they entered the room, they saw a change. The large hall was filled with men-at-arms, who, to the number of one hundred and twenty, were ranged in a line on each

side of the apartment. At the head of the room sat the Count, and by his side a lady. She could not have been more than twenty-five years of age, and she was very lovely, but her face was as pale as death, and upon it there was an expression of hopeless woe that was painful to behold. The Count motioned the monks to approach, and they obeyed in their usual solemn manner.

"Who are you?" he cried sternly.

"The brethren of the order of the Avenger," replied the monk who had spoken before.

"The avenger!" said the Count. "That is a new name."

"On a pilgrimage——"

"Perhaps you have reached the end of it in entering the Castle von Hohenfels," interrupted the Count with a sneer.

"Perhaps we have," interrupted the monk with a strange emphasis.

"We shall see," said the Count. "I sent for you to take part in a pleasant ceremony. This lady is about to become my wife, and one of ye shall have the honour of performing the marriage ceremony."

*To be Continued.*

## General Catholic News

Rev. Father Bertin, the Oblat missionary at Caughnawaga, is about to publish the Bible in Iroquois, the translation having been made by himself.

The Fathers of the Oratory at Edgbaston have selected the Rev. Ignatius Ryder as their Father Superior, in succession to the late Cardinal Newman.

The King of Hawaii, accompanied by a representative of the English Committee, has visited Molokai and selected the site for the monument to Father Damien. It is to be placed high upon the central part of the island where it will be a conspicuous object in the view from the sea.

The Fathers of the Holy Sacrament, a new religious order have established a house in Montreal with eight Fathers. The objects of the Order are purely devotional, namely, Perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. The parent house is in Paris, France.

In the course of 650 years the Franciscans have given to the Church 247 saints, 1,500 martyrs, 10 Popes and Cardinals, and 4,000 archbishops and bishops. The Dominicans have given 4 Popes, 82 Cardinals, and 2,600 bishops. From the Order of St. Benedict there have come 43 Popes, 200 Cardinals, 226 patriarchs, 600 Archbishops, and 40,000 bishops. To retire within the cloisters of this celebrated Order, 25 emperors, kings, and queens have abandoned their thrones.

The pupils of Loretto Abbey of this city gave a reception to the Archbishop on Tuesday last. The programme was rendered in the high standard of excellence for which this institution is famous. Several of the local clergy were present, including His Lordship Bishop O'Mahony, Vicars-General Rooney and Laurent, Dean McCann and Rev. Fathers Teofy, Meehan, Lynch, and others. The Archbishop at the close thanked the Sisters and pupils for the beautiful entertainment they had given, and eulogized the work of the Abbey, concluding by asking that a holiday be given the pupils.

Father Filiatre, O.M.I., of the University of Ottawa, delivered a most instructive lecture on the 11th inst. on the "Philosophy of History," before the St. Patrick's Literary Association of Ottawa.

He condemned the manuals of history placed in the hands of young scholars of the present day as utterly unsatisfactory.

pointing out where improvements could be made, so as to render the study more attractive. All works on history should appeal strongly to the imagination and be illustrated with maps, pictures of costumes and customs of the olden time. He dealt with the opposing forces in history, Christianity and Paganism, Conservatism and Liberalism, Realism and Idealism in literature. Taking the three principles, justice brings prosperity, vice makes a people miserable, all things will be fulfilled in Christ, he applied each in turn with effect. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered the doctor, in response to which Father Filiatre promised to deliver three lectures on "The Rights of Organized Labour." Next Tuesday Mr. T. W. Swift, M.A., will lecture on English Literature.

Bishop Gilmore of Cleveland has inhibited the *Catholic Knight*, a publication in that city, which lately published, along with many hostile editorial comments, a private letter addressed by the Bishop of Cleveland to the Archbishop of Cincinnati. In this letter the Bishop used certain phrases which were scarcely respectful to the Vatican. Respecting the letter the Bishop has published the following card to the public:

"Last week the '*Catholic Knight*' published a copy of a private and confidential letter written by me to the Archbishop of Cincinnati. To prevent as much of possible the evil intended by the publication of this letter through the malice of Joseph J. Greeves and his clique of clerical counsellors and backers, I hereby and by these present withdraw every word in said letter of apparent disrespect to Rome, and every word that could be construed as a doubt of Rome. The above is *proprio motu*."

RICHARD GILMORE,  
Bishop of Cleveland.

The celebration of Archbishop Feehan's silver jubilee, which took place in Chicago two weeks ago, was in some respects a repetition of the great demonstration in Brooklyn the week previous in honour of the sacerdotal jubilee of the venerable Bishop Loughlin. The Catholics of the archdiocese responded magnificently to the call of the moving spirits of the occasion. They turned out *en masse* to testify the esteem and veneration in which are held the name and dignity of the illustrious prelate by all classes and nationalities that compose the flock over which he presides. Archbishop Feehan has earned the public love and respect of the great Western metropolis by the able manner in which he has administered the affairs of his great charge as well as by his public spirit and devotion to the common interests of the community in which he is such a conspicuous figure. The growth and advancement of the Church means moral health and material progress for the community, and Archbishop Feehan's ceaseless and unostentatious devotion to duty has been no small factor in the marvellous development of the material and spiritual interests observable throughout the length and breadth of the great archdiocese of Chicago.

Wednesday evening last will, for some time to come, be a bright mark in the lives of the children of the Sunnyside Orphanage. The St. Vincent de Paul Society, through their Hospital Committee, having arranged a number of entertainments for the inmates of various Catholic charitable institutions of the city, gave the first one of the series to the orphans at Sunnyside. The entertainment consisted of vocal and instrumental music, whistling solo, etc., by the following ladies and gentlemen, Miss Landreville, Miss O'Connor, and Messrs. McDermott, Fullerton, J. Costello and Prof. Braim. Prof. Cronin also sang "A Handful of Earth" with telling effect. Amongst the prominent Catholics present were Messrs. M. Burns, J. J. Murphy, Ph. DeGruchy, Flynn, McIntosh, Foyle, P. Murphy and Lalonde, and a large number of ladies. The Rev. clergy were represented by Very Rev. F. P. Rooney, V.G., and Rev. Fathers Murray, Flynn and Finan. Not the least important part of the evenings programme, to the children, was the distribution of large bags of oranges, candies, etc., to them, and the manner in which they lessened the bags of their contents, showed plainly that they

fully realized the old saying of "Never put off till to-morrow that which can be done to-day."

The Sunnyside Orphanage, which is one of the best as well as one of the most unostentatious of our numerous charities, has at present the charge of 144 children, ranging from 3 to 14 years of age, under the care of 11 Sisters of St. Joseph, with Rev. Father Finan as spiritual adviser. That they are well taken care of a glance at the bright, happy faces, and neat appearance of these poor orphans, will assure the most skeptical. The manner in which they sang the chorus "God Bless You," at the close of the entertainment, as well as their exemplary behaviour throughout, reflected the greatest credit upon the self-denying Sisters who are their instructors.

Leo XIII. will shortly address to the whole Catholic Episcopate a letter summing up the report of a commission of Cardinals on the Anti-Slavery crusade. His Holiness will prescribe a universal collection of alms in Catholic churches to take place annually, on the Feast of the Epiphany.

#### WHAT CURES?

WHAT is the force that ousts disease; and which is the most convenient apparatus for applying it? How far is the regular physician useful to us because we believe in him, and how far are his pills and powders and tonics only the material representatives of his personal influence on our health?

The regular doctors cure; the homeopathic doctors cure; the Hahnemannites cure; and so do the faith cures and the mind cures, and the so-called Christian scientists, and the four-dollar-and-a-half advertising itinerants, and the patent medicine men. They all hit, and they all miss, and the great difference—one great difference—in the result is that when the regular doctors lose a patient no one grumbles, and when the irregular doctors lose one the community stands on end and howls.—*Rochester Union and Advertiser*.

Nature cures, but nature can be aided, hindered or defeated in the curative process. And the *Commercial's* contention is that it is the part of rational beings to seek and trust the advice of men of good character who have studied the human system and learned, as far as modern science lights the way, how far they can aid nature and how they can best avoid obstructing her.—*Buffalo Commercial*.

It is not our purpose to consider the evils that result from employing the unscrupulous, the ignorant, charlatans and quacks to prescribe for the maladies that afflict the human family. We simply declare that the physician who knows something is better than the physician who knows nothing, or very little indeed about the structure and the conditions of the human system. Of course "he does not know it all."—*Rochester Morning Herald*.

I have used Warner's Safe Cure and but for its timely use would have been, I verily believe, in my grave from what the doctors termed Bright's Disease.—D. F. Shriner, senior Editor *Scioto Gazette*, Chillicothe, Ohio, in a letter dated June 30, 1890.

Probably no modern medicine has obtained wider notoriety, within a given time, than the really wonderful Slocum's Oxygenized Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil. To sufferers from all lung troubles we say: take no other. As all druggists sell it, it is easily obtained.

We would advise the Rev. Clergy, Nuns, and our readers generally, when they are requiring Church Ornaments or Religious articles to write or call on Desaulnier Bros. & Co., Montreal, for Catalogue and Price List.

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11 TICKETS for \$10.00

Ask for circulars.

**LIST OF PRIZES.**

1 Prize worth \$15,000—	\$15,000
1 " " " " " "	5,000
1 " " " " " "	2,500
1 " " " " " "	1,250
2 Prizes " " " "	500
5 " " " " " "	250
25 " " " " " "	50
100 " " " " " "	25
200 " " " " " "	15
500 " " " " " "	10
Approximation Prices.	
100 " " " " " "	2,500
100 " " " " " "	1,500
100 " " " " " "	1,000
999 " " " " " "	4,995
999 " " " " " "	4,995

3134 Prizes worth \$52,740

S. E. LEFEBVRE, -- MANAGER,  
81 St. James St., Montreal Can.



**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 teaspoonfull 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 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.

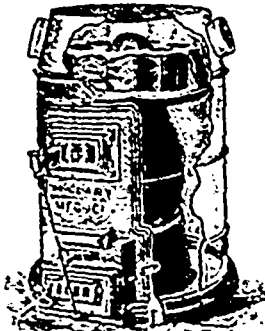
S. Lachance, Druggist, Sole Proprietor  
1588 and 1540 Catherine st., Montreal

**CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED**

TO THE EDITOR:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully,  
T. A. SLOCUM - M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

**D. B. DENISON**



581 Queen St. WEST

General dealer in Stoves Ranges Heating Apparatus Etc.

A complete line of Tinware, Coal Oil, etc., always on hand

Agent for the celebrated

**McClary's & Copp's FURNACES**

These Furnaces cost 25 per cent less and consume only half the quantity of fuel than most other Furnaces

References given. Estimates Furnished

Eave Troughing and Jobbing attended to

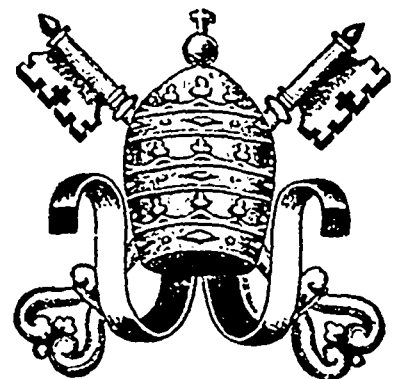
**TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE.** During the month of November 1890, mails close and are due as follows:

	CLOSE.		DUE.	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East .....	6.00	7.30	7.45	10.30
O. and Q. Railway ..	7.30	8.15	8.00	9.20
G. T. R. West .....	7.00	3.20		12.40
				7.40
N. and N. W. ....	7.00	4.10	10.00	8.10
T. G. and B. ....	6.30	3.15	11.10	9.00
Midland .....	6.30	3.35		12.30
				9.30
C. V. R. ....	6.00	3.20	11.55	10.15
				7.40
G. W. R. ....			a.m.	p.m.
			2.00	9.00
			6.00	4.00
			11.30	9.30
				8.20
			a.m.	p.m.
U. S. N. Y. ....	6.00	4.00	9.00	5.45
	11.30	9.30	10.30	11.00
U. S. West States	6.00	9.30	9.00	5.45
	12.00			7.20

English mails will be closed during Nov. as follows: Nov. 3, 5, 6, 10, 12, 13, 17, 19, 20, 24, 27.

**TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE**

Best Teeth on rubber, \$3; on celluloid \$10 All work absolutely painless. Vitalized Air C. H. RIGGS, L.D.S., South east cor. King & Yonge sts. Toronto. Telephone 1,478



**FRECHON & CO.**

All kinds of Vestments and **CHURCH ORNAMENTS**

1845 NOTRE DAME ST.

MONTREAL.

**R. BEULLAC**

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

**Church Ornaments**

1674 NOTRE DAME ST.

MONTREAL.

Send to us for Catalogue & Price List



Quebec  
Tramway



**Dominion : Line : Royal : Mail**  
**STEAMSHIPS**  
**SUMMER SEASON.**

Liverpool Service—Sailing Dates  
From Montreal, From Quebec.

Dominion... Thur. Nov. 13	Vancouver about Sat " 15	Thur. Nov. 29th.
From Portland.	From Halifax.	
Sarnia..... Thur. Dec. 4	Sat. Dec. 6th	

Passengers per S. S. Vancouver must embark at Quebec.

Rates of Passage from Montreal or Quebec, \$10, \$20, and \$30, according to accommodation. Intermediate \$20. Steerage \$20.

Bristol Service, for Avonmouth Dock.  
SAILING DATES.  
From Montreal.

Ontario.....	October 25th
Texas.....	Nov. 12th

No passengers carried to Bristol.

\* These Steamers have Saloon, State-rooms, Music room and Bath-rooms, ambulships, where but little motion is felt, and carry no Cattle or Sheep

G. W. TORRENCE, DAVID TORRENCE & Co  
18 Front St. W. Gen. Agts.  
Toronto. Montreal & Portland



**In its Worst Form.**

BENTON, LAF. Co., Wis., Dec., '88.  
Rev. J. C. Bergen vouchers for the following: James Rooney who was suffering from Vitus Dance in its worst form for about 1 1/2 years was treated by several physicians without effect, two bottles of Pastor Koenigs Nerve Tonic cured him.

St. Francis Wis. Oct 24, 1883  
A member of my congregation used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with good results. The patient was so nervous that he could not find sleep for weeks. He suffered from the most intense anxiety which bordered on insanity. I gave the person some of Koenig's Nerve Tonic and he continued to use it. The appetite returned gradually, the anxiety disappeared, the headache left, and to day the sufferer, who had almost despaired, is enjoying excellent health.  
Bern. Elakamp, Pastor.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.  
This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

**KOENIG MEDICINE CO.,**  
CHICAGO, ILL.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.  
Price \$1 per Bottle. 6 Bottles for \$6.  
Agents Lyman & Co. Toronto

# THE HALF HAS NOT BEEN TOLD

So writes an enthusiastic lady in reference to the merits and uses of "SUNLIGHT" Soap.

And the lady is quite right.

It is only when the "SUNLIGHT" Soap is in the house and used in every department of household work, that its grand cleansing and labor-saving uses are discovered.

It is the soap of all soaps, and may well be said to be worth its weight in gold.

Try it. Beware of imitations.



**ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.**  
**RAPIDE PLAT DIVISION.**  
**NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.**

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for the St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office, until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on Wednesday, the 3rd day of December next, for the construction of a lift lock, weirs, etc., at Morrisburg, and the deepening and enlargement of the Rapide Plat Canal. The work will be divided into three sections, each about a mile in length.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen on and after Wednesday, the 19th day of November next, at this office, and at the Resident Engineer's Office, Morrisburg, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

In the case of firms there must be attached to the tender, the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same, and further, an accepted cheque on a chartered bank in Canada for the sum of \$6,000, must accompany the tender for Section No. 1, and an accepted cheque on a chartered bank in Canada, for the sum of \$2,000 for each of the other sections.

The respective accepted cheques must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted. The cheques thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,  
A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary.  
Department of Railways & Canals }  
Ottawa, 7th November, 1890.

Advertise in the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Beaverton Pier," will be received until Thursday, the 27th day of November next, inclusively, for the construction of a landing pier at Beaverton, County of Ontario, Province of Ontario, according to a plan and specification to be seen on application in the office of Frank Madill, Esq., M. P., at Beaverton, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque, payable to the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of amount of tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract, or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

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

By order,  
A. GOBELL,  
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, 30th October, 1890.

## C. M. B. A.

We make a specialty of manufacturing C. M. B. A. Pins & Emblems in Gold from \$1. upwards.

These Pins are of best workmanship and will be sent to any address on receipt of price.

## T. WHITE,

Watchmaker and Jeweller  
1947 NOTRE DAME ST., MONTREAL

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