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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. II.

Toronto, Saturday Oct. 20, 1888

No. 37

## CONTENTS.

NOTES.....	451
THE PERPETUATION OF PROTESTANTISM.....	Cardinal Newman 452
THE CANADIAN COLLEGE, ROME.....	J. T. Lesperance 452
WM. O'BRIEN, M.P. ....	Catharine Tynan 454
EDITORIAL—	
The Priest of the Playwright.....	457
The Representation of Labour.....	458
Mormonism and Divorce.....	458
The Farnoll Commission.....	456
Principal MacVicar at the Montreal Co <sup>n</sup> gress.....	456
His Attack on the Jesuits.....	457
MEN AND THINGS.....	460
CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.....	459
CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.....	459

## NOTES.

Though Mr. Ruskin, says the *London Register*, may have rather hard things to say about monastic life for men, he has still kind thoughts of the monastic smile of women, as when, in the latest number of *Præterita*, he writes thus of his first meeting with Mr. Charles Eliot Norton: "He rose with the sweetest smile I ever saw on any face unless, perhaps, a nun's when she has some grave kindness to do."

The Duke of Norfolk is to lead to the hymeneal altar Miss MacTavish, of Baltimore. So the American journalists, who know everything and respect no barrier of private life, inform the world. The lady's first name is Virginia; she is tall, a daring horsewoman, somewhat eccentric, a strict Catholic, and very rich. "By an extraordinary oversight," says the *Universo*, "the Yankee newspaper-artist fails to tell us her exact weight, where she buys candy, her favourite mode of burial, and sundry other interesting particulars. It is just possible that His Grace of Norfolk does not make a confidant of every enterprising interviewer who obtrudes himself on his notice, and that when he does select another spouse he will keep his own counsel."

Mr. Edgar L. Wakeman, formerly editor of the *Chicago Current*, is at present in Ireland, and furnishes a weekly letter to an American paper. He pays this tribute to the hospitality of the Irish people:—"What other race on earth is like this one which, individually and collectively, with not a shilling between the body and the 'wolf at the door,' will beg, wheedle, blarney, and almost physically compel you to partake of their generosity? Not one."

At one of the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance held last week at Plymouth, the Rev. Prebendary Edmonds made an interesting reference to Cardinal Newman. The rev. gentleman declared that if there was a sin English Protestants never forgive, it was "the sin of perversion" to the Roman Catholic Church. Yet, in Cardinal New-

man's case England had broken the rule. "He has wandered far," said the Prebendary, "and has misled many, but he ever knew how to include in his love the Protestant religion he has deserted, and to maintain loving relations with men who would be welcomed at this Conference." It is of course a complete mistake, as the *Liverpool Catholic Times* points out, to imagine that Cardinal Newman, or any Catholic, can love the Protestant religion—in so far as it is Protestant he must oppose it—but this tribute from a prominent evangelical to the magical influence which the great Cardinal still wields over his countrymen is none the less remarkable.

Not the least delightful thing about that most excellent publication, *The Dominion Illustrated*, is the fine national sentiment, the sense of faith in the future of the nation, which is the mark of all that falls from the pen of its gifted editor. "A glance over the whole field of public opinion during the past three months," it says, "reveals a strengthened and loftier national feeling than existed before. It is more general, too, stretching from the east to the west. Partisan papers may seek to explain that sentiment away but they can't do it. Canada is immeasurably stronger to-day in the consciousness of sustainment and of determining to be itself, and nothing else, than it was before Mr. Cleveland's Retaliation message."

"Some of the papers," it continues, "whose object it would not be hard to fathom, complain bitterly that the writers and speakers should be called traitors who would hand over their country to another, on the transparent plea of material improvement, which cannot be shown, and which does not justify the risk of political change. Yet traitors is the word. It conveys precisely what is meant. Canada is well as it stands. Its institutions are no longer experimental, but marching fast upon results of practical thrift. We are a nation now, and need no officious bolstering."

"It is amusing," it goes on to say, "to observe the free and easy way in which the papers of the North-West speak of the older Provinces. They toss them off jauntily with the name of 'Eastern Canada,' as if we were far away and only lightly connected with them. . . . And yet the Old Provinces are still there. They cannot be shaken off by a shrug of the shoulders or even a blow betwixt the eyes. They carry the Ark of the Constitution in their hands, and no Ishmaelite may dare lay profane hands thereon. They are the depositories of the traditions of the country besides, and are the guardians of principles which have made it what it is. And—coming down to the hard pan—it is their money, their hoarded means, the fruit of secular toil, which has gone far towards the building of the North-West itself.

To all of which good sensible sentiment this REVIEW is glad to be among those Canadian journals which unreservedly subscribe.

## The Church in Canada.

Under this heading will be collected and preserved all obtainable data bearing upon the history and growth of the Church in Canada. Contributions are invited from those having in their possession any material that might properly come for publication in this department

### THE CANADIAN COLLEGE AT ROME

In the Via delle Quattro Fontane, one of the finest quarters of the city of Rome, a large new building has been set up, 200 feet in breadth, with two wings of 100 feet each, containing between 70 and 80 rooms for the lodging and scholastic accommodation of from 60 to 70 young men. In that building, on the 4th of next November, the feast of St. Charles Borromeo, patron of the Most Reverend the Archbishop of Montreal, there will be a solemn opening, when the officials will be installed in their functions, the pupils registered in their rooms, and the academic round of exercises regularly inaugurated. At that ceremony, besides the high representatives of the Curia and the Propaganda, there will be present four Canadian prelates, Archbishops Fabre and Duhamel, of Montreal and Ottawa, respectively, and Bishops Moreau, of St. Hyacinthe, and Lorraine, of Cythera *in partibus*; and Vicar Apostolic of Pontiac, with See at Pembroke. The Very Reverend Abbe Colin, Superior-General of the Sulpicians of the Dominion, will also be there, representing his society, as chief promoter of the work, and it is pleasant to know that his health is so far restored as to enable him to make this long voyage with both pleasure and profit.

It was the Seminary of St. Sulpice that founded this new seat of learning in the Eternal City, and it was through the hands of the Superior-General that all the transactions were naturally carried out. There were initial and concomitant difficulties in the way of building and throwing open in permanence a Canadian College or Seminary in Rome, but one by one, through patience, perseverance and wisdom, they were all overcome, and the institution is now a reality.

At first the clergy of Canada were somewhat doubtful of the need or feasibility of the project, but when all the bishops sent in their warm sanction to Rev. M. Colin, the sacerdotal approval at once became unanimous. A second drawback was that, according to their charter, the Seminary may not expend their funds outside of the country without authority from the provincial administration, but this was readily granted so soon as the facts were set forth. In the third place, it was necessary to have Imperial favour and protection in order that, as proved the case with the American college at Rome, the new Canadian college should not be exposed to closure or confiscation. With the view of obtaining this privilege, Rev. M. Colin broached the subject to Sir Hector Langevin, who at once took it up actively, and procured an interview with the First Minister. Provided with the proper letters and credentials from the latter, the Rev. Superior sailed for London, and made application to the Agency-General there, by which he was referred to the Colonial Office, where the preliminaries were arranged without delay, through the influence of the recommendations laid before the officials. As, however, the institution was not in British territory, but in a foreign country, and subject to particular laws, the final settlement of the whole transaction went to the foreign office, which communicated with Lord Lumley, Ambassador of the Quirinal, so speedily that, within eight days, the Rev. Superior held in his hands certified duplicates of papers guaranteeing the immunity and stability of the new seminary under the British flag.

Strong in all these assurances, the work of building was pushed forward under Rev. Mr. Leclair, who was sent over from here for that purpose, assisted as business-manager, or *economus*, by Rev. M. Vacher, formerly of St. James' Church, Montreal. The building, as we have said, will be able to accommodate from sixty to seventy pupils, who will be lodged and boarded therein, and provided with rooms, study halls, a garden and all other facilities for pursuing their studies. These studies will be purely theological, the young Levites admitted there having already gone through their courses of mental and moral philosophy. Their studies will not be in the building itself, however; the latter being meant to afford them the privi-

lege of assisting at the lectures in the great schools of the Propaganda, the Minerva and others.

But when the lectures are over the pupils will return to their rooms in the Canadian Seminary, where they will rehearse their lessons under skilled tutors or *repetitores*, discuss and debate over most points, and have knotty problems unraveled to them. They will enjoy all the comforts of the best appointed modern houses of learning, and will be made quite at home. The head of the establishment will be Rev. M. Palin D'Abouville, a Canadian by birth, who left for Rome on the 8th October with eight pupils—five from Montreal, two from St. Hyacinthe, and one from Quebec. He was accompanied by Mgr. Duhamel. On the 6th October Rev. M. Colin sailed from New York on *La Gascoyne*, with Bishops Moreau and Lorraine. The new Canadian College is open to students from all parts of Canada, and from present appearances the attendance will be large at the beginning, as the zealous founders mean it as a national institution. The course of studies, extending over several years, consists of Dogmatic Theology, Moral Theology, Biblical Exegesis, Church History, Canon Law, Homiletics, Hebrew Language and Sacred Eloquence.

JOHN TALON LESPERANCE.

Montreal.

### THE PERPETUATION OF PROTESTANTISM.

These antagonistic peculiarities of the English character which I have been describing, lay clear and distinct before the sagacious intellects which were the ruling spirits of the Reformation. They had to deal with a people who would be sure to revolt from the unnatural speculations of Calvin, and who would see nothing attractive in the dreamy and sensual doctrines of Luther. The emptiness of a ceremonial, and the affectation of a priest hood, were no bribe to its business-like habits and its ingrained love of the tangible. Definite dogma, intelligible articles of faith, formularies which would construe, a consistent ritual and historical ancestry, would have been thrown away on those who were not sensitive of the connection of faith and reason. Another way was to be pursued with our countrymen to make Protestantism live; and that was to embody it in the person of its sovereign. English Protestantism is the religion of the throne; it is represented, realized, taught, transmitted in the succession of monarchs and an hereditary aristocracy. It is religion grafted upon loyalty; and its strength is not in argument, not in fact, not in the unanswerable controversialist, not in an apostolical succession, not in sanction of Scripture, but in a royal road to faith, in backing up a king whom men see against a Pope whom they do not see. The devolution of its crown is the tradition of its creed, and to doubt its truth is to be disloyal towards its sovereign. Kings are an Englishman's saints and doctors; he likes somebody or something at which he can cry huzzah, and throw up his hat. Bluff King Hal, glorious Bess, the royal martyr, the merry monarch, the pious and immortal William, the good King George, royal personages very different from each other,—nevertheless, as being royal, none of them comes amiss, but they are all of them the objects of his devotion, and the resolution of his Christianity.

It was plain, then, what had to be done in order to perpetuate Protestantism in a country such as this. Convoke the Legislature, pass some sweeping ecclesiastical enactments, exalt the crown above law and the gospel, down with the cross and up with the lion and the dog, toss all priests out of the country as traitors, let Protestantism be the passport to office and authority, force the king to be a Protestant, make his court Protestant, clap a Protestant oath upon judges, barristers-at-law, officers in the army and navy, members of the universities, national clergy; establish this stringent tradition in every function and department of the State, surround it with the lustre of rank, wealth, station, name and talent; and this people, so impatient of inquiry, so careless of abstract truth, so apathetic to historical fact, so contemptuous of foreign ideas, will *ex animo* swear to the truth of a religion which indulges their natural turn of mind, and involves no severe thought or tedious application. The sovereign

is the source and the centre, as of civil, so of ecclesiastical arrangements; truth shall be synonymous with order and good government. What can be simpler than such a teaching? Puritans may struggle against it, and temporarily prevail; sceptics may ridicule it, object, expose, and refute; readers of the Fathers may strive to soften and embellish it with the colours of antiquity, but strong in the constitution of the law, and congenial to the heart of the people, and in the long run it will extinguish the very hope of competition.

So counselled the Achitophels of the day; it was devised, it was done. Then was the inauguration of the great picture of the lion and the man. The virgin queen rose in her strength; she held her court, she showed herself to her people; she gathered round her peer and squire, alderman and burgess, army and navy, lawyer and divine, student and artisan, she made an appeal to the chivalrous and the loyal, and forthwith all that was noble, powerful, dignified, splendid, and intellectual, touched the hilts of their swords, and spread their garments in the way for her to tread upon. And first of all she addressed herself to the law; and that, not only because it was the proper foundation of a national structure, but also inasmuch as from the nature of the case, it was her surest and most faithful ally. The law is a science, and therefore takes for granted afterwards whatever it has once determined; hence it followed, that once Protestant, it would be always Protestant; it could be depended on; let Protestantism be recognized as a principle of the constitution, and every decision, to the end of time, would but illustrate Protestant doctrines and consolidate Protestant interests. In the eye of the law precedent is the measure of truth, and order the proof of reasonableness, and acceptableness the test of orthodoxy. It moves forward by a majestic tradition, faithful to its principles, regardless of theory and speculation, and therefore eminently fitted to be the vehicle of English Protestantism such as we have described it, and to co-operate with the monarchical principle in its establishment. . . . So much for the law; but this was only one of those great functions of the nation which became the instrument of the Protestant tradition. Elizabeth had an influence on her side, over and above, and even greater than the authority of the law. She was the queen of fashion and of opinion. The principles of Protestantism rapidly became the standard generally, to which genius, taste, philosophy, learning, and investigation were constrained and bribed to submit. They are her legacy to the nation, and have been taken for granted ever since as starting-points in all discussions and all undertakings. In every circle and in every rank of the community, in the court, in public meetings, in private society, in literary assemblages, in the family party, it is always assumed that Catholicism is absurd. No one can take part in the business of the great world, no one can speak and debate, no one can present himself before his constituents, no one can write a book, without the necessity of professing that Protestant ideas are self-evident and that the religion of Alfred, St. Edward, Stephen Langton and Friar Bacon, is a bygone dream. No one can be a Catholic without apologizing for it. And what is in vogue in the upper classes is ever, as we know, ambitiously aped in the inferior. The religious observances of the court became a reigning fashion through the social fabric, as certainly as its language or its mode of dress; and, as an aspirant for distinction advances from a lower grade of society to an upper, he necessarily abandons his vulgar sect, whatever it is, for the national Protestantism. All other ways of thought are as frightful as the fashions of last year; the present is the true, and the divine; the past is dark because it is dumb, and living dogs are worth more than dead lions. As to Catholicism, the utmost liberality which can be extended towards it, is to call it pretty poetry, bearable in tragedy, intolerable in fact; the utmost charity towards its professors is to confess that they may be better than their creed,—perhaps believe it, and are only dupes,—perhaps doubt it, and are only cowards. Protestantism sets the tone in all things; and to have the patronage of the wealthy, the esteem of the cultivated, and the applause of the many, Catholics must get its phrases by heart.

It is the profession of a gentleman; Catholicism, of underbred persons, of the vulgar-minded, the uncouth, and the ill-connected. We all can understand how the man of fashion, the profligate, the spendthrift, have their own circles, to which none but men of their own stamp and their own opinions are admitted, how to hate religion and religious men, to scoff at principle, and to laugh at heaven and hell, and to do all this with decorum and good breeding, are the necessary title for admittance; and how, in consequence, men at length begin to believe what they so incessantly hear said and what they so incessantly say by rote themselves,—begin to suspect that, after all, virtue, as it is called, is nothing else than hypocrisy grafted on licentiousness, and that purity and simplicity and earnestness and probity are but the dreams of the young and theoretical. It is by a similar policy, and by a similar process, that the fathers of the English Reformation have given a substance, a momentum, and a permanence to their tradition, and have fastened on us Catholics, first the imputation, then the repute of ignorance, bigotry and superstition.

And now I will mention a distinct vehicle of the Protestant tradition in England, which was an instance of good fortune, greater than its originators could possibly have anticipated or contrived. Protestantism became, not only the tradition of law and of good society, but the tradition of literature also. There is no English literature before the age of Elizabeth; but with the latter years of her reign begins that succession of great authors which continues to flow on down to this day. So it was, that about the commencement of the sixteenth century learning revived; on the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, the men of letters of the imperial city, and, what was of more consequence, its libraries, became the property of the west, schools were opened for the cultivation of studies which had made Greece as renowned among the nations in the gifts of intellect, as Judea has been in the gifts of grace. The various perfections of the Greek language, the treasures of Greek thought, the life of taste and Greek art, after the sleep of ages, burst upon the European mind. It was like the warmth, the cheerfulness, and the hues of spring succeeding to the pure and sublime, but fantastic forms of winter frostwork. The barbarism, the sternness, the untowardness, of the high and noble mediæval school, eyed with astonishment the radiance, and melted beneath the glow of a genius unrivalled in the intellectual firmament. A world of ideas, transcendent in beauty and endless in fertility, flooded the imagination of the scholar and the poet. The fine arts underwent a classical development, and the vernacular tongues caught the refinement and the elegance of the age of Pericles and Alexander. The revival began in Catholic Italy; it advanced into Catholic France; and at length it showed itself in Protestant England. A voice came forth from the grave of the old world, as articulate and keen as that of a living teacher; and it thrilled into the heart of the people to whom it came, and it taught them to respond to it in their own tongue,—and that teaching was coincident in this country with the first preaching of Protestantism. It was most surely a most lucky accident for the young religion, that, while the English language was coming to the birth with its special attributes of nerve, simplicity and vigour, at its very first breathings, Protestantism was at hand to form it upon its own theological patois, and to educate it as the mouthpiece of its own tradition. So, however, it was to be; and soon,

“As in this bad world below

Noblest things find vilest using,”

the new religion employed the new language for its purposes, in a great undertaking, the translation of its own Bible; a work which, by the purity of its diction, and the strength and harmony of its style, has deservedly become the standard of the language to all future times. The same age, which saw this great literary achievement, gave birth to some of the greatest masters of thought and composition in distinct departments of authorship. Shakespeare, Spenser, Raleigh, Bacon, and Hooker are its own; and they were, withal, more or less the panegyrists of Elizabeth and her religion, and moreover, at least the

majority of them, adherents of her creed, because already clients of her throne. The works of these celebrated men have been but the beginning of a long series of creations of the highest order of literary merit, of which Protestantism is the intellectual basis, and Protestant institutions the informing object. What was wanting to lead the national mind a willing captive to the pretensions of Protestantism, beyond the fascination of genius so manifold and so various? What need of controversy to refute the claims of Catholicism, what need of closeness of reasoning, or research into facts, when under a Queen's smile this vast and continuous tradition had been unrolled before the eyes of men, luminous with the most dazzling colours, and musical with the most subduing strains? Certainly the lion's artists, even had they had the fairest play, could have set up no rival exhibition as original and as brilliant as this. What, indeed, could possibly stand against the rush and vehemence of such a tradition, which has grown fuller and fuller, and more and more impetuous, with every successive quarter of a century! Clarendon and the statesmen, Locke and the philosophers, Addison and the essayists, Hume, Robertson, and the historians, Cowper and the minor poets, the reviews and the magazines of the present century, all proceed upon the hypothesis, which they think too self-evident for proof, that Protestantism is synonymous with good sense, and Catholicism with weakness of mind, fanaticism or some unaccountable persuasion or fancy. Verse and prose, grave and gay, the scientific and practical, history and fable, all is animated spontaneously, or imperiously subdued, by the spirit of Henry and Elizabeth. I say, "imperiously subdued," because the tradition of Protestantism is strong enough, not only to recommend, but to force, its reception on each successive generation of authors. It compels when it cannot persuade. There is Alexander Pope, a Catholic, and who would discover it from the run of his poems? There is Samuel Johnson, born a Protestant, yearning for the Catholic Church, and bursting out into fitful defences of portions of her doctrine and discipline, yet professing to the last that very Protestantism which could neither command his affections, nor cure his infirmities. And, in our own time, there was Walter Scott ashamed of his own Catholic tendencies, and cowering before the jealous frown of the tyrant tradition. There was Wordsworth, obliged to do penance for Catholic sonnets by anti-Catholic complements to them. Scott, forsooth, must plead antiquarianism in extenuation of his prevarication; Wordsworth must plead pantheism, and Burke, again, must plead political necessity. Liberalism, scepticism, infidelity, these must be the venial errors, under plea of which a writer escapes reprobation for the enormity of feeling tenderly towards the religion of his fathers and of his neighbours around him. That religion labours under a proscription of three centuries, and it is outlawed by immemorial custom.—*From Cardinal Newman's Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England.*

#### THE CAREER OF THE LATE FATHER D. J. O'SULLIVAN.

We referred last week to the death of the Rev. Father O'Sullivan, the first priest to fall a victim to the yellow fever now raging in Florida. Father O'Sullivan was born in the town of Clonakilty, in the County of Cork, Ireland. He was second eldest of seven children. He commenced classics at the age of ten, and after spending six years at that passed a competitive examination at Maynooth College and gained first prize. He remained there and received an annuity of £20 a year until he graduated. When ordained he was sent to the mission of Ross for a few years. After his father retired from business he volunteered to go to the Isle of St. Helena on a mission, which mission was procured for him by the influence of Justin McCarthy and Count Arthur Moore. There was no salary attached to this mission, and his only means of support were what the soldiers and sailors, who became very much attached to him, would collect for him. After spending some time there, he, by the influence of the above named gentlemen, was gazetted as chaplain with

the rank of captain to the English Army, then fighting in the Soudan. He acted as chaplain to the marines and sailors on the man-of-war which brought him to the Soudan. When he left St. Helena he secured from the Government, for his successors, £100 a year salary. He was awarded three medals for his bravery in the Soudan and Zululand. It was he who undertook the perilous task of crossing the field of battle under fire, when it was discovered that the British troops were firing into each other, to carry the communications from one party to the other and prevent further slaughter. Of this act of bravery special mention was made in Parliament, but through some error it was accredited to an Englishman. He took part in all the engagements of the Soudan and Zululand. He was presented at Zanzibar with several curious and costly trinkets, one of them a ring. Tiffany & Co., of this city, offered him \$200, but he would not accept it. After the war his term expired, and he returned to England laden with honours, but being an Irishman, without influence, and although Mr. Parnell, Mr. McCarthy, William O'Brien, and several other members of Parliament tried their utmost in the House of Commons to have his services recognized and to secure a pension for him, which he was entitled to, their efforts were futile. These gentlemen also proposed to ask Parliament to renew his chaplaincy, but he would not allow them to ask any favour for him. He obtained a mission from Cardinal Manning and remained for a short time in England, then went to Rome, where, as everywhere he had been before, he was quickly surrounded by a large number of friends. He was introduced to His Holiness by Monsignor Stone and had an audience with him, and was offered a Monsignor's beretta, but with his usual modesty declined it. He remained there for some time and returned, then came to this country. He was connected with the parish of St. James in this city. He was also assistant pastor of St. Paul of the Cross at Jersey City, and had charge of St. Mary's church, Plainfield. He was offered a private chaplaincy in Rome, but declined, preferring a more active life.

When the yellow fever broke out in Florida, Father O'Sullivan volunteered his services to Bishop Moore, and assumed charge of St. Augustine's church, but alas, he was not proof against this frightful scourge. This brave and unflinching young priest was a splendid specimen of the Irish priesthood, over six feet tall, and built in proportion. He was a typical Irishman, generous to a fault, never thinking of himself. Cardinal Manning was particularly attached to him, he having saved the life of his nephew in the Soudan.

He was at the siege of Khartoum, and was the last who saw General Gordon alive.

Father O'Sullivan was a fluent speaker and a clear writer. He wrote a history of St. Helena and several other books. He could speak seven languages, including French, Italian, Latin and Irish.

Bishop Moore wrote in the highest terms of Father O'Sullivan's heroism and courage, and the noble work he had done among the fever stricken people.

#### WILLIAM O'BRIEN, M.P.

It is a fortunate thing for a nation, and especially for a nation whose temperament is so artistically impressionable as the Irish, when its leaders are heroic leaders, set apart from other men by qualities loftier and stronger than fall to the lot of common humanity. This heroic quality was to be expected, perhaps, in the men who have led all Irish national movements before the present one, movements which often partook of the character of a forlorn hope, calling for special qualities of devotion, self-sacrifice, and heroic enthusiasm in its adherents, but that the movement of to-day, born with the elements of success in its practicality, should be led by men not less in heroic qualities than their predecessors is, I think, a matter for comment and congratulation. The Parnellite movement has none of the glamour and glitter of a military revolution, but no heaven-sent soldier of them all makes a more impressive figure than that consummate statesman, Mr. Parnell, cool and keen, with his genius for silence or speech—oftener silence—his gift for oppor-

tunities, a sphinx to his enemies, a great mind, not always to be read, but always to be trusted, to his friends and his followers. Not Dante, eating his butter bread at Can Grande's table, was a stranger or more distinguished figure than is John Dillon in his prison-cell to-day, gloomy as Dante's self, weighed upon by that sense of responsibility for the race which burdens here and there the shoulders of an exceptionally gifted nature, almost repellent in the coldness of the clear face and deep eyes, which look at one but to look away; in those windows of the soul one finds but little trace of the common humanity, there is almost anguish in their solemnity, while there is no exaltation—the rapt and distant look of one who sees not Thabor but Gethsemane. More lovable than either in his warm humanity is William O'Brien, a tall man with shoulders slightly bowed from delicacy, or from much bending over a desk, with a long, colourless, worn face, which is no mask to hide fervent nature; deep-set, short-sighted eyes needing strong glasses to eke them out—eyes which have more crow's-feet about them than belong properly to the man's thirty-six years; a low but ample forehead with the fair, brown hair pushed away from it, with ideality and imagination large above the temples, heavy brows, and a large, slightly hooked nose—these, with a somewhat ragged beard and an eloquent and kindly mouth, make the facial characteristics of the man who is to-day the best loved man of the Irish people. But no mere cataloguing of looks and features can give any idea of the genial manner, helped out by the richest of Irish brogues; a chance meeting with him leaves one the sense of some new pleasantness come into one's day—that is, if one is fortunate enough to be a friend; he has other sides to his nature, and can also be the terrible enemy, or the keen man of business, as the occasion requires.

Mr. O'Brien was born at Mallow on October 2, 1852. The American who joins his transatlantic steamer at Queenstown will have a charming glimpse from Mallow station of the town, lying in its valley of the Black Water—sleepy enough, as I saw it; a very Sleepy Hollow—and looking, in the mother-town of so fiery a son. It is cool amid its green trees, with around it the softly-swelling, gray-blue hills, and its green valley checkered in lines of silver, with many a rivulet flowing down from the higher lands. He was born of a patriot stock, and alas! a stock bearing in its veins the fatal germ of consumption. In his childhood the house was full of merry boys and girls; at the beginning of his political career no one was left to watch with and for him but his mother, and even she stricken with blindness; she was not long spared, and now no mortal could stand more lonely alone than this young leader, beloved of millions. He was never robust, though God gave his angels guard over him because he was destined for great things in the future of this faithful land. At school—Cloyne Diocesan College—he left leaping and hurling to his brothers, while he carried off the intellectual honours of the school. In '67, the year of the Fenian rising, his elder brother was out with Captain Mackey, one of the most daring of the Fenian leaders, taking part in wild raids on police-barracks, and coming unscathed through danger only to be arrested and imprisoned after the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. This was the first blow to the hitherto happy and prosperous family. Afterwards there is an almost unbroken record of disaster and death. The father's death was followed rapidly by the deaths of two brothers and a sister—the three lay dying at one time—and when the house was well-nigh empty and desolate it fell to the lot of the lad yet in his teens to provide for those left.

If you would know William O'Brien under an altogether new aspect, you must see the sweet-faced English nun in whose arms his mother died, and hear her speak of him. Upon her some of that mother's tenderness must have descended. Here for counsel, and her blessing, and her prayers, comes this terrible revolutionist on the eve of any great event in his eventful life, be it Mitchellstown, be it Canada, be it Tullamore. Perhaps he could not so well have taken in his hands his life, his fortunes, his stainless honour—yes, and the reputation of the cause he would die for,—and gone down into death and danger almost into the bottomless pit, if it were not for the presence upon earth of this visible angel guardian. What she will say of him is too sacred to be repeated, but she will give one glimpse of the passionate fervour and devotion—one had almost said saintliness—which mark him out pre-eminently as a Christian soldier, which makes one realize what a detestable insolence and mock-

ery that was which at his Belfast trial, four years ago, questioned his faith, by way of discrediting him with the unco guid northern Orangeman. One thinks of him as wending his way up the stately old avenue, blooming with chestnut boughs, of Our Lady's Hospice. It is such a preparation as the knights of old made, with fasting and vigil, before enrolling themselves under the banner of God. No great Church of the Templars or the Knights of St. John could be holier than this ante-chamber of heaven, where those are waiting for whom the curtain shall in a moment, sooner or later, be withdrawn by angel hands, from the circle of whom every minute one rises, and, with a smile backward, passes the portal into the presence. And who shall say that the less picturesque knights of to-day, fighting God's battles and the battles of His poor, with a knightliness continued through the ages, are less in His sight than those splendid knights of old? I have shrunk myself from the sadness of seeing the wards of the Hospice, though I have been told there is no sadness, rather heavenly joy; but I know the gray, stately old house, with its large windows, through which the wide sky and the waving of green boughs may come to dying eyes. I know the lovely chapel full of light and colour, pure as a large lily, where in peace rests for a while the mortal shell from which the bird has flown before being laid reverently in holy earth. It is a lovely place to come to for peace and comfort and counsel.

Mr. O'Brien has held his editorship since 1881, and has impressed his spirit strongly upon the paper. Its history was for some years a history of persecution, over the details of which one need not linger; they are too well known. The files of the paper for those years are very interesting; it is a lurid page of Irish history, and it could have found no fitter chronicler than O'Brien. The story is told in tense, nervous, brilliant English which flashes before one vividly the days of the terror. Nor is he always at fever heat. The kindly and affectionate nature of the man is revealed here and there when he deals with his friends and colleagues; the narrative grows silken, soft, and tender when he touches upon Mr. Parnell, a great and chivalrous love of whom seems to be in many ways the guiding passion of O'Brien's life. I recall a description of his some years ago—I wish I could put my hand upon it—a visit paid to the Irish leader's shooting-lodge in the Wicklow mountains, that was a glimpse worth having of two little-understood men. Mr. Parnell was no longer the sphinx, immobile and mysterious; he was the grave, strong, repressed man, with strong passions and strong emotions—ay, and kindly ones, below his calm. One heard how as a child he had drunk in greedily the shameful and horrible story of the abominable cruelties and wrongs of '98—a story which had bitten itself into the soft tablet of the child's mind, to grow deeper and more ineffaceable as the child grew to manhood, with a resolve to do all within him to free his Ireland from the rule which made such things possible. One saw clearly, too, little disguised, the love of the writer for his subject, a love as tender and as admiring as the love of Oliver for Roland.

I have not touched at all upon the later events of Mr. O'Brien's eventful life, for he is in the very forefront of Irish history of to-day, which also is English history. Nothing can be stranger than the way in which the feeble life in him, which in "piping times of peace" flickered like a wasted candle which the next wind's breath blows out, has become comparatively strong and steady; a strange thing in an eight years' space of fighting and persecution, of terrible anxiety and of bodily danger, of wearing excitement and incessant work, yet a true thing. May not we Irish believe fondly, as I have said, that God has given His angels charge over him, because he has done great things, because he is reserved for great things in the cause of the faithful Irish?—*Katharine Tynan, in the Catholic World.*

The late Emperor Frederick, in a letter written during his last illness to his private chaplain, wrote:—"You are right in speaking of patience and resignation. For unless one abandons one's self thus to the Divine decrees, it would not be easy to bear such a manner of life as is at present laid upon me. I often look into that strange book, Thomas à Kempis' 'Imitation of Christ,' which contains passages that appear to have been written for my own case, the influence of which is wonderfully encouraging and consoling."



# The Catholic Weekly Review.

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## LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 29th Dec., 1886.

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, needs 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 LYNN,  
Archbishop of Toronto.

## FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, March 17 1887

MY DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

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

JAMES J. CARRHY,  
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCT. 27, 1888.

## THE PARNELL COMMISSION.

"A general impression is growing that the *Times* case is weaker even than its enemies imagined, and that the task confided to the Attorney-General is beyond his powers. . . . Public interest in the case has begun to weaken under the influence of his prolix exposition. . . . The Attorney-General's exhaustive method of presenting the case is patiently submitted to by the Court. To-day he brought his story of the League meetings only up to 1882. . . . The lack of concern shown by the public disappoints the newspapers"

So telegraphs the *Mail's* correspondent on Thursday. After months of the most venomous and cowardly insinuations; after months of brag; after branding Mr. Parnell for months as the colleague of assassins, as a man concerned in secret collusion with the Phoenix Park murders after denouncing, day after day, all those who are associated with him in public life, as criminals or as associated with criminals, as political desperadoes whose footsteps were dogged by crime; after months of the most infamous suggestion ever hurled against a public man, the *Times* has been forced to formulate its charges and has brought forth, what? Any one definite charge against the Irish leader? Any one act implicating him even indirectly, as cognizant of, or party to, a wicked action? Any one suspicious circumstance by which it can fasten crime upon an Irish member? It has not done one of these. It has been challenged to make good its charges; and it has answered, not with anything specific, not with so much as a solitary detail, but with a tedious rehash of its "Parnellism and Crime" articles.

Our readers have read the *Times* presentment and have

formed their own conclusions. If the *Times* has anything on which it based its charges it would seem as if it were desirable that it should produce it. One thing, at least, is clear from the proceedings of the commission; and that is that on the *Times* is the *onus probandi* in the business. The developments of the next few days will be watched with the closest interest. In the meantime it is encouraging to learn on the authority of so sycophantic a Tory as Mr. Smalley, the New York *Tribune's* correspondent, that "nothing can exceed the confidence with which Mr. Parnell and his advisers and friends look towards the trial." The *Times* party, on the other hand, are by common report anxious, if not discouraged. The New York *Times* London correspondent, cabling on the same day as the correspondent just quoted, thus significantly sums up the prevailing public opinion:

"The particulars of the charges made by the London *Times*, filed yesterday, show a general change of front on the part of the prosecutor. After years of virulent personal charges against Mr. Parnell and daring him to meet them, this assailant of all things Irish now turns round and tries to evade the consequences of its conduct by throwing out a big drag-net in the shape of vague allegations against the whole Irish party. No less than sixty-five Irish members have filed affidavits of answer, and if the *Times* succeeds in fastening upon a single one of this number a solitary suspicious action, letter, or connection it hopes thus to escape complete failure.

But it is the general belief that Justice Hannen will not permit this kind of subterfuge, but hold the *Times* to proof that its alleged Parnell letters are genuine. I am told that very conclusive evidence that they are forgeries has been secured in America. The assertion is even made that the forger is well known, and the expectation is now quite general that the *Times* will be so badly beaten as seriously to damage its party in Parliament, particularly since it is settled that the Attorney-General is really to appear in its behalf."

## PRINCIPAL MACVICAR AT THE MONTREAL CHRISTIAN CONGRESS.

If the address of the Rev Principal MacVicar, the President of the Montreal Presbyterian College, delivered at the "Congress of Christian Ministers" in that city on Wednesday last on the subject of "Roman Catholicism in Canada and the best way of meeting it," be an indication of the conception of the Christian spirit animating any number of that body, then, we venture to think, is this "Congress of Christian Ministers" nothing better than a *turba* of coarse and illiterate fanatics. The drift of his address will be made apparent by a reading of the subjoined extract. It is a fitting side-piece to the speech of Senator Blair in the American Senate last February, and we place them parallel. It was said of Senator Blair's speech at the time by the American papers that it was mainly remarkable in that "it was not the raving of a sensational 'Escaped nun,' or Evangelical Castaway, or Wild Man from Borneo, but the deliberate words of an American Senator." Principal MacVicar's address is remarkable in that it is not the outbreak of an Achilli or a Widdows but the statement of a Presbyterian moderator the respectability of whose position requires us to think better of him than as a liar and a slanderer.

*Speech of Senator Blair in U. S. Senate, 15th Feb.*

"Why, Mr. President, I believe some have called this a bill for the promotion of mendacity. It has been so styled by the *New York Post* and other organs of Jesuitism in this country, for this is a great fight initiating and already outlining itself for the future between the common schools of the United States and those influences which would subvert this great system. I tell you, sir, that upon this very floor soon after we had passed this bill two years ago, and while it was in the hands of a packed committee of the House of Representatives, where it was finally strangled—on this very floor a Senator showed me, and I read it with my own eyes, the original letter of a Jesuit priest, in which he begged a member of Congress to oppose this bill and to kill it, saying that they had organized all over the country for its destruction, that they succeeded in the committee of the House, and they would destroy the bill inevitably, and if they had only known it early enough they would have prevented its passage through the Senate. They have begun in season this time, but they will not destroy this bill.

"Twelve years ago, when I was a member of the House of Representatives and when we were undertaking to enact a constitutional amendment which was to prevent the appropriation of the public money to the support of sectarian schools in this country, a friend of mine pointed out to me upon that floor nine Jesuits who were there log-rolling against that proposed amendment of the Constitution.

"I care not how far it (the Church) exerts, or how widely it extends its power; but within that organization is a Jesuit organization which has set out to control this country, which has been repudiated by every free country, Catholic and Protestant, in the Old World, and they have come to our borders and they are among us to-day, and they understand that they are to secure the control of this continent by destroying the public school system of America. They are engaged in that nefarious and wicked work. And as the Jesuits have been expelled from the Old World, let me say that the time is soon coming when the Jesuits will be looked upon as more the enemy of this country than is the Anarchist to-day.

"Why is this? Why, sir, upon the staff of every great paper of this country to-day is a Jesuit, and the business of that man is to see that a blow is struck whenever there is an opportunity to strike at the common school system of America, and the further investigation there is in this direction the more patent will this appear."

*Principal MacVicar at Montreal Christian Congress, Oct. 24th.*

It is believed that there are at present two hundred Jesuits in this province, and that they are likely to be joined by a larger number of the order from all parts of the world. It is ascertained from undoubted sources of information that their general policy is to be more aggressive than heretofore. The Ultramontane spirit is to be thoroughly infused into every channel of ecclesiastical and political activity. Educational and religious appliances of all sorts are to be diligently employed to increase the influence of the Virgin Mary and of the Society of Jesus. Wealthy, easy-going Protestants engaged in commercial pursuits and involved in political movements are to be conciliated and flattered. They are to be persuaded—which is often an easy task—that the nursing services, educational skill, and public charities of the Jesuits far surpass anything they possess within the pale of their own denominations, and therefore deserve generous support at their hands. They are to be induced to have influential and astute Roman Catholic laymen and ecclesiastics take part in the management of institutions founded and supported by Protestant money. Their daughters are to be persuaded to avail themselves of the facilities of superior culture in music, painting, and modern languages offered in spacious and attractive convents. They are to be assured that their religion will not be interfered with, while, of course, they are required to conform to the rules of these institutions, and thus learn to admire the devotion and zeal with which they are conducted. Poor and refractory Protestants who are in the habit of speaking about the Bible, and disseminating it, especially in country districts, are to be quietly driven out. They are to be proscribed in every convenient way. They are to secure no appointments to municipal and other offices; their education and social privileges are to be limited as far as possible; and their farms when offered for sale are to be purchased by Church funds, and taken possession of by the faithful. The race feeling, so easily excited, is to be carefully cultivated, so as to stimulate activity in all these directions, and the movement is to be pushed, especially in Eastern and Western Ontario. Already some two or three French members sit in the Parliament of that province, and the expectation is that at the next election four more may be added, and then they may so manage the balance of power as to demand the use of their language on the floor of the House in Toronto, and the printing of official papers in French and English alike. If this is not gained in the near future it is at least never to be lost sight of. The ignorance of

Protestants as to the true nature of Jesuitism, their readiness to call for the fullest measure of toleration, the laxness with which many of them adhere to the principles of their own historic past, the ease with which they divide into contending factions, the potent aid usually rendered to the cause of Romanism by a certain section of the Protestant press, and especially the eagerness with which political traders seek to procure the Popish vote, all these things are counted on as important factors in carrying out this programme.

Meanwhile, what are we to do? To break up these intrigues and the present stagnation and the voice of the people themselves must be raised, and in order to do this they must be enlightened by schools conducted in a liberal Christian spirit, and by the distribution of the Word of God among men.

We print Principal MacVicar's statement with everything of repugnance. No Catholic will feel bound to enter upon any answer. If Catholicism be a superstition and this odious bigotry is of the essence of the Christianity of Mr. MacVicar's system, then, in God's name, let us come down to primitive Positivism, Comtism, or a religion of humanitarianism.

Principal MacVicar knows no more about the Jesuits than a Salvation Army soldier knows about St. Polycarp or St. Cyprian. He only knows that they teach what he ignorantly dislikes. In his periodical vociferations one fancies one hears the same old spirit as that in which the heathens used to cry "the Christians to the lions." He cherishes an unintelligent and unchristian animosity, and on this foundation of animosity he builds his antipathies and slanders.

The offence of the Jesuits is that they do God's work all too well for the enemy. That is their business, and they would not exchange it for any other. To them it belongs to say with the illustrious Oratorian, "We know our place and our fortunes: to give a witness and to be reviled; to be cast out as evil and to succeed." If they are ambitious, it is only to serve God and their fellow creatures; if they are politic, it is only to overcome the world; if they are astute, it is only to baffle the wicked; if they are inflexible, it is only against evil; if they are stern it is only towards themselves. Like St. Paul may they not say: "We suffer tribulation, but are not distressed; we are straitened, but not destitute; we suffer persecution, but are not forsaken, we are cast down but we perish not."

And while all that is base in the world, impious, impure, and seditious will continue to revile and to hate them, millions of others who are better qualified to judge them, those who have conversed with them, or who are acquainted with their history, the great men who, even when they did not share their faith, sought, and were honoured with their friendship, will remember them in the words of the apostle long after Mr. MacVicar's words will be only a forgotten slander.

A central figure in one of the plays produced at the Grand Opera House last week by the young American actress, Miss Banks,—to whom, by the way, one Toronto



critic, the *Mail's*, did not at all accord justice—was a Franciscan friar, altogether mysterious, and altogether mischievous. He employed himself in egging a young man on to revenge, and apparently stood in, hand and glove, with the heavy villain of the piece. The heavy villain was to reciprocate by helping to build a convent for the Franciscan. A sight of the pair, to a priestophobist, must have been inspiration. However, it turned out in the end that all this was a mistaken impression. When the proper time came the Franciscan behaved like a brick, and was found to be a capital fellow. Obviously the playwright is a man whose liberality is above question, or it would all have been otherwise, and the Franciscan a Jesuit.

The election of Mr. Lepine, a Labour nominee, to the representation of Montreal East, in the House of Commons, and the Government's endorsement of his candidature, establishes a precedent of some importance in our Parliamentary methods. Mr. Lepine's candidature was endorsed by the Government leaders on the ground that the Ministerial majority in the House being a large one, it was only fair that the labour interest, already a distinguishable factor in affairs, should have in Parliament some capable man as its spokesman. The practical wisdom of the course adopted by the Government must appear obvious. Our representative system must be imperfect if any immense class has no members to speak for it. It was a fixed idea of the framers of the Parliamentary system to give a character to the various constituencies, or to many of them; that the various departments of trade, and like interests, should have their spokesmen so that the unsectional Parliament should know what each section in the nation thought before it gave the national decision. And this is the true reason for admitting the working classes to a share in the representation. Of late years, as a result of the strain of the stern fight for existence, a great many ideas, a great many feelings, have gathered among the working classes, and, especially in the large centres, a peculiar intellectual life has sprung up among them. So that the action of the Government leaders, besides being true to an old Parliamentary tradition, will have the practical effect of removing the discussion of the subject of the condition of these classes, and the rights and requirements of labour, to Parliament, and not confining it longer to the congress of professional demagogues.

When we consider for a moment the free and easy nature of the divorce laws in force in the various States of the American Union—laws which permit the eccentricity to be exhibited of a woman enjoying the legal rights and privileges of a wife in one State, at the same time that she is recorded as a divorced adultress in perhaps the State adjoining—and the uncertainty of the marriage (or what passes for marriage) relationships which must exist in a country in which divorces are obtained on some such ground as that on which a Chicago court "judge" recently declared that he had granted many,—on the sole ground "that the wife would not live anywhere with her husband save in Boston"—it must, we think, to many be somewhat difficult to determine just what permanent moral elevation of the people the American Government hopes to effect by stamping out the Mormon system. Than the social system created by these divorce proceedings, not Mormonism is more meretricious. The recent escheat of the

Mormon properties is one of the *curios* of United States civilization. For as between the legalized interchange of wives permitted to the "native American," and the custom in vogue among the Mormon population, there would seem to be only this essential difference: that the Mormons exhibit the greater generosity; they support their discarded wives.

#### CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.

The Rev. Abbé Begin, principal of Laval Normal School, Quebec, has been appointed to the vacant See of Chicoutimi.

The new Catholic Church about to be Erected in Hull will be of granite. It will be a little larger than the one burned down in June last, and will cost over \$80,000.

Rev. Mother St. Justine, Mother Provincial of the Congregation of Notre Dame and Rev. Mother St. John of the Cross, Mother General arrived at Gloucester-street Convent, Ottawa, on Monday. The former will become a permanent resident here. Mother St. John has since returned to Montreal.

An accident which might have caused the death of Cardinal Taschereau occurred the other day. The Cardinal officiated at the corner-stone laying of the new Brothers' school of Levis. After the ceremony he entered a carriage to be driven to St. Joseph. The horses were startled by music and dashed along the road. By a fortunate incident the carriage was prevented from overturning. It tilted over against a telegraph pole, which prevented it from upsetting, when the horses were stopped. The Cardinal was not injured.

The pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Ottawa, talked to his congregation on Sunday last about educational matters. After giving the regulations with respect to the attendance in special instances of Catholic children at public schools, he instituted a comparison between the two school systems of the province. The reverend gentlemen did not have anything unfavourable to say about the public schools, but Catholic children attending them could not, he contended, enjoy the advantages of a spiritual training. "Moral deformity in the young," he observed with warmth, "is far worse than physical deformity." Continuing, the pastor said he could see no superiority in the public school system. There are evidences already of the results accruing from Catholics failing to attend the Separate schools. This class were deficient in religious instruction, and moreover, failed to go to the children's Mass celebrated every Sunday.

Rev. Cure Sentenne, of Notre Dame, Montreal, in urging on the mothers the necessity of teaching their daughters all kinds of housework, said: "Teach them to become good housewives, to be able to manage a household, to cook, and to make and mend clothes. If women were wiser, if they had received an education more Christian, more in conformity with the necessities of life, how many husbands would be better and more devoted to their families, which would to-day be happy instead of being plunged into misery."

#### CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

Miss Katherine Tynan will contribute to the November number of the *Catholic World* a sympathetic study of William O'Brien, M.P. All that is winning in his personality, all that is pathetic in history, all that is characteristic in his chivalrous love of a sacred cause is sketched with almost matchless skill. The story of his career is rivalled only by his own eloquence.

Under the title of "A Chat about the New University," the rector, Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, will contribute an

article to the forthcoming number of the *Catholic World*. The University is a fact, and a very successful fact, but in this as in every other great undertaking there is no lack of croakers and fault-finding. To silence such objections is the aim of Bishop Keane's paper, and he does it in a manner at once pleasant and telling.

The son of the late James A. MacMaster has just placed in the Bishop's Memorial Hall, Notre Dame University, all his father's books, pictures and correspondence. These, with several relics and the file of the *Freeman's Journal* used by the veteran editor of that paper, are to be arranged in an alcove of the Bishops' Memorial Hall, to perpetuate the memory of one who fought so nobly in defence of our Holy Religion at a time when a champion was sorely needed. Among the relics is the life-size bust of Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes, which Mr. MacMaster always kept on his desk. When fighting for the faith the great editor often looked for inspiration to the features of the great archbishop. A marble slab calling attention to the principal events in the life of Mr. MacMaster and a life-size portrait in oil by Gregori will also be placed in the alcove devoted to the memoirs of this champion of the faith.

Bishop Keane of Richmond, Va., Rector of the new American Catholic University, has resigned his see. He has gone to Baltimore and will devote himself exclusively to the work of the University. It is said that Dr. O'Connell, rector of the American College, Rome, will succeed Bishop Keane in Richmond.

#### THE TWO LIVES.

Among the lonely hills they played ;  
No other bairns they ever knew :  
A little lad, a little maid,  
In sweet companionship they grew.

They played among the ferns and rocks  
A childish comedy of life—  
Kept house and milked the crimson docks  
And called each other man and wife.

They went to school ; they used to go  
With arms about each other laid ;  
Their flaxen heads, in rain or snow,  
Were sheltered by a single plaid.

And so—and so it came to pass  
They loved each other ere they knew ,  
*His heart was like a blade o' grass,*  
*Aud hers was like its drop o' dew.*

The years went by, the changeful years  
Brought larger life and toil for life ;  
They parted in the dusk with tears—  
They called each other man and wife.

They married—she another man,  
And he in time another maid ;  
The story ends as it began—  
Among the lonely hills—they played'

—From a *Lost Epic*.

WILLIAM CANTON.

#### MEN AND THINGS.

After resisting all persuasions and blandishments of artists for so many years, Mr. Parnell has at last succumbed to the representations of his friends. The artist entrusted with his portrait is Mr. H. J. Thaddeus.

It may not be generally known that there are still living in Europe, or were recently, two young men who claim to be grand-sons of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, whose defeat on Culloden Moor gave the death-blow to the Stuart cause, and established firmly on the British throne the reigning House of Brunswick. A great many Scotch nobles and others recognized their claim, and when two daughters of the eldest of these Stuarts visited Edinburgh a few years ago, they were made much of by the leading families. Their resemblance to pictures of the Stuart

Kings is said to be most marked. They are described as being very charming ladies and highly educated. One of them is now a Passionist nun and the other an Austrian countess.

In 1881, as Mr. Chapleau was in the course of a speech to his constituents at Ste. Therese, Mr. John Talon-Lesperance relates in a sketch of the Secretary of State which appeared from his pen many months ago, the bell of the parish church suddenly struck, whereupon the orator suddenly stopped, bowed his head for a moment, then casting a glance over the vast audience, said in a voice that betrayed emotion : " Forty-one years ago, my friends, that same bell rang me to my christening ; its sound has guided my footsteps many a time since ; and it has often recalled me to a sense of duty to you." " The incident," says Mr. Lesperance, " is a key to Mr. Chapleau's character, seeking to make impression through the fancy, and softening the asperities of political discussions by delicate reference to the beautiful things of this world. There was both eloquence and statesmanship in the allusion."

We print this week some portions of Miss Katharine Tynan's article on William O'Brien, M. P., which appears in the *Catholic World* for November, in the hope that it may tend to make an unselfish and high-minded man better understood in this country. Strange as it may seem he is a man of really moderate views as well as of delicate feelings, and is much more a *litterateur* than a politician. It is not because he loves literature less, but because he above all things is a hater of oppression, that he has figured so prominently in contemporary politics. There is nothing good in English, French, or of course Irish, literature which he has not read. Danté he can quote line for line in the original, and translate as readily as he repeats it. His life has been full of domestic trouble, which probably accounts for the vein of sadness which runs through his nature. Unscrupulous opponents have accused O'Brien of making a profit by agitation. No meaner falsehood could be uttered. He could probably, without trouble, be earning £1,200 a year, instead of the £200 which he is paid by *United Ireland*. When he took charge of that journal he was offered £400 a year, but refused to accept any more than the half of that sum. He lives a most abstemious life. He occupies a small room at the top of the Imperial Hotel, Dublin, and his sole worldly goods consist of one portmanteau and a few books. When he was presented with a couple of thousand pounds which remained after the defraying of the costs of the defence of *United Ireland* against the action taken against it by the Dublin Castle gang, Mr. O'Brien sent it to the poor of his constituency.

Another Shakespeare memorial was inaugurated at Stratford on Wednesday. At the opening of the Shakespeare Theatre in 1879, the leading part in " *Much Ado About Nothing*," was taken by an Irishman, Barry Sullivan (who is still lingering, we learn, on a sick-bed at Brighton, and for whom we ask the prayers of our readers). At this latest ceremony, a prominent speaker was another Irishman, Mr. Oscar Wilde. Among the portraits in the local gallery of celebrated histrions who have impersonated the poet's creations is that of the charming Limerick actress, Miss Ada Rehan.

Mr. Henry Campbell, M.P., private secretary of Mr. Parnell, is taking an action for libel against the *Times*, the libel consisting in the statement that Mr. Campbell was the writer of the alleged forged letters.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., is an indefatigable worker. Despite his multifarious avocations as lecturer and leader writer, and the many calls on him for political advice and addresses, he has found leisure to write a new novel in collaboration with Mrs. Campbell-Praed, the Australian authoress. Its title is " *The Ladies' Gallery*." The *Universe* wishes Mr. McCarthy could be induced to try his hand at an Irish story. For fifty men who can make a rattling political oration, not one is an adept at successful fiction.



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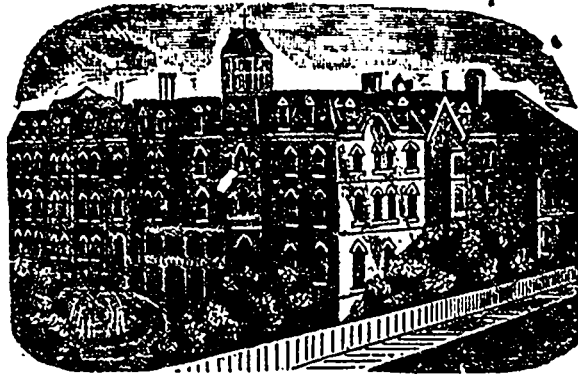


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