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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. I.

Toronto, Thursday, May 19, 1887.

No. 14.

CONTENTS.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK.....	157
CONTIBUTED ARTICLES—	
Father Ryan's Poems.....	Thomas O'Hagan, M.A. 158
Mr. O'Brien's Visit.....	D. A. O'Sullivan. 159
SELECTED ARTICLE—	
French Canada.....	John G. Bourinot 160
EDITORIAL NOTES—	
The American Catholic University.....	162
Archbishop Lynch and Lord Lansdowne.....	162
State Aid towards Christian Education.....	163
The Queen's Park Meeting.....	163
Mr. O'Brien's Visit.....	163
CURRENT CATHOLIC THOUGHT—	
The Catholic Laity.....	161
Protestantism a Religious Patchwork.....	161
Miracles.....	161
THE ACT OF INCORPORATION OF THE JESUITS IN QUEBEC.....	165
BOOK REVIEWS.....	161
CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.....	166
POETRY—	
In Mary's Month.....	Mary E. Mannix 159

EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

The Pope is displeased at the attitude of the Catholic press in Germany, considering that it obstructs the policy of peace.

The Mayor of Cork, replying to an invitation from the Lord Chamberlain to assist in the Jubilee festivities, said that in view of the Crimes bill the invitation is little short of an outrage upon the self-respect of the Irish people.

The English House of Commons, in committee on Tuesday, adopted the first clause of the Crimes Bill by a vote of 171 to 79. Consideration of the second clause, to which there are already notices of 80 amendments, was begun yesterday afternoon.

Mgr. Rotelli, the newly-appointed Nuncio to France, has received private instructions from the Pope relative to the course he is to pursue in his efforts to bring about a complete removal of the differences between the Vatican and France. He will bear a letter from the Pope to President Grevy.

In obedience to the recently issued *mandement* of Cardinal Taschereau, that all Roman Catholic members of the Knights of Labour must approach the sacraments before to-day, Ascension Thursday, it is stated that most of the Catholics among the Knights of Labour have complied with the order. It was not hinted that they would have to leave the order.

After attending the services in St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M.P., was driven to Point St. Charles, where he was shown the graves of the victims of Irish famine and fever. Mr. O'Brien, who appeared to be much moved, stood at the graves for a few minutes with uncovered head, and exclaimed in earnest tones, "Lord have mercy on their souls."

The Pope will, it is announced, communicate at once with Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, regarding the

case of Dr. McGlynn. His Holiness, it is stated, will, in his communication, approve the Archbishop's conduct toward Dr. McGlynn, and charge His Grace to warn the priest, once for all, that if he does not present himself before the supreme ecclesiastical authority at Rome within forty days he will be formally excommunicated.

The memoir on the Irish question, prepared by the Irish College for presentation to the Vatican, is entitled "Ireland as it is." It explains the Parnellite policy and the attitude of the Irish episcopacy, referring especially to Archbishop Walsh. The memoir is rather firm and uncompromising in tone, but not revolutionary. It is supposed Mgr. Kirby, rector of the college, consulted with the Vatican before issuing the document.

Sir George Otto Trevelyan, speaking at the banquet of the Eighty Club last night, strongly condemned the Crimes bill as unjust, and exasperating to the Irish people. He believed there were not more than twenty Liberal commoners who desired to exclude the Irish members from Westminster, and that there was not one of those twenty who was not willing to give up the point in order to secure the return of Lord Hartington to the Liberal ranks. He taunted Lord Salisbury with having taken office with the help of the Parnellite vote in the face of Mr. Foster's accusation against Mr. Parnell of complicity in crime, an accusation of equal gravity with the charges of the *Times*. He concluded by declaring that the Liberals wanted the Unionists to rejoin their old party, and would pay any honourable price to get them back. The speech created a sensation in the lobbies of Parliament. The Home Rulers regard it as a triumph for their cause.

The visit of Mr. W. O'Brien to Toronto, has overshadowed in interest, if not in importance, all other occurrences of the week. He arrived from Montreal on the morning of Tuesday, and was escorted by a large concourse of friends to the Rossin House, where an address was presented to him to which he returned a graceful reply. His address in the Park in the afternoon, though not marked by any violent outbreak against the peace, was disgraced by the disturbances of an organized opposition. There is good reason to believe that the interruptions of the rowdies who insulted Mr. O'Brien as much by their presence as their blackguardly conduct, were deliberately arranged and prepared for. Owing to their hooting and groaning the speakers were unable, save at intervals, to make themselves heard, but Mr. O'Brien, as also Mr. Kilbride, spoke with rare pluck and persistence through it all. At the banquet tendered the visitors at the Rossin House in the evening, Mr. O'Brien delivered a vigorous and very eloquent speech, traversing the questions in dispute between Lord Lansdowne and his tenantry, and submitting the conditions under which the peasantry subsist. Mr. O'Brien's whole course in this city has been such as to win for him the sympathy and the respect of all liberty-loving people, however much they may deprecate his determination in coming. The murderous attack made upon him in the streets of this city Wednesday evening, incurs lasting disgrace upon Toronto, and will earn for those who will be readily recognized as responsible for the outrage, the abhorrence of good people of all creeds on this continent.

THE POEMS OF FATHER ABRAM J. RYAN.

PERHAPS no element in the poetry of Father Ryan—it we except the spiritual—is more strongly marked than his intense Southern patriotism. In fact, he has been designated the poet of the "Lost Cause." Into hearts and homes made desolate by the waste and fire of that long and terrible civil strife, the muse of the poet-priest found ready entrance in the stirring lays and dirges of lament commemorative of Southern glory and Southern valour. It is not our purpose in this paper to discuss the righteousness of that war from either the aspect of slavery or the sovereignty of states' rights, but we cannot shut our eyes to the heroism that was displayed by the Southerners, nor the proud dignity with which they accepted defeat. Father Ryan's heart was both tender and brave. In the hour of danger he went forth as a chaplain to the boys in grey the Confederate soldiers. The patriotism of his fellow-countrymen had burned into his soul. His young brother, a captain in the ranks, yielded up his life for his country. Father Ryan has enshrined his memory in one of his most stirring and pathetic poems. It is so fine a composition that we are loth to mar it by extracts. Take the following description of the battle. Full of intense fire and energy, it has scarcely an equal in any language:—

"Lo! yon flag of freedom flashing
In the sunny Southern sky:
On—to death and glory dashing,
On—where swords are clanging, clashing,
On—where balls are crushing, crashing,
On—mid perils dread, appalling,
On—they're falling, falling, falling,
On—they're growing fewer, fewer,
On—their hearts beat all the truer,
On—on—on—no fear, no falter,
On—though round the battle-altar,
There were wounded victims moaning,
There were dying soldiers groaning;
On—right on—death's danger braving,
Warring where their flag was waving,
While Baptismal-blood was laving
All that field of death and slaughter;
On—still on—that bloody laver
Made them braver, and made them braver:
On—with never a halt or waver,—
On in battle—bleeding, bounding,
While the glorious shout swept sounding
We will win the day or die."

Again we have a beautiful touch of pathos wedded to delicate tenderness of description at the close of "In Memoriam," where the poet-priest describes the finding of his dying brother on the battle field:

"When the twilight sadly, slowly,
Wrapped its mantle o'er them all,
Thousands—thousands lying lowly,
Hushed in silence deep and holy,—
There was one,—his blood was flowing
And his last of life was going,—
And his pulse faint—fainter beating
Told his hours were few and fleeting—
And his brow grew white and whiter,
While his eyes grew strangely brighter,—
There he lay—like infant dreaming,
With his sword beside him leaning—
For the hand in life, that grasped it
True, in death, still fondly clasped it;
There his comrades found him lying
'Mid the heaps of dead and dying,
And the sternest bent down weeping,
O'er the lonely sleeper sleeping:
'Twas the midnight; stars shone round him,
And they told us how they found him
Where the bravest love to fall.

Where the woods like banners bending,
Drooped in starlight and in gloom,—
There, when that sad night was ending,
And the faint far dawn was blending
With the stars now fast descending,—
There—they mute and mournful bore him—
And they laid him down—so tender—
And the next day's sun in splendor
Flashed above my brother's tomb."

How accurately, too, does "The Conquered Banner" voice the wailing and broken soul of the south when, at the close of the unhappy war the Southern banner, that had so oft led its hosts to victory, now was "drooping weary," with its staff "broken and shattered." The metre of this poem is particularly felicitous. It was written at the termination of the terrible strife, and attracted widespread attention, giving its author at once a prominent place among the poets of America. Owing, however, to the intensity of Southern patriotism in Father Ryan's poems, the poet of the "Lost Cause" has never received justice at the hands of New England critics,—a small coterie of whom, as in the days of Edgar Allan Poe, fancy that they alone have a right to the inspiration of song. Had Father Ryan lived in Massachusetts, and been a product of the Mayflower, every magazine published from Portland to New York would be teeming with tributes to his gifted pen; but it was his lot to be born under sunny skies, which kindled in his soul the pulse of love for the South. Tennyson is a guinea-a-liner, a laureate, and a peer by grace of genius and royal favour, and yet he has written no poem of the same character at all equal to the "Conquered Banner." Neither subtlety of thought nor philosophy, nor doubt, nor obscurity, can produce such a poem. The "Conquered Banner" is a spark from the fire of true genius, and is worth in point of poetic merit five dozen such poems as are nurtured in the literary hothouses of Boston. When the clouds of prejudice and passion shall have rolled away, the warmth of genial and honest criticism will evoke from the great literary heart of America tributes of high praise for the genius-gifted, pure-hearted author of these lines:

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary:
Furl it, fold it, it is best:
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a soul to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
Furl it, hide it,—let it rest.

Take that Banner down, 'tis tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered:
And the valiant hosts are scattered
Over whom it floated high.
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it:
Hard to think there's none to hold it;
Hard that those, who once unrolled it,
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that Banner—furl it sadly;
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave;
Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dis sever,
Till that float should float forever
O'er their freedom, or their grave!

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And that Banner—it is trailing!
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it!
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it!
Weep for those who fell before it!
Pardon those who trailed and tore it!
But, oh! wildly they deplore it,
Now who furl and fold it so.

Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust:
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages—
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly,
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never,
Let it droop, there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are dead !

Poets love to weave in verse the glorious deeds of the hero. The same spirit that nerves the arm of the patriot to strike for home and country inspires the bard with heroic theme and song. It has been almost universally conceded that the greatest general of the present age was Robert Lee. So great a military man as Sir Garnet Wolseley holds this opinion. It is not to be wondered at, then, that Father Ryan, who knew the brave Southern soldier intimately, pays tribute to the dead hero in the following glorious lines :—

THE SWORD OF ROBERT LEE.

Forth from its scabbard pure and bright,
Flashed the sword of Lee !
For in the front of the deadly fight,
High o'er the brave in the cause of Right,
Its stainless sheen like a beacon light
Led us to victory.

Out of its scabbard where full long
It slumbered peacefully,—
Roused from its rest by the battle's song
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,
Guarding the right, avenging the wrong
Gleamed the sword of Lee.

Forth from its scabbard high in air,
Beneath Virginia's sky—
And they who saw it gleaming there,
And knew who bore it, knelt to swear
That where that sword led they would dare
To follow and to die.

Out of its scabbard ! never hand
Waved sword from stain so free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee.

Forth from the scabbard ! how we prayed
That sword might victor be,—
And when our triumph was delayed,
And many a heart grew sore afraid,
We still hoped on while gleamed the blade
Of noble Robert Lee.

Forth from its scabbard ! all in vain,
Bright flashed the sword of Lee ;—
'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain ;
Defeated, yet without a stain,
Proudly and peacefully.

We feel grateful to the "dead singer of the Sunny South" for his poetic gifts to our hearts. His pure thoughts will enshroud our souls as the incense of prayer and devotion envelopes the altar. His poems, full of the heart-blood of the South, breathe no ill-will towards the North. Born under Virginian skies of Irish parentage, he loved freedom with an intensity begotten of Southern chivalry and Celtic valor. We know his love for the South as seen through the spirit of his muse—that he loved the land of his forefathers, beloved Ireland, may be gleaned from the spirit that runs through his well-known poem, "Erin's Flag" :—

Unroll Erin's flag ! fling its folds to the breeze !
Let it float o'er the land, let it flash o'er the seas ;
Lift it out of the dust—let it wave as of yore,
When its chiefs with their clans stood around it and swore
That never ! No ! never, that Banner should yield
As long as the heart of a Celt was its shield ;
While the hand of a Celt had a weapon to wield,
And his last drop of blood was unshed on the field.

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

MR. O'BRIEN'S VISIT.

MR. O'BRIEN'S visit to Canada, so far, has been a great success—for Lord Lansdowne. It has benefitted the Coercion party here and in England, it has put the Catholics of this Province at least in an awkward position, and it has done harm to the cause in Ireland. The present Governor-General might come and go to Toronto as he did once before and receive only the shabbiest recognition, but thanks to Mr. O'Brien, he has been feted and eulogized, addresses have poured in on him from all quarters ; an anti-Roman holiday, so to speak, was proclaimed for him and 15,000 people cheered themselves hoarse on his behalf. While Mr. O'Brien was having a rather undistinguished dinner at the Rossin House, Lord Lansdowne's carriage, with the Luggacurgan landlord in it, was being drawn from the Opera House to the vice-regal residence by his enthusiastic followers.

The Catholics of the country had a right to expect that a man of the unquestioned ability of Mr. O'Brien would have sense enough to take up the situation as he went along. Montreal is the great Catholic city of Canada ; and were not the echoes of Davitt's visit still ringing in the ears of the people there ? Well, this same people did not want Mr. O'Brien on his present mission. Then, before that, was not Archbishop Lynch's intimation something to be seriously considered ? Does any man in Canada or America know more of the Irish people here than he does ? Again, the warning of the venerable Father Dowd was added on behalf of a city and Province that no one knows better than he does. Mr. O'Brien does not know this country as well as these gentlemen. He does not know how far resolutions in Parliament or in the Legislatures are the real voice of the people—how much must be set apart as genuine love for Ireland and how much deducted for the chances of the next election. He counted too much on appearances. Well, he has had some experience of the voice of the people in the Queen's Park yesterday ; and if he returns to Ireland with the impression that the public expressions of sympathy for Ireland already given are not to be strained by any further effort, he will have learned something. Unfortunately, however, his visit has undone most of the good fairly to be expected from these resolutions. If he had come on any other mission, there is not the slightest doubt but he would have been welcomed as he deserved ; but his present coming was ill-advised, and the object was—to put the matter fairly—the object and purpose was unworthy of the talented man Mr. O'Brien certainly is and unworthy of the cause he represents. There is no other word to express it. Landlordism in Ireland is bad, and Lansdowne may be a bad landlord, but for a sensible man to come some thousands of miles to tell us Canadians that we should drive Lansdowne out of his position because of that, is about the silliest thing that any one in his senses could conceive of.

It will be in order for some one to say that Mr. O'Brien is in the secret pay of Lord Lansdowne. He has done him immense service, at all events.

D. A. O'SULLIVAN.

IN MARY'S MONTH.

Madonna Mia, turn those gentle eyes
In adoration lifted to the Throne,
A moment downward, thro' the floating skies,
To earth, whence truth and holiness seem flown.
Thou wert His Mother, Mary, and Thou art ;
Yet on the Cross He gave us sinners Thee,
And bade Thee guard within thy stainless Heart,
Such ingrates vile, such lepers white as we.
O Mother loved—loved spite of darkening sin,
That wraps as with a pall this world of woe ;
Open Thy tender Heart and take us in,
Save from the dangers footsore pilgrims know ;
Making to bloom these withered souls of ours,
Madonna, in Thine own sweet month of flowers.

—MARY E. MANNIX, in *Ave Maria*.

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.

FRENCH CANADA.

ABOUT a century and a quarter has passed since the Treaty of Paris was signed, and France formally ceded Canada to Great Britain. Of all the vast domains she once possessed in North America, there remain to her only some rocky islets on the Southern coast of Newfoundland, to which she has always clung as a nursery for her seamen, and as a headquarters for the fishing fleet that has resorted to the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence for several centuries. Of all the formidable fortresses which she has erected to environ the English colonies, in pursuance of her ambitious designs in the valleys of the St. Lawrence and Mississippi, only one is now standing to recall her former glory in America. Fort Niagara is no more than a memory, and were it not for a few mounds of earth and stone, we could hardly tell the situation of Ticonderoga, where Montcalm once repulsed the British army under Abercromby. The site of Fort Duquesne, at the forks of the Ohio, is covered by the iron mills of the smoky city of Pittsburg, so named in honour of the illustrious Chatham, whose genius gave the final blow to the magnificent scheme conceived by Richelieu, of founding a French Transatlantic Empire. Louisbourg, on the eastern coast of Canada, and her nearest port to Europe, was at one time the strongest fortified town in America, with the exception of Quebec; but of its walls and fortifications hardly a stone remains. The picturesque walls which crown the heights of Quebec, are the only memorials of those piles of masonry which were so long a menace to the English possessions in many places throughout North America. Though the fortifications of Louisbourg and Ticonderoga, of Niagara and other historic places which recall the days of the French *regime* in Canada, have been razed to the ground, and the French flag is never seen except on some holiday in company with other national colours, nevertheless, on the continent where she once thought to reign supreme, France has been able to leave a permanent impress. But this impress is not in the valley of the Mississippi. It is true that a number of French still live on the banks of that great river, that many a little village where a French *patois* is spoken, lies hidden in the sequestered bayous of the South, and that no part of the old city of New Orleans possesses so much interest for the European stranger as the French or Creole quarter, with its quaint balconied houses and luxuriant gardens; but despite all this it is generally admitted that the time is not far distant when the French language will disappear from Louisiana, and few evidences will be found of the days of the French occupancy of that beautiful State of the Union.

In the valley of the St. Lawrence, however, France has left behind her what seem likely to be more permanent memorials of her occupation. Wherever we go in the Dominion of Canada we see the names of her kings and statesmen, of her priests and saints, of her soldiers and sailors, clinging to many a bay and river. The picturesque banks of the St. Lawrence, from the Atlantic to the great lakes of the West, are the home of a large population, whose language and customs are so many memorials of the old regime.

Since the conquest of Canada in 1759-60, the seventy thousand people who then inhabited the country, have increased to a million and a quarter of souls, without taking into account the many thousands who have made their homes in the United States during the last thirty or forty years. This people still speak the French language, profess the Roman Catholic religion, and adhere with remarkable tenacity to the civil law and other institutions of the land of their origin. The history of the growth of this French Canadian population is exceedingly

instructive. When the *fleur de lis* at last gave place to the Red Cross of England on the citadel of Quebec, the French Canadians for a while deeply mourned the humiliation of the country they had loved so well. Many of the wealthiest and best born of the people sailed away to France, and never returned to the colony for which they had struggled for so many years. Though they knew it not at the time, the fall of Quebec was in reality the happiest event that could possibly have happened for the French Canadians. The Articles of Capitulation which were signed by the Marquis of Vandreuil in September, 1760, were very generous to the conquered people. They were guaranteed the free exercise of their religion, as well as undisturbed possession of their property. By the Quebec Act of 1774, when Parliament intervened for the first time in the affairs of Canada, and made important constitutional changes in the country, the French Canadians obtained most valuable concessions, which are practically the basis of their present influence and power as a distinct nationality in British North America. Roman Catholics were no longer obliged to take the Test Oath, but only the Oath of Allegiance. They were permitted to observe their religion with perfect freedom, and their clergy were to enjoy "their accustomed dues and rights"—that is the tithe system which still exists with respect to such persons as professed that creed. It was also enacted that in all matters of controversy, relative to property and civil rights, recourse should be had to the French civil procedure, whilst the Criminal law of England should obtain to the exclusion of every other criminal code which might have prevailed before 1774. The historian, Garneau, who represents French Canadian views in his able work, in fact acknowledges that "the law of 1774 tended to reconcile the Canadians to British rule."

From the coming into effect of the Quebec Act, up to the present time, there has been a steady improvement in the social, political and material condition of the people. French Canada now occupies a high position among the communities of the continent, and many of her sons have been able to win for themselves a conspicuous place in the administration of public affairs, in education, in literature and in other pursuits of life.

The tourist who travels through this province sees on all sides the evidence that he is passing through a country of French origin. Here and there in Quebec or Montreal, or in some quiet village sequestered in a valley or elevated on the Laurentian hills, he sees houses and churches which remind him of many a hamlet or town he has visited in Brittany or Normandy. The language is French from the Saguenay to the Ottawa, and in many remote communities, English is never spoken, and is understood only by the cure or the notary. Nor is the language so impure and degenerated as many persons may naturally suppose. On the contrary, it is spoken by the educated classes with a purity not excelled in France itself. The better class of French Canadians take pride in studying the language of the country of their ancestors, and are rarely guilty of Anglicisms, though these have naturally crept into mixed communities, where people are forced to speak both French and English.

The people of Lower Canada are exceedingly devoted Roman Catholics. Were his Holiness, the Pope, able to visit the province, he would find himself in a congenial atmosphere. Though he would miss the many monuments of ancient and mediæval art that now surround him, he would, nevertheless, recognize in the numerous churches, colleges and convents of the country the power and wealth of the church, and the desire of the French Canadians to glorify and perpetuate it by every means in their power. Many of the churches, especially in Montreal, are handsome structures, and there is at present in course of construction in that city, a noble building, which is intended even to imitate many of the features of St. Peter's, and to surpass the finest cathedrals in America. Massive stone churches are to be seen in almost every village, even where the forest has hardly been subdued. Only a short time since the writer had occasion to visit a settlement a hundred miles to the north of the political capital of Canada, on the very confines of the wilderness

which stretches to the solitary shores of Hudson's Bay. As he emerged from the forest, where many a blackened stump showed the ravages of fire, the first object that met his eye was a large stone church with a tower, standing conspicuously on a hill that commands the surrounding country. Crowning the tower was an image of Notre Dame du Desert, the holy patroness of the parish. This building has been erected chiefly for the Indian population of that wild region, and is one of the many evidences that French Canada gives of the energy of her priests. Churches and convents, indeed, meet the eye wherever you travel in the province, and the poorest village attests the power and riches of the Church. The whole land is practically parcelled out among the Saints, so far as the nomenclature of the settlements and villages is concerned. The favourite Saint appears to be Ste. Anne, whose name appears constantly on the banks of the St. Lawrence. We have Ste. Anne de la Perade, Ste. Anne de la Pocatiere, and many others. We all remember the verse of Moore's boat song :

"Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune, and our hearts keep time,
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at Ste. Anne's our parting hymn."

From the earliest times in the history of Canada the Black Robe has always been a prominent figure. Jesuits, Franciscans and Recollets have done much to mould the thought and control the political destiny of the people under their spiritual care. The universities, colleges and schools are mainly directed by the religious orders. The priests, it must be admitted, have been very active workers. No Protestant clergymen have been able to compete with them in exercising a powerful influence over the Indian population. The early annals of Canada prove that they have endured famine, privation and death for the sake of the religion they have laboured to establish. Tender women, highly educated, and nurtured in noble families, were the founders of the female educational institutions which have spread throughout Canada, in the English as well as French cities and towns.—*John George Bourinot, in the Scottish Review.*

(To be continued.)

Current Catholic Thought.

THE CATHOLIC LAITY.

There is the duty, also, of being well acquainted with our religion, so as to be able to state fairly and calmly "the reasons for the faith that is in us." This may, very often, do an amount of good we would little dream of. To do this thoroughly, it is essential that Catholics in general should read our books more than they do. They too often ignore those sources of information, the good books in which we are not deficient.

There is still another duty, a very important one. There are, in the experience of us all, times and occasions when our religion, so dear to us—so poorly known to many—is assailed by those of limited information in shops and public places. Catholics do not intrude upon others the topic of religion. But when it is offensively or otherwise obtruded upon them, it may become a sacred duty to speak in its defence. To do this with effect, we require to know the line of defence, what we should say and the manner of saying it, without any violation of courtesy or of charity. All these show what our laity should not be indifferent to or negligent about. They, too, have their mission for good.—*Catholic Columbian.*

PROTESTANTISM A RELIGIOUS PATCHWORK.

"What strikes us especially in Protestantism, are its divisions, its variations and its contradictions. The Protestantism of the nineteenth century is no longer that of the sixteenth. A Protestant minister, Chantre, writes

that a Calvinist pastor, who had gone from Germany to Geneva, hoping to find himself in the society of men who believed as he did, went away saddened by the thought that even in Geneva he could not find a really Calvinistic Calvinist.

"The Protestantism of one sect is not the Protestantism of another sect. The most diverse doctrines are held by the different sects, and it would be an impossibility for them to agree upon the formulation of an identical symbol.

"Fancy the commotion which would be caused in these venerable parson companies if a message from the Catholic world were suddenly addressed to them in these terms: 'The Catholic Churches, spread over the globe, wish to join with you in order that there may henceforth be but one flock under the rule of one pastor. Make haste to give us a unique symbol of faith; we only await that to renounce our faith in favour of universal unity.' What would the parsons say in reply? Would a thousand years of discussion suffice for them to find the unique formula of the desired symbol?"—*Revue Litteraire, Paris.*

MIRACLES

That God has permitted his accredited messengers to perform miracles, to substantiate their mission, and to lead men to accept His word there can be no question. The history of the lives of the saints is filled with the evidences of the power which God has permitted them to exercise; and, in spite of the jeers of infidels, the scoffing of scepticism, and the criticism of Protestantism, Catholics will continue to accept the fact that miracles have been wrought by the ambassadors of God through the power specially delegated to them. To decide whether an event is a miracle does not require the investigation of learned academies or scientific savants, but simply a knowledge that the fact is opposed to the universally accepted laws of nature.

To deny the possibility of miracles means to deny the existence of God. Every Catholic knows that God generally works according to natural laws, but when in His wisdom it is necessary to change the course of these laws He is free to do so.

Some persons object to miracles from the fact that there can be no effect without a cause. They do not consider that a miracle is the work of God, the first cause. Of course we speak of what are known as miracles of the first order, which cannot be mistaken for the marvels which are meant simply to gratify idle curiosity, and which are to be distinguished from miracles by their different character. In place of being guilty of superstition, the believer in miracles simply testifies to his faith in the power, mercy, and love of the Almighty Creator and Ruler of heaven and earth.—*Church News, Washington.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

GEMS OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT. By Anna T. Sadlier. London: Burns & Oates. Toronto: D. and J. Sadlier & Co., 110 Church Street.

This little volume which Miss Sadlier has, with great care and discrimination, compiled from the whole range of Catholic literature, is a gem in its way. Containing upwards of nine hundred paragraphs, and none of them occupying more than ten lines, it cannot fail to be of great use to the Catholic reader or writer. It, besides, serves as a handy index of what the compiler calls "the real wealth of Catholics in the domain of fact, fancy and fiction." Miss Sadlier's services to Catholic literature have been many and varied, and this little volume is by no means the least. We should like to see her pursue the idea a little further, and furnish us with a volume of selections purely Canadian. French Canada possesses a literature all her own, from which those who are unacquainted with the French language are debarred from enjoying, and it would greatly tend both to the intellectual development of our country and to the cultivation of a taste for reading among our people were an effort made to translate the best of it into English.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW will be conducted with the aid of the most competent writers obtainable. In addition to those already mentioned, it gives us great satisfaction to announce that contributions may be looked for from the following:—His Lordship Rt. Rev. Dr. O'MAHONEY, Bishop of Eudocia; W. J. MACDONELL, Knight St. Gregory and of the Order of the Most Holy Sepulchre; D. A. O'SULLIVAN, M.A., LL.D.; JOHN A. MACCABE, M.A., Principal Normal School, Ottawa; T. J. RICHARDSON, ESQ., Ottawa; Rev. P. J. HAROLD, Niagara; T. O'HAGAN, M.A., late Modern Language Master, Pembroke High School; Rev. Dr. AENEAS McDONELL DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S.C., Ottawa.

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

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1887.

His Grace Archbishop Lynch left yesterday for Montreal to attend the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Father Dowd's ordination to the priesthood.

In approving the choice of the American hierarchy of Dr. Keane, Bis. of Richmond, for the rectorship of the new American Catholic University, the Holy Father has suggested that in regard to the city which is to be chosen as the seat for the University, the question should be considered before its final decision by every bishop in the United States. For this purpose, a meeting of the Bishops will be held, it is said, in June. Bishop Keane, who is now on his way home from Rome, will visit Strasburg in Alsace to see the University buildings there, which are regarded as the best arranged and the most beautiful in Europe; proceeding from Strasburg to Paris, Lille and Louvain, visiting also the Universities at those places. The purpose of the promoters of the University, to the scope of which reference was made in these columns some time ago, is understood to be to at first establish a seminary, with university powers, for the higher education of candidates for the priesthood, around which branch of the University, when thoroughly established, other colleges will grow, as in the case of Cambridge and Oxford. The control and direction of the University will be delegated to no religious order, the intention being to draw from

every college, wherever situated, a professorate selected on the ground of special fitness. Dr. St. George Mivart will be offered, it is rumoured, the chair of natural science and biology; a position, however, it is not expected he will accept.

Commenting on the visit of the Marquis of Lansdowne to this city, the *Week*, in its last issue, complained of the marked absence of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto from the several receptions at Government House. The reason is very obvious. The Archbishop has seen no reason to modify his opinion of the Marquis of Lansdowne, landlord of Luggacurran, as already expressed. In an interview with the representative of a city newspaper published yesterday, His Grace, while reiterating his conviction that Mr. O'Brien, notwithstanding the righteousness of his cause, made a serious blunder in coming to Canada to attack the Governor-General, and regretting that his visit would have the effect of alienating former friends, neutralizing the effects of the Canadian resolutions, and exciting between Protestants and Catholics that unkind feeling which all his life it had been his aim to allay, added in answer to the inquiry of the interviewer:

"My views on the Marquis of Lansdowne are already known through my letter. I believe him to be an exorbitant and tyrannical landlord, notwithstanding that a few of his tenants who are made special pets by his Lordship give him a certificate for generosity. Mr. O'Brien's statement of the cruelty inflicted on the Luggacurran estate is quite correct. Lord Lansdowne borrowed at one per cent. from the Government, and lent it out at five per cent. to his tenants. I did not pay my respects to him since he came to Toronto, because my nature revolts against shaking hands with the oppressor of the poor, as I believe him to be."

Apart from the answer of the Archbishop, and it, we are sure, is sufficiently explicit, we fail to see how Catholics, who, for the most part, have been conspicuously absent from his levees, could, in face of the scandalous abuse heaped upon the Archbishop by his Excellency's champions and apologists, be expected to present themselves at the Saturday receptions, even had they no other reason to restrain them from doing so. The respect in which Catholics hold the office of the Governorship-General, we are sure, is unbounded, in whatever estimation they may hold personally the particular occupant of the office, whose incumbency may be ascribed to the accident of an unfortunate appointment.

The *Freeman's Journal* of New York, replying to the objections of the *New York Independent*, to the bill now pending in the State Legislature, which provides that the Catholic Protectory shall participate in the educational funds, as an institution educating, as well as supporting, very many hundred children, does so in terms which are not less applicable here in Canada as an answer to the argument of those who—members of the Ministerial Association be it remembered—profess their readiness to secularize the Public School system

of the Province, if thereby they but effect the abolition of the Separate Schools, in support of which they are taxed nothing, and in respect to which they have no interest, but which are by Catholics solely maintained and supported, and which Catholics have had to have recourse to in order to make certain the elementary Christian education of their children.

Replying to the strictures of the *Independent*, which are to the effect that the State should not share in the expenses of a "Catholic propagandism," the *Freeman* says: "And why not? All tax-payers in the city are now compelled to share in the expenses of anti-Christian propagandism. Catholics are forced to pay for the support of schools to which they cannot conscientiously send their children. Why, then, does not the *Independent* protest against a condition of affairs in which the rights of Americans who believe that the future of the country must be decided by the Christian morality of its citizens, are disregarded?"

"It is admitted, even by that rabid fanatic, the Rev. Justin Fulton, that the Catholic Protectory educates, trains, and instructs boys wonderfully well. It has never been intelligently charged against any Catholic school, that the principles taught in it are subversive of good citizenship or good government. The concern of the State is, or pretends to be, the making of good citizens; not the making of Christians, Jews or Infidels. But why should the State refuse to aid the efforts of parents and teachers—no matter what their creed might be—towards the making of good citizens? Why should it refuse to help the Protectory to train good and useful men, merely because the Protectory teaches the Christian Faith as handed down from Christ through St. Peter and his successors to these times?"

"If the *Independent* can show that the Catholic Church teaches the breaking of the Ten Commandments—if it can show that it condones lying, stealing, blaspheming, or any other sin against God and society, then it is logical, in protesting against State aid to the Protectory. But it does not even attempt to do this. It protests against the State paying for education, not because that education is bad, but because it is Catholic. Is this what the *Independent* considers 'liberal' and 'American,' or even fair and logical?"

If the aim of Christian teachers be to make people good, if the interest of the State in the religion of its citizens be bounded only by the consideration of the effect of that religion, and the State have a right to put down any immoral propaganda, then if the teaching and training of children in Christian morality is calculated to make them better men and better citizens, the State defeats what ought to be its main purpose and object, in not encouraging such schools to the very utmost of its power. "We Catholics," says the *Freeman*, "are forced to support 'sectarian' schools—'sectarian' because the Christian theory and practice are ignored in these schools. They teach 'morality,' we are informed. But this morality was not sufficient to save civilization before Christ came. To keep society from corruption we must have Christian schools. We do not ask the State to teach Christianity; but we ask the State to encourage all that tends to make

morals and manners better, men more honest and patriotic, women more womanly and pure."

After the incendiary sermons of the clerical firebrands of this city, and a number of professional Orangemen who spent themselves for days past in the wickedest endeavour to incite the passions of the mob against Mr. O'Brien on the occasion of his coming to this city, it is not wonderful that they have been successful in arousing to the fullest extent that debasing blackguardism which we recognize as the time immemorial concomitant and complement of the Loyal Orange Association. The meeting in the Queen's Park on Saturday last, as a means unto Orange ends, opened out under the happiest patronage, the names of certain of its ministerial promoters, it need not be said, being sufficient to bring together as disreputable a gathering of the hoodlum and riff-raff, as could perhaps be convened on the continent of America. Mr. H. E. Clarke, M.P.P., who was one of the very earliest of the speakers, was put up to go through something which purported to be a speech. Not all the efforts of Mr. James L. Hughes, however, who occupied so conspicuous a place in the proceedings, and whose hat, it was noticed in the *Globe*, by a series of curious coincidences, seemed to be accepted as the signal for exhalations of enthusiasm at certain effective and opportune intervals, were sufficient to secure for this gentleman an ordinarily patient or respectful hearing. It was with considerable difficulty, for some reason or other, that he continued long enough to tell his audience that Toronto was a Protestant city, that Mr. O'Brien was a Roman Catholic, and the leader, as he urged, of a Roman Catholic movement, "now making an attack on the Protestants and the representatives of the Protestant wing;" after which his audience became restive, and the remainder of his speech is reported in the *Globe* of last Tuesday, as follows:

"We want Mr. O'Brien and his friends to understand—now please do keep quiet and don't sway so much—to understand that when they begin to agitate against the representative of Her Majesty—my voice is not very loud, but you can hear me if you stay quiet—Her Majesty in this Dominion they don't know where—now please, please don't sway—don't know where it will end—if you are not quiet I'm afraid I shall have to sit down." A statement which was received with unmistakable applause.

The effect of the speeches delivered by such Orange Deities as Dr. Potts, Goldwin Smith and J. L. Hughes, was of the most unmistakable character. The first gentleman enlarged with fine effect on "Canadian Fenians," and the frequency with which he aroused his hearers to interpolate "To Hell with the Pope," account at once for the measure and the excess of the enthusiasm he effected. Of Mr. Goldwin Smith, that eminent Irishman, who occupies the public eye for the present as President of the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union of this city, we have very little to say. Whatever his merits may be as a writer, as a speaker he is eminently unrhethorical and unsuccessful. It is enough that he gave the poor Irish a worse character than the majority of theologians would care, as a rule, to accord to the Devil. And of

Mr. J. L. Hughes, who wound up the proceedings by a number of insulting references to the Archbishop of Toronto, let us do him the justice to say that, judged by the enthusiasm of the mob, Titania was not more bewitched when she said to Bottom, the weaver, when he ceased braying,

"I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again,
Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note."

It would be difficult, indeed, to exaggerate the serious import of such speeches. They found fruition on Tuesday in the horde of howling rowdies who were on hand on the occasion of Mr. O'Brien's meeting in the Park. Although during the whole time that the liberty-loving and law-abiding speakers on Saturday were egging on their Orange hearers to insult and outrage Mr. O'Brien, not one Irishman, and there were thousands present, offered a single indignity or affront to any speaker, though their cherished hopes and convictions were being assailed with all the venom of vituperative language, it was reserved for the Orangemen of this city to show how fair and how decent they are, just as though, as the *New York Sun* lately said, "the memories of the looting of Belfast liquor shops last year by the Orangemen, and their consequent orgies on looted liquor were not a sufficient disgrace and degradation for a century."

It remained for the Orangemen in this city to demonstrate that the principle and liberty of free speech could be put down by a resort to ruffianism and their time-honoured rascality. While no one doubts that, were it not for the adequate police protection present, Mr. O'Brien would not have escaped with his life from this religious Brotherhood on Tuesday, few are there, indeed, who will not be stunned at the intelligence of the horrid attempt of a mob to murder this distinguished Irishman while walking in the streets of the city last evening. Under the stimulating influences of certain clergymen in this city, in the matter of brutality, the Orange element in Toronto has long been believed to be not inferior to its kindred in Belfast. The distressing circumstances of last night, of which at present we can but make mention, prove that the bigots of Toronto are not one whit behind those of Belfast, that they are equal to anything, so long as it calls for the exercise only of extraordinary brutality, and that there is no outrage and no diabolism that, crazed by religious hatred, they will not cheerfully commit. We speak advisedly when we say that in our deliberate opinion the disgraceful incidents of last evening are directly attributable to the unchristian language and conduct, and the violent incitements of certain ministers, as they call themselves, of the Gospel in this city, who, morally, are to be deemed accountable and responsible for the occurrence.

We publish elsewhere a portion of Mr. Bourinot's long-looked-for article on "French Canada" in the *Scottish Review*, the last number of which has just come to hand. It will well repay a reading. It is full of information concerning the character and customs of the French-Canadians, and disposes of a number of the interesting fictions which the *Mail* sometimes sets afoot in respect to that Catholic people.

Correspondence.

DR. WILD.

"THE BULL IN THE CHINA SHOP."

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

SIR,—I feel I am making an extraordinary demand upon you when I ask you to make room for a few remarks on the discourse of Dr. Wild last Sunday. I say my demand is extraordinary, because as no one of any weight or thought pays any attention to the Doctor's views on any subject whatsoever; it looks like labour lost to notice his vapourings. So long as the Doctor confines himself to the domain of politics pure and simple, we have no quarrel with him; he has just as much right to his opinion as any other politician in this free country, and we can allow occasionally a diversion to such all-absorbing subjects as the "Jesuits," the "Wandering Jew," the "Missing Link," the "Lost Tribe," etc., without any very particular objection. When, however, he leaves this field of his labours for which nature and art seem to have fitted him, and enters that of religion, we beg to remind the Doctor that we consider him out of his sphere; then he becomes a *bull in the china shop*. The text of last Sunday's discourse was supposed to have been taken from Proverbs: "Surely the churning of milk brought forth butter, etc." (I wonder if the Doctor's text is the latest revised edition), and for a dreary hour he threw off, as some of the reporters remarked, "red hot talk." In truth, his text and subject were the coming of William O'Brien. Imitative harmony would seem to be one of the figures in which Dr. Wild excels, and, putting his words to his text, he churned away at his audience and his own scattered brains for a weary time, but no butter came—only the white foam of well-feigned passion! It will be a dark day for the Doctor when he cannot feed his audience on sensation. Archbishop Lynch appears to be the only living antagonist whom he (at least in his own mind) has not made to bite the dust, and he longs for an opportunity to demolish him. The desire to brush up against men of character and standing is an amiable weakness developed, at times, in large heads like Dr. Wild's. While Dr. Wild deals in generalities on the Irish question, etc., his language is the mere twaddle of a rattle brain—there is not a single statement or view worthy of a moment's attention. When, however, he leaves generalities and politics, and touches on religion, his language is little if at all short of blasphemy. "He is no more Archbishop of Toronto than I am," said he, speaking of the Archbishop; "and I could forgive sins just as easily as he could if I wanted to make money." These last atrocious statements of Dr. Wild cannot be condemned in too strong language. The buffoon by a ribald calumny against one of the most sacred rites of our Church holds up one-fifth of Toronto's inhabitants to the ridicule of an audience of at most not more than ordinary intelligence. He hits at the well-known Catholic doctrine of confession, and assumes that the absolution therein imparted is a money transaction—a bargain and sale! I do not blame Dr. Wild for not knowing our doctrine, nobody expects him to know it—why, he does not know his own two weeks consecutively—but I do blame him for pandering to the prejudice and catching at the applause of his audience, in this mixed community, by a shameful slander. All the surrounding circumstances contribute to heighten the guilt of his crime. He was addressing an audience whom he knew to hold strong traditional prejudices against those very citizens whose doctrine he was calumniating; he was speaking in a temple supposed to be dedicated to God, and he was supposed to be speaking in *His* name and as *His* minister, who said "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour." While, to allay any suspicion of his dark design, he makes the book of life—Sacred Scripture—the basis, the foundation of his remarks. Herein, I hold, lies the greatest evil and the deepest outrage on the sacred

name of religion. For heaven's sake, Dr., take away Reverend from before your name, the text from your address, and special consecration from your temple! So that as happened in the pagan city of old, the name of God may be heard and known therein only in company with all the great and little gods and goddesses of the pagan world. By doing this your influence will be more potent for a certain good in the natural order, your teaching will produce fewer atheists, and your words will not bring the blush of shame to the Christian cheek, for it is a shame and a scandal that God's sacred name and inspired Word should be polluted by the lying tongue of a consecrated slanderer standing in the holy place. The indecent language already quoted prepares us for the words of violence and of blood which follow: "If O'Brien utters anything so strong as that I would not be responsible for his safety." "I venture to say that if that time ever comes such expressions will not be forgotten by our brave volunteers. They will use their bayonets near home." And this language from one who poses as a minister and preacher of the Gospel of peace. Of course we should not think of associating the name of this maniac with anything Christian, much less of regarding him as a fair exponent of any truth or principle of Christianity. Last Sunday's harangue, however, should have the effect of placing Dr. Wild under police surveillance. Could the Dr. be induced to keep clear of religion, which he does but burlesque, and avoid dangerous social questions, I, at least, should not object to his weekly exhibitions. I am not of those who believe that all sources of amusement should be cut off from the people on Sunday.

Yours, etc., ONLOOKER.

Toronto, May 12th, 1887.

THE INCORPORATION OF THE JESUITS IN QUEBEC.

The following is a translation of the Act of Incorporation of the "Society of Jesus," as amended by the Private Bills Committee of the Legislative Assembly.

Whereas the Reverend Fathers of the Society of Jesus have petitioned to be incorporated, and whereas it is considered expedient that this community should receive corporate powers like other communities in this Province, therefore Her Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislature of Quebec, enacts as follows:—

1. "The Society of Jesus" shall be a body corporate, composed of the Reverend Fathers Henri Hudon, Adrien Turgeon, George Kenney and Arthur Jones, and of such other persons as now belong, or shall in the future belong, to the said Society, conformably to its rules, by-laws and regulations. It shall have, under the aforesaid name, perpetual succession. It shall have right to a common seal, which may be altered at will, and may take proceedings before the courts in its own name in the same manner as other persons may do. It may possess, accept and acquire by legal title, real and personal property, which it may sell, alienate, hypothecate, assign, lease, transfer, exchange or otherwise dispose of by any other title, provided always that the annual revenue from the real estate possessed by the said Society for purposes of revenue in any diocese shall not exceed thirty thousand dollars.

2. The objects of this Corporation shall be the maintenance of public worship, the spiritual charge of parishes and congregations, religious instruction and missions, education, including classical instruction, as well as other works depending upon those hereinbefore mentioned or having any connection therewith. Accordingly, the Society shall have a right to establish within the present limits of the Archdioceses of Montreal and Ottawa, and of the Diocese of Three Rivers, Novitiates, divinity schools, boarding schools, day schools and houses, according to the rules of the said Order.

3. This Corporation shall be governed according to the Community rules, and shall have a right to make and pass by-laws, rules and regulations concerning the ad-

ministration of its property, the management, internal government, the election, number and power of its officers and directors, the admission and retirement of its members, and generally to pass all by-laws as shall be in accordance with the ends of the Corporation.

4. The corporate seat of the Corporation shall be in the City of Montreal, another place in this Province, and within the actual limits of the Archdioceses of Montreal and Ottawa, and of the Diocese of Three Rivers may be selected hereafter by resolution of the said Corporation.

5. This Corporation may nominate officers, procurators or administrators, and may define their powers. The signature of the Superior of the Society in this Province, or of the procurator of the principal establishment will be sufficient for all legal transactions.

6. This Act shall come into force on the day of its sanction.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE MR. M. E. O'BRIEN.

It is our painful duty to record this week the death of the late Mr. M. E. O'Brien, Barrister-at-Law, of Prescott. Taken ill a few weeks ago with what at first seemed to be but a simple disorder, his condition became gradually more critical, until on Saturday evening last at five minutes past eight, his life slowly ebbed out into the ocean of eternity. During the night of Friday, and in the early morning of Saturday there were seasons of unconsciousness and apparent agony, but as the morning wore on full consciousness returned, and a calm quiet settling down of the forces of life set in. The news of his death fell upon the town with a hush of sorrowing pain, no one seeming to realize that he, who only a short month since had been the healthiest and brightest among them, had been cut off in the prime of life and was no more. The deceased was born in the town of Perth, on the 10th of July, 1849, and was educated at the Separate School in that place, completing his studies at Regiopolis College, Kingston. He entered the legal profession, studying in the office of John Bain, in this city, and was admitted to practice in Michaelmas, 1874. The year following he went to Prescott, and built up perhaps the largest practice in the united counties of Grenville and Leeds.

The funeral took place on Tuesday morning, a long procession forming at the house, and proceeding to St. Mark's Church where the service was performed by Rev. Father Walsh (Trenton), with Fathers O'Gorman (Belleville) and Twomey (Kingston) as deacon and sub-deacon, Fathers Murray (Cornwall), Hogan, Gauthier (Brockville), O'Brien (Morrisburg), and Masterson and Morrissey, of Prescott, assisting. Among those present were Mr. O'Brien, of Perth, the father of the deceased; M. P. Ryan, Collector of Customs, and J. D. F. Black, City Treasurer, Montreal; Hugh Ryan and D. A. O'Sullivan, Toronto; M. Flanagan, City Treasurer, Kingston; John Ryan, Brockville; Hon. R. W. Scott, Ottawa; Judge McDonald and many members of the Bar, and the ministers of the various Protestant denominations.

The funeral cortege proceeded to Brockville, where a special train was in waiting to leave for Perth. At Perth, his Lordship Cleary met the cortege and officiated in a solemn service at the church, then the remains were laid to rest in the Catholic cemetery. "Loved, honoured and respected," says the Leeds Independent, "he went in and out amongst us. Those who were opposed to him on political, social, legal, or religious questions, feel that we have lost a man from our midst who will be long missed, and whom it will be hard to replace." *May he rest in peace.*

In these columns, which but a short time ago were enriched by her beautiful verses, "The Magdalen" and the "Legend of St. Martin," we have to announce the death, at Montreal, on the 9th inst., of Mary Magdalena MacDonell, daughter of the late Wm. Johnson MacDonell, of Scottos, Glengarry, and Boston, Mass., widow of the late

William MacQueen, of Johnstown, Ont., and widow also of the late C. T. Palsgrave, of Montreal, in the 80th year of her age. The deceased lady was a sister of Mr. W. J. MacDonell, of this city, Knight of the Order of the Most Holy Sepulchre, and a writer of poetry of great purity and beauty. *Requiescat in pace.*

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

During the absence of Mr. William O'Brien from Ireland *United Ireland* will be edited by T. P. Gill, M. P.

The *United States Catholic Historical Magazine*, just issued, has been well received by the Catholic press and by historical scholars.

We are soon to have a new work from the pen of Mr. Justin McCarthy. He is busily engaged on a history of "The Early Tudors."

A new church, to be erected in Rome, by command of the Pope, near the Vatican, will be placed under the invocation of St. Thomas Aquinas.

Father Lambert, author of "Notes on Ingersoll," has written a new polemical work entitled "Tactics of Infidelity." It will soon be published.

The Rev. Jean Marie, Abbot of the Trappists of Bellefontaine, France, is on his way to Canada, to visit two houses of the Order, one at Nova Scotia, and the other at Montreal.

The execution of the monument to St. Thomas Aquinas, which the students of the Catholic colleges are about to erect at the Vatican, has been entrusted to the sculptor, Aureli. It will represent the angelic doctor seated in his chair, and holding the "Summa" in his hand.

The London *Tablet* suggests, relative to the jubilee of the Holy Father, that Englishmen should make an offering to Leo XIII. of a library of all books written by English Catholics during the past fifty years. The *Tablet* offers its columns to subscribers, and heads the list by a subscription of fifty guineas.

The students of the College of Ottawa are hard at work upon "The Death of Wallenstein," the classical masterpiece of the great Schiller. The English translator of the tragedy is S. T. Coleridge. The piece abounds in magnificent scenes. Elaborate preparations are being made for its presentation, and the special scenery necessary is being painted and arranged.

Notice has been given by the members of the Third Order of St. Francis, Montreal, that they will apply to the Quebec Legislature for an Act of Incorporation. The reason for this move is that, some property having been willed to them, they will not be able to accept it legally, when the testator dies, without being incorporated. The Third Order was first introduced in Montreal about twenty-five years ago, by Rev. Father Rouselot.

In the list of candidates who passed the late examinations in medicine at Toronto University, we have much pleasure in noticing the name of G. A. Fere, as winner of the first scholarship in the third year. This places him in rank above all third-year students of both Toronto and Trinity Schools of Medicine. It is not the first time this name has appeared in such an honourable position. His past records in this Institution, and before that St. Michael's College and University College are fully in keeping with this incident. The industry and moral earnestness which Mr. Fere unites with a more than ordinary ability may well make the profession he is about to enter proud of such an acquisition. Why have we not more Catholic young men to follow this example?

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE PILOT gives cordial welcome to the *Catholic Weekly Review*, a good-looking and well-edited journal just started at Toronto, Ont. It is devoted to the interests of the Church in Canada, of which it promises to be a most effective auxiliary. Irish affairs will be prominently considered in its pages; for, to quote from its Salutatory, "especially have we at heart the progress of a cause essentially just and sacred and invested, as it seems to us, with something of the sanctity of religion—the restoration to the Irish people of their inalienable and natural political rights." Among its contributors are several well-known Catholic writers. It sets out with hearty encouragement from Archbishop Lynch, and many prominent priests and laymen of the Dominion—THE BOSTON PILOT.

We have received a number of the *Catholic Weekly Review*, a journal which has recently been started at Toronto. This paper is devoted to the defence of the interests of the Catholic Church in Canada, and has adopted as its motto, those words of our Blessed Lord which define so nicely the distinction which should be made between the religious and the civil order. *Reddite quæ sunt Cæsaris; Cæsari; et quæ sunt Dei Deo.* Mgr. Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto, has written a beautiful letter of felicitation and encouragement to the founders of the work. The num-

ber we have before us is well edited and printed. We wish a long life and prosperity to our new confrere.—*La Vérité*, Quebec.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The new Roman Catholic weekly,
the *Catholic Review*, is a neatly got-up
paper, and its contents are well written
and interesting. The *Review* is en-
dorsed by Archbishop Lynch, but its
own merits commend it even more
forcibly. The first number contains an
elaborate reply to THE MAIL by Mr. D.
A. O'Sullivan.—THE MAIL, Toronto.

The first number of the *Catholic
Weekly Review*, edited by Mr. Gerald
Fitzgerald, has been issued. The *Re-
view* is neatly printed, and is full of in-
teresting information for Catholics. His
Grace the Archbishop has given the
Review his entire endorsement, and it
will undoubtedly succeed.—THE
WORLD, Toronto.

We have received the first number
of the *Catholic Weekly Review*, a journal
published in Toronto in the interests of
the Church. The *Review* gives prom-
ise of brilliancy and usefulness. We
gladly welcome our 'confrere' in the
field.—KINGSTON FREEMAN.

We have the pleasure of receiving the
first number of the *Catholic Weekly Re-
view*, published in Toronto. The
articles are creditable, and the mechan-
ical get up is in good style. We wel-
come our confrere to the field of Catho-
lic journalism, and wish it every suc-
cess.—CATHOLIC RECORD, London.

We have received the first copy of a
new Catholic paper, entitled *The Catho-
lic Weekly Review*, published at To-
ronto, Canada. It is a very neat twelve
page little volume, laden with the gold-
en fruit of Catholic truths, bearing its
peaceful messages of literary researches
to all persons who may desire it as a
visitor to their homes. May our new
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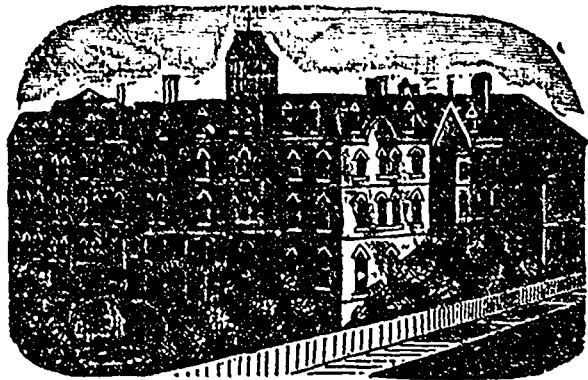
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