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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. V

Toronto, Saturday, April 25, 1891.

No. 11

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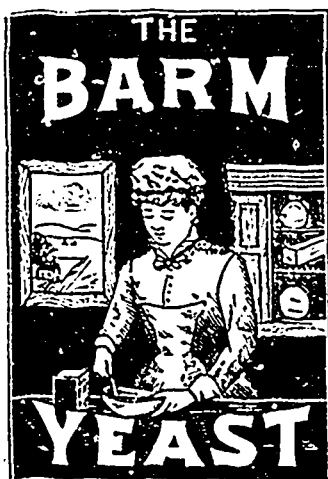
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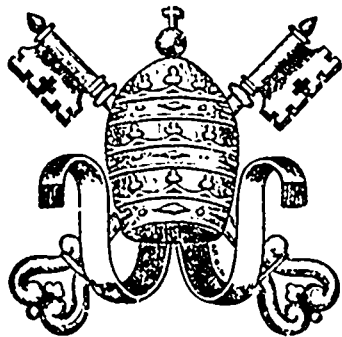
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English mails will be closed during April as follows: April, 2, 6, 9, 13, 16, 20, 23, 27, 30.

N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Saving Bank and money order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such branch post office.

DROPSY Treated free. Positively CURED with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousand cases. Send for free BOOK of testimonials of miraculous cures. 10 DAY TREATMENT FURNISHED FREE by mail. DR. H. L. GREEN & SONS, Specialists, Atlanta, Ga.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Indian Supplies," will be received at this office up to noon of SATURDAY, 9th May, 1891, for the delivery of Indian Supplies, during the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1892, consisting of Flour, Beef, Bacon, Groceries, Ammunition, Twine, Agricultural Implements, Tools, &c., duty paid, at various points in Manitoba and the North-West Territories.

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

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque in favour of the Superintendent General of Indian Affairs, on a Canadian Bank, for at least five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into a contract based on such tender when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted, the cheque will be returned, and if a contract be entered into for a part only of the supplies tendered for an accepted cheque for five per cent. of the amount of the contract may be substituted for that which accompanied the tender; the contract security cheque will be retained by the Department until the end of the fiscal year.

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

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

L. VANKOUGHNET, Deputy of the Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs, Department of Indian Affairs, Ottawa, March, 1891.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Maria Street Bridge," will be received at this office until Friday, the 24th day of April next, inclusively, for the construction of the Abutment and Piers of a bridge and works in connection therewith, to be built across the Rideau Canal, on the line of Maria Street, in the City of Ottawa, in accordance with plans and specification to be seen on and after Thursday, the 2nd day of April next, at the Department of Public Works Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers. An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the net amount of tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party declines the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, E. F.E. POY, Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 23rd March, 1891.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY

NOTICE.

I beg to call the attention of correspondents inquiring about the "COLONIZATION LOTTERY" to the fact that I have severed my connection with same about one year ago.

I am the manager of THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY and have nothing to do with the COLONIZATION LOTTERY.

S. E. LEFEBVRE, Montreal, April 1891.

OUR NATIONAL FOODS.

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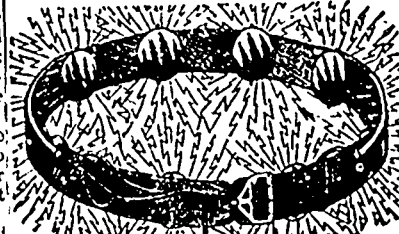
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"Your Electric Belt cured a violent attack of Sciatic Rheumatism of several months' standing, in eight days."—W. Dixon, sr., Grand Valley, Ont. "SAVED MY LIFE when I had Muscular Rheumatism."—Mrs. C. Iroll, West Market Street. "Am much pleased with belt. It has done me a great deal of good already."—J. Seifinger, Galt, Ont. "Have been a sufferer for years from Nervous Headaches and Neuralgia. After trying one of your belts am more than satisfied with it. Can knock out a headache now in fifteen minutes that used to keep me in bed for days."—Thos. Gates, Crawford St., Toronto.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Our attention having been attracted to base imitations of "The Owen Electric Belt," we desire to warn the public against purchasing worthless productions put upon the market by unprincipled men who, calling themselves electricians, prey upon the unsuspecting by offering worthless imitations of the genuine Owen Electric Belt that has stood the test of years and has a continental reputation. Our Trade Mark is the portrait of Dr. A. Owen, embossed in gold upon every Belt and Appliance manufactured by The Owen Electric Belt and Appliance Co. None genuine without it.

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Extracts from a few of the many satisfactory letters received from our patients.

MRS. A. ST. JOHN, of Sunderland, Ont., says: "I was spitting blood, had a bad cough with great expectoration, could hardly walk about the house without fainting, shortness of breath, high fever, great loss of flesh, had been ill for some months, I applied to Drs. R. & J. Hunter and was cured."

MR. SAMUEL MCGHEE, of Oak Ridges, Ont., says: "I was a victim of Asthma for 13 years, and had tried in vain to find relief. Hearing of Dr. R. & J. Hunter's treatment by inhalation, I applied to them; their treatment worked wonders. I can now breathe with ease, sleep without cough or oppression, and am entirely cured."

MR. & MRS. W. R. BISHOP, of Sherwood, Ont., say: "Our daughter had Catarrh for 8 years. We took her to Colorado without benefit, her disease extended to the lungs. We finally consulted Drs. R. & J. Hunter; after using their treatment of inhalation for one month she began to improve. She is now cured. We heartily recommend this treatment to all those afflicted with this disease."

POEMS

POPE LEO XIII.

As the Edition of these Poems is limited, and our stock is fast being depleted, we would advise those of our readers who have not yet secured one to send in their orders at once.



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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. V

Toronto, Saturday, April 25, 1891.

No. 11

Notes.

THE Right Rev. Rev. Dr. Paul Durieu, O.S.I., in his first pastoral as Bishop of the newly made See of New Westminster, says: "Looking back to 1863, when Pius IX sent our illustrious predecessor (Bishop D'Herbomez, O.S.I.) to British Columbia, to sow the seed of the Divine Word, what do we see? This Province was then almost exclusively peopled by Indians, plunged in the darkness of paganism. But the mustard seed has now grown into a magnificent tree, under which have found shelter more than 15,000 Indians, who astonish the world by their progress in civilization, their excellent morals, and their Christian spirit."

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL MANNING, writing through his secretary, says with respect to the proposed Labour Commission, that until it shall have been appointed and the names of the commissioners known, together with the extent and nature of the matters in reference, it is not in his power to form any opinion further than to say that such an inquiry ought to be productive of the greatest benefit, and that the mere issuing of such a commission is proof of the urgent necessity of treating the whole of this great question as vital to the welfare of the country.

NOTWITHSTANDING the undoubted benefits which Prince Bismark conferred upon Germany, it is still doubtful whether he will be able to secure the seat in the Reichstag for which he offered himself as a candidate. It was thought that scarcely a constituency would refuse to elect the man of iron, all that was needed being that he should present himself for the suffrages of the people. But in spite of his past record, he did not secure a majority of the electors of Geestemunde, the constituency for which he offered himself. He received, however, the largest vote given to any candidate, the result of the poll being: Bismark, 7,557; chmalfeld (socialist), 3,928; Plate (Guelf party), 3,342; Adolff (Freisinnige), 2,619. As it is necessary in Germany to secure a majority of the votes polled, there will be another ballot before the election will be decided. Great apathy was shown by the electors, only forty per cent. of the voters having voted at all. It is believed that the reason for this was that Bismark took no part in the contest. He did not even issue an address to the electors.

A DISPATCH dated Rome, April 23, says:—Early this morning a tremendous explosion shook this city to its foundations, spreading terror and dismay on all sides. The people rushed affrighted from their homes into the streets, houses rocked, pictures fell from the walls, thousands of panes of glass were broken, crockery was shattered, furniture was overturned, chimneys crashed down on the roofs and in some instances toppled over into the streets.

All the thoroughfares were strewn with bricks, stones, splinters and other debris, hurled there by the force of the powerful concussion which had caused Rome to totter on its foundations. People of all ages and conditions were rushing, pale with fear, about the streets. Rents and cracks appeared in the walls of houses, the plaster fell from the ceilings and general desolation prevailed. In many instances people were thrown from their beds by the shock.

The general opinion prevailed that Rome had been visited by an earthquake and that a second shock might reduce the city to ruins. Finally, when something like order had been restored, the real cause of the explosion became known. It was discovered that the immense powder magazine at Pozzeno Pantaleo, four kilometres from Rome, had exploded, and that it had caused enormous damage to the neighbouring fort.

The shock which caused Rome to tremble did not spare the

Vatican. That venerated place shook with the rest of the buildings when the force of the explosion was felt and several of the famous historical stained glass windows of the old buildings were shattered. The windows in the ancient Raphael chambers and the stained glass in the Royal staircase presented to Pope Pius IX. by the King of Bavaria were also seriously injured.

The full amount of the damage is not known at present and possibly may never be known, but all accounts agree that the loss is very severe, the interiors of many of the old palaces and churches having suffered to a greater or less extent. The exact number of killed and wounded is also unknown at present.

In the House of Commons April 17th Mr. Thomas Sexton, one of the members for Belfast, who was loudly cheered by the McCarthyites and by the Liberals, during the debate on the Irish Land bill, condemned Mr. Parnell's attitude of the previous night when the latter attacked the Liberal policy. Mr. Sexton said the Liberal position was not changed, but it was Mr. Parnell's attitude which had undergone a change. Mr. Parnell's proposed amendment to Mr. Morley's motion making it operative whenever a local government bill was passed would prevent Mr. Morley's object from being attained, which object was to compel the Conservatives to give Ireland local self-government. Mr. Morley's amendment was to the effect that an advance of money should not be granted under the bill except with the approval of county council, in the district in which the holding for which the advance was asked might be situated. After further discussion Mr. Morley's amendment was rejected by 247 to 170. Mr. Parnell's amendment to Mr. Morley's motion was also defeated.

Although Mr. Morley's amendment in introducing the Irish Land bill the principle of local control, was a point on which the Irish sections were expected to sink all differences, the spirit of faction got the upper hand. Mr. Parnell's amendment to the Morley amendment, followed by Mr. Sexton's amending the Parnell amendment, produced a feeling of irritation in the ranks of the Opposition, inducing many members to leave the House without voting on the most important attempt to alter the bill in committee. After this defeat the battle against the measure will be guerilla warfare. No leader of the Liberals will make any further effort to alter the character of the government's proposals. The bill has virtually passed the committee stage in the form which the Government projected.

At the evening's division the McCarthyites voted with Mr. Morley, while Messrs. Parnell, McKenna, Mahoney, Col. Nolan and other seceders joined the Conservatives.

An announcement of the most striking kind was Mr. Balfour's statement that the bill by which he was preparing to give Ireland local government would be circumscribed in character. His allusions to the operation of the land bill under local elected bodies clearly pointed to a scheme of county councils similar in structure to the English county councils. The announcement comes in time to be used in impending elections. There are now eight parliamentary seats vacant, of which seven will be contested. These contests will afford the two opposing parties some idea of the result of the coming appeal to the country. It is significant of the position of the home rule question as still holding the foremost place that the candidates for the vacancies find themselves constrained to dilate upon pledges for just settlement for Ireland. The platform of several Liberal candidates disclose planks prepared for the general electoral campaign, including besides home rule, those in favor of eight hours for miners, the one man and one vote principle, free education, church disestablishment, direct liquor votes and amendment of the law of conspiracy in favor of workmen. With this broad and strong programme the Conservatives will find it difficult to compete.

RUSSIAN PERSECUTION.

THOMAS STEVENS in the *New York World* says: Horrifying to a person who has been brought up in an atmosphere of perfect religious liberty is the crude barbarity of the Russian government in its treatment of those of its subjects outside the pale of the orthodox state church. There are many things in Russia that carry one back down the centuries; but it is on its priestly side that the whitewash of civilization is laid on the thinnest, and the hide of the medieval inquisitor is scarcely covered at all.

Religion is as dangerous a subject for a Russian to talk about in his own country as politics. He is as liable to be boxed off to Siberia for expressing himself incautiously about the former as the latter subject. Broach either of these subjects to the average Russian and, unless he is well acquainted with you, he immediately suspects you of being a secret agent of church or State, approaching him with sinister intent.

Seeking information on the subject of religious persecution, I was recommended by a friend to a certain Mr. B—, who was known to be well up on all such matters. Armed with an introduction I sought out Mr. B—, and explained to that gentleman who and what I was. Mr. B— was delighted, he declared, to make my acquaintance, and was ready there and then to give me any information in his power. Having delivered himself of this politeness, Mr. B—, whom I had been told was a Liberal of the most pronounced type, assumed the mental attitude of an extremely wary fencer, and replied to every question I put to him precisely as he would have done had the head of a government spy been visible behind every chair in the room.

Mr. B— was a foreigner who had lived in Russia a long time, had valuable business interests there, and simply could not afford the risk of being sent out of the country on twenty four hours' notice. This is about what would have happened to him had he told me the simple truth in reply to my questions, and the source of my information had been revealed in any way to the authorities.

Nothing could be learned from Mr. B—. Others were tried with no better results, for to ask a man to express himself on such a subject is equivalent to asking him to run great personal risks.

I eventually found a willing tongue, however, in the head of a Catholic priest in St. Petersburg. Now as ever, and in Russia no less than in all other parts of the world, the priests of the Roman church are the most fearless and aggressive of the clergy. In China, in Africa, in the most barbarous quarters of the earth the Roman Catholic missionary wins the admiration of all who have had the opportunity to observe his fearlessness and dogged perseverance in the face of difficulty and danger. Their audacity is splendid; and the writer was, therefore, not particularly surprised to find them risking Siberia and all manner of evil consequences in Russia, as fearlessly as fever in Africa and mobs in China.

After relating several racy stories about the performances of orthodox pops my informant plunged eloquently into the subject of religious persecution in Russia, treating chiefly of the Catholics. The audience chamber was the father's comfortable rooms in the college attached to a Catholic church on the Nevsky.

The Catholic religion, I was assured, was gaining ground in Russia, not only in spite of the persecution directed against it, but as a direct result of it. Religion thrives on persecution nowadays, as it has always done, and, while it gains strength with every blow that falls upon it, the arm that delivers the blows grows feeble in proportion. The absence of bitterness in his tones when telling of the manner in which the government applies the screws of persecution was striking. He talked like one sure of his ground and confident of ultimate victory.

A hundred Catholic priests, he said, had returned from Siberia during the present year, having served out their terms of exile. Ninety of them were disqualified by the government from hearing confessions and performing priestly functions, and they were only allowed to hold masses with locked doors. Yet there were a hundred others ready to follow where they had led, if necessary, for the triumph of religious liberty.

The reverend father puffed his American cigar with vigorous satisfaction as he related an incident that had occurred in St. Petersburg but a short time before my interview. Father W—, a brother Dominican, is religious instructor in eight schools in St. Petersburg. He speaks several languages, and, having to do with a cosmopolitan set of students, he used his polyglot accomplishments to the best advantage in their interests. With a French boy who knew little of any other tongue the teacher would, of course, get on better in French; with the German student, in German, etc. Father W—, having a keener eye to the advancement of his charges than to his own personal safety, did not even stop at using Polish in his intercourse with students who could understand him better in that language, though well aware that the use of Polish in the schools is forbidden under severe penalties.

Somehow the police got wind of what was going on, and at midnight, in the Marine school, on Vasili Ostroff, was heard the all too familiar command to open, "In the name of the Czar." A nocturnal

descent was made on the school by the secret police. The students were all tumbled out of their beds and questioned in regard to Father W—'s alleged use of Polish. Between midnight and morning each of the other seven schools were in turn visited in like manner.

"The boys were trumps," said Father T—. "Not a boy in any of the schools would confess that their tutor had made use of the interdicted language."

A sore thorn in the side of the ecclesiastical authorities of Russia is the question of confessing the Uniates. The Uniates are the offspring of the attempt made at the council of Florence to unite the long-estranged Eastern and Western churches. The orthodox Greeks claim that their representatives at the council sold them and have refused to recognize the right of the Uniates to go to confession to a Catholic priest.

Mr. Pobedonostzeff, the procureur of the Holy Synod of the orthodox Greek Church, and—some say not even excepting the Czar—the most powerful and influential person in Russia, is a sort of nineteenth century inquisitor. If the spirit of the age would permit him to do so he would probably be burning heretics at the stake on the Champs de Mars of St. Petersburg, or tying them in sacks and poking them down through the holes in the ice on the Neva. He is understood to be the prime moving spirit in the present reactionary movement that is going on in Russia and to wield a pernicious influence over the Czar, whose power he turns into an instrument of punishment against his adversaries. He is peculiarly determined on the question of the Uniates, whom he persists in treating as legally orthodox members of the State church whether they will or no.

At Catholic churches, where it is suspected that Uniates are in the habit of going to confession, policemen are stationed at the door, with authority to demand of all who would enter a passport proving that they are Catholics and not Uniates or Orthodox. The priests are also required to see the passports of those who come to them to confess, and if they confess a Uniate or an Orthodox the penalty is Siberia or the punishment monastery of Algonis.

Algonis is a monastery in a wretchedly poor, out-of-the-world district, a few hours from St. Petersburg, where the monks are in rags and tatters and barely manage to keep themselves from starving. Recalcitrant Catholic priests who are not sent to Siberia are compelled to take up their quarters in Algonis, where they lead a wretched existence, subjected to all manner of annoying inconveniences. Amongst the inmates at present is Father Leonard Zidjik of Lubin, Poland, who was sent there for the crime of confessing a Uniate. For some time he has been suffering with a dangerous throat disease and has begged permission to go to St. Petersburg for treatment. His requests have always been refused.

There are now in exile in the dreary northern province of Olonetz all the monks of the great Dominican monastery of Lubin, who several years ago were exiled *en masse* and their monastery disbanded for the deadly sin of confessing Uniates. Olonetz is a semi-wilderness of forest, swamp and lake, thinly inhabited, and without a single Catholic or Uniate to tempt the spiritual mettle of the exiled Dominicans. They are not allowed to say mass or hold services, even among themselves. The government allows them eight roubles (\$5) a month to keep them from starving.

In St. Petersburg the spirit of persecution is, of course, less brutally naked than in the provinces. St. Petersburg is only half Russian in outward and visible particulars, and there the authorities never forget that all Europe is looking on. Here the orthodox inquisition contents itself with sending spies to the Catholic and Protestant churches to listen to the sermons and to carefully watching the priests and parsons in the hope of catching them tripping within the letter of the law.

The pastor of the German Lutheran church, who had lived an irrefragable life in St. Petersburg for forty years and was highly respected by all who knew him, was ordered out of Russia on twenty-four (or forty-eight) hours' notice for baptizing a Russian who came and begged to be admitted into the Lutheran church. A vast crowd of Germans escorted the aged pastor to the station, and the whole German community, which is, next to the Russian, the largest in St. Petersburg, gave demonstrative expression to their disgust; but the unpardonable sin of receiving into the arms of a heretic religion one of the orthodox had been committed, and against this their pastor's forty years of hitherto blameless life was accounted as nothing.

For some time the Catholic Union of St. Petersburg has been petitioning for leave to found an orphan asylum. "No, no, I will grant you nothing!" was the last reply they had received from the late minister of interior, Tolstoi.

Americans can form no conception of the insufferable tyranny of the Russian provincial police, even when dealing with Russians. When having to do with heretics their overbearing insolence is hardly supportable. In the western provinces, where the people are largely Catholics or Lutheran Poles and Germans, the sextons of the Catholic churches are required to ring the bell when a Russian bishop passes by. In 1888 on the estate of Count Tijawitch, a Polish nobleman in the government of Wilna, the people had for some reason been forbidden to worship inside the chapel. They had been keeping up the services, however, outside. One day they received notice that a

Russian bishop was coming, and that the bell would have to be rung as usual. This they refused to do unless they were allowed to worship in the church. The end of it was that the district police officer mounted into the belfry and, as the Russian bishop passed, himself rang the bell.

The great majority of the Catholics in Russia are Poles, and in Poland and the Baltic provinces the agents of the government inquisition and the Catholic priests keep up a sort of a monkey and parrot tune generally. Churches are being constantly shut by the police, and the priests exiled or disqualified from the performance of their functions.

When their churches are shut up the priests take to the woods and fields, and appoint secret rendezvous for their people to come to them and confess. The priests are not allowed to teach the children the catechism except in secret in the sacristy, lest a word of which they communicate should perchance reach an orthodox ear.

All this badgering and baiting has to be endured and fought against by the Catholics, and still the screw is continually being tightened. Recently one more ingenious twist has been given. A new rule was passed by which any army officer who marries a Catholic wife forfeits his regular turn of promotion, those behind him being promoted over his head.

Some years ago the authorities even went the ridiculous length of getting up a book of ready-made sermons for the use of the Catholic priests, who were forbidden to preach an independent word; and they likewise had the Catholic masses translated into Russian. Latin was forbidden, and the masses were to be given in Russian from the government translation, in order that the spies who attended could understand all that passed.

This outrageous proceeding was, however, found to be the last straw which the persecuted camel was determined not to bear. Father Petrovitch, of Welna, took his copy of the translated masses and the book of Russian-written sermons into the pulpit with him, and before all the people lit candles and burned them up. He was immediately incarcerated in jail, but the government perceived that serious trouble would come of trying to enforce this diabolical piece of tyranny, and at present this law is allowed to remain a dead letter.

THE ENGLISH BENEDICTINES.

THE *London Daily Telegraph* says in a leading article:—

AFTER an exile of three centuries an old English Benedictine Community is returning to our shores. There was a time in England when "in every rich valley, by the side of every clear and deep stream," arose a Benedictine Abbey, representing not only the organized charity of the period, but serving as a refuge for art and letters in ages of feudal outrage or widespread civil war. At the end of the sixteenth century the expelled Benedictines of England gathered their scattered forces at St. Edmund's, Douai, whence they issued the English translation of the Holy Scripture known, chiefly in Ireland, as "the Douai Bible." They have now secured a large building and handsome grounds at Great Malvern, and there is something appropriate in the selection, for the land once belonged to a Benedictine Priory. This is by no means the first re-establishment of the Order in England since the relaxation of the Penal laws. There are eight or nine monasteries already in the United Kingdom, including the one picturesquely situated at Fort Augustus, in Scotland, and noticeable by all who pass through the lovely scenery along the route of the Caledonian Canal. These, however, are, so to speak, fresh starts. The St. Edmund's Community of Douai is the return of an exiled body to its old country. If there were any Rip Van Winkle amongst them who had gone to sleep for over three hundred years, he would note amazing changes. Before the Reformation the Benedictines were a great power in England. They occupied 113 Abbeys and Cathedrals, including some of the greatest in the land. In Scotland their muster-roll included Iona, Dumfermline, Melrose, and Lindores. The new monastery at Fort Augustus represents, like the Malvern enterprise, the return of an exiled body, for the Scottish Abbey at Ratisbon kept alive in times of persecution at home the traditions of Caledonian Romanism, and in 1878 revived the Benedictine rule in the old country. It is still more remarkable that the Benedictines have spread to the United States, where there are eight large Abbeys and many minor establishments. The mother Abbey of St. Vincent's, Pennsylvania, numbers 130 monks. In Australia and New Zealand Benedictine monasteries are also to be found. There is something striking in this extension at the end of the nineteenth century of the influence of a man who may be said to be the founder of the monasticism of the West.

Before St. Benedict drew up the famous rules of his Order, monasticism in the West can hardly be said to have existed. There were holy men who had retired from the world—some alone, others in groups: but there was no discipline, no scheme of manners, no vows for life. The anchorite of to-day might return to the world to-morrow. St. Benedict laid down the principle of stability; he insisted on the idea "Once a monk, always a monk." A monastery was to consist of men pledged until death to a holy career, and to strive after perfection of life, renouncing not only society, but all property, and bound to chastity, labour, and obedience. Of course, a large amount of public

and private ceremonies and prayers was included in their duties: but a Benedictine monastery then, and for many centuries after, was by no means a place exclusively devoted to religion and meditation. The monks were really the men of science, the students, the scholars, and the schoolmasters of the time. They were the educated few amongst an uneducated majority. Many epochs of foreign and civil war destroyed the cottages of the poor and the castles of the nobility, but spared the monasteries and convents. Pictures and manuscripts found in the homes of vanquished laymen were confiscated, and finally scattered or destroyed; but the libraries of the monasteries, protected by a religious halo, were safe from a ruthless victor of the time. It is hardly too much to say that but for the monks of the West, many treasures of classic literature, the delights of students to this day, would have perished in the Middle Ages had not the monasteries been sanctuaries, not only for haunted men, but for the manuscript treasures of the past. The sacred lamp of literature was kept alive by these holy men, when outside their walls the world was given up to licence, rapine, and internecine strife. Many of the monks devoted themselves to secular learning, and the Benedictines can boast a great roll of illustrious names. The first Archbishop of Canterbury, St. Augustine, belonged to the Order. St. Boniface, another English Benedictine, founded the great Abbey of Fulda in Germany. The Order reckons Ausgar in Denmark, Willibrord amongst the Dutch, Adalbert, a missionary to the Bohemians, and Casimir, whose memory is still powerful in Poland. St. Bernard in France and Bede and Anselm in England, are also amongst its glories. In the fourteenth century it was, perhaps, at its height. It had then given twenty-four Popes and two hundred Cardinals to the Church; it had seen seven thousand Archbishops of its rule and double the number of occupants of ordinary sees, and it boasted in the other world of over 1,500 canonised Saints. It counted 15,000 monasteries before the Reformation; it lost two-thirds of the number through the spoiling hand of princes, and at the present time its houses throughout the world do not exceed eight hundred. This is not entirely due to the decline of Roman influence in the countries that embraced the Reformation; it is also attributable to the starting of many rival Orders—the Franciscan, the Jesuits, and many much more modern groups of Religious men banded together as auxiliaries to the Church. There is a fashion in these things, as in plays, novels, costumes, and cookery. The rules of devotion and life which seemed quite sufficient for good people in the Middle Ages are not fervid or severe enough for the devotees of later times; and St. Benedict is no longer looked up to as the exclusive leader of all these who separate themselves from the world. St. Benedict's monks taught the poor children around them, copied again and again priceless manuscripts on sacred and secular subjects, cultivated letters when the age was barbarous, and lived lives of honest industry, happily safe from the robber barons of the day.

How will the English people receive the return and revival of the Benedictines? From the religious point of view there will probably be no opposition. Public opinion has grown wisely tolerant. The greatest laymen agree with the greatest divines that "God fulfils Himself in many ways," and that humanity in diverse countries and times has found comfort, use, and beauty in rites as various as its races, and in modes and methods that differ widely. Nobody will throw a stone at any monk robed in black or white or grey. Honest men will wish them God speed, as they desire success for the Salvation Army, or any other agency for social or spiritual elevation. Is not English opinion, however, opposed to communistic life? Does it not worship individualism? Does it not detest anything like vows of obedience of rigid discipline? These questions could have been answered in the affirmative fifty years ago. The reply is not so conclusive now. It is believed by many Englishmen that isolated men and women working for good cannot achieve the same results as a body under strict orders and sharing the comforts of fellowship. The Salvation Army is as strictly based on obedience as the Order of St. Benedict. There is also a growing belief that there are many men and women who find complete rest for body and mind in giving themselves up for life to seclusion, obedience, prayer, and complete devotion to appointed tasks. To some sensitive hearts the unrest of the world is torture; they know not what may come next, what may happen or what they may lose. Within "narrowing nunnery walls" they lead lives marked out by lines that do not bend; they are content with "the daily paces to and fro, the grey set life," and they look forward to the inevitable end without apprehension. They are safe from social cares, society scandals, the tedium of amusements, the gradual decrease of interest, and the pangs and peril of those who have in wife or children "given hostages to fortune." It may seem nobler and braver to look life courageously in the face; to confront its cares, not to evade them. But it is no wonder that in all ages and all lands there should be found women and men who, as nuns or monks, find refuge for soul and mind and body in a seclusion that prepares them for the grave. When, like the Benedictines, they add works of charity and utility, it would be the height of bigotry not to admit their full right to pursue their own paths of activity and zeal—especially to-day, when General Booth, with his "farm colonies," will practically reproduce in some of our rural districts the Benedictine industry animated by religion and fortified by discipline that centuries ago made many waste lands in England to blossom like the rose.

THE LORETTO NUNS—THE CHILDREN OF MARY.

The Franciscan and Dominican Tertiaries in the Middle Ages covered Europe with a network of prayer and good deeds. The Third Orders were the inspiration of saints, warmly welcomed by the Church, which takes especial thought of its children in the world. It was said then that every second person was a Tertiary. Queens and kings wore the Cord of St. Francis or St. Dominic under their royal robes, and the mendicant they passed at the church steps was their brother or sister in religion. There has been talk lately of reorganizing this vast force, and of making the Franciscans, Primary and Tertiary, a sort of Catholic Salvation Army. For woman's work we have in the Children of Mary, if properly organized and drilled, a great force. No statistics are taken of its numbers. I expect if we knew the sum total, the best prepared of us would start at it. Here, then, is a gentle army, already in the field, and capable of far more utility; its end and aim "to beat down the standard of Satan, and set up the standard of Christ."

In Ireland the principal educational Order of nuns is Loretto, or, more properly speaking, the Institute of the Blessed Virgin. First founded by a notable woman named Mary Ward, who thus supplied the demand for Catholic education among English gentlefolk in the days of the Reformation, it has only found its way into Ireland in the present century. It has had for each of its superior-generals not only a woman of sanctity, but a woman of business and advanced ideas as well. That is the tradition inherited from Mary Ward, who, great soul, lived two or three centuries before her time, and got into grievous hot water therefore. Mother Teresa Ball, the foundress of the Order in Ireland, was especially a magnificent business woman. How the seed she planted in 1822 has prospered may be gauged by the fact that in Ireland there are now nineteen convents of the Order, and there have gone off from the mother-house of Rathfarnham to India, eleven communities; to Canada and the States, nine; to Australia, Africa, and Mauritius, six.

I have adverted to the Loretto nuns because the congregation of the Children of Mary under their auspices has been as progressive as one could desire. A fruitful source of feeding it from ladies of the world is the annual Ladies' Retreat, which has been held at Rathfarnham every July since 1866. One need not be a spiritual-minded woman to adjudge the benefits of such a retirement from the world. A fashionable physician might prescribe it for a patient exhausted by too many calls from the family or the world outside. Rathfarnham is one of the most beautiful convents anywhere. It is a great, stately old house of the last century, added to without breaking a tradition. It is of red brick, mellowed by wind and weather; and within it has a great hall and immense stone staircases, and many rooms panelled and full of snug cupboards; and the most beautiful drawing-room I have ever seen, all hung with stamped leather in gold and colors, and windowed down to the floor.

The ladies who attend the retreat, however, are not in this ancient portion of the house, but high up, on a level with the lantern tower of the beautiful ch. ch. They inhabit for the time nuns' cells, in this elevated place the Sisters call Rue Celeste. The cells are tiny, with sloping ceilings, and dormer-windows looking over a rich country of woods and meadows to the eternal blue of the Irish hills, here near at hand, and fair beyond words in their quiet and peaceful beauty. Rue Celeste winds on around the lantern tower, by whose glass sides one can kneel and look down on the altar, and assist, if one were so disposed, at the Holy Mass going on below.

Think of it for a mother of a family, or for one on whom the world made as urgent if less holy calls! To be tired or worldly, or sad or arid, and come here amid the gardens and birds and flowers, and be drenched in beauty and peace; to sit a little space like a hermit of old, away from the world, but face to face with God and the stars, and to remember your own soul and commune with it! Retreat is the true name, if that retirement involves rest and refreshment.

But my Children of Mary! I am wandering far away from them. The congregation attached to the Loretto Convent in Dublin has for director a Jesuit priest, as remarkable for his broad humanity as for his great holiness. He is the editor of the *Irish Messenger of the Sacred Heart*; and, as Irish Director of the Apostleship of Prayer, he is accustomed to hold in his hands the strings of a great and complex organization. He has extended its workings in his own human way, creating an Apostleship of Study for the school-children, to make the difficult lessons holy; an Apostleship of Cleanliness for the home, sadly needed in poor Ireland; an Apostleship of Temperance for men and women, to meet that foe of all foes in this dear land of ours. The Holy Hour, the Treasury of Good Works, the many Apostleships, are all of his initiation or his introduction.

He was speaking when I came into a crowded meeting of the Children of Mary, at Loretto Convent, Stephen's Green, last month. These meetings take place mid-monthly. The convent is a nobleman's house of the last century, and has the great rooms, the beautiful mahogany doors, the ornate decoration on wall and ceiling, which so many Dublin houses inherit from that reign of splendor before the Union. The nuns' chapel, where the meetings are held, was "my

lady's drawing-room." It is divided midway by pillars and arches, and the ceiling is gayly frosted and decorated. The chapel was as full as it could hold. I just fitted in at the extreme end by the door. The director's discourse was simple and penetrating. It was about hindrances in the spiritual life, and he gave instances of how diverse natures might be discouraged or deluded, with all the insight of one who has had wide experience in the cure of souls. There was not a dull word in what he said, there was nothing of platitude.

There were women of all ages present. Some were charming young girls, fashionably dressed, with their pretty hair daintily arranged. It struck me that, maid and matron, it was rather an aristocratic assemblage. The season so-called is in full swing in Dublin in February, and many of those dignified and handsome women and those pretty girls were up from the country for Castle balls and such gaieties. The nun who has charge of their books told me afterward that she had seen some of those girls come in often, after balls, with their eyes almost closing in sleep. I liked to think of them coming here about God's work after taking the pleasures of their youth and station permitted them. They did not present religion to one as being dowdy and sad-faced.

It was one of the golden February mornings we enjoyed this year. The windows, with their little lozenges of color, were opened wide; and the cheerful chirping of sparrows came in from the Green, with a happy suggestion of spring. After the discourse was over there was Benediction, and the most beautiful soprano voice led the Latin hymn, while all the educated voices joined in, making delightful harmony. It must have brought subtle suggestions to the passers-by—the incense floating out on the clear air, and the lovely singing to the little organ. To me it seemed a time of rare spiritual charm and fruitfulness.

After the Benediction we all went downstairs to one of the big parlours, to hear about the practical work that was doing. The Father director seated himself at the head of the room; the ladies were massed at the end and by the walls. There was a list read first of the clothing made during the month for the poor—comfortable bales of petticoats and jackets and woollen shirts, and other things not specified. I sat watching the pretty and well-bred faces, gathering from the blush and smile who was the author of this or that benefaction. There was a charming woman near me whom I stared at rather openly I fear. She had a warm pallor in her face, and her fair hair went back from her forehead in beautiful waving lines. But what caught me was the look of quiet happiness in her eye; and her mouth—some suggestion that momentarily a happy smile might come.

Meanwhile the director, in my abstraction, had travelled on to the hospital visiting. There had been several hundreds of visits paid during the month. He went through the list, with an occasional word of praise and an occasional regretful pause at an hospital where the visits had been comparatively few, with a gentle reminder that he hoped for better things next month. Afterward I talked with a lady I knew, who was one of the hospital visitors. She had selected as the object of her charity one of the great maternity hospitals,—the least visited perhaps, as the visitors should be married women, who naturally have the most calls on their time. This good lady is very warm-hearted and loving, and looks both; and I can imagine what her warm presence coming into a ward would be to the poor sick creatures, many of them are so grievously sick in soul as well. She told me how she sat a while with one poor young thing, very lonely and frightened. "Now, wouldn't you like a blessed rosary to hold in your hand?" she asked. "O ma'am," said the girl, with her face lighting up, "I would! But sure, who is there to give me the like?" My friend drew out a rosary beads from her capacious bag, which holds many things on such visits, and gave it to her. The girl was almost dumb with pleasure; and afterward, as my friend passed out, she saw her lying there, smiling faintly, holding on to her rosary as one might to a most precious talisman.

After the meeting was over, and the Children of Mary gone out in the world again, I had to go with the nuns to see the Poor Schools, where Sister Peter was presiding most happily over the Kindergarten. We went down a long corridor, running by the side of the extensive garden, to the schools, which open on Leeson Lane, one of the elms of this rather aristocratic district of Dublin. Sister Peter is said by the other nuns to "live in the Lano." She used to be the highest woman official of the National Board of Education in Ireland, and had all those splendid schools in Marlborough street under her. She said she was far happier now than in her independence, when she had her charming suite of apartments, her servants, and her busy and honourable daily life. One could well believe it; she looked overflowing with happiness.

The children went through various exercises wonderfully graceful and pretty; the boys at one side of the room, the girls at the other. In front of us were the very babes of the school, sent here to be out of harm's way—some turned round and stared at us, others sleepily falling down on the desk; a pair prettily hugging each other; all round and soft and infantine, the lovely children of the poor. There was one little one with an aureole of chestnut curls a Florentine painter might have desired for his cherubs. The exercises were lovely; the little girls with their cymbals, wonderfully graceful and absorbed

in what they were at. the boys well trained, but far more mechanical.

In another room the children were at the paper-weaving and fancy mat-making, which any one who has ever seen a Kindergarten will be familiar with. Behind the glass doors of a cupboard were some notable achievements in this way, as well as pictures and toys for prizes, and a grand set of white and gold tea things, which were to fall to the lot of her who excelled in the Apostleship of Cleanliness.

I must go to the Loretto Convent at Bray some day, to see the model cottage which the school children have painted, decorated and furnished. The conditions of the competition for the prizes include that the walls of the home be white-washed by the little competitor—though, under certain conditions, this may be done by father or brother the doors, windows, and other paintable things, must be painted by her own hands; she must have scrubbed the floors and tables once a week, and the chairs, stools, and dresser, once a fortnight, the windows cleaned at least once a month, the rooms swept and dusted every day. Then, in addition to these necessary things, special prizes are given for such daintiness as lawn window-blinds; and for window gardening, or gardening in the little plots belonging to the houses. This Apostleship only instituted a few months, has thriven amazingly, and the happiest results come in concerning it. The prizes—how proud the recipients must be—are all useful household things, such as china tea sets, small dinner services, sets of knives and forks, roony chintz-covered chairs for old people, and things of the sort.

There is a certain fitness in the Loretto nuns having taken up the Apostleship warmly, as they are named in a manner from the Holy House. They not only train the little girls, but they lend brushes and other necessary things; and kind ladies send in, in His name, such homely offerings as bars of soap, tubs, buckets, lime, paint, Brunswick black, etc., etc. Some of the letters from the mothers or fathers of the children are very pretty and quaint. One letter says: "Dear Mother,—Maggie's father and I are so grateful for the grand instructions you've given her in regard of cleaning up. It would do your heart good to see our little room when we came home on Saturday. Everything was *shining*. Her father stood at the door smiling at her."

This homely and practical Apostleship must be very dear to the Lord, who sanctioned labour so many years by toiling at the carpenter's bench. Father Cullen desires to extend the Apostleship to more than the children, only it is right to begin with them. He wants the young men, too, to be clever with their hands, so that when a wife, who will keep the home spotless, and cover her furniture with flowered chintz, and hang up daintily fresh window curtains, he will contribute his share to make the house a home.

I have gone afield from the title of my paper, but there is often an intimate connection between the Children of Mary and Father Cullen's Apostleships—sufficient connection, though I have not proved it, to save me, in my mind, from being a very discursive contributor.—*Katherine Tynan in Ave Marie.*

RICH WORDS FROM MANY WRITERS.

—How blindly you read her,
Or any woman. Yes, I know. I grant
How small we oft seem in our small world
Of trivial cares and narrow precedents—
Lacking that wide horizon stretched for men—
Capricious, spiteful, frightened at a mouse;
But when it comes to suffering mortal pangs,
The weakest of us measure pulse with you
—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

I love to think that God appoints
My portion day by day;
Events of life are in His hand,
And I would only say,
Appoint them in Thine own good time,
And in Thine own best way
—*A. I. Waring.*

Gratitude consists in a watchful, minute attention to the particulars of our state, and the multitude of God's gifts, taken one by one. It fills us with a consciousness that God loves and cares for us, even to the least event and smallest need of life. It is a blessed thought that from our childhood God has been laying His Fatherly hands upon us, and always in benediction; that even the strokes of His hands are blessings, and among the chiefest we have ever received. When this feeling is awakened, the heart beats with a pulse of thankfulness. Every gift has its return of praise. It awakens an unceasing daily converse with our Father,—He speaking to us by the ascent of thank-givings. And all our whole life is thereby drawn under the light of His countenance, and is filled with a gladness, serenity and peace which only thankful hearts can know.—*Cardinal Manning.*

Beauty is nobly useful. It illumines the mind, raises the imagination, and warms the heart. It is not an added quality, but grows from the inner nature of things; it is the thought of God working outward. Only from drunken eyes can you with paint and tinsel hide inward deformity. The beauty of hills and waves, of flowers

and clouds, of children at play, of reapers at work, of heroes in battle, of poets inspired, of saints rapt in adoration, rises from central depths of being, and is concealed from frivolous minds. Even in the presence of death the hallowing spirit of beauty is felt. The full-ripe fruit that gently falls in the quiet air of long summer days, the yellow sheaves glinting in the rays of autumn's sun, the leaf which the kiss of the hoar-frost has made blood-red and loosened from the parent stem, are images of death, but they suggest only calm and pleasant thoughts.—*Rt. Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, D. D.*

Dear, beautiful Death! the jewel of the Just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust:
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flame must needs burn there,
But when the hand that locked her up gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee!
Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists which blot and fill
My perspective—still—as they pass—
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
Where I shall heed no glass.

—*Henry Vaughan.*

God is a kind Father. He sets us all in the places where He wishes us to be employed, and that employment is truly "our Father's business." He chooses work for every creature which will be delightful to them, if they do it simply and humbly. He gives us always strength enough, and sense enough, for what He wants us to do, and if we either tire ourselves or puzzle ourselves, it is our own fault.—*Ruskin.*

The mean of soul are sure their faults to gloss,
And find a secret gain in others loss.

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

CONVERTS TO AND FROM THE CHURCH.

As for three hundred years in English speaking countries Catholics and Protestants have been arrayed like two armies set in array, we may naturally, as in all human affairs expect to see some pass from one side to the other; some who, while still apparently true to their colours, really give strength to the enemy. There is one remarkable feature about these conversions, and that is, that those who, led by conviction, bravely avow their faith in the unpopular creed of the Catholic Church, are, as a rule, men and women of blameless lives, of untarnished reputation, of great learning and study, those who leave the Catholic Church for one in better estimation with the unthinking masses are too often persons of questionable morality, of vacillating and inconstant character, frivolous and superficial. The converts to the Catholic Church from the ranks of Protestantism are men who can be advanced to high dignities and show by their lives and their labours for good that the choice has been well made. Cardinals Manning, Newman, Bonnehose; Archbishops Bayley, Wood; Bishops Wadsworth, Rosecrans, Young; priests like Hecker, Gallitzin, Stone; laymen in editorial chairs like Brownson, McMaster, are proofs of the merit and ability of the men who embraced the Catholic faith. But, though Protestantism welcomes those who leave the Catholic Church, and uses them, it is only to do the vilest work, that of reviling and misrepresenting the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church. But their utter worthlessness is seen in the fact that no Protestant denomination has ever raised one of them to the episcopate or to the presidency of a college, or confided to any one of them the management of any of their church papers. To lure them out of the Catholic Church seems the sole aim; then they have no further use for them, except to assign them to the lowest position and set them to do the most degrading work in order to preclude their return to the Church, so far as human ingenuity can.—*Catholic News.*

We would beg to call the attention of our readers to the fact that Messrs. Pfeiffer & Hough Bros., of 44 Lombard St., have a new method of cleaning carpets, with absolutely no injury to the fabric. Carpets can be cleaned in any weather, and, if required, stored in moth proof vaults. A trial of them is solicited.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto.

The Most Rev. C. O'Brien, Archbishop of Halifax.

Rt. Rev. T. J. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto.

The late Archbishop Lynch.

The late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carbery of Hamilton.

The Rev. Father Dowl of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1891.

In our sketch of St. Michael's College, published in last issue, we omitted, through an oversight, placing the name of one of the most earnest and popular of the professors, upon the professorial staff of the College. We allude to Rev. A. P. Dumouchel., O.S.B., who, as professor of Belles Lettres, has won golden opinions, from both his colleagues and the pupils.

It is said that the associates of "Father" Ignatius, the minister who recently established an Episcopalian monastic order, composed of members of that body, at Llanthony Abbey, have entered the folds of the true Church.

A VOTE of censure has been passed upon the Mayor by the District Orange Lodge, on account of his having attended the complimentary banquet tendered to His Grace the Archbishop last week. It is now within the province of the Orange Lodges to resolve that the Mayor preside over the meetings of the City Council clothed in orange and purple robes. The impertinence that prompted the one would scarcely be lacking in framing the other resolution.

We reprint the following extract from the *Boston Republic* of a lecture recently delivered in that city by President Andrews, of Brown University. President Andrews, who is the minister of the Old South Church, in Boston, in the course of a lecture delivered in the Old South Meeting House on Monday evening under the direction of the Massachusetts Society for the Promotion of Good Citizenship, said:

"Another great question is the Catholic question. Many good Americans say that no Catholic can be a good citizen. People who declaim against Catholics might say that the constitution was a compact with the devil, as the abolitionists used to say in pro-slavery days. Some Protestants want a change in the constitution, so that they can have all the power in their own hands. That can only be accomplished through fire and bloodshed. I am not prepared for that. Are you? Roman Catholic ecclesiastics have declared that every man's first duty was to the spiritual power. Well, what of that? I was brought up in western Massachusetts, and my good father always taught me that my first duty was to God. Protestantism has always taught that doctrine. A case might arise when a Catholic would obey the Pope of Rome, instead of the civil power, but there is no way in which the body of Catholics can array themselves against the civil power.

"Whenever the interests of the United States are at stake, the Catholics of this country will rise up as one man to defend our rights. There will never come from the Vatican a measure calculated to injure this country."

To those of Toronto's preachers who are ever ranting about the disloyalty of Catholics, we recommend perusal of the above.

PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH'S CHAPTER ON THE CATHOLICS OF QUEBEC.

PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH'S new book is out, and his treatment of Quebec affairs is an insult to the intelligence of every Protestant who knows anything of the history of Canada, and an outrage to the best feelings of every Catholic, no matter what his nationality may be. In this chapter he has displayed a petty spirit of bigotry and narrow-mindedness unworthy of this age of enlightenment and liberality, but quite characteristic of Prof. Goldwin Smith, whose malignity against Catholics is undisguised. The first fault he has to find with Quebec, is, that it is a *theocracy*, that is, ruled according to the law of God. To some it may appear strange that the Professor should regard *theocracy* in this sense, as a misfortune to the French Canadian habitants, but on reflection it appears quite evident that he and all who agree with him would banish God, not only from government and education, but even from religion itself. But it will be asked, what at all events would religion be without God? Never mind trifling distinctions like that, it is mere formality, and to no purpose. Religion without God is the only consistent religion for these men, it is what they would make it, it is even what they have made, and what they desire universally to see it. But it will be objected, is not this going entirely too far, is not this too hard? Not a bit. They are Protestants. Consistent with their name, they teach nothing. They protest, they slander Catholics, they misrepresent Catholic teaching, they would demolish the Catholic Church if they could, but to teach or put in its place anything as positive and true is for them impossible, and we defy Prof. Goldwin Smith to tell us what he does believe, and stick to that like a man.

With all the Professor's learning, and his high reputation for the excellence of his style in writing English, it is quite plain that he has never studied to find out the truth in religious matters, and it is not to be presumed that he would be willing to accept the truth in these matters, unless it chanced to coincide with his views. In fact, he has no intellectual sincerity. Intellectual candor towards Catholics, or even towards himself where Catholics are concerned, is a thing wholly foreign to his nature. He takes it for granted, without any proof, that against Catholics he is right and cannot be wrong. Thus with him is a fixed principle, it is the Protestant principle and the only principle with them that is fixed infallible and immutable. That we are neither unjust nor uncharitable in these statements will be seen by any one who has read the chapter in question. The evidence there of injustice, bigotry, and hatred, is too clear to allow us even to hope that we are wrong.

"The people," he says "are the sheep of the priest. He is their political as well as their spiritual chief, and nominates the politician who serves the interest of the Church at Quebec, or at Ottawa." The priests are the leaders, *hinc ille lacryma*. This is the whole trouble, so it were better in his estimation to leave the people to the tender mercies of scheming politicians, who had no interest in them, but their own advancement. Priests have no selfish interest, they neither seek nor expect a place in the Cabinet, nor any other political preferment, they are simply interested in the welfare of the people, the people know that; and know that the priests are their best friends, hence they place implicit confidence in temporal as well as in spiritual matters in them, and are led by their advice, rather than by that of fanatics, like Goldwin Smith, who hated and despised themselves, their creed and nationality, and would destroy them if he could. What would the Irish be, were it not for the wholesome influence of their priests? How often have the latter prevented the poor oppressed people from blindly rushing into that rebellion, to which injustice had goaded them, and foiled their English masters, in their machinations to catch them in the traps ingeniously laid for their destruction.

Why do not Protestant parsons in any part of the world, even in one single spot, exercise similar influence? Will the Professor try to explain that? No one minds a Protestant parson. Even the Professor himself would pay no heed to him as an exponent of religious truth. No one should mind him, for the parson teaches nothing, nor does he even pretend to teach anything, but if ever he should by any chance assume the dignity of a teacher, which would be inconsistent with his own principles, it would be to tell the people that every one is his own teacher, and, consequently, to accept the teaching of anyone

also would be the vilest of spiritual slavery and debasement. The people take the parsons, as indeed they ought, at their own word and pay no attention to what they say. Were it not for hatred of Catholics, that is instilled by fanatics like the Professor, the occupation of that so called clergy would be gone.

The Professor says again, "The faith of the peasantry is *medieval*." Why does the Professor, so accustomed to precision in style, say the "faith of the *peasantry*?" The faith of the peasantry is the same as that of the cardinals, bishops, priests, and even the Pope. This may surprise the Professor, who must suppose that God has revealed one system of belief for the highly intellectual and a simpler form, no doubt, for the peasant. Really he has strange notions of religion and had better confine himself to matters purely historical, provided these matters have nothing to do with the Catholic Church, in which case he cannot trust even himself as to accuracy. He says their faith is *medieval*. Of course it is, and dates from a period even more remote than mediævalism, and that is more than can be said of the Professor's faith, if he have any—which in due respect to his intelligence, we are bound to say he has not—How could such an intellectual man believe that contradictions are equally true, and this is what he is bound to do if he swallows Protestantism, of which he professes to be a champion. Then if the Professor's own faith is not mediæval, it must have been before or after mediæval times. If it was before, let him please tell us where this faith was professed, by any Christian community, even if it were only in some small village. If after mediæval times, is it possible that the faith he so much brags about was that brilliant illumination which radiated on the British Empire for the first time from the eyes of Anne Boleyn and suggested to the mind of Henry the Eighth, an entirely new revelation, a revelation which has to a large extent emancipated the English speaking portion of the world from Pope and Popery, and what suits the world better, from every restraint placed upon Christians by the Commandments of God and of His Church. Ah, Professor, when you undertake to defend this so-called Reformation and all the persecution and sacrilege that came in its train, you have a heavy responsibility, but you do not defend it, you know you cannot, it is sufficient for your purpose to blacken the Catholic Church, and this will be your excuse for deeds of cruelty and spoliation, which have had no parallel in history, not even under Nero, Dioclesian or Caligula.

So far we have noticed only a few of his charges against the habitants. The whole of this chapter is written in a spirit which would lead one to expect that the Professor is making remote preparations to run for an Orange constituency at next election. He has made various other charges which will be taken up in due time. Some of these are that the habitants are simple, ignorant, submissive, unprogressive, but kindly courteous. Though the people are poor the Church is immensely rich, he says. He treats us to the old Protestant chestnuts about masses for the dead. He even charges the Church in Quebec with enforcing morality among the people, and this he regards as a sad, tyrannical, highly unintellectual and debasing state of things, it is so unlike the glorious liberty of Protestantism, which never bothers any one about these trifles being merely the impositions of Popish aggression.

But does the Professor believe in Protestantism, of which he professes to be a champion? Not a bit of it. The fact is, that like all who try to become the champions of Protestantism, he is a sham and he knows it. He may brag, indeed as he does, of the glorious Reformation, but does he believe, or would he hold and defend, the views of its authors? Certainly not; for he is an historian, and as such he knows right well that the doctrines of the first Protestant Reformers have been altered and modified, to suit some purpose. Now the Professor must know that truth must be *invariable*, and consequently, cannot be changed. If, therefore, he regards Protestantism as revealed by God, how can he tolerate, much less defend, the changes which Protestantism has undergone. We say that the Professor is insincere and dishonest, for if he had believed in the doctrines of the Reformers as revealed by God, how could he tolerate any change in these doctrines unless a new revelation has been made, and when he shall have *proved* to us the existence of such a new revelation from God, not from Henry the Eighth, Elizabeth, or even the English Parlia-

ment, but from God, then he will draw with him to follow the dictates of this new revelation 260,000,000 of those who still adhere to what he would call the superstition of Romanism. What a glorious record this would be for Professor Goldwin Smith. Why, if he had lived a little earlier he would have been recorded as a saint side by side with the godly and uxorious Henry VIII., Elizabeth, the virgin, Oliver Cromwell, Latimer, Ridley, and a host of others of pious and immortal memory—*et alibi aliorum*, etc.

This glorious reformation gave to Henry VIII. and the Landgrave of Hesse an *indulgence* to marry second wives, their first being living. The Professor knows this, and a good deal more of this kind of liberality on the part of Protestantism, and since it cannot be defended, the Protestant policy is to misrepresent and blacken the Catholic religion so as to make it appear, if possible, even worse than Protestantism. The Professor is not sincere, he does not believe in Protestantism, no intelligent person who has studied religious matters does. He is simply an English literary dude, who looks upon Canadians as illiterate dolts, who will take his simple statement as truth.

The Professor's statements in regard to poverty and lack of progress in Quebec are without foundation. He gives no figures or proofs of any kind—but in dealing with questions where Catholics are concerned this would be superfluous. For a Protestant on such matters it is quite enough to assert, and who is so benighted as to doubt him. There is more poverty, wretchedness and crime in a quarter of London, the stronghold of Protestantism, just in the shadow of the Queen's palace, than there is in the Province of Quebec, which will more than compare with Ontario in point of wealth and progress, as the following figures taken by Rev. John Talbot Smith from Government statistics will show:

Number of acres of land owned—Ontario	23,309,264
" " " " " Quebec	18,000,578
Number of owners Ontario.....	266,485
" " " " " Quebec.....	175,731
Value of real estate under mortgage Ontario	\$171,676,062
" " " " " Quebec.....	1,949,638
Number of mortgages upon which compulsory proceedings were taken in 1885 - Ontario	664
Number of mortgages upon which compulsory proceedings were taken in 1885 - Quebec.....	19

This is progress from the Catholic and Protestant standpoint. Quebec is Catholic, Ontario Protestant, yet the above proof shows that Quebec is sixteen times less mortgaged than its sister province. It has only 16 loan companies to Ontario's 79. The Quebec people are certainly not in the hands of the Jews. They own their own land.

There are many other proofs, but for the present these will suffice. It is well known that there are no such educational institutions in Ontario as in Quebec, but more of this hereafter.

The Professor belongs to a so-called church which had for its first spiritual head a minister who discarded three wives and murdered two, which proposed for man's salvation a creed made by a child in his cradle, which justified in the head of the church polygamy, which declared the Holy Ghost to have published for the soul's guidance in sanctity eighteen different lies in the short space of twenty-six years, and the Professor, who knows this, had better apply himself to the vigorous denunciation of this pagany and blasphemy, than creating prejudice against Catholics who desire to live in peace.

LEX.

Mr. SYDNEY GRUNDY's play, "A Village Priest," says the *Ave Maria*, which had a successful run in England, will no doubt be performed extensively in this country. It is well to warn our readers who might be tempted to imagine that this drama is worthy of support, that it is calculated to give non-Catholics a false opinion of our religion. The priest in this play is represented to be a hero because he breaks the seal of confession! An English priest says of the principal person in the drama: "The character came forward as a grand hero; but if he could be turned into real flesh and blood, he would be branded by the Catholic world as one of the greatest monsters that ever lived."

THE JESUIT'S STORY.

III.

Well, thenigh of the entertainment the little building was well lit up with lanterns and tallow dips, but a feature of the programme was introduced which was not mentioned on the programme. Mrs. Everett had a couple of stout men bring in a fine Irish harp, and as she ran her fingers over the strings her youthful husband stood beside her. There could be heard distinctly a pin had it dropped on the little temporary platform where the singers stood, and such music of Irish and Scotch melodies had never before been heard on the boards of any place in Texas. Finally followed songs by husband and wife—"Coming Through the Rye," "Bonnie Jean," "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon," "Go Where Glory Awaits Thee,"—until I had to step forward and tell the people they were encoring too often and must not overtax the lady.

Well it was indeed a benefit for the little church. Cowboys and cattle drovers flung gold from their wallets, and I went to my temporary home that night praying fervently for these good people of the wilderness in particular, and in a special manner for the young couple whose grace and refinement had stamped themselves on my memory as something above the ordinary class of settlers who take upland in Texas.

Well, a few months elapsed, when again came my orders from our headquarters to move on, and as I bade my congregation adieu, there stood at the sacristy door Mr. and Mrs. Everett. I held out my hands to them both, and at a request from them to speak to me privately, I stepped back from the people to listen to the following request.

"Father Gervais, if you should ever go to England will you call upon my father, Lord P—? The family estate is in Monmouthshire. I am a second son, and my oldest brother, who will inherit the earldom, is a cripple. I offended my father by marrying Jessie (gently putting his hand on his wife's shoulder). Please, if you see him, give him this," at the same time handing me a photograph of a beautiful boy with flowing locks, who was not more than three years old. "Tell him, Father, if he receives you—and I know he will because you are a Jesuit priest—that I am well and happy. Jessie is painting a miniature on ivory of our boy."

In a few seconds I learned enough to convince me that here again was an evidence of what God joins together no man has a right to put asunder; and I assured the young nobleman that should my superior permit me I would cheerfully comply with the request of the exiled son of Lord P—.

L'homme propose et dieu dispose was verified in an almost miraculous manner two years after this interview. When affairs relating to our order took me to Stonyhurst College, in the North of England, after unpacking my valise I found among some precious papers the photograph to the young heir to an earldom away in the Lone Star State, and a few hours afterwards I was on the London and Northwestern express in order to reach a border shire in England. Resting at the country hotel over night, I on the following morning, bright and early, directed my footsteps to the huge pile of stone, the manorial seat of the Plantagenet descendants. The iron lions at the entrance were lying on each side of the massive iron gates, to remind the plebian who might have the temerity to enter that abode of wealth and luxury of the iron will of the Lord of the manor, whose heart was as cold as the stones of his portal. An aged porter accompanied me from the lodge up to the portal of the main residence, and the massive brass heads of the Medusa, which served as a knocker looked grim at me as I entered the broad vestibule on my mission of peace maker.

I was ushered into the library to await the coming of the great Englishman, who, to do him credit, once he was sure that his visitor was a duly accredited member of a religious order, and not a *wild Irishman* or "cad," received me most courteously. We soon became quite interested in the general topics of the day—the Schleswig-Holstein question, the Paris exhibition, the reconciliation policy of the administration in America, etc.,—when I casually drifted the topic to Texas and buffalo-hunting.

Now my host's physique became that of an Egyptian sphinx, solid, cold, an enigma, as he pursed up his aristocratic lips and drawing his *robe de chambre* with its folds closer around him, added "Father Gervais that is a subject which you for the first time have broached under this roof during a period of five years. Reginald, my boy, my youngest and favorite son, was my idol; but in a mad moment of passion he trampled under foot the honoured name of a noble house to mate with a dependent, a governess, an intellectual upper servant whom his mother and I brought up under our roof in pity for her poverty and intellectual attainments."

I said nothing for a moment or two, but placed the fair face of the little boy away in far off Texas, living in an humble shanty on a ranch, and watched the face of the old Earl for a second. I could see the struggle was a bitter one between pride of birth, noble lineage and humanity. The cherub head of the portrait did the rest. Now was my time.

"Lord P—," I began, "I am a priest grown gray in the service of Holy Mother Church. Was there anything against the moral character of your son's wife before he married her?"

"Father," was the reply, "how can you ask such a question? Had there been she never would have been permitted to enter those walls."

"Well, then," continued the priest, "would you have been more pleased had your son married a woman of his own order, inheriting many of the vices of the aristocracy with none of the virtues of the middle classes of the people?"

This was too much, and his Lordship scarcely deigned to give a reply, but with the customs of the country turned the subject toward hospitality and a request that I should remain to dinner, when I should meet Rev. Father Tyler, the Earl's chaplain.

After a pleasant meal *sans* ceremony, an inspection of the private chapel and library and a drive through the magnificent private park. I took the evening train back to the North—not, however, until I had received a promise of recognition for the American branch of Lord P—'s household in the Texas wilds.

Some few weeks later I was in London, and all the world of West End were talking about a work of art in oil recently added by one of the fellows of Royal Academy. It was a painting in oil of the grandson of Lord P—, taken from a photograph made in America. The banking firm of Baring Brothers were responsible for letters of credit for Mr. and Mrs. Everett, with a handsome tiger at the end of the check to enable the second son of Lord P—, absent in the United States of America, to carry on buffalo, sheep, or any other sort of farming with the dignity of the son of a British Earl.—*Baltimore Mirror*.

A FRENCH CRITIC ON IRELAND.

M^{lle}. DE BOVER, in her interesting article entitled "A Parisienne in Ireland," contributed to the *New Review*, gives the following as the conclusions at which she has arrived in consequence of her recent visit to Ireland:—

There are no duties more sacred than those of a conqueror. Now, for centuries England has failed in these duties towards Ireland. On the other hand, wounds that have been allowed to become poisoned will no longer close, and the worst thing about long standing iniquities is that they become irreparable, or at least can only be cured by new injustice or by violent means. This it is which has caused all revolutions. England, more fortunate than she has been at some periods, has at her disposal a legal means for relaxing an excessively strained situation. It pleased her to seize Ireland—that was the right of conquest which even to day is the ultima ratio of international questions. Very well. But the right of conquest, in itself a barbarous and immoral thing, can only be justified by its results. Now, the results in this case are deplorable. For seven centuries English and Irish have, as the Arabs say, boiled in the same saucepan, and they still make different soups. This experiment has lasted long enough; we must try something else. Since the most illustrious statesmen of a country which is justly famed above all others for its political genius, fall into a slough directly they touch Irish ground, let them give up the attempt. A strong nation which takes charge of a weaker nation should act towards it like a good father towards his children; if not, it should be deposed from its rights as a conqueror, just as an indifferent or cruel father should be from his parental rights. Well, what has England made of the conquered country? What I have just beheld is cruel evidence. Let the England of to-day pay the debts of that past whose inheritance she has accepted. To grant to the Irish that home rule which they demand will be an act of good policy as well as of justice. Interest accords with generosity. If the Irish show themselves incapable of self-government, they will be judged in the sight of the world and condemned according to their deserts. It will be proved then that England was right and she will triumph. If, on the contrary, they succeed in bringing prosperity to their native land British strength and dignity will not be diminished—far from it. This will be, it is true, a confession on England's part of incapacity, or at least of error. But no one is infallible, and the shorter a folly the better. Now, this has lasted 700 years! The worst folly of all is to persist for vanity's sake. When a horse obstinately resists some obstacle it is wiser to take him home to the stable than to break his legs. England has to make one of those concessions which if they had been made in time would have spared governments many revolutions and peoples many woes. Home rule does not involve separation. It is not a question of replacing the Union Jack, now floating over the viceregal palace, by a green standard with a golden harp, under whose folds should dwell, in a new hall of Tara, a descendant of the giant Conn, of the Hundred Battles, or Fingal the Subtle. The desire is to unite the countries in reality as now they are united by an empty formula. Will it not be a great gain for England when the motto of Erin's children shall no longer be, as it is to-day, "God Save Ireland!"—a cry of war and defiance—but this cry of gladness and loyalty, "God Save the United Kingdom?"

When a great lord seeks hospitality of a poor countryman, with what eagerness does he not give him the place of honour in his house, taking the lowest place himself? Even so should the body treat the soul.

C. M. B. A. News.

We understand that, in a few days, a very important circular from the Executive Board of the Grand Council of the C.M.B.A. in Canada, will be sent to every member of the C.M.B.A. in the Dominion. The circular will discuss the burning question now exercising the Canadian Brothers—the present and the future relations between the Grand Council of Canada and the Supreme Council. Both sides of the question are temperately and accurately stated and it is left to branches to discuss the situation and reach some definite conclusion.

Catholic News

CANADIAN.

The following is the annual yearly statement of the St. Mary's Church Ladies' Sewing Society, which has been handed to us for publication.

The Society meets every Tuesday evening from 7.30 to 10 o'clock, and is officered as follows: Spiritual Director, Very Rev. F.P. Rooney, V.G.; President, Mrs. Barff; Financial Sec., Mrs. W. Lellis; Rec. Sec., Miss Fitzgerald. Its number of active members is 25, with an average attendance at meetings of 15.

STATEMENT OF RELIEF.

No. of families visited	75
" adults clothed.....	73
" children "	292
	--- 365
Articles of clothing given out	1460
No. pairs boots "	80

The benefactors of the Society are Mr. Cousineaux, Mrs. Ryan, Barff, Hayes, Frazer, McCrea, Shorpy, Devine, Lysaght, Camody, Legree, Fletcher, Flanagan, Daley, Blake, O'Leary, Cunnerty Taylor Rock, DeGreechy, Loony, and Cooney.

Receipts.

Balance from last year.....	\$10.03
Received on collection cards	18.65
" bag collections	6.48
" extraordinary collections	105.00
Private donations	7.75
Rec'd on ac. of Concert Easter Monday	95.00
	--- \$242.91

Expenditure.

By Rent	\$25.00
New Goods	56.83
Boots	98.85
	--- \$180.68
Receipts	\$242.91
Expenditure	180.68
Balance on hand to date	--- \$62.23

On Tuesday evening last a Cantata and Concert was given in Temperance Hall, under the auspices of the St. Michael's Sodality, of which Miss Theresa Fahy is president. The proceeds, which were considerable will be devoted to erecting a new altar in the Cathedral chapel. The hall was well filled, and a choice rendition of songs were given by Messrs. Russell, Fax, Brennan, Costello, Oliver, and Misses Sheahan, Rosnoy and Lily Fletcher. The instrumental duett by Messrs. Donohue and Sparks, and the recitations of Miss Langford were well received. The feature of the evening, however, was the chorus and the tableaux by the school children dressed in costume. That of the "Happy Gypsies," wherein a gypsy encampment at evening was depicted, being extremely good, as was also the closing Cantata. "The Meeting of the Nations," in which the children were dressed in representative national costumes, and carrying the various national flags.

After singing words set to the national air of each country represented, a march and various evolutions were performed, in which two little Misses, May Swallow and Daisy Costello, occupied the position of leaders, and led the others through the mazes and intricacies of the

many movements with a skill and precision that could not have been surpassed by seniors. Much of the success of the evening was due to the untiring energy of Mrs. Costello, who had been training the children assiduously for some months for this event. The performance closed with a Scotch Hornpipe, danced creditably by a wee dot of 9 or 10 years, after which Vicar-General McCann thanked the audience for their presence and the performers for their aid.

A movement is on foot in Ottawa to establish there a branch of the Catholic Truth Society, which is doing so much good in the United States. His Grace Archbishop Duhamel is strongly in favour of it, and offers to make a handsome donation for its establishment.

In the report of the Montreal City Council statistics it is pleasing to note that there is not a house of evil repute in St. Ann's—the Irish Catholic ward. This speaks volumes for the Irish Catholic people of Montreal.

The committee which has the arrangements for the celebration of the anniversary of the foundation of Montreal in charge met last week. His Worship Mayor McShane presided.

The meeting was opened by the reading of the following letter from Archbishop Fabre :

ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE,
Montreal, April 13, 1891.

Hon. Jas. McShane, Mayor:

Sir,—As you may have seen in *La Semaine Religieuse* of the 28th March, ult., I am preparing a religious ceremony for the celebration, on the 18th May next year, of the 250th anniversary of the founding of Montreal. As the entire population of the city will be interested in this anniversary, I would be happy to hear that on the other hand civic festivities worthy of such a great event are being organized. This is the reason why, Mr. Mayor I considered it my duty to communicate my plans to you, being convinced that on your side you will do all that may devolve upon you in order to give to the celebration in question all the *clat* that one could desire.

I have the honour to be, Mr. Mayor,
Your very humble servant,

EDOUARD CHARLES,
Archbishop of Montreal.

The religious service will probably be held on Point a Calliere, opposite the Custom house, where Maisonneuve landed.

From the Montreal *True Witness* we take the following paragraph which will be read with interest, and no doubt acted upon by the many among the thousand of the review readers who have been benefited by Bro. Arnold's teaching, and ennobled by associating with him.

A movement is on foot to make a presentation to Bro. Arnold by the old pupils who benefited by his devoted labours in days gone by. Nothing could be more appropriate and certainly no one is more deserving than the indefatigable principal of St. Anne's school. Were the old pupils whom he taught not only in this Province but in Ontario, to give but a trifling amount each, the presentation would run up in the thousands. Wherever Bro. Arnold has been there the fruits of his labours have been abundant. He is a zealous, religious, one of the most distinguished members of the Christian Brothers, at the same time he is an Irish patriot and a true friend of Canada, an apostle of total abstinence and the guide of youth. His scholars to-day are leading merchants and manufacturers, professional men and holders of positions of trust and emolument; no doubt they will not forget him, now that it is proposed to do something in acknowledgement of his great services. It is understood that before long Bro. Arnold will take his departure from St. Anne's School of which he has been for so many years principal. The people of St. Ann's Ward will feel and deplore his loss, but fortunately he will not be debarred in his new position at St. Louis Institute from having a surveillance of his old quarter as inspector of the schools. In any case the loss of St. Ann's

will be the gain of St. Louis Institute, a college that has made marvellous progress within a few years and which is a striking proof of what the Brothers of the Christian schools can do when the opportunity is afforded them to display their ability. Let us hope that the gentlemen who have undertaken the carrying out of the project to present good Bro. Arnold with a testimonial may meet with ample success, and however successful they may be they cannot achieve more than he deserves.

GENERAL.

As evidence of the growth of the Church in Armenia, and of the progress of the return to Catholic unity, the *Foreign Missionary Advocate* cites the nomination of five new Armenian Catholic bishops. The Holy Father's solicitude for the Armenians is well known.

About a year ago Mrs. Jules Reynal offered to replace the present church at White Plains, N. Y., by a \$100,000 edifice as a memorial to her son. She made the necessary arrangements with Father Dumphy who has since died, but his death will not effect Mrs. Reynal's plan, and a handsome church will be provided for Father Toole, the new rector.

A handsome Carrara marble statue of the Blessed Virgin has just been placed in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, New York, the gift of Mrs. George Bliss. While in Scotland recently Mrs. Bliss saw in Roslin Chapel a statue of the Holy Mother, which she thought the handsomest one she had ever seen during her travels, and concluded to have a duplicate sent from Europe for a gift to the church.

Several Catholics are among the newly elected members for the Parliament of Japan, this being the first instance of the direct representation of Japanese Catholics in the government of the country. The election in which this result followed was held under the most enlightened constitution ever framed in Asia.

The venerable assistant Bishop of Cologne, Mgr. Baudri, completed his eighty-seventh year on February 20th. He was ordained priest in 1827, and consecrated bishop in 1849. He is, consequently, in the sixty-fourth year of his priesthood. Notwithstanding his great age he daily celebrates the Holy Sacrifice, takes his daily walks, shows a most lively interest in all passing events, and with excellent bodily health preserves his cheerful good humor and unflinching courtesy.

Six women, members of a recently established Catholic sisterhood, the Little Sisters of the Assumption, left Havre to day bound for New York City. They are coming to nurse the sick poor of that city gratuitously. A rule of the order prohibits the sisters from accepting compensation from those whom they nurse. When these good women arrive they will doubtless find as ample field for their work in the tenement house districts of New York City as they and their co-laborers have found in the poor districts of Paris and London, where they have several establishments.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Thomas F. Brennan, first Bishop of Dallas, Texas, was consecrated on the 5th inst., in the Cathedral of Erie, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop McMullen, of that diocese. The assistant consecrators were Bishops Phelan of Pittsburg, McGovern of Harrisburg, and Heslin of Natchez, Tenn.; and the Very Rev. Father Wall, of Pittsburg, preached the sermon. Bishop Brennan was born in Ireland, studied at Rouen, France, at Innsbruck, Austria, and received the Doctor's cap at Rome. Though he is the youngest Bishop in the United States, his diocese embraces an area of 22,000 square miles, and the faithful committed to his care number over 20,000.

The establishment of a Catholic magazine in the southern-most part of Africa is a certain indication of the progressive spirit of the colonists, and will no doubt result in much good to the Church. If Gutenberg, who was a devout Catholic, could have forseen the unworthy purposes which his invention has oft-times been made to serve, his pious soul would surely have revolted at the sight, and printing might never have been invented. But the press is also a powerful auxiliary of the missionary, and everywhere lends its aid to spread the good tidings of the Gospel and to defend the truth. The new periodical is called the *South African Catholic Magazine*, and there can be no doubt that it has a great mission. A particular department devoted to the history and present progress of the Church in South Africa will be read with especial interest.

In the debate in the United States Senate on the Indian Appropriation Bill, Senator Jones of Arkansas, said:

"There has been complaint, I know, in the country, that the Catholic Church had monopolized a large part of the educational facilities for Indians. I have no particular affinity with the Catholic Church. All my connections and all my teachings and associations have been the other way. I have observed, though, that the Catholics have been the most successful educators of the Indians of any people in this country. They have done it with less money, and they have done more of it on their own account than any other denomination. That is simply the reason why I suppose they have got ahead."—*Sacred Heart Review*.

...The committee in charge of the work of collecting money for the erection of the statue of Archbishop Hughes in front of St. John's College, Fordham, have received \$6,566. It is intended to unveil the statue on June 24. The committee want to raise \$20,000. One of the prominent Protestant citizens of New York, Mr. O. B. Potter, has subscribed \$250,00 to the fund. "I know," he wrote, "no man in his profession, and few men of any profession, who did more for the preservation of our Government during the late struggle than Archbishop Hughes. For this, not less than for his broad and liberal and republican views of the rights of conscience in all men, the community he so much benefited and helped owes to itself to erect this memorial."

...The great Dominican orator, Pere Monsabre, preached last month at Lyons before the most imposing assembly ever addressed in that city. More than a thousand priests, with Cardinal Foulcau at their head, formed part of the audience that listened to the eloquent Dominican's eulogy of the great Society of the Propaganda of the Faith. This work, said the preacher, teaches three lessons. It confirms our faith; for it is impossible not to see the finger of God in the successes of Catholic missionaries. It shames our indifference; for we can not but blush to see savages only imperfectly instructed believing so well, while we, bathed in light, believe so ill. Finally, it stimulates our zeal; for face to face with the heroic spectacle of the Catholic apostolate, one can not but determine to enroll himself as a member of the association, and so take part in this glorious crusade of civilization against barbarism.

...In nothing does the spirit that animates the professional Protestant, as we may call him, show itself more clearly than in his absolute inability to believe that Catholics can do what is right, or act from pure motives. Over and over again have French Catholics been reproached with want of patriotism, hatred of liberty and "progress" and all that is good, because they would have nothing to do with the Republic. And now that some of them are going to abandon that attitude, accept the existing Government, and make the best of it, what does the professional Protestant say? "With an in-

gratitude rare, save in the Roman Church," remarks a typical Evangelical journal, "the Papal party are throwing over their friends of old, whether Royalists or Imperialists, and are pretending to cast in their lot with the symbol of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality." If the French Catholics take the right road they are enemies of the State; if they go to the left they are basely ungrateful. Nor can our contemporary mention the humble-minded Cardinal Lavignerie, by whose advice they are changing their policy, without adding that he "has bid for popularity through his anti-slavery action." Of course the aged missionary spent his life in toiling under the burning sun of Africa on purpose that he might become popular and be made a Cardinal. How wily of him! And how clever of those most Christian Protestants to find it out!

St. Joseph's Mill Hill, London, N. W., the headquarters and Mother House of St. Joseph's Society for foreign missions, is now keeping its Silver Jubilee. The Society was founded in 1866 by the Right Rev. Herbert Vaughlan, now Bishop of Salford. Its present spheres of labour are (1) The Negro Missions of the U. S. A., with 8 churches, 2 colleges and 20 priests; (2) The Telugu Missions of Madras, India, with 12 stations, and 16 priests; (3) The Prefecture Apostolic of Borneo, 9 stations and 13 priests; (4) The Prefecture Apostolic of Northern Panjab, Kashmir, and Kaliristan, 7 stations and 12 priests; (5) The Maori Mission in New Zealand, 4 stations and 4 priests. Besides Mill Hill College, the Society has three preparatory colleges, or "Apostolic schools," in Europe, viz: Freshfield near Liverpool, Rozendanaal in Holland, and Brixen in Tyrol; also the Colleges of St. Joseph's Seminary, Baltimore; Epiphany Apostolic College, Baltimore; St. Joseph's Seminary, Nellore, India, and St. Thomas's Colleg. Murree, Panjab, Northern India. *Vivat, floreat, crescat!*

...The preparations for the simultaneous distribution of the forthcoming Papal encyclical on labour and socialism are progressing. The document is being translated into all languages. Copies will be forwarded to the heads of dioceses throughout the world. The encyclical will be issued on the last day of April or the 1st of May. In its composition the Holy Father has sought for information and advice from Cardinal Manning of England, Cardinal Gibbons of the United States, Cardinal Moran of Australia, Archbishop Walsh of Ireland, and Cardinal Lavignerie of Africa. On their reports of the industrial and social situation in their respective countries the conclusions of the encyclical are based.

The first part is a historical review of the attitude of the Church in the past towards workers. The second part will set forth the social and labour questions of the day, the prominence they have assumed, and the necessity the Church is under of dealing with these questions.

The third part will lay down the policy which the Church adopts on these questions. The Holy Father, in this document, does not enter into details, but confines himself to generalizations. In an eloquent passage at the close he warmly exhorts the clergy to cordially sympathize with all classes of workers. The question of the limitation of daily labour to certain hours is left to be settled by the communities where it arises, according to local needs and habits.

To this question, being asked by a Catholic gentleman, Bishop Maes has given the following answer:

Covington, Ky., April 4, 1891.

MY DEAR SIR:—

I am decidedly opposed to our young men joining such Knights and all similar secret organizations. The decision, whether such, and similar societies are condemned by the Church,

is left in abeyance, because it is so hard to obtain all the documents which would enable church authorities to judge definitely of the character of these secret organizations. In the meantime the Board of Archbishops, which alone has the right to pronounce judgment in the matter, advises us not to condemn those Catholics already belonging to the Knights of Pythias, and not to refuse them the Sacraments, provided they stand ready to leave them, should the Church authorities come to the conclusion that they are forbidden societies. However this does not mean that we approve of Catholics joining such secret societies—far from it. I wish to be distinctly quoted as advising our young Catholic men not to join them, and for many reasons, among which the positive danger to their faith; besides, we have plenty of Catholic Knight Societies of every description, and with every form of benevolent and insurance features, from which these young men will derive just as much temporal benefit without any corresponding danger of perversion.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

CAMILLUS P. MAES,

Bishop of Covington.

The news as to Bishop Gilmour's health which we published in our issue of last week gave hope of his recovery and of his final restoration to the people who loved and venerated him as a Bishop of the Church of God. But the cause of the hope was temporary. On Monday night the 19th ult. the good Bishop died, far from his own See, but amongst friends, in the distant city of St. Augustine.

Bishop Gilmour was one of the most zealous, active and vigorous members of the American Hierarchy. This characteristic was manifested immediately on his accession to the See of Cleveland. He saw at once—indeed, he had known for years before his elevation to the Episcopate—the necessity of Christian education for the Catholic youth of the United States. This he determined that the children committed by God and the decree of the Vicar of Christ to his care should have. And so, almost his first official act was to issue a pastoral letter on the subject of Christian education and the necessity of establishing parochial schools for the education of the Catholic youth of his diocese. This pastoral letter became memorable, not only because of the decided stand it took on the subject matter, but because of the hostile criticism which was poured on it in all parts of the country by the secular newspapers. But that very pastoral letter did more for the cause of Catholic education than had ever previously been accomplished by any document emanating from an episcopal hand in this country. It was suggestive to every bishop in the land, and it became the key-note of pastorals which followed it from all, or most of the Sees. From the date of that pastoral letter may be dated the development of earnest and effective parochial school work in the United States.

But it was not in the work of forwarding Catholic education only that Bishop Gilmour was active and industrious. He was so in every department of the immense field over which a bishop's care extends. He was a true bishop, neglecting nothing when duty called for action and activity. And he was an American of the most patriotic soul.

May God grant him reward for all his labours and for the sufferings he bore in His cause.

...The Hon. William F. Vilas, writing in the April *Harper's* on "The State of Wisconsin," gives due prominence to the early missionary settlements in that region. His tribute to the first Bishop of Sault-Ste-Marie is enthusiastic. Bishop Baraga, he writes, won great distinction for his knowledge of the Chippewa tongue. He published in the Otchipwe dialect a dictionary and grammar, translations from the Bible, a catechism, prayer-book, and collection of hymns. He died in 1868, "beloved and

reverenced by all within a wide region, upon which he had left the impress of his saintly purity, untiring zeal, and love for men."

Men and Things.

...The *Pilot* announces that the Hon. Frank P. Hastings, formerly U. S. Vice-Consul at Honolulu, who so gallantly defended Father Damien against the calumnies of the Rev. Mr. Hyde, has been appointed by Queen Liliuokalani to the important office of Secretary of Foreign Affairs of Hawaii. Mr. Hyde's friends and Father Damien's defamers tried at one time to insinuate that Mr. Hastings was not a man of any standing in the Hawaiian Islands. As the *Pilot* remarks, the action of Her Majesty is proof against this poor falsehood.

...By the death of M. Leon Aubineau, Catholic France has lost one of its most valiant lay champions. He was the author of a number of important works, some of which are known to English readers. As editor of the *Univers* he exerted an immense influence for good, and made of that eminent journal a breakwater that successfully opposed the flood of liberalism and radicalism which during the past few decades has been threatening to deluge France. A touching incident of the funeral services, held in the Church of St. Sulpice, was the presence of the Little Sisters of the Poor with a number of destitute old men confided to their charge. The work of the Little Sisters had been the special object of M. Aubineau's charitable solicitude; and Sisters and patients prayed tearfully for the faithful servant of the Church, whom they had peculiar cause to love and lament. R. I. P.

...The London *Speaker* revived a speech delivered in the House of Lords in 1865, by the Marquis of Salisbury, to show that the present premier's opinions touching the causes of Irish distress were widely different then from those which he now entertains. In that speech His Lordship used this strong and significant language:

"What is the reason that a people with so bountiful a sod, with such enormous resources (as Ireland) lag so far behind the English in race? Some say that it is to be found in the character of the Celtic race; but I look to France, and I see a Celtic race there going forward in the path of prosperity with most rapid strides—I believe at the present moment more rapidly than England herself. Some people say that it is to be found in the Roman Catholic religion; but I look to Belgium, and there I see a people second to none in Europe except the English for industry, singularly prosperous considering the space of country that they occupy, having improved to the utmost the natural resources of that country, but distinguished among the peoples of Europe for the earnestness and intensity of their Roman Catholic belief. Therefore, I cannot say that the cause of the Irish distress is to be found in the Roman Catholic religion. An honest friend near me says that it arises from the Irish people listening to the demagogues. I have as much dislike to demagogues as he has, but when I look to the northern states of America, I see there people who listen to demagogues, but who undoubtedly have not been wanting in material prosperity. It cannot be demagogues, Romanism or the Celtic race. What, then, is it? I am afraid that the one thing which has been peculiar to Ireland has been the government of England."

Lord Salisbury is the leader of a coalition between the Tories and a handful of former Liberals who seceded from their party upon the Irish question. These men have done all that lay in their power to stir up race and religious animosity in Ireland and to incite hostility in England to the demand of the Irish people for justice. And the man who, a quar-

tor of a century ago, paid such a manly tribute to the Celtic race is deriving political power and profit from the intolerant attitude of the seceders.

...At last an authoritative census has been obtained of Montreal, which places the population at 211,302. The assessors made an attempt in this direction, but the mistakes were so palpable, that no reliance was placed upon it. Mr. Lovell, the publisher of the directories, took the work in hand, and the result may be looked upon as being as accurate as it is possible for an enumeration to be. The information is contained in a pamphlet of 150 pages, which contains much valuable information, besides portraits and historic views, including Jacques Cartier, De Maisonneuve and Champlain, Hon. Peter McGill, and other Mayors of Montreal, a view of the Victoria Bridge, sketches of the carnival of 1885, Place d'Armes and Victoria Square and portraits of the present civic officials. An analysis of the figures shows that there are 53,863 Protestants and 158,000 Catholics, 120,121 French-Canadians, 16,366 English-Canadians, 22,260 Irish-Canadians and 7,775 Scotch-Canadians. There were born in England 13,909, in Ireland 15,129, in Scotland 5,253, in the United States 2,069. This population inhabits 34,455 houses. The population of the adjoining municipalities is placed at 27,313 making a total of 238,615. Amongst the interesting information is that there are 227 factories, employing 1,081 hands, 36 founderies, employing 2,996; 43 mills employing 757 hands. An average of 107 railway passenger cars, 28 sleepers and 720 freight and cattle cars arrive daily at the railway station. During navigation 624 ocean steamships arrived, 252 gulf and river steamers and 5,162 inland craft, having 966,959 tons burthen, and 122 sailing ships. The debt of the city is given in an article by Mr. Wm. Robb at \$16,000,000, while the assessed value of its real estate approaches \$125,000,000, of which over \$20,000,000 is exempt, as follows: Government property, \$3,000,000; municipal property, \$5,000,000, benevolent institutions, Roman Catholic, \$5,700,000; special business exemptions, \$900,000; benevolent institutions, all others, \$1,800,000; churches and parsonages, Roman Catholic, \$2,000,000; churches and parsonages, all others, \$1,600,000. Montreal holds the tenth place amongst American cities in point of size.

...A secret session of the executive council of the Irish National League of America was held at Cincinnati, O., April 9-10. The subject of the dissention in the ranks of the Irish Parliamentary party was discussed, and a committee consisting of Mr. O'Brien J. Atkinson, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. M. J. Martin, Nashville, Tenn.; Captain P. Smith, Cleveland, O.; Mr. M. V. Gannon, Omaha, Neb., was appointed to report on a plan of action. The committee presented the following resolutions, which were adopted, and the meeting adjourned subject to the call of the president. These are the resolutions:

Whereas, the executive committee of the Irish National League of America is without advice from the Irish Nation League at Dublin, and a question is presented requiring an interchange of views with Charles Stewart Parnell, president, and Timothy Harrington, secretary.

Resolved: First, that the president and secretary be instructed to correspond with Messrs. Parnell and Harrington reference to the matter aforesaid, and especially the letter of John Dillon, received by our president, and laid before this committee.

Second, that the president be authorized to suggest the good offices of this organization as arbitrator with a view to the restoration of harmony and the reconciliation of all difference in Ireland, and to this end that the president at once put himself in communication with

the proper parties in Ireland.

Third, that we recommend a national convention in America to be held not later than September, 1891, at Baltimore, and the president is hereby instructed to request the presence of Mr. Parnell, president of the Irish National League, and of the Irish members of Parliament, at such convention.

...The Italian difficulty will open the eyes of some Americans to the position of the Holy Father more effectually than any number of resolutions at a Catholic Congress. Hitherto Italy has been glorified in America—and Italy deserves to be glorified,—but not that Italy which has produced nothing but iron-clads and over-taxed exiles. The Italy of Humberto and Crispi has been much lauded by our admirers of liberty. They have forgotten that Crispi's idea of liberty would be the rankest tyranny here. They begin to see that the attitude of the Catholic Church towards continental secret societies has been neither bigoted nor uncalled for. The call for a war with America does not come from the Italian people at home; they are taxed within an inch of their lives, cowed like hounds, driven into exile to earn their bread; it comes from the secret societies. The descendants of the men who planned the assassination of Rossi are ready to plunge their unhappy country into a war with the United States. Americans can see, now that their "own ox is gored," the characters of the lovers of liberty who would stab the Holy Father, if he were to venture out of his imprisonment, and who insult priests in the streets of the Eternal City.

The Mafia is a local secret society, but it is affiliated with all that net-work of unblatant organizations against which Leo XIII. has so often warned his people. If Italians had listened to him there would be no Mafia, Carboneri, no Freemasonry of so malignant a type that the Masons of England were obliged to disown. The horrible proceedings in New Orleans have their reverse side, which may be the means of manifesting to Americans who really rules the Italy of King Humberto.

The Liberal members of the House of Lords have elected the Earl of Kimberly leader pro tempore of the party in that House, in succession to the late Earl Granville. He will be assisted by Earl Spencer and the Earl of Rosebery. This news is a little bit of a surprise, as it was generally understood, and stated upon good authority at the time of Earl Granville's death, that Lord Rosebery was to fill his place.

John Wodehouse, K.G., P.C., first Earl of Kimberly, was born in 1826 and succeeded his grandfather in the barony of Wodehouse in 1846. He was under secretary for foreign affairs, 1852-1856; envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Russia, 1856-1858, and again under secretary for foreign affairs, 1859-1861. He was sent on a special mission to Copenhagen in 1863. From October, 1864, to June, 1866, he served as lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and, on his retirement from this office, was created an earl, taking the name Kimberly. He entered office again in 1868 as lord privy seal, serving until July, 1870, when he became secretary of state for the colonies. He occupied this office until 1874, and again from 1880 to 1882, when he became chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster, for a short time, and secretary of state for India. He went out of office with Gladstone in 1885, but returned to the same position in 1886, serving until the Tories came into power.

He is a strong Home Ruler and follows Gladstone in his Irish policy. His long experience in public life will eminently fit him for the leadership, and, with the assistance of Earl Spencer and Lord Rosebery, he is likely to keep the affairs of the Liberal party well before the upper House.

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A Miraculous Medicine.—Mr. J. H. CARRUT, St. Camille, writes: "Send me at once three dozen NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. It is a miraculous medicine and has performed great cures, testimonials of which we can give you."

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Vegetable Discovery

It Gives Strength.—Mr. J. S. DRISCOLL, of Granite Hill, writes: "I have derived great benefit from the use of your VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. My appetite has returned, and I feel stronger."

A Pleasure to us.—Mr. L. N. BOURGIER, of Ripon, P. Q., writes: "It is with great pleasure I

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a trial. I did so, with a happy result, receiving great benefit from one bottle. I then tried a second and third bottle, and now I find my appetite so much restored and stomach strengthened, that I can partake of a hearty meal without any of the unpleasantness I formerly experienced. I consider

It has Done.

inform you that your VEGETABLE DISCOVERY cured me of Dyspepsia. I tried many remedies, but none had any effect on me until I came across NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY; one bottle relieved me, and a second completely cured me; you cannot recommend it too highly."

then get a bottle of NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, and it will give you relief. You have Dyspepsia. Mr. R. H. DAWSON, of St. Mary's, writes: "Four bottles of VEGETABLE DISCOVERY entirely cured me of Dyspepsia; mine was one of the worst cases. I now feel like a new man."

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MONTHLY DRAWINGS FOR THE YEAR 1891

January 14, February 11, March 11, April 8, May 13, June 10, July 8, August 12, September 9, October 14, November 11, December 9.

TENTH MONTHLY DRAWING APRIL 8, 1891

3134 PRIZES
WORTH \$52,740.00
CAPITAL PRIZE
WORTH \$15,000.00
TICKET, . . . \$1.00
11 TICKETS for \$10.00

LIST OF PRIZES.

1	Prize worth \$15,000	\$15,000
1	" "	5,000
1	" "	2,500
1	" "	1,250
1	" "	500
25	" "	250
100	" "	100
200	" "	50
500	" "	25
1000	" "	10
Approximation Prizes.		
100	" "	2,500
100	" "	1,500
100	" "	1,000
500	" "	4,000
500	" "	4,000

3134 Prizes worth \$52,740
S. E. LEFEBVRE, -- MANAGER,
51 St. James St., Montreal Can.

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in another page of
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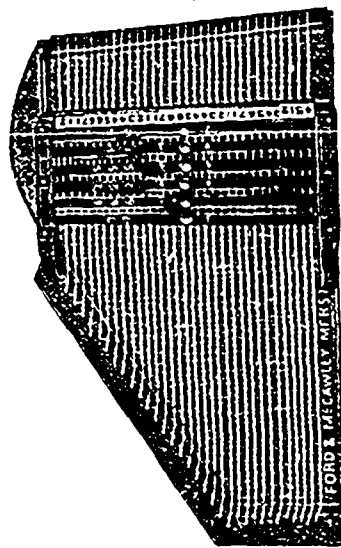
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CURES DYSPEPSIA.
CURES DYSPEPSIA.

PROMOTES DIGESTION.

Mr. Nell McNeil, of Leith, Ont., writes:
DEAR SIRS,—For years and years I suffered from dyspepsia in its worst form, and after trying all means in my power to no purpose I was persuaded by friends to try B.B.B. which I did, and after using 5 bottles I was completely cured.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS Cures CONSTIPATION
Cures CONSTIPATION
Cures CONSTIPATION

ACTS ON THE BOWELS.

Rapid Recovery.
DEAR SIRS,—I have tried your B.B.B. with great success for constipation and pain in my head. The second dose made me over so much better. My bowels now move freely and the pain in my head has left me, and to everybody with the same disease I recommend B. B. B.
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Cures BILIOUSNESS.
Cures BILIOUSNESS.

REGULATES THE LIVER.

Direct Proof.
SIRS, I was troubled for five years with Liver Complaint. I used a great deal of medicine which did me no good, and I was getting worse all the time until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters. After taking four bottles I am now well. I can also recommend it for the cure of Dyspepsia.
MANY A. E. DRACON,
Hawthorne, Ont.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS Cures HEADACHE.
Cures HEADACHE.
Cures HEADACHE.

REGULATES THE KIDNEYS.

A Prompt Cure.
DEAR SIRS,—I was very bad with headache and pain in my back; my hands and feet swelled so I could do no work. My sister-in-law advised me to try B. B. B. With one bottle I felt so much better that I got one more. I am now well, and can work as well as ever.
ANNIE HENDESS,
Tilsonburg, Ont.

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Cures BAD BLOOD.
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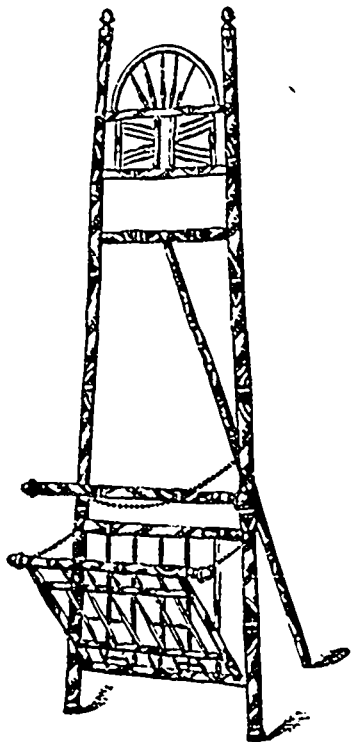
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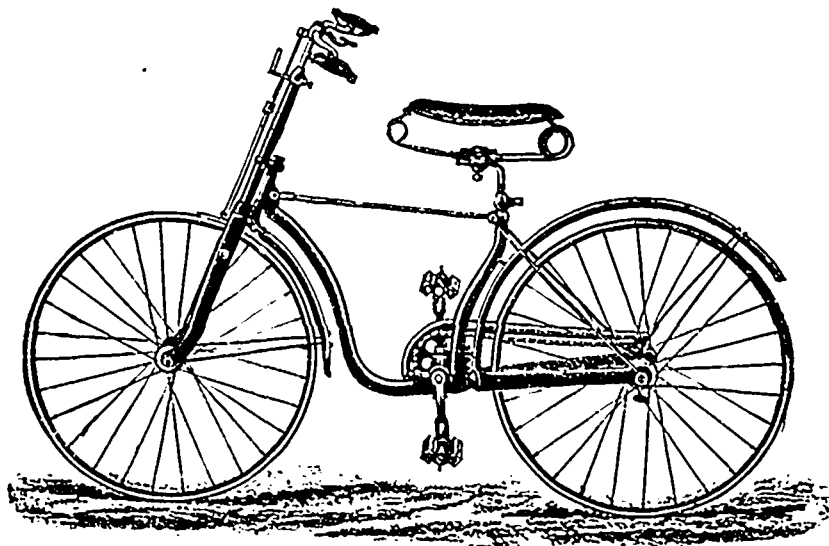
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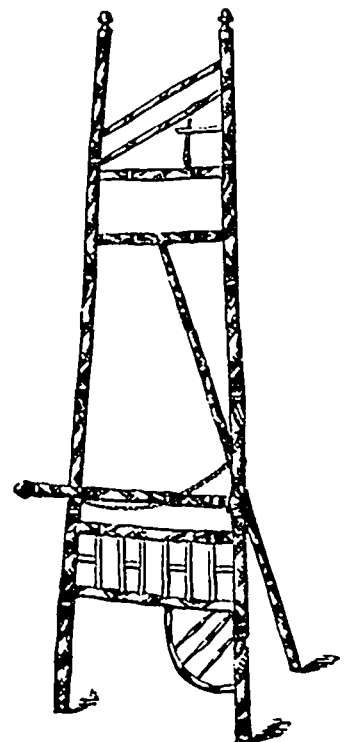


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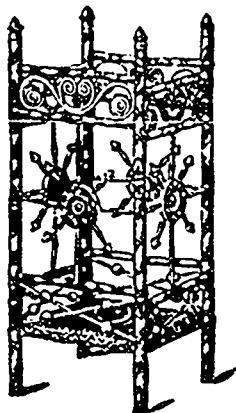


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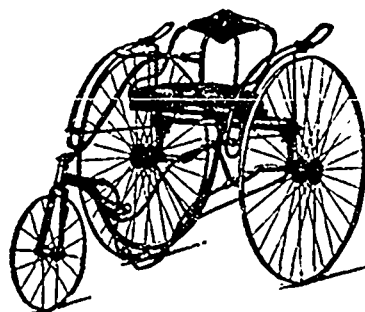
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