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# The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, Sept. 13, 1890.

No. 32

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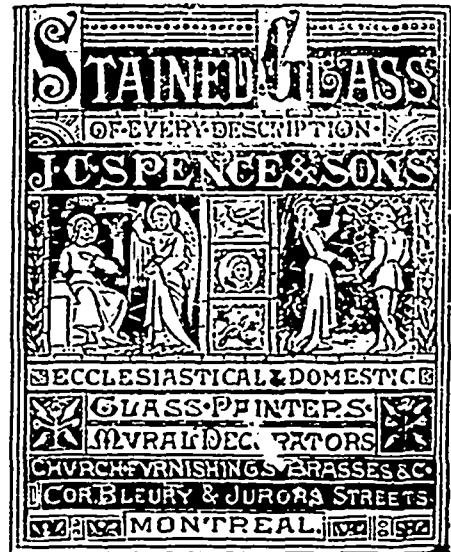
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# The Catholic Weekly Review.

Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, Sept. 20, 1890.

No. 33

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## Notes.

Owing to press of space upon our columns this week we have been compelled to hold over our usual Irish letter and serial until the next issue.

THE *Montreal Gazette*, in a recent article on the failure of the potato in Ireland points out, what is undeniably the fact, that the failure of the crop is nature's revenge. The land has been planted over and over again with the same crop till there was no food in the ground by which the tubers could be assured of nourishment and health.

Efforts, the *Gazette* adds, were made to induce the peasantry to cultivate other crops as well—to adopt the system of crop rotation. In some instances, the advice proved fruitful, but in general the people soon fell back into their old hand-to-mouth ways. Indian corn as a substitute for the potato was very unpopular in Ireland. A sort of instinct seemed to warn them that alone it was still less fitted than the potato to sustain life. It is well known that the terrible and long mysterious *pellagra*, which has proved such a scourge in many Italian districts was simply due to the exclusive use of Indian corn. Fairly nutritive when taken along with other foods, its exclusive use occasioned practical starvation and the wasting away which was so long deemed as inexplicable as it was incurable. We join with the *Gazette* in the hope that the unwelcome recurrence of the potato rot will be accepted as an opportunity not only for immediate relief in various shapes, but for that permanent relief in the form of improved methods of cropping that is so urgently needed. The introduction of scientific agriculture in Ireland would be a great blessing, but it would require more than mere formal or perfunctory counsel. A few model farms, on a small scale, adapted to the needs of the different districts would be, one would think, an experiment worth making, for the sight of thriving fields of various grains and vegetables would be a stimulus to exertion, where mere advice would be fruitless. This we believe is the opinion too of Mr. Michael Davitt, whose views regarding the

means to be employed for the betterment of the Irish peasant people, are seldom visionary or unpractical.

Mr. DAVITT believes that the remedy for the evils which arise periodically from the fatal dependence of the peasantry upon so precarious an article of diet as the potato is in the allotment to the people of the use of more land. Larger holdings will insure the cultivation of a variety of vegetables and farinaceous food which the humid climate of Ireland would favour; and in such variety will be found the antidote for these repeated blights. In addition to more land for tillage, which will enable the people to extend their crops, there must be grazing land, he explains, added to each holding; and he points to Switzerland, a country at once free from the evils of pauperism and the private possession of excessive wealth, as the proof of how communal grazing lands are made to supplement the earnings of small cultivators. A similar dual system of tillage and grazing must be introduced, he holds, in the western seaboard counties of Ireland, or nothing else, save emigration, can be suggested as a remedy. And if emigration is not to be permitted to dispose of the remains of the Celtic population, the alternative remedy, which is one of reason and common-sense, must be forced upon the Legislature by the whole influence of Ireland.

Mr. STEAD, in an introductory chapter on the Propaganda in his recently published work, "The Pope and the New Era," pays a glowing tribute to the Blessed Virgin. He says: "The most sacred place, where life is most centred, is the plain and unpretending college of the Propaganda, in the Piazza di Spagna. Baedeker dismisses it in six lines and a half, and nine-tenths of the tourists never notice its existence. But it is from that dingy building, now half concealed by scaffoldings, and chiefly noticed as standing in the shadow of the column from the summit of which Mary, standing in the crescent moon and with the stars of heaven around her head, looks down upon the square, that the great heart beats whose pulsations are felt to the uttermost ends of the world."

WARRANTS for the arrest of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien have been issued, but up to Thursday evening no definite information had reached London of the specific utterances on which the warrants for their arrest were based, neither had the Government given out any official explanation which would throw light upon the sudden and unexpected resort to a vigorous Irish policy. It is commonly supposed that the ostensible grounds for O'Brien's arrest are to be found in a very plain speech he made last Sunday to an assemblage of peasants in Schull in County Cork. He dwelt upon the failure of the potato crop and spoke of the gloomy outlook for widespread distress which Ireland must face this winter.

## NEWMAN AND DISRAELI.

ONE BECAME ENGLAND'S PREMIER IN STIRRING TIMES, AND THE OTHER DIED A CARDINAL—INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF THE GREAT CHURCHMAN.

BLOOMSBURY Square is, even in summer, a gloomy place. Like many of the great squares of the Loudon West End, it has a sepulchral exterior which entirely belies the brilliant and comfortable interiors of the homes surrounding it.

Toward the close of 1810, on pleasant Saturday afternoons, two little boys, one aged five or six, the other nine, were seen playing together in the great gardens in the center of this square. They were nearly always hand in hand, running or walking, and conversing with a gravity worthy of persons thrice their age. So entirely different were they in appearance that they attracted universal attention, and there are two or three very old persons still living in the square who remember them and speak of them with delight.

The younger of these boys was a child of almost Oriental beauty, and full of life and energy. His shapely head was covered with long, glossy, black ringlets, which his little comrade used to stroke lovingly.

The elder boy was grave and pale and wore his hair closely cut. Even the children called him old-fashioned. He was of pure English race and Puritan family.

The little boy with glossy black curls was Benjamin Disraeli, and was to become England's Premier in exciting times.

The grave, old-fashioned boy was John Henry Newman, who was destined to be the first one of the greatest of Anglican preachers, and then to return to Mother Church and to die a Cardinal.

Many another celebrity has come out of Bloomsbury Square and its neighborhood, but, on the whole, no one who has left such a profound impress upon England and on politics and literature as was left by these two who played together as children.

How often the memory of those childish days must have come back to the worn and weary Prime Minister while he was penning the exquisite sketch of Cardinal Newman which appears in the political novel "Lothair!"\*

The death of Newman brings out a great flood of reminiscences of his youth and early manhood. In a few years most of those associated with his early Oxford days will be gone, but many are living now.

Newman passed the earlier years of his life in Bloomsbury Square. His mother, who was descended from a Huguenot family long resident in England, trained him from earliest infancy to take a deep interest in the Scriptures.

But the child liked to get away by himself and to revel in the Arabian Nights and in the gloomy romances of Mrs. Radcliffe. As he grew up he read Thomas Paine and Hume, and struggled through the ornate gardens of Voltaire's well-trained fancy. Thus in tender years he was showing his independence of thought and boldness of investigation.

When he was fifteen Newman's religious convictions began to take shape, and in 1816 he had a remarkable revelation "that it was the will of God that he should lead a single life."

It is curious to learn that had Newman not become a doctor of the church he would certainly have become a Paganini. At school he early mastered music as a science. At the age of twelve he composed an opera, he wrote in albums, and improvised masques and idyls. The poet's crown was his, and the few verses he has left are unquestionably touched with the

Light that never was on sea or land.

But to music his young soul leaped responsively. In Newman there was always a poetic temperament, which he seems to have chastened and subdued that he might give sterner attention to the higher duties of the church to which he had consecrated himself.

Among his schoolfellows he was "facile princeps," and at Oxford, at which he took a degree in 1820, he was fairly venerated. In 1824 he took orders in the church of Eng-

\* NOTE—This is a mistake. It was Cardinal Manning whom Disraeli drew in "Lothair."—ED. C. W. REV.

land. For a time he was a tutor, but presently he became the vicar of St. Mary's, and in this position he had a wonderful influence on the young students.

Something like a spell seemed to fall upon these generous and ardent youths when Newman glided through Oriel Lane with quick, noiseless step, and the youths spoke of him as if he were a second St. Augustine or Ambrosious.

His preaching was called magnetic, although he made no pretense of being an orator. His language was seldom flowery, and sometimes he read his sermons entirely through without taking his eyes from the page.

But a mysterious charm exhaled from everything that he read and said. His sermons from week to week reflected the exact condition of his mind.

After his conversion to the Catholic faith his associates whom he had left behind were wont to accuse him of veiling his purpose while he was leading those he taught nearer and nearer to Rome,

There was never a more groundless accusation. His mind was so entirely sincere, translucent and frank that, had he ever been tempted to do so, he could not have concealed the processes drawing his own soul away from his ancient convictions to those which he finally professed.

Newman said that he thought a college tutor had a "care of souls," and he not only drew men's souls, but their intellects to him. "His mind," says Mr. Froude, "was world-wide."

The great preacher took what might be called the journalist's interest in everything. Nothing was too large for him, nothing too small, "it it threw light upon the central question—what man was, and what was his destiny. Science, politics, literature, conduct, all thrilled him and enchained his attention. He cared, says one of his eminent biographers, little about his personal prospects. "He had no ambition to make a career or to rise to rank or power. Still less had pleasure any seductions for him. His natural temperament was bright and light; his senses, even the commonest, were exceptionally delicate. Though he rarely drank wine, he was trusted to choose vintages for the college cellar. He could admire enthusiastically any greatness of action and character, however remote the sphere of it from his own. Gurwoods 'Despatches of the Duke of Wellington' came out just then. Newman had been reading the book and a friend asked him what he thought of it. 'Think!' he said, 'it makes one burn to have been a soldier!'

In his sermons, says one of his adorers, he seemed to be addressing the most secret consciousness of each of us, as the eyes of a portrait appear to look at every person in a room. He never exaggerated; he was never unreal. A sermon from him was a poem, formed on a distinct idea, fascinating by its subtlety, welcome from its sincerity, interesting from its originality.

On one occasion Newman was describing in a sermon some of the incidents in the Passion of Our Lord. After a closely-followed series of word-pictures he suddenly stopped. The audience was startled and the silence was breathless.

Then, in a low, clear voice, the faintest vibration of which was audible in the farthest corner of the church, he said:

"Now I bid you recollect that He to whom these things were done was Almighty God!" "It was," says Mathew Arnold, "as if an electric shock had gone through the church."

It has been given out by Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, that J. J. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railway Company, has given \$500,000 for the erection of a great Catholic college at Groveland, the beautiful St. Paul suburb on the curve of the Mississippi river opposite Fort Snelling. The institution will be devoted entirely to the education of young men for the priesthood. Work on the buildings will be begun next spring, and it is expected that the college will be dedicated in 1891, the fiftieth anniversary of the building of the first Catholic church in the Northwest. It is also stated that Mr. Hill will give \$250,000 to endow the professorships.

## A VISIT TO THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE JESUIT ORDER.

PARIS, August 16th.

"ALREADY a fortnight in Paris, and we have not been yet *en pelerinage* to the birthplace of the Jesuit Order. It's shocking, says my friend, a young Galway lady, spending her holidays in France's capital, "and you," she adds, "as great an S.J. as myself." I do not reply, "Ay, and twice as great a one," but I just say, "Put on your bonnet and follow me." And in less than five minutes we find ourselves on the top of one of the numerous Parisian 'busses and bound for Montmartre. As our horses slowly pant and slip over the sunny stones, we have plenty of time to study the groups of French people shaded under the double shade of the fine rows of trees planted on either side of the boulevard. Whole families are there; the matrons fiercely knitting away—and who can knit like a Frenchwoman!—the "grand pere" nursing the baby, and ba-boohing to it as only an old Frenchman can; the son reading out *Le Petit Journal* or some other paper, whilst *les enfants* are busily engaged building up castles and knocking them down again on the yellow sand that the ground is strewn with, and making the most of their two months' holiday. The shops are gay with summer goods, or tempting with summer fruits, green gages, peaches, green and purple grapes being the most common. It is past the hour for the *dejeuner a la fourchette*, and too early for that of the dinner, so the *cafes* and restaurants are only doing a slack trade, and the little round building placed outside, and well in view of the passers-by, are only thinly occupied by *Messieurs et Dames*, sipping away *cafe noir frappe* in long glasses, provided with still longer spoons, or drinking bottle after bottle of the thin *vin ordinaire* of the country. As we approach Montmartre we find ourselves in a very old part of the city; narrow lanes or courts run up the side of the hill: the people here appear much poorer and hard-worked than about other quarters of Paris. But before we have time to study more of the bearings of the place our conductor calls out, "*On descend ici pour Montmartre,*" and we, who are well accustomed now to a Paris 'bus, and know that they, like time and tide, "wait for no man," (or woman), rush to get down the steep stairs before the three white horses are in motion that conduct our vehicle. When, as we find ourselves breathless but safe and whole on *terra firma*, we stand, and, forgive us, we just relieve our feelings by—a low whistle. Yes, there is the *Eglise du Vieux National au Sacre Cœur* right in face of us—but, oh! at what a height, and under what a blazing sun must we get to it! My heart sinks. "*C'est egal,*" I bravely cry; we are pilgrims, in this naughty, unbelieving city, and we start. Our street is a street of stone steps, or rather of flights of stone steps—we count up to three hundred—and then our breath and brains fail us under the fierce heat, and we painfully toil up the rest, and are on the plateau before the great church, which now, thank God! after so many years' building, is being completed. Oh! what a view rewards us for our climb! All Paris stretches under our feet and away all around us. To be sure, the first thing that catches our eye is that impertinent Tour Eiffel. Go where we will it seems to spy down on us, and even at night its luminous eye darts down its electric light and seems to say, "Go wherever you will, you will see me; there is no way of getting away from my observation." "You horrid, vulgar, modern thing," I say to it, and turn away in disgust, and am rewarded by the view of the majestic, pointed towers of Notre Dame—stately, calm, antique, historical Notre Dame. How aristocratic she looks beside the further dome, all gilded, shining, and modern, of the Tomb of Napoleon. One by one we trace out the spires and columns of the city—the two graceful needles of the Sainte Chapelle, more to the left the Obelisk, under whose shadow French blood ran in streams during the revolution. The handsome Opera House, where once poor Eugenie lived and reared her boy, the streets and gardens, the fountains and boulevards of Paris lie at our feet, prostrate and pleading to us not to forget them as anon we pass into God's holy presence, into this, His High Temple, which every day pleads to His Father for the vast city below, "Father, forgive them, for they know

not what they do." Though I am told my way is *toujours a droite*. I cannot resist turning aside into a little old church, where the strains of the "*Tantum Ergo*" fall on the ear, and where in the midst of a large congregation we scarcely get kneeling room.

Coming out, we are greeted on all sides by vendors of "*objets de piete*," all stamped with the words, "Souvenirs de Montmartre," and all at treble the prices charged anywhere else. Numerous are the *cafes* here; one, styling itself "Refectoire des Pelerins a Montmartre," was greatly crowded; but we push on to purchase our tickets at fifty centimes each, to see the church "du Vœu National," and await our time patiently, with some fifty others, till the "conducteur" or "guide" opens the doors of the "Crypte," and lets us in. The cold of this subterranean church is very pleasant, but a little dangerous, too. "No matter," the Galway young lady remarks, "we will see where the Jesuit Order was born." But will we? I begin to doubt. Our "guide" conducts us faithfully to every altar, all unfinished as each are; shows us where Monsigneur Flibbert, the Archbishop, has chosen his place of sepulchre, points out to us the beautiful pathetic statue of the thorn-crowned Saviour, showing his Sacred Heart, and pleading for repentant France—ay, and for France non-repentant, too—draws our attention to the gorgeous and beautifully embroidered banners left by pious pilgrims from all parts of France and from every town; shows us even the altar of "St. Ignace," but not a word to point out where that holy little band met and sowed the seed that was to bring forth a mighty tree whose branches would spread over many lands. No, not a word, and at length Madame can stand it no longer, and she boldly catches the little round cloak of a Monsieur Abbe, who is a pilgrim like herself, and asks him where is the spot where so many saints met and founded the mighty Order of the Jesuits. She has some little time to await his response, for the Padre is taken by surprise. He raises his shoulders, and, with a prolonged "*Je ne sais pas,*" looks troubled in his mind. "*Du tout, du tout,*" she hears him muttering for some time, when she in her turn darts over, catches the buttonhole of the guide just as he has finished a long peroration, and puts the question to him Madame has already demanded. "But Monsieur le Guide is not to be permitted to show his want of knowledge in that way," he coldly replies; "*he is not to be interrupted in that manner.*" Who is it wants to know such-out-of-the-way questions? And, as poor, blushing, guilty madame is pointed out to him, he fiercely murmurs: "*Que ces dames anglaises sont toujours droles,*" and with an aggrieved air begins his information again, Madame only consoling herself with the reflection that she is neither "*drole*" nor "*anglaise*;" and so we proceed onwards, now stopping to admire the pieces of mosaic let in here and there to show us what this chapel and that will be when finished, or pausing to take in the beautiful effect of the pillars, so placed that one may hear and see seven Masses going on at the same time, if one were so inclined; and now we mount by broad stone steps to the church above. It is not yet finished, though roofed in. Workmen, in long blue and white blouses, are chipping, carving, and carting away; but as we stand in that vast space our thoughts turn towards St. Peter's at Rome, and we say how much it reminds us of it. But, see! we are nearly left behind; all are leaving the church. The great portals stand wide open, and the sun—now a welcome intruder after the chill of the unfinished walls inside—invites us once more to the outer world. The descent we find much easier than the climb up. One of the ever numerous 'busses journeying towards the Arc de Triomphe is found on the boulevard; we jump in, and in a very short time are back in our Parisian *piet-a-terre*, not far from the church of the English Passionist Fathers.—*The Nation*

A capital story was current in Dublin at the time of the foundation of the *Nation* newspaper by Duffy, Davis and Dillon. Somebody asked a legal luminary of Unionist politics if he could tell him "what was the tone of this new journal?" "The tone of the *Nation*? Wolfe Tone, sir!" was the angry reply. Nothing could have been apter in substance as in form.

## CHAT'S WITH GOOD LISTENERS.

## ON THE USE OF FLOWERS.

The use of flowers is steadily increasing in every department of life—and so is the abuse. Americans have become as devoted to “the stars of earth” as the Romans ever were. In our great cities, the broker rushing to his office and the lawyer to court do not disdain to decorate their button-holes with the violet or the rose. The orchid and the gardenia—those cherished darlings of society—have scarcely travelled from London yet; but the old-fashioned flowers are seen everywhere. And flowers are perhaps the only ornamental things that never go out of fashion.

That family must be far away indeed from flowers if no spray or blossom is found on its table, to delight the eye and give a touch of beauty and fragrance to life. It is only of late that the moderns are beginning to find out what the Greeks and the people of the Middle Ages knew well: that beauty of color and form is more valuable in life than the monotonous black and white of printed books.

And now that they have found it out, London and New York blossom with color. The Scilly islands send each day thousands of flowers to the great English metropolis, and the florists cannot supply the increasing great demand for flowers in New York. The girl who goes to work every day may take a flower home occasionally, even in winter, so cheap have they become; and the use of flowers for the dead has grown to be an abuse among people who can least afford to indulge in it. Their use, too, has become inordinate at the dinner tables of the rich. The orchid, worth more than ten times its weight in gold, blooms in great banks at rich men's feasts, as the tulip bloomed a hundred years ago—not because it is beautiful, but because only the rich can possess it; and it is not unusual for the roses for a great dinner to cost a thousand dollars.

This abuse of flowers is not for pleasure, but for ostentation. Their use is to elevate, to cheer, to please, to recall their Creator; not to astonish, to amaze, or to excite envy. Their meaning is lost when they are made to serve for mere show.

A flower is at its best as God made it—graceful, beautiful, both in color and form. Press a hundred roses into a “floral emblem” and put them at the head of a little child's coffin, and you abuse them; you have a white mass which does not symbolize the innocence and beauty of the little child. But let the same roses lie, some on its bosom, some near it, with all their curves of petal and leaf undisturbed, and you will see the difference between their use and their abuse. God made them: as they are found in the garden. Fashion presses them into a mass, which deprives them of half their beauty and all their grace, and takes away their highest meaning.

Flowers are at home about the Tabernacle or at the feet of the Blessed Virgin. There the jacqueminot rose glows most splendidly, and the tall lilies, typifying the Immaculate Mother, guard most fitly the hem of her robe. And yet, while the use of flowers has increased everywhere else, it has not grown on our altars. We who inherit the beauty of the ages, who claim to be the children of the chief Patroness of art through all Christian ages, have fallen very low. If Fra Angelico were to return to earth, would he not imagine that we had foresworn all the traditions of the Catholic art he created? There are, in fact, people among us who prefer the latest high coloured print of sacred subjects to the best reproduction of masters like him; and some who look with complacency on the wretched apologies for flowers that decorate our altars. Artificial lilies with arsenical leaves, vermilion roses as clumsy as if they were cut out of tulips—these meet our eyes on many altars: wretched apologies, supposed to be good enough for God, but which the most tasteless woman would not put into her bonnet.

“The statues are lovely,” wrote a Protestant lady, who had visited a fine church, which contained two statues by a great Italian artist; “but they rest on altars decorated by the most horrible paper and muslin monstrosities I ever saw!”

The chief use of flowers is to add to the beauty of God's house. This is a Christian tradition. But if we keep them for our dinner tables and the decoration of our homes, and

put painted rags on the altars of our churches, we show a lack of love and a real depravity of taste.—*M. F. Egan, in Arc Maria.*

## CARDINAL NEWMAN AND THE ORATORY SCHOOL

I am glad to see that the *Catholic Times* has not in its memoirs of Cardinal Newman made the mistakes some of its contemporaries have made. I refer to the date of the foundation of the Oratory School. Cardinal (then Doctor) Newman first began the school—to which he devoted so much of his time and energy during the remaining years of his life, and to which he was so attached—in the year 1859 at the request of a large body of influential Catholics, amongst whom may be mentioned the late Sergeant Bellasis, and to the day of his death took the keenest interest in, and exercised the most affectionate and careful watchfulness over it, and all connected with it. The idea of the Cardinal was to establish a school which should comprise all the advantages of an English public school, and his idea has borne great fruit.

The first boy to arrive was the eldest son of Sergeant Bellasis—R. G. Bellasis, who afterwards joined the Congregation of the Oratory, and is now Father Richard Bellasis of the Birmingham Oratory.

I went myself to the Oratory in 1863 (two years before the school was opened, according to the date given in some of the papers) and for eleven years enjoyed the privilege and blessing of the Cardinal's training. In those early days of the school we saw more of the Father (as we called him) than was possible for the students to have done in latter years, owing to his age and physical weakness. Every month, in my time, each form went up to the Father's room and was examined by him *visa voce* in the work done during the preceding month, a trying ordeal for those who were nervous or idle, notwithstanding the kindness and gentleness of the Father, who was one of the most considerate and sympathetic of examiners. The Father always attached great importance to the “lesson by heart,” and insisted on perfect accuracy and readiness in its repetition. Even in the higher forms he sometimes expressed his opinion that the practice of learning by heart might with advantage be retained to a much greater extent than was usually done. He was always most particular to urge upon the boys a higher standard of honor, and never would tolerate anything mean or shabby. The result of this was that a very high standard of public spirit was established and the tone of the school was of the best. During one or two terms the Father gave the fifth form lectures on “Religious Knowledge,” but as I had not at that time attained the dignity of the fifth I do not remember much about them. At the end of each term every boy went to the Father for what he called his “character,” that is, the Father spoke to him privately as to his progress and behaviour during the past term. There was a story that in the early days of the school, the Father received about the same time a letter from A. who had a boy at the school, complaining that the vacation was too long, and a letter from B. who also had a son at the school, complaining that the vacation was too short. Dr. Newman quietly (after cutting off the signatures) sent A's letter to B, and B's letter to A, after which no more was heard from either on the subject. When I was reading for the London University Intermediate Examinations in Arts along with another, the Father took us himself in classics and English literature, and I shall never forget those lectures, especially those in literature. He told us he greatly admired Sir Walter Scott's novels and regretted that they were, he believed, getting to be less read than formerly; he also expressed a great liking for the “Rejected Addresses” as some of the cleverest parodies he had read, and encouraged us to read good novels. One story he told us particularly amused me. It seems that a second-rate actor, whose name I forget, and, indeed had never heard before the Father mentioned it, was in the habit of visiting at the Newman's house when the Cardinal was a child. This gentleman, who had no small belief in himself, one day took the boy, John Henry, upon his knee and said, “Now my lad, you will be able, when you are a man, to say you have sat upon the knee of Mr. —, the actor.”

As you have already mentioned in your paper, the Cardinal took great interest in the annual Latin play. He revised and expurgated certain plays of Plautus and Terence, making them fit for school representation, and he then used in my time to take the fourth and fifth forms in the translation during the Michaelmas term. When the translation was finished the most likely actors were picked out and the parts distributed. The Cardinal himself attended all our rehearsals, and along with Father Ambrose St. John used to give us hints and show us how certain passages should be acted. But I fear I have already trespassed too much on your space; my excuse must be the one everyone has for his old school, and the fact that my old school was the special care and child, so to speak, of Cardinal Newman.—W. J. Sparrow, *L.L.D.*, in *Liverpool Catholic Times*.

## Correspondence.

HAMILTON, Sept. 15th, 1890.

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

SIR.—As Bishop Dowling wishes to correct the mistakes that inadvertently occurred in the report of his sermon on last St. Patrick's Day, will you kindly insert the following letter of explanation addressed to the Rev. Father Vaughan, Westminster, Secretary to Cardinal Manning.

Yours respectfully,  
E. P. McEVAY.

(COPY.)

HAMILTON, Sept. 15th, 1890.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,—His Lordship the Bishop of Hamilton directs me to acknowledge the receipt of your kind letter on the 5th inst., and thank you for having called his attention to the "unintelligible" paragraph which appeared in the *Church Times* of August 15th, 1890, purporting to be the substance of a conversation with the Cardinal, wherein His Eminence is represented to have said among other things "that were it not for the Irish people there would be no need of priests or bishops in England." The Bishop desires me to state that His Eminence did not use those words, which would convey the absurd idea that the English Catholics had less need of priests and bishops than the Irish. This statement is so utterly absurd that it is no wonder His Eminence was amazed at it. When the Bishop asked the question, "Are your congregations mostly English?" he had reference to the Catholic congregations of the city of London, in the diocese of Westminster, and not to the Catholic people of England; and when his Eminence answered that eighteen out of twenty were Irish, he understood His Eminence to mean not only natives of Ireland but those of Irish descent. The Bishop, in the course of his sermon on St. Patrick's day last, commenting on these words of His Eminence, remarked "that were it not for the Irish people there would be fewer priests and bishops in England, inasmuch as there would be fewer Catholic congregations to be attended." His Lordship regrets that owing to an inaccurate local newspaper report for which he is not responsible, His Eminence should be represented as saying; (1) "That eighteen out of twenty of the Catholics of England were Irish" and (2) (most absurd of all) "That were it not for the Irish people there would be no need of priests or bishops in England."

The bishop most cordially thanks the Cardinal Archbishop for the expression of his kind regards, prays that His Eminence may be long spared, and that the holy "work of expiation" so dear to your heart, may be abundantly blessed. I am, Rev. and Dear Father, yours very faithfully,

E. P. McEVAY,  
Secretary to the Bishop of Hamilton.

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

DEAR SIR.—Is it not a little humiliating to a Catholic to be left to learn some of the most fundamental principles of his Church from Protestant journals in which these principles are most severely criticized. With all the religious

teaching of our schools so strenuously insisted on by the Church, how many of us can state definitely her position with respect to education. In view of the importance this question is assuming, I think Catholic journals might well devote some space to a thorough discussion of the subject. This, however, is only one among many points upon which some information is wanted.

Hoping you or some of your readers will undertake to enlighten us, I remain

Yours, &c.,  
"INQUIRER."

## "LIBERAL" CATHOLICS.

THERE are Catholics who do not possess the philosophical capacity to grasp the reason of all that goes on around them. Like the majority of mankind what goes on at the surface is alone visible to them but guided by the light of faith they can steer clear of the hidden rocks and shoals that beset the voyage of human life. Their duty is to believe not to enquire; to follow the plain and certain way marked out for them, and they may rest assured of their safety.

But, unfortunately, there are Catholics of this kind who like others with no little mental capacity in the presumption of intellectual pride so strikingly colossal in comparison to the intellect, attempt to solve, in the weakness of their reason, what is utterly beyond their reach. They criticise the Church and its policy and in the spirit of modern liberalism, that spirit too weak to accept any definite principle, side with her enemies while weakly attempting to remain Catholic. Why should the Pope have any temporal power? He is a spiritual sovereign and needs not to wield the temporal sword, they exclaim with the enemies of the Church. They sympathize with other religious beliefs out of pure liberality, and so half admit that Protestantism or infidelity may be as good as Catholicity.

Now such people see the surface, and the surface seems fair and peaceful. They have no idea of the undercurrents and the treacherous tides that are carrying the nations to and fro, in the paucity of their knowledge to judge, as the philosopher does. Anything that they can possibly admit in order to conciliate and please they concede to the enemies of the Church. But such people do not live in the spirit of Catholicity, which yields nothing and claims all, for like the truth it is all. As the incarnation is the first and greatest event in all history, the centre and the measure of all human existence, so is the Church the sole supreme factor in human life.

In that only dwells the fulness of truth, the beginning of wisdom and the salvation of men. Catholics who cannot appreciate this from a philosophical point of view, have no business to criticise, dispute or minimize the faith which has been vouchsafed them. Let them follow the light of faith in the practical affairs of life, and leave the speculative side for the wiser men. Let them accept what the Church teaches whether it be dogmatic or not. To believe only what is absolutely necessary is both irrational and cowardly. It is evidence of a weakness of intellect and a smallness of heart. All in all or not at all, is the motto of true faith. To question things that are not absolutely binding, to sneer at pious belief and to despise the magnitude of the faith of others is to be small, mean and narrow-minded. A "liberal" Catholic is a coward and a contradiction.

A story is told by the *Cork Examiner*, of a certain mayor of Cork who headed a deputation to the late Emperor of the French and commenced an oration to his Majesty in what he conceived to be the French tongue. "Pardon me," said the Emperor, after he had listened to the speech with much patience, "English I know fairly well, but, I regret to say, I have never had an opportunity of studying the Irish language."

According to *Vanity Fair*, a widow has threatened an action against an editor who remarked, in the course of an obituary notice on her late husband, that he had "gone to a happier home."



## 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 Doud of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.*

*And by the leading clergy of the Dominion*

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Remittances by P. O. Order or draft should be made payable to the Business Manager.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPT. 20, 1890.

### THE DISTRESS IN IRELAND.

IN compliance with a request which comes to us from Mr. J. J. Curran, M.P., that this REVIEW, along with other of its contemporaries, should open a subscription list for the receipt of monies for transmission to Ireland on the first appeal, we desire to announce that THE REVIEW is wholly at the service of the promoters of this charitable project, and that all monies forwarded either to it direct, or to the honorary treasurer, the Hon. Edward Murphy, of Montreal, will be acknowledged each week in its columns. We are desired by Mr. Curran—from whom we had the pleasure of a visit on Wednesday—to add that this fund will in no way interfere with any organized efforts for raising money by societies or otherwise, should that be necessary later on.

There is a special fitness in THE REVIEW'S opening its columns to this laudable purpose, in that it was the first Canadian journal of any sort to call attention to the ominous outlook for the Irish peasantry in many districts. A few bald telegrams had appeared at odd times in the newspapers, but it was not until the following letter appeared, which had been sent by the Editor of THE REVIEW, who was then in Ireland, and who had coached a few weeks before through most of the south-west coast region, that attention was unmistakably drawn to the matter. This letter was published by the Montreal *Daily Star* and by other leading Canadian journals; and, in response to suggestions from many quarters, is given again in these columns:

#### AN UNHAPPY OUTLOOK.

THERE is bad news this week from Ireland. Communications from Dublin and the South-West of Ireland show only too clearly that a failure of the potato crop is imminent in some of the coast districts. A complete cessation of the rainy weather, followed by prolonged sunshine, may prevent the worst coming to the worst. But most serious mischief has already been done, and relief will be required for its helpless victims. The visitation—of the kind which the Irish peasant dreads most, which has so often in the course of this country left its mark in depopulated villages and heaped graveyards—may to some extent have been foreseen. The Irish newspapers, in occasional paragraphs and letters from Paddy's earthly Providence, the Parish Priest, have been giving warnings of it. In several localities along the western, south-western, and southern coast the fell disease has been showing signs. But according to present information Castle-

haven and the neighbouring parishes in the diocese of Ross, are the places where the failure is most apparent. Castlehaven is near Skibbereen, and on the south-western coast of the County Cork. They are poor enough at the best of times, these sea-coast parishes of the south-west of Ireland. What they will be if famine comes no one can imagine who has not with his own eyes beheld a foodless, fireless, Irish cabin. Unless the English memory be too short, or the English public too indifferent to the fate of a country a few hours sail from its shores, they may still retain some recollection of the description given by landlord and peasant witnesses of the south-western region before the recent Parnell Commission. Starvation, or the risk of it, is chronic in those dreary sea-coast parishes. To be "blue with hunger"—to recall the expression of an agent-witness—is a common fate in the Arcadia of the landlords. Only that blue is scarcely the correct expression. Grey with hunger is nearer the mark—the pinched grey faces of silent men, women, and children.

An Irish potato patch under blight is a dismal sight. All the more dismal in the sea-shore regions, owing to the character of—we were going to say the soil; but there is none, beyond what has been fortuitously gathered in sheltered nooks among the rocks, or created (that is really the word) by the most patient and the most hopeful of labourers. Along those desolate, hungry shores the traveller may come upon large stretches of country which at a distance seem to be nothing but grey rock. As he proceeds he discovers stray, stingy scraps of soil in the depressions, and in spots protected from rough weather. The potato crops, the cabbages, growing on these scraps are usually of the poorest description. Where are the houses? the uninitiated traveller is sure to ask. The cabins, being of the colour of the rock, and more like rabbit-hutches than dwellings for human beings, are almost undiscoverable until one is close upon them. One may know Paddy's cabin by the bluish smoke oozing out of a hole in its roof, if he cannot distinguish it from the dreary chaos of rock and boulder around. Along the west and south of Ireland there are scores and hundreds of townships, or villages, to which the above description literally applies. Their inhabitants, or their fathers before them, have been gradually driven westwards from the better soils, until they have reached their present footing on the barren shore, with only the ocean between them and the America whither the grown-up lads and girls have gone and are going, and of which the old, who only know it by report, speak always with a strange familiarity. In those dreary sea-coast huts, they don't speak of London, they speak of New York. They will speak of it oftener as the potato patches fail, and the need of the remittance, from son or daughter, grows more pressing. If a realistic painter wants a live subject of our time, let him go to the Western Irish coast, when the blight is on, and take stock of the ragged family, amidst its little field of potato crops drooping in slimy, black malodorous rot.

By and by the parish priest will go around to inspect the potato stores. He will conduct his inquiries from hut to hut. "Well, Biddy how much of the potatoes have you left?" "Sure, your riv'rince, and thim's all." And the good priest may be seen poking with the point of his gingham umbrella among a little heap of things that look for all the world like boys' marbles, so small are they. And Pat and his wife, and his half-dozen barefooted, half-naked children, may thank their stars if, instead of being hard like marbles, the "pratics" don't turn out to be little better than a watery pulp. The heap of marble-like potatoes in a corner of a peasant's cabin is the worst of signs. In the hardest times, there is nothing else. During the day, Pat is, probably, seeking work in some distant parish as poor as his own. The sight of his children sitting mute at home might draw the tears down Paddy's iron cheek. If the potato crop does fail, no great help need be expected from the landlords—as a class. It will have to be a case of what Disraeli called "John Bull puzzled, but still subscribing"—puzzled, we mean, at the landlord and tenant relationship which is answerable for so much of Ireland's misery. In a striking passage in his recent novel Mr. O'Brien—who like Mr. Froude in his work "The Two Chiefs of Dunboy," knew what he was about when he made the action and the incidents of his story to centre amid the scenic glories of Glengariffe and Bantry—pondering upon the appalling loss of life in the famine year of '47, indulges in the vain, but natural, regret that so many thousands upon thousands of a hardy and an active peasantry should have been done to death by the agonies of hunger, should have sunk silently down and rotted by the roadsides, when under other circumstances, and with a fraction of the suffering, they might have met death gloriously, fighting for their country. But, though they often suggest themselves, speculations of this sort are bootless. The moral of every such mel-

anchoy reflection is that the Irish peasant is proud and sensitive; and that he will sooner die in a hole than beg. All the more reason why the English public should keep an eye—a kindly eye—upon him.

The relief Fund to which the charitably disposed, it is hoped, will promptly respond, is at present as follows:

Hon. Edward Murphy .....	\$50 00
J. J. Curran, M. P., Q. C. ....	20 00
P. Raleigh, Almonte.....	10 00
J. A. Donaldson, Toronto.....	5 00
Sergt. Hughes, Montreal.....	5 00
A. Brogan, M. P. " .....	2 00

#### CARDINAL TASCHEREAU'S PRECEDENCE.

INTEREST in the question of Cardinal Manning's precedence—arising out of the placing, by the Prince of Wales, of His Eminence's name next to his own on the Royal Commission for the Housing of the Poor—is not, it seems, to be confined to England. A few days ago it was announced, or rather threatened, that the whole subject will be discussed by an approaching convention of the Methodist church of Canada.

Since then, however, the question of precedence has come up in our own midst, as a result of an official *four pas* in connection with the arrangements of the dinner given by his Excellency, the Governor-General, to Prince George of Wales, at Quebec, last week. Cardinal Taschereau had been invited, and had accepted the invitation, but at the last moment it was discovered that the member of his Excellency's household who arranged the seating of the guests had placed the Cardinal three or four seats down, instead of immediately next to the Prince. Thereupon his Eminence, we believe, intimated that he could not attend; and the table was consequently re-arranged. One of the French papers published in Quebec gave this explanation of the incident:

"His Eminence the Cardinal has felt it to be his duty to decline the invitation to dine at the citadel extended to him by the Governor-General. This refusal is actuated by the fact that it is not the intention to recognize at this official dinner the order of precedence accepted and followed in England. In the United Kingdom, under the order of precedence, cardinals, who are princes of the Church, come immediately after princes of the blood. A cardinal takes precedence even of Ministers and members of the House of Lords." An English paper published in Quebec says:—"Cardinal Taschereau understood that he would be accorded the place of honour next to Prince George of Wales, following the example set by the Prince of Wales, who conferred a similar distinction on Cardinal Manning. Why Lord Stanley did not give the same precedence to the Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec that the heir to the throne has given to Cardinal Manning has not been explained."

Such papers as the *Toronto Mail* and the *Montreal Witness* are much enraged as a result of the episode which it pleases them to interpret as an insidious endeavour on the part of the Cardinal to assert the superiority of the spiritual over the temporal arm; and as an attempt to grasp as a right the precedence next to royalty accorded to Cardinal Manning in England. The *Mail*, which blusteringly reminds all unfortunate Papists within the Dominion that this is a British colony, deems it intolerable that a Cardinal Archbishop, a Prince of the Church, should think of maintaining any dignity, or of demanding any recognition, beyond the somewhat

sparse and precarious measure which attaches—in the public order, we mean,—a Methodist president or a Presbyterian moderator. Personally, they are doubtless very excellent and amiable gentlemen, but their professional positions, it is obvious, can lend them no prestige; their offices, having merely a local, and no commanding or œcumenical character. A member of the Sacred College can scarcely be satisfied with as little, however, and an eccentric-minded community like this of ours is the better of an occasional reminder that the Cardinalial dignity is not to be compromised.

It may be that to some of our readers, the incident may seem to have been a trivial, and, perhaps, an unseemly one. If they will think for a moment they will find that beneath the incident there is at stake a principle of some importance in these days. The Head of the Universal Church claims for himself the Temporal Sovereignty necessary to the independent and beneficent exercise of his sacred office. That sovereignty an infidel government wantonly destroyed, but the Universal Church has since then unceasingly urged her right to its complete restoration. In the eyes of the Catholic world the Holy Father is a Sovereign; and in the eyes of the non-Catholic world he is a deposed Sovereign. But whether as Sovereign or as deposed Sovereign the members of the Sacred College are the Princes of the Church, and the co-heirs of the Sovereign Pontiff. As such, according to any European table of precedence, they take rank next to royal Princes. In England, where the Protestant religion has been established and maintained by law, this rule and this right has of course long been violated, although, to the horror of many good people, it has been lately rectified, and by no less a person than the Prince of Wales, in the case of Cardinal Manning. It will be seen, therefore, that Cardinal Taschereau's declination of the Vice-regal dinner has more than a superficial significance, since to have accepted, on so public an occasion, a place other than that rightfully belonging to him, would have compromised not only his own, but the dignity of the office of the Sovereign Pontiff. The *Mail* speaks of His Eminence as "sulking because he cannot be officially recognized as a Cardinal;" but we venture to think that personal pique has no part in the episode. Even so gentle and humble a spirit as Cardinal Newman, whose simplicity had the loveliness of a child's, was scrupulously exacting lest any detail of his conduct should be wanting in the dignity due to the Holy See and the person of the Sovereign Pontiff.

#### NEWMAN, MANNING AND WISEMAN: THE COUNTER-REFORMATION.

"It is for others" said Cardinal Manning in his touching panegyric on "his friend and brother of more than sixty years," the lamented Cardinal Newman,—“it is for others to record minutely the history of that great life, and all that it has done. But we cannot forget that we owe to him, among other debts, one singular achievement. No one who does not intend to be laughed at will henceforward say that the Catholic religion is fit only for weak intellects, and unmanly brains. That superstition of pride is over." The old malevolence had passed into good will. It was the greatest testimony to the power and the persuasiveness of a great Christian life.

Writing in these pages recently of the great space which we now see this winning and commanding figure to have filled in the imagination and in the hearts of men, we said

that, though not long dead, already all that is eminent in intellect and in letters had placed an asphodel—the type of Sorrow, and the token of our hope of Immortality—in reverent memory upon the great and good man's grave. The eloquent and spontaneous tributes with which newspaper, review, and sermon have since abounded have confirmed our sense of this. Protestant and unbeliever alike realize, not less clearly than the Catholic, that the withdrawal from us of one of the chief lights of the Sacred College, and one of the foremost intellects of the century, closes an eventful and a memorable period. And yet it is scarcely right to speak of the period as closed, since one of the three great figures in it, the present Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, still remains to us.

What Newman was in the world of thought, Manning has been in the sphere of action—the head and front of every social and religious movement in his country. From Wiseman to Manning: it is not a long stretch; but it has witnessed the counter-Reformation! Great men have been raised up: the finger of God has been visible in England.

Of Cardinal Manning, now the sole survivor of these memorable years, there is no need to speak. The unique place which he occupies in English history has been born witness to by a very close observer of men and of movements, Mr. J. E. C. Bradley, himself an Englishman and a Protestant, in the course of a noteworthy article contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* some few months ago. "There is no other instance," he wrote, "of an individual exercising similar power and influence in this country, who has not been aided by legislative or official rank. It is probable that the Cardinal is content with his unprecedented position, yet it is strange in these days when much is talked about strengthening the Upper House by giving it a representative character, that no Prime Minister has ever seen fit to advise the offer of a place in it to the eminent Englishman who represents not only all the Catholic population of these Islands, but the entire struggling populace of our cities of every creed, and without a creed. A peerage would confer no dignity or even precedence on Cardinal Manning, as by the Queen's sign manual, he was, on the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes, with the assent of the Heir to the Throne, and the present Prime Minister, who were members of it, assigned precedence immediately after the Royal Family. It is a long drop from the Chair of St. Peter to a seat in the House of Lords, and there is a certain bathos in associating a modern coronet with the venerable head which might have worn most worthily the triple tiara."

But in accounting the great change that has come over the public opinion of England, in respect to the Catholic Church, let us not lose sight of a great life which beat itself out in bringing about many of the blessed results since witnessed in England. During the years that followed the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy, and during the fierce storm of passion and of prejudice which broke out in that country Cardinal Wiseman went about his labour "until the evening." Have our readers ever reflected upon the incidents of that great life? If not, let them do so now. A few extracts from an article in the *Dublin Review*, of April, 1865, and written by Dr. Manning, his successor in the See of Westminster, will bring into vision the outlines and the experiences of that life. Writing of his episcopate, he says:—

"This eventful period of fifteen years both opened and

closed with a popular movement, exceptional in its character and extent. It opened with a tempest; it closed with great mourning. It is strange that the same man should have been the object and the centre of both. Fifteen years of open manly bearing, fifteen years of unspotted life and of high Christian virtues, have sufficed to win the confidence, admiration, and sympathy of the English people. Conspicuous as he was in the dignity of his name, he was almost unseen by his personal retirement and quietness of life. Except in the ecclesiastical acts which compelled him to speak or appear as Archbishop and Metropolitan, no man ever lived more unobtrusively, or less exposed himself to public gaze. When invited to any act which would in trust or give pleasure to the English people, no man was ever more prompt and kindly. And yet this is the man who, from 1850 to 1866, was described habitually by many who never saw him, or never heard so much as a word from his lips, in terms and titles which, if we could, we would not reproduce. We shall freely use our privilege to say that if the leading articles of the chief newspapers which in those ten years described his Eminence the late Cardinal—his opinions, his pastorals, his pretensions, his aims, and we know not what—were reprinted in parallel columns with the leading articles of those same papers during the last six weeks, we should have before us a strange memorial of human infirmity, but no strange example of English honesty and truth.

It would be no unkindly admonition to anonymous writers if we were to reprint them, and many would be wiser men for it. We remember a case in point. During the excitement of the Papal aggression, all the bishops of the Establishment in succession denounced the Catholic Hierarchy. A quiet person with scissors cut out and pasted together the chief flowers and formulas of episcopal vituperation. They were then distributed into categories, and graduated according to their intensity. They were something like the gamut—a slender provision of a few notes, but capable of almost endless combination. "Unwarranted, aggressive, usurping; insolent, intolerable, anti-Christian; anti-Christian, usurping, and insolent; insolent, intolerable, and aggressive." It began like a symphony of Beethoven, with a single deep note; then two, then one again, then a chord, then a complication and a volume of sound. When once printed in order, and set before educated men, no comment was needed. The experiment has not been tried again. So we believe it was with the late illustrious Cardinal. He was a Roman Catholic; he was a Cardinal; he came from the Pope of Rome; he was born in Spain; he was Irish by race; he was an Archbishop in England without our leave; and head of an Episcopate not known to the Crown. He must be designing, crafty, overbearing, superstitious, un-English, covetous, grasping, ambitious, ignorant of England, an alien—the paid envoy of a foreign sovereign. It needed no proof, no evidence, no sign; all was certain as day. So for ten years men wrote of him in public, spoke of him in private, and, worst of all, believed of him, without caring or wishing to know better. What has wrought the change? From time to time he was seen and heard. Here and there, first one, then another, came across him. Kindly sympathising words were caught from his lips; charitable and secret actions got abroad. It was felt, and therefore found, that the man had a heart, and could feel for others as well as he wounded—could show kindness as well as suffer unkindness."

Let the reader mark what follows:

"Then came a period which conciliated for him much generous feeling—the last five years of almost continual suffering. It was well known that a mortal malady had struck him; and much sympathy from all parts of England and from the least likely persons, was manifested towards him. Men of all religious opinions—clergymen of the Church of England, Dissenting ministers—wrote to him or to his friends, enclosing prescriptions, and expressing their kindly regard. A great appreciation was shown for the life which ten years before was threatened by public danger. It was during these five years of declining strength, and while those about him advised that he should unbend his mind in all

possible ways, that he gave the lectures on art, on industry, on self-cultivation, on architecture, and the like, which have made his name and the memory of his presence dear to a multitude in London and in many of our large towns where a few years ago he was carried about in effigy. Highly honourable all this to the great heart and mind of Cardinal Wiseman, and honourable also to the English people. Englishmen may misunderstand each other for a time—perhaps for a long time; but we hardly know an example in which the most violent antipathies and animosities have not been at last lived down. Sometimes men who have been railed upon and assaulted on every side for years have won to themselves an equal respect and benevolence in their latter days. The only exception we know to this is where the popular odium is just, and the man worthy of it. And yet even in this extreme case, there is about the people of England a natural compassion, and a readiness to condone or to be blind to faults which sometimes absolves even the unworthy. But in the case of great men and good men, who suffer for fidelity to their principles, without perhaps yielding a shade of opposition to their principles, Englishmen, at least, are just and kindly. They give and take; and as they claim to think for themselves in religion, so they granted willing to our great and large-hearted Cardinal the unmolested profession of his Tridentine and Ultramontane principles."

"As soon as it was known that all that remained to us of our great Cardinal Archbishop lay arrayed in his pontifical vestments in the humble and modest dwelling where his latter years were passed, immediately a multitude of people began to assemble. For days the crowd was so great that many, after long waiting, went away without so much as entering the door of the house. Not only Catholics, who were drawn by faith and by charity once more into the presence of the form which they knew so well, but many of those who are unhappily 'net of this fold' asked admittance with the greatest desire and respect. We doubt whether there has been any 'lying in state' which has awakened such heartfelt sorrow, or drawn together a greater concourse through so many days.

But this public mourning was only in its beginning. On the evening before the day of the burial the solemn dirge was to be sung in the pro-cathedral of St. Mary's, Moorfields. The coffin was then removed to that place. It is said that thirty thousand persons on that day went through the church by the bier, passing out by the door of the house attached to the cathedral. The multitudes were so great that it was impossible to allow them to kneel or to linger. Persons were placed by the bier to touch the coffin with their rosaries and the like, and to press them onwards. But even this did not prepare for the next day. We have no power of description, and the subject has been already exhausted. The outline and even the minutest detail of that great day of public mourning has been recorded by the Protestant papers of England. The Mass of solemn requiem, none who saw and heard it will ever forget. It was in solemnity, grandeur, and pathos, all that the burial of a great pastor and prince of the Church of God ought to be.

Then began the strangest sight which England has seen for three hundred years—a funeral procession which seemed endless in length; the whole Catholic Hierarchy of England, with some hundreds of the priesthood, conducting the remains of their Archbishop and Metropolitan to the grave. Along the whole line of road from the cathedral, for four or five miles, a crowd of people of every class and condition, stood closely together on either side of the street. The greatest order, silence, and respect prevailed. As the funeral car passed all heads were bared. The multitude at the cemetery was still more dense. Without doubt the desire to see a great and strange pageant brought many there that day. Among the crowds there must have been many who had no special feeling of sympathy and condolence with the mourning of that funeral. Nevertheless, after all this has been said, there remains a fact which nothing can diminish, which no one has affected to explain away,

which even the hostile witnesses have recorded, that such a funeral has never been seen except in royal burials, nor in our day since the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. We do not know that any form of speech could be found to go beyond this, or to fix more vividly the facts of that day. We should not have ventured to use them. Had we done so we should have been held up to ridicule for the exaggeration and grandiloquence of a handful aping the proportions and talking the language of a people. But the fact was so. Date the days when any personage in England was borne forth with such manifestations of—call it what you will—mourning, sympathy, respect, or bare recognition. In our time an Anglican Bishop of London who had been publicly known to the population of that city during a longer incumbency than the eighteen years' episcopate of Cardinal Wiseman, was carried to his grave. He was a learned, cultivated, eloquent, benevolent, exceedingly laborious, large-minded, and warm-hearted man. He was surrounded by all the traditions and circumstances with which the Church and State of England could invest him. He deserved at their hands a great and noble manifestation of affection and respect; he had served them as we remember no other to have done. He wore himself out in their service. His last years were especially touching. Broken with faithful toil for the Anglican Church in London, he withdrew to await his end in feebleness and out of sight. We are glad in passing to bear this testimony to one whose personal memory is, and always will be, dear to many who were parted from him. And yet when he passed to his grave the stir and business of London held on its way. He deserved another response, but it was not in the millions of London to give it. Again, two archbishops of Canterbury have been borne to their burial. Did London rise up to meet them? Were the roads lined for miles? Were there thousands and tens of thousands for days before Lambeth Palace?

There have been many men of great popularity, rank and name buried in Westminster Abbey in these last twenty years what one has awakened—kindled, we may say—such a widespread sense of his death, and of his burial, as the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster?"

The *Morning Post* of the day following the funeral had this to say in a leading article of great delicacy and felicity:

"Against Roman Cardinals, Westminster, and Canterbury, and Lambeth, are apparently closed forever; and amid all the pomp which has characterized the present obsequies, nothing can have thrown a greater chill upon the ceremonial than the remembrance that those great shrines which were once in Catholic hands are uniformly closed, in death as in life, to the priestly emissaries of the Church of Rome. The pageant of yesterday, with all its imposing ceremonial, was the pageant of an ostracised religion."

The admonition, adds the writer, is delicate, because, translated, it means, "Remember, we have even the graves of your forefathers. You shall not even rest by them after death." And it is felicitous, he further says, in the mouth of those who, with all the glories of the Catholic Church in their hands, yet cannot surround their great, or noble, or splendid dead with a title of the reverence which carried the pall of the first Archbishop of Westminster. "Men may build sepulchres in Westminster Abbey, but they cannot touch the heart of a populace. It needs a higher power to do this."

Is there not to be seen in all this spiritual awakening, in this fruition of the Faith in our day, another instance of the truth and impressiveness of the Scripture parable: "Unless the grain of mustard-seed fall into the earth and die, it will not bring forth fruit: but if it die, it bringeth forth fruit an hundred-fold:" is there not to be seen, we ask, in the noble and worthy closings of these great lives, the evidence of future triumphs, and the realization of the promise that unto the meek shall the earth be given as an inheritance?

## General Catholic News

Among the Sisters of Mercy in London are daughters of Lord Petre, Lord Clifford, Lord Mostyn, and many other ladies of similar rank. There are also several converts.

Bishop Loughlin, of Brooklyn, has donated twenty-seven lots with a one-story brick dwelling, in Long Island City to the Sisters of St. Joseph, who will establish a hospital there.

The Abbe-Roux, a Montreal priest, has just begun work upon a painting which is to adorn the Catholic Church of St. Henri, in that city. The canvas will measure 10 feet in height by 172 feet in length.

His Eminence Cardinal Manning has, through his secretary, expressed to the Church of England Burial, Funeral, and Mourning Reform Association his desire to further the movement by every means in his power.

The Capuchin Fathers who are leaving their monasteries in France because of the new military law requiring all clergymen up to the age of thirty-five to serve in the army, are emigrating to Canada and the United States.

About an hour before his death Cardinal Newman asked to see Father Neville, his private secretary, whose hand he grasped, as he smiled and said. "I hear the music of heaven. All is sunshine." All around his couch were moved to tears.

Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, has been requested to take charge of the Catholic exhibit at the World's Fair, and it is thought that he will accept the responsible position. It will be a guarantee of success that the matter is in the hands of one so eminently qualified.

The renowned pulpit orator, Pere Monsabre, is at present living quietly in the Dominican Convent, Havre. He is, no doubt, engaged in preparing the Advent sermons which he is to deliver at the Church of St. Andrea della Valle, Rome, on the invitation of the Holy Father.

One of the interesting events which will take place in Washington in the early autumn will be the dedication of the magnificent monument to Lafayette and his Catholic compatriots of the Revolutionary war. It is an event in which the Catholics of the entire country should take pride.

Cardinal Manning says that the chief bar to the working of the Holy Spirit of God in the souls of men and women is intoxicating drink. "Though I have known men and women destroyed for all manner of reasons, yet I know no cause that effects them with such universality of steady power as this curse of drink."

Cardinal Gibbons has a knack of condensing great truths in small sentences. Recently, in an interview with a Boston *Herald* representative, he said: "The whole drift of Catholic education is to inspire a love of God and a love of country." There is much food for thought in that, and some of our contemporaries might study it with profit.

According to *Church Progress*, of St. Louis, it is generally understood that one of the results of the meeting of the Archbishops of the United States, held recently in Boston, will be a petition to the Pope to bestow the red hat of a Cardinal on Archbishop Kenrick on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee as a Bishop, which will occur in November.

The family of the late John Boyle O'Reilly announce that a history of his life, by James Jeffrey Roche, will be published in the near future. The work will contain a full biography, from original papers in the possession of the family, together with his public orations and a large number of poems and sketches hitherto unpublished. This will be the only authorized life of Mr. O'Reilly.

Rev. Robert Stewart, an English Protestant minister, has received from his nephew, a missionary at Lake Tanganyika, a letter in which the writer says: "As to other missions on the lake, the Jesuit mission is the only other mission besides our own. I detest Jesuitism, but cannot help admiring the practical way in which they work. Outwardly, to all appearance at least, they are doing good work."

Some time ago the workmen engaged in the construction of the Lady vestry of St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, Scotland, found the upper right arm bone of an adult lying on part of the plaster ceiling of the church. It is conjectured that this is the arm bone of St. Giles, which was a gift to the church by a pious Catholic many centuries ago, and was concealed with other relics at the time of the reformation.

By a decree of the Minister of Justice and Public Worship, based on the report of the keeper of the seals, the Archbishop of Paris has been refused permission to accept a legacy of 10,000 francs, recently bequeathed to him for the Church of the Sacred Heart, Montmartre, by a widow named Bounet. In his report the keeper of the seals takes the ground that too much money has already been subscribed towards the erection of this church.

In a letter to a friend in Paris Sister Rose Gertrude says that she is resolved to lay her case before His Holiness in the hope that he will use his authority in influencing those who are endeavouring to hinder her work in the leper settlement where she is stationed. She is, however, resolved to persevere bravely, as an English woman and a Roman Catholic should. She adds, "I have no fear but that public opinion will be on my side."

It has been deemed advisable to postpone the Philadelphia celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Father Mathew from the 10th until the evening of the 28th of October. The Academy of Music has been engaged and an elaborate programme will be arranged. The Rev. Dr. Conaty, a most eloquent orator, will make the principal address and Archbishop Ryan is also expected to speak. On Monday, 8th inst., J. Wash. Logue, T. M. Daly, P. A. Nolan and Thomas McFarland went to Baltimore to invite Cardinal Gibbons to be present. The Cardinal received the delegation very courteously and gave them his promise to be with them on the evening in question.

Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, has published in book form his views on education and his opinions of the national system of schools in Ireland and his proposed remedies for their defects from a Catholic standpoint. It is claimed by those who have compared them that there is not much divergence of opinion on the subject generally from those held by Archbishop Ireland. The book will be welcomed in this country at the present time by those who are interested in the question and who entertain the highest regard for the Irish Prelate.

Mr. T. W. Stead writes in his *Review of Reviews*: "It gave me quite a start, the other day, to hear that the Trappists were likely to take an estate near London and establish, almost within earshot of the roar of Babylon, the silent rule of their Order. I met these men in the Roman Campagna, where they are beginning to reclaim the wilderness by the aid of the eucalyptus, and I heard of them in Tipperary, where, on the heathclad slopes of the Knockmeadeown mountains, they have established their agricultural monastery. But to settle in Essex! They might as well be in Fleet street. The silent Trappist who never speaks, who lives interred in the midst of an oasis of solitude, is a wonderful reclamer of the wilderness. Even the most vehement Protestants may see the multiplication of Trappist colonies without misgivings."

The following is a summary of a biographical portrait drawn by the Unionist *Echo* of the Archbishop of Dublin:—

Archbishop Walsh is a good man of business, masters with rapidity details of complicated matters, is clear and orderly in his exposition, and unflinching in maintaining what he believes to be the correct course. He has stores of learning and power of argument, but little imagination and little sentiment. Personally, Archbishop Walsh is an energetic, cheerful and spectacled man; a brilliant scholar, entertaining, and of simple but charming manners. A first rate talker, he is at times witty, though there is not a trace of humor in his public addresses. He is not only popular with the mass of his countrymen, to whom he has devoted his great talents, but he also enjoys the respect of those who honourably differ from him in religion and politics.

At the meeting of the St. Patrick's T. A. and B. society, of Montreal, on Sunday last, the question of the forthcoming centenary of the Rev. Father Mathew was brought forward. The Hon. Edward Murphy, the chairman, in the course of an address dwelt upon the great labours of Father Mathew in the temperance cause. The secretary of the society gave in detail the arrangements for the celebration of the centenary by the Irish Catholic Temperance convention. The event will be celebrated by a religious demonstration by the societies connected with the convention, which will be followed by a grand social demonstration. The convention meets during the week, when all final arrangements will be completed.

Archbishop Duhamel, accompanied by Vicar-General Routhier, and attended as far as Rouse's Point by Fathers Prudhomme and Belanger, left Ottawa for Rome on Monday last. There was a large attendance of clergy and citizens on the platform to see His Grace depart.

All those present as the time for the departure drew near, gathered on the platform near the last carriage in a ring around the Archbishop and bade him farewell, kissing his hand one by one. Whilst the ceremonial was proceeding the sound of many boys was heard, and the college boys, some 500 in number, arrived, each taking farewell in the same manner. The scene was a striking one. His Grace bareheaded standing before a background of the clergy, including the Dominicans and Oblates, with the young lads passing before him and each meekly genuflecting as they pressed their lips respectfully to his out-stretched hand. As the train moved off the boys cheered, using their well-known college salute.

During His Grace's absence, Rev. Chancellor Campeau will act as administrator of the archdiocese.

At the Basilica on Sunday morning Vicar-General Routhier read a pastoral letter from the Archbishop in which he referred at length to his approaching visit to Rome and asked that the constant and earnest prayers of the people be offered up for him and his party while absent. He announced that he would return about the middle of December.

In the evening, after service, Vicar-General Routhier was presented by the congregation with a farewell address, accompanied by a purse.

Last Sunday evening, after the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the boys of St. Nicholas Institute, numbering between 55 and 60, assembled in the large dining-room to bid farewell to Mr. J. C. Carberry, the student who has had charge of them for the last six years, on his departure to the Grand Seminary in Montreal to complete his course of studies for the priesthood. He was presented with the following address:—

To J. C. Carberry, Esq., Superintendent of St. Nicholas Institute:

DEAR SIR.—We, the boys of St. Nicholas Institute, learn with extreme regret that the happy bond uniting us is about to be severed, that we are to lose one who has been for many years our faithful friend and prudent counsellor. Fain would we solicit a continuance of the treasured past, but we realize that our Divine Lord has called you to higher duties, to a more intimate friendship with Himself.

Your unvarying kindness and earnest sympathy, your constant attention to our wants, and, above all, your noble ex-

ample and sincere piety has long endeared you to us; and now that the hour has come when we are to lose you forever, our words but feebly express the deep gratitude of our hearts.

We beg to assure you, dear sir, that our best wishes will accompany you, and our most fervent prayers will ascend to heaven's throne that your future may be bright and prosperous, and when the day comes that your fondest hopes are realized—when a priest at God's holy altar, you celebrate the divine mysteries, oh, *then*, we crave a place in your affections, a remembrance where indeed remembrance is most sweet.

In conclusion, dear sir, we ask your acceptance of this little souvenir; though trifling in itself it bears with it the esteem and affection of

The Boys of St. Nicholas Institute.

He will be succeeded by Mr. T. J. Doagherty, who has been chosen by His Grace Archbishop Walsh to fill the office

Those who composed the large congregation at St. Bridget's church yesterday morning, says the *Ottawa Journal* of Monday, will not soon forget the touching scene that took place. Rev. Father McGovern, as anticipated, referred to his intended departure for St. Malachi. It was not till after the reading of the gospel for the day that he spoke and by that time the congregation had almost come to the conclusion that he was going to leave them without touching on the subject nearest their hearts. At last after he had closed the book, he began, "You must be aware brethren, that I am shortly to sever my connection with this parish." He then paused slightly as though the words had cost him an effort. The whole congregation leaned forward expectantly in their seats. He went on to say that he wanted it distinctly understood that the step he had taken in resigning the charge of the parish was voluntary, and had been taken only after most mature consideration. When he considered his youth and his inexperience he felt it was impossible for him to undertake the charge of an important parish like St. Bridget's. He deplored the action that had been taken by some members of the congregation in this connection, in speaking against their ecclesiastical superiors. The days he had spent with the people of Notre Dame (now St. Bridget's), he would look back on as the happiest of his life. On this day, the saddest that he had ever spent, he wished to tell them that he would never forget them, whether his future lot would be cast far away from, or near them. He would not leave them at once, as he would be with them on Sunday next at both masses, and would not forget the people who were dearest to him on earth, the people of St. Bridget's.

Here he seemed unable to proceed further and for some seconds stood silent and most visibly affected. He appeared pale and ill.

The sight of their pastor's emotion affected the congregation. When he had recovered himself Father McGovern thanked the parishioners by whom statues had been donated, and those who had otherwise assisted in beautifying the church.

The young King of Spain gives his nurses some trouble during Mass. A few Sundays ago a priest became very emphatic in the course of a sermon. Mindful of the teaching of his mother, Alfonso XIII. called out, "Senor, you mustn't scream like that in church."

Arrangements are well under way towards the organization of a new literary and artistic club exclusively composed of Irishmen in London. Political or religious questions are to be strictly avoided. Grace before meat is to be said *sotto voce* to avoid occasion of theological dispute. Oscar Wilde, it is hoped, will sit amicably with Poet Yeats, and the Giants' Causeway hob-nob with the Groves of Blarney, while George Moore will lend the gatherings of the boys a severe classic grace. The "Sheridans"—such is the proposed modest appellation for the symposium; Wit will not be forbidden under penalties. The brogue is to be frowned down on the feet but encouraged on the tongue, and the charter-toast is to be "Fusion of Hearts and Confusion of Colours."

The following extract from an article in the last number of the *Speaker* gives a view of the private side of the ex-Premier's life: "There is no home in England more free from domestic cares and jars than his, and there is probably no man in England who has acquired by habit such complete control over his natural inclinations. When he entered political life he made it a rule to 'leave politics,' as he had been heard to express it, 'outside his bedroom door.' Mr. Gladstone's repose, apart from his ordinary hours of sleep, consists in change of mental occupation. He will return home from a hot debate, perhaps a disastrous division, in the House of Commons, and in ten minutes forget all about it in the ardour of some fresh pursuit. A visitor to Hawarden may spend days with his illustrious host without hearing a word about party politics. If he happens to be an early riser he may share Mr. Gladstone's walk to church and back before breakfast, and if he keeps a diary he is certain to hear something at breakfast and in the course of the day which he will not fail to record. After breakfast Mr. Gladstone retires to his library till luncheon, and returns to his sanctuary after luncheon till about four o'clock, when he takes his afternoon walk with any visitors who may be disposed to accompany him. He gives up the rest of the day to his family and guests."

Fulton's apostolic ship is on the breakers. "The Apostle of Anti-Romanism," as he delights to call himself, is out of

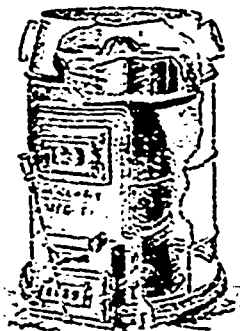
funds and there is no sale for his books. At one of his meetings recently an enthusiastic brother rose to propose a vote of thanks to the lecturer. Fulton frowned. He did not see any great rush for the hat that was slowly making the circuit of the hall. With scornful countenance he said: "I am much obliged to you for your kind words and good wishes, but what I want you to do is to buy my books. I have been on the road six weeks, and how much do you think I have made? I am ashamed to tell you, and I won't. Now, how many books do you think I sold last night? My friend at the door (alluding to his assistant tramp) didn't sell one and I sold two. Now just look at that collection. Nothing bigger than a ten-cent piece. A dollar would find itself lonesome on that plate. Let's have the benediction and no more talk." And then the Devil raised his two fingers and sheol bowed its head. — *Western Watchman*.

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

Diamonds, Fine Watches, Novelties in Jewellery at D. H. Cunningham's Jewellery Store. Every satisfaction in ordered work and manufacturing. Designs and prices given for fine Diamond work, unset stones kept on hand. Best value in the city. Remember the address, 77 Yonge St., two doors north of King.



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25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.



SAVED FROM AN INSANE ASYLUM.

COLUMBIA CITY, IND., OCT. 18, 1887.  
A lady well known to me and of whose family I am a friend, was afflicted with a nervous disease for a long time and cured at last by Rev. Pastor Koenig. The circumstances were so peculiar that I will give a short history of the case. The lady's sickness started about the end of 1881, the symptoms being unusual anxiety in connection with sleeplessness, which had such an effect on her mind that delusions made their appearance. It was therefore necessary to watch her day and night for fear that she might burn herself, and in the month of August she had to be brought to an insane asylum. After a three-months' trial her condition had not improved in the least, and she was to be sent home again. About this time the Rev. Pastor Koenig was asked to treat the lady, and in the month of January, '82, she had so much improved by his treatment that she could sleep again, and the excitability and delusions were growing perceptibly less, she had the least of such an attack in the latter part of that month, and to-day she is a healthy person that will always remember the great blessing bestowed upon her by the Rev. Pastor E. Koenig.

She does not wish to have her name made public, and, therefore, asked me to make this statement in her name.

REV. A. M. ELLERING.

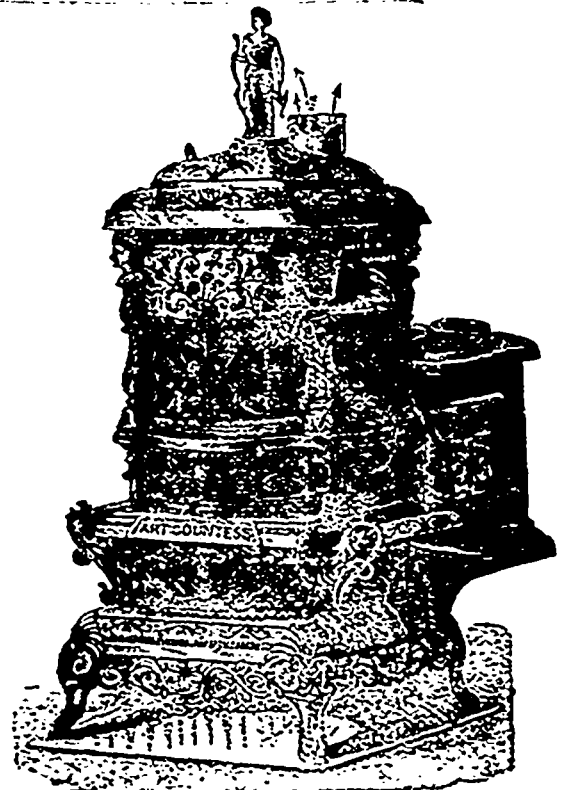
Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MEDICINE CO.,  
50 W. Madison cor. Clinton St., CHICAGO, ILL.  
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.  
Price \$1 per Bottle. 6 Bottles for \$5.

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A CATHOLIC of good habits and fair education wanted in several sections of the United States and Canada. Permanent employment and good pay to industrious person. References.

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**NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY**

Under the patronage of Rev. Father Labelle.

Established in 1881, under the Act of Quebec, 32 Vict., Chapt. 36, for the benefit of the Diocesan Societies of Colonization of the Province of Quebec.

**CLASS D**  
The 39th Monthly Drawing will take place

**WEDNESDAY OCT. 15th**  
At 2 p.m.

PRIZES VALUE  
**\$50,000**

Capital prize One Real Estate worth \$5,000.00

**LIST OF PRIZES.**

1 Real Estate worth	\$5,000	5,000
1 do	2,000	2,000
1 do	1,000	1,000
10 Real Estate	500	5,000
20 Furniture sets	200	4,000
50 do	100	5,000
200 Gold Watches	50	10,000
1,000 Silver Watches	10	10,000
1,000 Toilet Sets	5	5,000
2,307 Prizes worth		\$50,000.00

TICKETS - \$1.00

It is offered to redeem all prizes in cash, less a commission of 10 per cent.

Winners, names not published unless specially authorized:

A. A. AUDET, secretary, Offices, 19 St. James street, Montreal, Can

**The Province of Quebec Lottery**

AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE

For pool purposes such as Educational Establishment and large Hall for the St. John Baptist Society of Montreal.

**MONTHLY DRAWINGS FOR THE YEAR 1890**

FROM THE MONTH OF JULY

July 9, August 13, September 10, October 8, November 12, December 10.

**THIRD MONTHLY DRAWING SEPTEMBER 10 1890**

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

Ask for circulars.

**LIST OF PRIZES.**

1 Prize worth	\$15,000	\$15,000
1 " "	5,000	5,000
1 " "	2,500	2,500
1 " "	1,250	1,250
2 Prizes	500	1,000
2 " "	250	500
2 " "	125	250
2 " "	62	125
100 " "	50	5,000
200 " "	25	5,000
500 " "	15	7,500
500 " "	10	5,000
Approximation Prices.		
100 " "	25	2,500
100 " "	15	1,500
100 " "	10	1,000
999 " "	5	4,995
999 " "	5	4,995

3134 Prizes worth \$52,740

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

**The Father Mathew Remedy**



The Antidote to Alcohol found at Last!

A NEW DEPARTURE

**The Father Mathew Remedy**

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

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

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

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

S. LaChance, Druggist, Sole Proprietor 1588 and 1510 Catherine st., Montreal

**EXHIBITION TIME**

APPROACHING.

Important to Hotels, Boarding Houses, And Housekeepers of Toronto.

**M'KEOWN & CO.**

Are opening the fall season with a special sale of Household Linens, Blankets, Curtains, etc. Hotels, boarding houses, and others wishing to make extra accommodation for visitors, will find this a rare opportunity of purchasing Household Napery at less than wholesale prices.

Table Linens were sold 52c yard, offered 15c yard.

Damask Table Linens were sold 40c, offered at 25c yard.

Damask Table Linens were sold at 50c, clearing at 35c yard.

Bleached Damask Tablings for 40, 50, 60c, were sold from 60c to \$1 yard.

**McKEOWN & CO.**

182 Yonge Street.



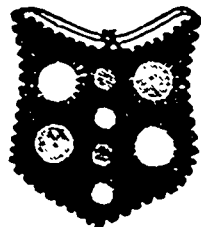
**THE CLIMAX OF ABSORPTION**



A CURE

**WITHOUT MEDICINE.**

Our appliances act as perfect Absorbents by destroying the germs of disease and removing all Impurities from the body.



All diseases are successfully treated by

CORRESPONDENCE,

as our goods can be applied at home.

**STILL ANOTHER NEW LIST.**

Senator A. E. Botsford, Sackville, advises everybody to use Actina for failing eyesight.

Miss Laura Grose, 166 King w., Granulated Eye Lid; cured in 4 weeks.

Rev. Chas. Mohr, Halifax, is happy to testify to the benefits received from Butterfly Belt and Actina.

A. Rogers, tobacconist, Adelaide west, declares Actina worth \$100.

Miss Flora McDonald, 21 Wilton Ave., misses a large lump from her hand of 13 years standing.

S. Floyd, 119 1/2 Portland st., Liver and Kidneys and Dyspepsia cured.

G. R. Glassford, Markdale, Sciatica and Dyspepsia cured in 6 weeks; 15 years standing.

Mrs. McKay, Ailsa Craig, after suffering 13 years, our Sciatica Belt cured her.

"H. S." says Emissions entirely ceased. Have not felt so well in 20 years. THESE LETTERS ON FILE.

CATARRH Impossible under the influence of Actina. ACTINA will cure all Diseases of the Eye. Given on 15 days trial.

Combine Belt and Suspensory only \$5. Cure certain. No Vinegar or Acids used.

Mention this Paper.

Illustrated Book and Journal FREE.

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# ROYAL BAKING POWDER



**Absolutely Pure.**

A cream of Tartar Baking Powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—U. S. Government Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

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

Liverpool Service—Sailing Dates  
FROM MONTREAL, FROM QUEBEC.

Sarnia.....	Thur. Aug. 21	
Oregon.....	" " 25	
Dominion.....	Sept. 1	
Vancouver.....	Wed. " 10	Thur. Sep. 11th
Toronto.....	Thur. " 18	

Bristol Service, for Avonmouth Dock.  
SAILING DATES.  
FROM MONTREAL,

Texas.....	Aug. 23rd
Knight Companion.....	" 30th

Rates of passage per S. S. "Vancouver"  
Cabin \$60, to \$80. Return \$110 to \$150, according to accommodation. By all other Steamers \$40 and \$50, according to accommodation in three and two berth rooms. Return \$70 and \$90. Intermediate \$30. Return \$50. Steerage \$20. Return \$40.

These Steamers have Saloon, State-rooms, Music room and Bath-rooms amidships, where but little motion is felt, and carry no Cattle or Sheep.  
G. W. TORRANCE, DAVID TORRANCE & Co  
18 Front St. W. Gen. Agts.  
Toronto. Montreal & Portland

# ALLAN LINE

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT, 1890.

Reduction in Cabin Rates

Liverpool, Londonderry, Montreal and Quebec Service.

STEAMER	From Montreal At Daylight.	From Quebec 9 a.m.
Parisian.....	30 July	31 July
Circassian.....	13 August	14 August
Sardinian.....	20 " "	21 " "
Polynesian.....	27 " "	28 " "
Parisian.....	3 Sep.	4 Sept.
Circassian.....	17 " "	18 " "
Sardinian.....	24 " "	25 " "

### RATES OF PASSAGE.

Montreal or Quebec to Liverpool.

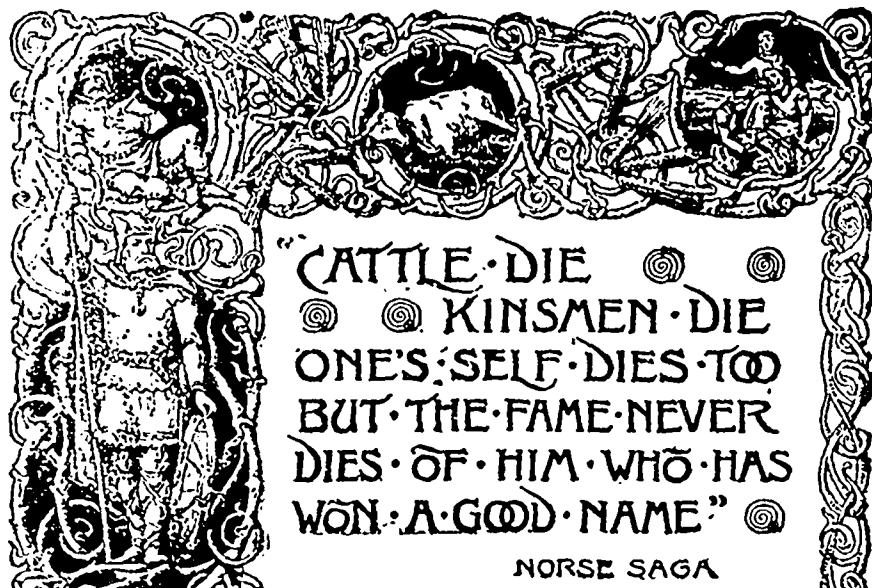
Cabin, from \$45.00, to \$80.00, according to accommodation. Intermediate, \$20. Steerage, \$20.00. Return Tickets, Cabin, \$95.00 to \$150.00.

Passengers are allowed to embark at Montreal, and will leave Toronto on the Tuesday Morning Express, or if embarking at Quebec, leave on the Wednesday Morning Express.

H. BOURLIER,

GENERAL WESTERN AGENT

Corner King and Yonge Street  
TORONTO



"CATTLE·DIE  
KINSMEN·DIE  
ONE'S·SELF·DIES·TOO  
BUT·THE·FAME·NEVER  
DIES·OF·HIM·WHO·HAS  
WON·A·GOOD·NAME"

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# THE FAME OF NESTLE'S FOOD

WILL NEVER DIE

IT HAS WON FOR ITSELF A GOOD NAME

It came into existence twenty-three years ago in response to a great cry for help from mothers in European cities, whose children were dying from Cholera Infantum. From that time on NESTLE'S FOOD has been regarded as the safest diet and best preventive of Cholera Infantum and other Summer Complaints.

A sample will be sent to any mother mentioning this paper.

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Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully,  
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On and after Thursday, May 15, steamer

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will leave Yonge-street wharf (daily except Sundays) at 7 a.m., for Niagara and Lewistown, connecting with trains on New York Central and Michigan Central Railways for Falls, Buffalo, New York, etc.

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