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The Catholic Weekly Review.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA
Reddite quæ sunt Cæsaris, Cæsari; et quæ sunt Dei Deo.—Matt. 22: 21.

Vol. II.

Toronto, Saturday, Jan. 19, 1889.

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NOTES.

The precedent which has been established by the Hon. Mr. Costigan, Minister of Inland Revenue, in the distribution of the annual departmental reports, namely, that of furnishing all the leading papers of the country, irrespective of politics, with the report, the Minister fixing a day upon which their contents should be made public, has been commented upon with much satisfaction. The *Mail* editorial says in its issue of Thursday: "The Minister has thus risen above partisan considerations, and has shown an example which those of his colleagues who are blessed with broad and intelligent views on public matters will be certain to follow."

It is encouraging to note that the Temperance work amongst Catholics is being vigorously pushed, if not in Toronto, at all events in other cities in Canada, and with the happiest results. Thanks to the zeal of the Jesuit Fathers, the League of the Cross in Guelph is the model of a Temperance organization. The same good results are being obtained for our people in Montreal, through the efforts of Rev. Father Strubbe, C.S.S.R., of St. Anne's Church, and of the Rev. Father McCallen and clergy of St. Patrick's in that city. At the meeting of one of the large societies in St. Patrick's Church on Sunday last, Father McCallen spoke upon the text: "Wine, drunken with excess, raiseth quarrels and wrath and many ruins." The rev. speaker said that no man who loved his religion or his country or the fair name of this city, could afford to ignore this subject. As members of society, as Catholics, they had interests at stake, spiritual and temporal, which were threatened by the giant evil drink, and unless they were up and doing they would pay dearly for their inactivity. He said that since society had the right to protect itself from every enemy that puts in jeopardy its interests, it should fight to the bitter end the greatest of our social

evils. It caused an increase in taxation for the support of prisons, hospitals, asylums, courts of law, administration of justice—all of which were necessary, but increased beyond proportion by drink's doings. Two-thirds of the evils which afflict society were caused by drink. Why, then, so much procrastination in fighting this enemy in his stronghold? Was it the fault of our statesmen, the lawyers, or was it the fault of society? The man who adulterated our food was punished; the druggist who, by neglect, caused sickness or death, was punished. We pursued every violator of the law. Police forces were paid to protect our life and property, but there was really no law to restrain men from dealing out rank poison, called drink, to every poor victim who asked for it. There was no law, or rather no zealous enforcement of the law, to protect the Lord's day from desecration and scandal. It would seem as if that day, above all others, was selected for the moral ruin of the working classes. The law must step in and save society from this evil; it must separate the liquor traffic from all other trades; it must diminish the number of taverns, saloons, etc. If it did not, then they as members of society must ask the reason why, since the greater advances this cause of temperance make in our midst the less misery we shall have to deplore.

The report comes that Mr. Edward Harrington, M.P., has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment, with hard labour, for publishing in his paper, the *Kerry Sentinel*, reports concerning a suppressed branch of the National League. No appeal was taken. The cruelty of this decision is not in the imprisonment; but in the degradation heaped on a gentleman by the sentence, "with hard labour." This means that Mr. Harrington will be allowed no privileges whatever; that he shall be classed with the lowest criminals, to work with them, eat with them, sleep with them; and that the full rigour of the petty persecution known to the servants of Dublin Castle shall be wreaked on him. And this gentleman is a member of the British Parliament, a leading Irish journalist, and one of the most respected public men in Ireland.

How Christmas is celebrated in some parts of Ireland will be seen from the following letter, which appeared in the *Dublin Freeman's Journal* :—

DEAR SIR,—Late on Christmas Eve I received the following telegram from Father Stephens, of Falcarragh :— "Sergeant noticed publicans to-day to prepare accommodation for forces." To have selected Christmas Eve for such a work seems to me a cynical piece of brutality; and what makes the action of the landlord and the Executive more revolting in this particular instance is that, if I am correctly informed, the potato crop has totally failed in the district this autumn, and already, I am told, most of the tenants on the Olphert estate have no potatoes left, and it is very doubtful whether there is money enough in the district to buy meal till the next crop comes in.—
 Yours sincerely,
 JOHN DILLON.

2, North Great George's Street, Christmas Day, 1888.

LANDMARKS OF THE CHURCH.

That there does exist at the present day an Institution (to call it by no better name) that claims to be the expression of a Divine Revelation, and that its claim is characterized by the special marks we have enumerated, is a fact which cannot be denied. Whether or not such indications are accepted as evidence of the truth or of such a claim, they do especially belong to this existing organization in a sense in which no other can lay claim to them. They are external marks which all combine to distinguish one, and one only, religious system, amid a great variety of other creeds that surround it. Later we must consider what tokens in addition this system claims as distinctive of its position. At present we are only dealing with those which are apparent to the outsider, and which must attract his attention, apart from any bias or interest he may have as to the conclusion he will arrive at. He sees as a fact an existing Institution before him, which possesses the characteristics he first came to the conclusion a true Revelation would manifest: which also is of great antiquity and historic importance, and which shows no shade of hesitation in advancing its claims upon the human race. Need it be added that this Institution is the *Catholic Church*? It remains to test the question by the marks we have enumerated.

A. Universal. The Catholic Church is universal, in the sense that it is within the reach of all, and suited to the requirements of all. It has no distinction for age, nationality, or individuals. It imparts to the wisest the same faith that it gives to the child, and which, for the same reasons, is held with an equal certainty by both. It dictates its dogmas with equal clearness to the humblest peasant or to the keenest philosopher, and while the capacity of either can equally accept its faith, it demands an equal submission from both. It includes among its members every possible variety of nation, age, colour, ability and occupation. The judge on the bench, with a mind trained in the sifting of evidence, and cultivated to the formation of a sound judgment; the actress who comes from the plaudits of a delighted audience to the altar of the Church's daily worship; the skilled physician; the soldier of many battle-fields; the peer, the peasant, the student, the man of business; the cold inhabitant of northern climes, the ruddy-cheeked southerner, the dusky Indian—in fact all nations, languages and tongues, all sorts and conditions of men equally are found swelling the ranks of the two hundred and fifty millions of the church's children. even her enemies allow that the Faith of the Catholic Church is the only truly Universal One.

B. Identical. More remarkable than her universality is the fact of her identity, by which all the manifold minds within her pale are absolutely in accordance as to what they believe, and owing to which her teaching is always everywhere the same. No other system has combined universality with identity in this sense. When the mind recalls the infinite variety of differences of every degree which in other respects separate her members, the contrast of the identity of their faith and whole mental attitude becomes more marked. In whatever corner of the globe we find her, she always has the same message for all, the same creed, the same methods, the same worship. The traveller need never inquire in places that are strange to him what kind of church he will find if he hears the Catholic Church is there, for he knows that what he left behind him in his native land he will meet wherever he goes. Her temporal relations may vary, or her political position, or minor points of her ritual, but her internal structure and the truths she teaches are always identical. In one region she may be in the ascendant as representing the national religion, in another she may be in a small minority; in one country she is welcome, in another men are indifferent; but never does she change or trim to the shifting winds of expediency or popularity. This is as indisputably true as it would be hard to find any single organization that preserves its identity in the same marvellous manner.

C. Infallible. The claim of infallibility by the Catholic Church is the cause of most of the bitterness of the invectives that are launched against her. That an institution consisting of human individuals should even dare to claim this position, is as irritating to the age in which we live, as it is certain that no other religious system advances the claim in the same way. That she never admits the possibility of rivalry, and does not suffer her teaching to be believed or not at his will by any individual within her pale; that she never condescends to modify doctrine to suit the private judgment of any individual, is the cause of most of the hard things that have been said against the Church. But it is of the very essence of her position, as we have shown above, that this should be the case. She has to stand alone in the grandeur of her isolation, brave in the strong presumption of her Infallibility, though leaving men unfettered as to the choice they make whether they will accept her claims, and absolutely free as to their opinions on matters outside her jurisdiction. She suffers them to depart if they disbelieve her, but like her Founder she will not alter her truths to suit their opinions or retain their allegiance.* Persecuted, despised, smitten down, all but crushed, never once does she hesitate, or allow that she can err in matters over which she claims the right of dominion; and this because of the basis external to herself on which she claims to rest. And the Catholic Church alone at the present day maintains such a claim as this.

D. Mysterious. That the Catholic Church abounds in mysteries, uses methods above human comprehension, and teaches many things as true that reason is powerless to grasp, is not only part of the accusation of those who find fault with her, but she herself acknowledges that it is the case. She regards such a fact as the necessary accompaniment of her Divine character, and as perfectly natural, if the truths she holds are not the outcome of human opinion, but a divine deposit entrusted to her stewardship. And hence she never lies under any obligation to demonstrate either the possibility or reality of her separate dogmas. Their truth or falsehood stands or falls with the main principle on which she rests, and has not an independent existence apart from herself. She gives no answer to that old question, when first reason felt its littleness in the presence of a Divine Authority, and demanded, "How can these things be done?" † She is but a witness, unshaken and unchangeable to that which cannot be explained, but yet which can be true: she is but the guardian of truth, not the critic. It cannot be denied that if mystery is natural to a Divine Revelation, the Catholic faith is essentially stamped with such a character. We are here only stating the fact, without at present entering into the question of the attitude of mind toward such mysteries.

E. Practical. The Catholic Church is essentially practical, in the sense that she affords definite means, by which the benefits she offers are to be obtained. Whether or not her methods are unreal, useless, or imaginary, is not the point we are now discussing; but whether or not she has a fixed mode of operation, and leaves nothing to mere feeling and inspiration where a want is felt. This was one of the earliest characteristics of the Church manifested, when she was met with the repeated question, which demanded a practical answer, "What shall we do?" ‡ The Church binds the members of her obedience into a life of practical faith with a sevenfold cord. She leaves nothing vague where certainty is most required; she is not merely sentimental, where definite wants demand definite satisfaction.

In the various exigencies of their lives, her members ever know what they are to do, not merely what they are to believe, or feel. And thus the Catholic Church exhibits the wide distinction that there is between an objective and subjective Creed or Faith. She bases none of her operations on the excitement of the hour, and trusts nothing to the emotional waves of feeling, which are as delusive as they are unstable. And if on this ac-

* St. John 6 : 67, 68, 69.

† St. John 3 : 9.

‡ Acts 2 : 37.

count her methods appear uncompromising and non-elastic they are at least the more reliable and suitable to the character of the mission she exists to fulfill. The truth of these assertions is manifested in what is known as her sacramental system. It may for a moment be regarded in this light, without entering upon any question as to its inherent truth. It cannot be denied that such a method is eminently practical, what ever other opinions may be held regarding it. Thus the Catholic Church claims to take charge of each life at its earliest commencement; and to place it in the most favourable conditions by *Baptism*; she offers a means for strengthening and further benefiting the growing life, as it emerges from infancy to meet its first battles in the world, in *Confirmation*; she provides a source of continual sustenance, lest as in the natural order the un nourished life should grow feeble and decay, in the *Eucharist*: in the case of moral failure, by which conscience reminds her children that loss has been entailed and position forfeited by wrongdoing, the method of recovery and reinstatement is ready at hand in *Penance*; she consecrates and hallows those most intimate relation of life, which, if left unguarded, tend rather to degradation than elevation of character, by *Matrimony*; she continually provides for the existence of all these other benefits, and also for the authoritative instruction of the life she is training in the Faith that surrounds it, in *Holy Orders*; and finally, as the end of life approaches, and the last dread struggle proclaims her stewardship is well nigh over, she gives back the life to the source from whence she claims to have received it, and soothes the lonely passage and final efforts by which it frees itself from its visible embodiment, in *Extreme Unction*. Without in any way touching upon the theology of these various methods, or the various opinions which surround them, it will at least be admitted that by the offer of their use the Church is practical, and if her members wish to know what they can do under such various circumstances of life, her answer leaves nothing indefinite. If we may use the word without misunderstanding, she offers a Revelation which is essentially *tangible*, and if a reality, peculiarly adapted to some of the greatest needs of humanity, with a certainty which other creeds do not even endeavour or profess to attain.

F. Organized. That the Catholic Church possesses both the will and the power of extension, and also is characterized by an organization essentially suited for this purpose, is admitted as a fact. Never from the earliest days of her infancy has she forgotten the necessity laid upon her—"go ye therefore teach all nations." In the face of every conceivable form of opposition which could be brought to bear upon her, she has increased and thrown out her roots with an energy that but thrived the more upon the rebuffs she encountered. Never has she regarded any part of the inhabited world as being outside her sphere of proper dominion. Where other institutions, principalities and kingdoms have failed and crumbled into decay, her organization remains intact. Where other systems have been destroyed by their own internal dissensions and revolutions, her government and her discipline effect a unity which is nowhere else similarly manifested. That this is partly attributable to her external organization is evident, since such external machinery is inseparably united with the validity of the internal truths she reveals. Gathered together in one central point of unity, yet radiating far and wide in every direction, she manifests a harmony which is only resembled by that of the natural world itself. And thus, with a machinery as simple as it is effective, she ponders for her own safety and continuity, neither of which are threatened through her dimensions becoming unwieldy. She is rightly described as a *body*, since her various members all are subject to and dependent upon her visible head, and each fulfils the special office for which it exists and which it can alone fulfil. In spite of increasing growth, she never loses the harmony and mutual relationship of her proportions. That such should be the case is, of course, essential to her unity and practical nature. What men call her aggressiveness is but the obligation which she alone has felt to result from the consciousness of her divine claims. It has its origin, not

in the presumption of ignorance, but in a sense of the responsibility which rests upon her from her unshaken conviction of her own truth. A revelation which showed no will, and possessed no capacity for extension, would evince so little self-confidence that it must inevitably fail to inspire trust in others. The aggressive organization of the Catholic Church manifests, on the other hand, both her sense of her divine mission, and her capacity to carry it forward.

Our inquiry has therefore reached this further stage: we have mentioned certain characteristics which would be likely to accompany a divine revelation, and we find as a fact an existing organization manifesting such marks. We have regarded the question entirely from an outside view, without admitting any special pleading from within the Catholic Church herself. And we have not made any demand on the part of Faith that intellectually can be considered vague or unreasonable.

R. F. C. Conder, in *Logic of Faith*.

THE O'DWYER.

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

BY JUSTIN M'CARNEY, M. P.

II.

Mrs. Eastwood gave a ball a night or two after this conversation, and everybody worth having was there. Mrs. Eastwood was herself the author of a proposition having for its object the limiting of invitations to such balls by the adoption of a rule that nobody should be asked who had what she called any visible means of subsistence. But the rule did not work, inasmuch as it excluded the banker of the town, whom three-fourths of the gentlemen had the best possible reasons for desiring to conciliate; and it admitted a wandering swindler from Dublin, who made love to several marriageable girls, very nearly succeeded in carrying off one of them, and actually did carry off a silver teapot and three gold chains. But although Mrs. Eastwood's proposition did not work, it still demonstrated what a great genteel soul the woman had, and the mere conception entitles her to our respect and sympathy. To do her justice, she always endeavoured to the utmost of her ability to realize the bright ideal she had set up; and the vast majority of guests at her ball did, in fact, consist of persons whose incomes were of what she regarded as invisible origin; that is, were not derived from trade, or commerce, or bounties, or other such ignoble, obvious sources.

Captain Lockhart was in the third figure of the first quadrille with Esther Eastwood, when a message from the barracks was brought to him. Some prisoners of unusual importance had been taken, and he was the officer highest in command who could then be got at. The barracks were only just across the way, so to speak; and Captain Lockhart, having finished the quadrille and grumbled at the harsh duties of warlike times, hastened away with a promise to return immediately. He came back very soon, and told his *fiancée* that the prisoners were, in one sense, persons of importance; they were four French officers, waifs of Hoche's luckless expedition, who had been endeavouring to make their way back to the sea coast, and had fallen in with some cavalry, and so got taken.

"Poor fellows," said Esther, "must they be shot?"

"Not likely," replied her lover, with a broad smile on his manly countenance. "Only prisoners of war, Esther. We keep them till they can be exchanged, that's all; there will be opportunity enough, I dare say. Meanwhile we must treat them as gentlemen—which they seem to be in every way, and deuced nice fellows too. The worst of it is, one doesn't know what to do with them. There isn't much amusement to be had at our confounded old barracks over yonder, and then hardly any of our fellows can talk to them. I can get on pretty well when they go slowly; but hang it all, when they get to talking their Parisian jabber too fast, I can't keep up with them."

A bright idea struck Esther. As they were not in

chains (which she at first supposed they would be) and, as they were not to be shot like dogs or croppies, why not bring them here—over here to the ball? Frenchmen all danced, and were delightful; and then Daisy and she could speak French like anything. To be sure they were enemies—Captain Lockhart laughed at the notion of carrying enmity into one's relations with a gallant and gentlemanlike prisoner of war; and he quite caught at the idea of bringing his captives straight away into pleasant society. Mrs. Eastwood assented cheerfully, thinking the presence of four French officers, just made prisoners of war, would be a striking and splendid feature of the ball. In brief, the prisoners were invited, and came, under the special escort of a subaltern officer and a guard.

The prisoners were four—two elderly, grizzled and gray—two young. Of the two young, one was short and boyish looking; the other tall and stately, with a fine drooping moustache, then rather an unusual ornament, at least in society in the south of Ireland. They were all gentlemanly and agreeable; they all danced; one of them played the guitar delightfully; another sang such exquisite airy little French ballads (people sang in society in those days), and they soon became highly popular among the company. To be sure the attentions of some of the ladies were limited to smiles, and the word "*Oui*;" while some of the gentlemen could do nothing more to demonstrate their hospitable wishes than slap the captives on the back and point to the claret and champagne bottle. But the Frenchmen (none of whom seemed to know a word of English), took these attentions as genially as they were meant, and responded with demonstrations of equal cordiality. Three of them soon became as joyous as if they were really at home. The fourth—the tall young man with the drooping moustache—was less cheerful than his fellows. He did not sing; he did not play; he danced but little; he drank but little. His captivity, soft and silken though it was, seemed to weigh heavily on him.

Now Daisy, having done her best—and it was a great deal—to make all the four happy, was especially taken by this one. His face, his dark, melancholy eyes, his form, his expression, the bright, beaming smile which sometimes lighted up his features in acknowledgment of her efforts to please; his conversation, which was full of feeling and variety; his evident enjoyment of her society; all this attracted her immensely. She made him dance with her, and told him he must sit by her side at supper. In those days the supper was an event towards the happy bringing about of which it behooved the ladies of the family, at least in a small country town, to give some personal attention.

Daisy knew that her mother, as hostess, would have to remain in the room with her guests, and she would not have her sister Esther withdrawn, even for a moment, from the society of her lover. So she stole away to the supper-room to see how things were looking.

On her way thither she was encountered by her maid Nora, who came up to her with looks of profoundest mystery and alarm, and laying a plump finger on her red lips in token of awful secrecy, drew her young mistress into the shadow of a window curtain.

"Holy saints, miss! do you know who that is you've been dancing with there?"

"That French officer, Nora? I don't know his name."

"Arrah no, miss! Sorra'a Frenchman is he, Heaven protect him! It's The O'Dwyer himself."

"Nonsense, Nora; it can't be."

"It is, Miss Daisy; it's himself. Sure I ought to know, and I knew him the first moment I saw him. Oh, good angels defend us!"

"Well, Nora, what matter even if it is The O'Dwyer?"

"Why, miss, he'll be shot or hanged."

"No, you silly girl. Captain Lockhart told Miss Esther they never shoot prisoners now. They will all be exchanged."

"Ah, yes, Miss Daisy, the French prisoners will; but sure, The O'Dwyer, he's a rebel, you know, not a French-

man. Small chance of his life if once they find him out! Oh! I'd give my life to save him if I could!"

"Had I better speak to some one—to Captain Lockhart?"

"Oh, Miss Daisy, don't say a word to anyone for your life. Sure, it would be the captain's duty to send The O'Dwyer to be tried as a rebel—"

"Why, Nora, you seem to know all about it."

"Heaven bless us, Miss Daisy! I can't help knowing all about it these times—what between the boys that are 'out' (i.e., in rebellion), and the soldiers I hear talking it all over. No, Miss Daisy, not a word about The O'Dwyer to the Captain or herself (the mistress of the house, 'herself' *par excellence*), or even Miss Esther; but I wonder, Miss, if you and I, between us, couldn't give The O'Dwyer a hint, and get him off some way?"

Daisy thought she certainly would like to try. The idea of that handsome, graceful, gentlemanly soldier with whom she had talked and danced being liable to the death of a felon or a dog, struck her as unspeakably hideous, and her soul was all on fire to prevent such a horror. The first thing was to find out whether The O'Dwyer, supposing it were really he, stood in so much danger as Nora supposed. A quiet question or two, put as if out of mere curiosity to Captain Lockhart, soon made that clear. A French officer was an enemy, not a rebel; for a rebel, even though wearing a French uniform, and bearing a French commission, a capital trial was inevitable. Any British-born subject taken in the ranks of the French invaders was simply a rebel. Most of my readers will remember that Wolfe Tone wore the French uniform, and was captured along with several French officers, and that his comrades endeavoured to conceal his nationality, and so, too, did some even among the loyal officials who suspected who he was; but a careless or ill-natured person who recognized him openly called him by his name, and Tone, scorning further subterfuge, acknowledged himself, and so was sent off to the prison where his own or some other hand anticipated the doom of death pronounced upon him.

To be continued.

MONTREAL GOSSIP.

Mayor Abbott, whilst in England, purchased a collection of three thousand volumes for the library of the Fraser Institute. These books have arrived and are now on exhibition in the room at the back of the library proper. There, upon many tables, spread out under the approving smile of the fading portraits of the renowned heroes of the Institut Canadien, are the works of Arnold and Lecky, Buckle and Freeman, Max Muller and Huxley, biographies of Machiavelli and Savonarola, and a complete set of Darwin.

For the benefit of the younger patrons of the Library, the beneficent institution has provided among others the works of Charles Kingsley, Hugo and Olmet, and Canon Farrar.

This provision of more or less godly literature is presumably made for the training of the English-speaking young idea in the paths of freedom of thought, private judgment, and the anything-but-the-Bible school of reasoning. Do not for a moment imagine that a similarly improving course of reading is not at the disposal of the French-Canadian youngsters. Oh! the Institut Canadien took care of that—Voltaire and Renan are there to hand, and beside them the works of Eugène Sue, Chiniquy's book on the confessional, and many others of foul fame. In fact, so complete in such works was the library of the infamous Institute, that several of its treasures were, even by the not over-fastidious morality of its new administrators, considered unfit to be put into the hands of youth.

At the opening of the Exhibition of Historical Portraits in Montreal a year ago a group stood before an old oil painting of a priest in Jesuit garb, his head bent down, his hands clasped as if in prayer. The group consisted

of His Excellency Lord Lansdowne and Lady Lansdowne, Sir William Dawson, and two or three Catholic gentlemen.

"Look," said Lord Lansdowne to his wife, "that is the portrait of Father Jogues," and after a few words on the life of that holy missionary, the Governor-General turned to Sir William Dawson, as if to ask confirmation of what he had said. "Really," said the Principal of McGill, drawing himself up and speaking stiffly, "I know nothing of the man—I have never read his life." "Then," said Lord Lansdowne, "you certainly ought to read it, Sir William, and you are pretty sure to dream of it too—it is a most haunting story." That conversation came into my mind as I read the name of Sir William Dawson among the motley crowd who were present on Thursday evening at the worse than farce—called by the papers "The celebration of Father Chiniquy's silver wedding." How could a friend of Chiniquy know aught of Father Jogues? The Montreal Presbytery has lately agreed to receive Mr. Chiniquy as "an ordained minister." There is no question as to the validity of Mr. Chiniquy's ordination—or marriage.

The illness of Lord Ennismore has throughout been an advertisement for the Canadian Pacific Railway. At first it was the wonderful fact of a man ill in British Columbia and his doctor making a diagnosis of his case in London that caught the public fancy. Now his Lordship is snug in Strong's Hospital on University Street, having made the journey of three thousand miles in Mr. Van Horne's car "Metapedia," and made it with such ease and comfort that his anxious father, Lord Listowel, reports him in better condition than when he left Victoria.

Once more *Gros Bourdon* has rung in the Feast of the Epiphany and we, in spirit, have risen and followed the "Star." The services in the various churches were accompanied with music of a high order. In the Gesù the evening sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Morell, of St. Anthony's Church. Before his elevation to the priesthood, Mr. Morell frequently officiated in the sanctuary of the Gesù as deacon, but this was his first appearance in its pulpit. He made a most favourable impression. This priest is a convert from Anglicanism, and received minor orders in the Church of England. His ordination as that of a clerical convert was somewhat widely published in both Catholic and secular journals, an effect of which has been his reception of several letters from clergymen of his former communion, asking him questions, wishing to know his experiences, and openly avowing the inclination they feel to follow his example. In almost all of these letters the excuse for writing was that the writer, being a clergyman, felt a comfort and relief in opening his heart to a priest who had once been in Anglican orders. May many more of our separated brethren be led to walk in his footsteps.

OLD MORTALITY.

MEN AND THINGS.

"I must repeat," writes "Laclede" in the *Montreal Gazette* "what I said to the Choral Society, of Owen Sound, Ontario, a fortnight since, that Mozart did not write the so-called XIIth Mass, and that of the thirty or forty masses attributed to him, only two or three are authentic. The XIIth Mass is not church music at all, but meretricious opera, and there is not a musical number in it, if we except the *Qui tollis peccata mundi*."

There were two notable Catholic weddings last week, says the *Pilot*, one in New York, the other in Boston. The daughter of the Hon. Richard O'Gorman, Judge of the Superior Court, was married in St. Leo's Church, New York, to Mr. Albert L. David; and the daughter of Mr. Lawrence Barrett, the eminent actor, was married at the Cathedral, Boston, to Mr. Anderson, an actor in Mary Anderson's Company, now playing in Boston. It was remarkable that at the wedding of Miss O'Gorman, her

distinguished father's profession was so numerously represented that the church was almost filled with judges and lawyers, old and young. But at Miss Barrett's wedding it was also remarked that her father's and her husband's profession was almost totally ignored, the invitations having been exclusively confined to society people.

Pope Leo XIII. quoting Dante to Mr. Chas. A. Dana, editor of the *N. Y. Sun*, was one of the 19th century features of the Vatican reception on the 18th of December. Mr. Dana is a gentleman of the highest quality of mind and manner, erudite, courtly and cosmopolitan. The great American paper that he controls is well known in Rome. A correspondent in Rome writes as following on the interview:—"On Dec. 18, Mr. Dana, of the *N. Y. Sun*, was admitted to a lengthened audience of the Holy Father. It was, perhaps, a novelty in audiences to find a New York editor and the Sovereign Pontiff expressing together their appreciation of Dante, the great religious poet of the 14th century, in Italy; yet this was what occurred at Mr. Dana's audience. The Pope's memory of the poet whom so many Italians study in their early youth, rather surprised those around him by the repetition of Dante's verses quoted on this occasion."

The best sketch thus far of the late Father Hecker is that which Margaret F. Sullivan contributed to the *Chicago Tribune*. "He had large and clear ideas about the separation of the Church and State," she says, in the course of her article, "and quoted with a smile the remark of an old man, that he did not care for the union of Church and State, if he could only have the union of Church and people." She adds that Father Hecker will, doubtless, serve some future American novelist as a romantic and impressive type of the nineteenth century, as rare as it will be interesting to the generation that may read of him; and that Mrs. Humphrey Ward can at least find in him an antithesis to her hero, "Robert Elsmere."

CURRENT CATHOLIC THOUGHT.

A BAD STYLE OF YOUTH.

There is a type of the raw, over-grown boy that needs to be pen-pictured for his own good. Let him look upon himself and see whether he is an object to admire. His face wears an expression of constant leering. If his mouth is not occupied with the nasty weed, it is relaxed to that half-open condition which signifies gawky attention. This type occupies itself with noticing what it can guffaw at in the attitude or manner or dress or appearance of passing humanity. "Get on to that feller's hat!" or "Will you mind the gait of him!" are its characteristic expressions. It jeers at the hobbling old man, cracks addleheaded jokes at the lame and roars with pleasure at the victim of accidents. It is naturally inclined to loaf about and sight see, shambling along when it has to move and staring or gaping or leering as it goes.

So far as it has any ambition, it prides itself in comic songs and low theatricals, re-hashing witless gags and almost beginning to admire something when it kicks its heels in a clog.

The youth who admires right objects, who has earnestness in place of the leering disposition, whose mouth is not tobacco-stained, whose make-up is devoid of all the suggestive signs of the tough or the dude, is the present promise of a good and worthy man.

But often the right-dispositioned youth is not happily placed when he is surrounded by types of the raw boy. It amuses its jeering self, in noticing him, nicknaming him and seeking to ridicule all the right ways which he pursues different from its cow-boy customs. If they could but know it, these ill-mannered youths are doing themselves the greatest degree of injury by failing to look seriously at matters and people about them, and holding back their leering laughter to turn it upon their own folly.—*Milwaukee Citizen*.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

St. Michael's Palace, Toronto, 29th Dec., 1888

GENTLEMEN,—

I have singular pleasure indeed in saying God-speed to your intended journal, THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. The Church, contradicted on all sides as her Divine Founder was, hails with peculiar pleasure the assistance of her lay children in dispelling ignorance and prejudice. They can do this nobly by public journalism, and as the press now appears to be an universal instructor for either evil or good, and since it is frequently used for evil in disseminating false doctrines and attributing them to the Catholic Church your journal will do a very great service to Truth and Religion by its publication. Wishing you all success and many blessings on your enterprise.

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, March 17, 1887

MY DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

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

Believe me, yours faithfully,

JAMES J. CANNERY
Bishop of Hamilton.

CALENDAR

Of the Ecclesiastical Province of Toronto, for the 10 days ending January 30th.

Abbreviations:—Ap., Apostle; P., Pope; B., Bishop; C., Confessor; D., Doctor; V., Virgin; M., Martyr.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	CALENDAR OF THE FEASTS.
21	Mon.	St. Agnes, V. M.
22	Tues.	SS. Vincent and Anastasius, MM
23	Wed.	Espousal of B. V. M.
24	Thur.	St. Timothy, B. M.
25	Fri.	Conversion of St. Paul.
26	Sat.	St. Polycarp, B. M.
27	SUN.	III. after Epiph. St. Vitalian, P.
28	Mon.	St. John Chrysostom, B. D.
29	Tues.	St. Francis de Sales, B. D.
30	Wed.	St. Felix IV., P.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JAN. 19, 1889.

The Continental journals are recalling the words of Napoleon I., who said, after an interview with his prisoner, Pope Pius VII.:—"I have encountered a man more powerful than myself—he reigns over mind, I over matter; he takes the soul and flings me the body,"

Mr. Erastus Wiman follows up Mr. Edmund Kirke's article on "Wit and Humour," with its plentiful collection of Irish bulls, in the *North American Review* for January, with a serious essay entitled, "The Greater Half of the Continent." It may be doubted if, in Mr. Kirke's whole collection of bulls, there will be found anything better than Mr. Wiman's choice of a title.

The ministers of one of the American Evangelical bodies lately petitioned the President-elect, Mr. Harrison, to dispense, upon his entrance to the White House, with the usual Inauguration Ball. It is understood that he

refused to depart from so old and traditional a custom of the Presidents.

From what one hears of Washington during the session we should judge that the really strong argument against these festivities is not the dancing,—which it may be presumed the deputation denounced as an amusement of Beelzebub—but the supper-room. The waltz is a dreamy, innocuous exercise, but in Washington the supper-room is a Reality, and the Western Congressman becomes debauched.

The Milwaukee Catholic paper which we quoted a week ago as saying with regard to the annexation of Canada that "it would save trouble to get her while she is young and tractable," continues to cultivate a war-spirit. It observes in its last issue:—"It is a question whether we ought to wait for the Canadians to become persuaded as to the advantages of annexation. English statesmanship is not sleeping in the meantime. It is sowing antipathies, creating obstacles and developing counter-institutions. A great nation can be built up in the territory called 'British America.' It can become our rival, and an unnecessary rival at that. We may have to support a standing army to watch our extended frontiers. The right policy is to get Canada now 'peaceably, if we can, forcibly if we must.'"

The high moral tone which stands out in this paragraph will be appreciated by everybody. It is proper to add of this journal, which appeals to the final sanction of the bludgeon to settle a peaceful neighbour's relations, that it is one of the noisiest advocates of justice and righteousness, and that its heart bleeds at the mention of coercion in Ireland.

Even in the best and most equably written books one comes upon passages which represent Catholics very unfairly. Take for example Lorrimer's "Institutes of Law," a work of the highest character, and written in an admirable spirit,—which finds a place on the *curricula* of most of our great Universities. In the chapter on the "Idea of Absolute Equality," one reads that "As advocates of the supremacy of the clerical order, and defenders of tyrannicide, several of the Jesuits of the sixteenth century, following in the footsteps of Hildebrand in the eleventh, came so close on the development of a theory of political equality as to justify the assertion of Bunsen that 'Jesuitism and radicalism are two several masks of the same destroying spirit.'"

The Church has often been charged with an intrinsic sympathy for the monarchical and aristocratic forms of government, but the inference to be received from a reading of this passage is that there has been a distinct alliance between Ultramontanism and revolution. And this is drawn from the speculations of the theologians in respect to the rightfulness of tyrannicide. Prof. Lorrimer apparently assumes that it was maintained as a doctrine by the Jesuits. As a matter of fact it was maintained by just fourteen members of the Order, and was opposed by more than sixty, those who admitted it confining it to a few exceptional cases, and assenting to it only when committed by a nation. When it became apparent that their views were being variously misinterpreted, the General of the Society, Aquaviva, forbade, by a decree, any member publicly or privately to uphold the doctrine that it was lawful for

anyone under any circumstances to attempt the life of any ruler, besides which a declaration signed by all the members of the Order in France was transmitted to the French Chancellor in which they condemned as pernicious any doctrine to the contrary to be found in the works of any person whatsoever. In short, to affirm that the Jesuits were condoners of regicide, and so in alliance with revolutionism, is to urge what all impartial historians long since abandoned.

MR. GLADSTONE AND ROME.

Fifteen years ago, when Mr. Gladstone was not so well employed as at present, he published his well-known political expostulation on "The Vatican Decrees in their Bearing on Civil Allegiance." He viewed with alarm the definition of the infallibility of the Sovereign Pontiff speaking *ex cathedra*, and the pronouncements of the Holy See on the temporal power of the Papacy; they encroached, he contended, within the civil dominion, and divided, wherever promulgated, a Catholic subject's civil obedience. Mr. Gladstone's sincerity has ever been beyond question, but it is certain that at the time we speak of, he wrote first as a Protestant, to set himself right before Protestants; and, secondly, as a politician, to head off the designs of opponents in politics. For, at the time, as our readers know, the definition of Papal infallibility, following close upon the re-establishment of the Hierarchy in England, had set the alarm bells ringing in all the Protestant steeples.

Mr. Gladstone, who, for thirty years in office and as an independent member of Parliament, had laboured through the larger part of that time to extend the civil rights of his Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen, was denounced by the parsons as a masquerading old Jesuit. And so his pamphlet had an intrinsic political value. "The Liberal party of this country," he wrote, (page 39) "with which I have been commonly associated, has suffered, and sometimes suffered heavily, in public favour and in influence, from the belief that it was too ardent in the pursuit of that policy; while at the same time it has always been in the worst odour with the Court of Rome, in consequence of its (I hope) unalterable attachment to Italian liberty and independence." And therefore he wrote, he said, "in general justice to society, and with special justice as towards the party to which I am loyally attached, and which I may have had a share in thus placing at a disadvantage before our countrymen."

The effect of the publication of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet was of course to subject the loyalty of the Catholic portion of the British public to much unjust suspicion. Fortunately this result was short-lived. Great as is Mr. Gladstone's intellect, a keener than Mr. Gladstone's—Dr. (now Cardinal) Newman—examined into the subject, defined the limits, and explained the relations of Papal and State jurisdiction, and the loyalty of Catholics came out unscathed as a result of the controversy. Mr. Gladstone's expostulation was based on a misunderstanding of the subject; and looking back now upon the mental attitude which he assumed at the time, we seem to see in it the death-kick of that "stern and unbending Toryism" of which Mr. Gladstone, according to Macaulay, was in his early years "the rising hope."

A fortnight ago Mr. Gladstone left England for a sojourn in Italy, and since then he has communicated, in two letters which the foreign papers made public, his

views on the Roman Question to the Marquis de Riso. The Marquis is an opponent of Signor Crispi, and one of those who desire to see a *modus vivendi* established between the Holy Father and King Humbert. In the first of these letters—both of which the Marquis himself communicated to the *Osservatore Romano*—Mr. Gladstone writes: "I am convinced that cordial relations between Church and State in Italy will be a matter of the highest importance for the moral, political, religious, and economical benefit of the Italian people." The Marquis de Riso then wrote a letter to the press, in which he outlined for the English statesman the exact condition of Italy, where, in his own words, "an ignorant, fanaticised crowd never cease to utter insults and calumnies against Christ, His Vicar, religion, and everything human and Divine which goes to form the essence of Catholicism, the priesthood, worship and civil government." To this Mr. Gladstone sent the following reply:—"I was deeply interested with your last letter, and I consider the question of such importance as to merit the intervention of an International Arbitration. I glory that I was the promoter, when I was Premier, of the International Arbitration in connection with the Alabama Question. By such a method it would be possible to unlock the difficult question entered into by you, in which you would always have my full and warm sympathy."

The *Osservatore* naturally hailed this letter as showing "that the greatest authority of the Liberal camp recognizes, with us, that the Roman Question is not yet solved." Mr. Gladstone afterwards telegraphed, in answer to many inquiries from London, that the current translations of his letters were untrustworthy, but putting aside any quibbles as to the exact rendering of any phrase, the fact remains on record that Mr. Gladstone regards the present state of politics in England as disastrous alike to Church and State. The latest report on the subject is that Mr. Gladstone, interviewed by a representative of the *Riforma*, whilst declaring the temporal power "incompatible with unity of Italy," avowed that "the person of the Pope was very near his heart, and that he desires to see him surrounded with every respect and prestige, and with full guarantees for his authority."

All this will not be pleasant reading for the Pope haters. Mr. Gladstone's opinions in regard to Italy appear to be undergoing somewhat of that progression they have happily undergone as respects Ireland. And it is well, for Mr. Gladstone's encouragement of the late revolutionary movements in Italy are the least creditable part of his life's history.

On the resuming of the Parnell Commission on Tuesday, Sir Charles Russell, the Irish counsel, drew the attention of the judges to the irrelevant nature of the mass of evidence which the *Times*' lawyers were piling up, and of the expense and delay which were by these methods entailed upon his clients. "We are most anxious," said Sir Charles, "to meet the charges made against us. Month after month we are incurring frightful expense, and yet the *Times* has not touched the one allegation made in its columns, which, if proved, will render all this matter entirely superfluous. We don't criticise the court, but the conduct of the *Times*. We desire to come to the point That is the object of our Scotch action."

Throughout the proceedings of the present Commission as throughout the whole course of the political relations

of England and Ireland, there has been apparent the same effort—that of identifying Irish patriotism with Irish crime. It has been the traditional policy of the oppressors, and has been brought into play at every acute stage in Ireland's political history. Take, for example, the period of the Tithe War. The struggle against Tithes was accompanied by bloodshed, and agrarian outrage ran lamentably high. "Forth from the press of England," says the late Mr. A. M. Sullivan, writing of the events of this period, just shortly before his death—"from the statesmen, the legislators, the agents (open and secret, ecclesiastical and lay) of England—there burst a continuous roar of defamations, in which O'Connell and the Irish priesthood were held up as the secret inciters and real authors of Irish murder, turbulence and crime. Then, as to-day, every passionate sentence that could be culled, *lungo intervallo*, from hundreds of speeches—every hasty word, amidst thousands spoken in restraint and noble exhortation to tranquillity and peace—every regrettable act of omission or commission in the heat and turmoil of a desperate conflict in a cause righteous before God—was patched and pieced together, so as to startle one with an apparent unity and continuity. 'Behold' they cried, 'behold the language and the deeds of these Irish demagogues, priests and laymen. Why does not the Pope denounce them?'"

No more truthful description could be written of the proceedings in our lay. The troubled condition of the country in the Tithe time was the fruit of the foisting upon the Irish people of an alien State Church, "an institution" which Mr. Bright characterizes as "so evil and so odious under the circumstances of your country that it makes one almost hopeless of Irish freedom that Irishmen have borne it so long,—a wrong, he said "which had no equal in any other civilized and Christian country in the world." And as in those days there was not a blackthorn flourished, but what the circumstance was made to serve as an argument against disestablishment, similarly it would seem that not a hen-roost in all the land has since been robbed that will not be quoted by Attorney-General Webster and the *Times* to establish the connection between Parnellism and crime.

THE CATHOLIC IDEA OF EDUCATION.

The Catholic Church, in reconstructing human society in the Christian order, finds it on the family, the priest, and the school. Each of these is necessary to the other; without the active co-operation of the three, Christian society cannot progress, nor, indeed, continue to exist. The first, on which so much might be said, we must dismiss with the remark, that our Lord, in dealing with it, only restored it to its original unity, while by sanctifying it, and comparing it with His own mystic union with His Church, He made it worthy to be the corner-stone of Christian civilization.

The priest! How shall we who know him speak of him as we feel without appearing to exaggerate? The Saviour of our nation, our pride, our hope, the teacher of our doctrine, the example of morals, the standard of conduct, the salt of society—wanting His devotion and self-sacrifice the Irish people would long ere this have perished off the face of the earth sunk into the condition of a horde of savages more degraded than the Kafir or Zulu. To those who accept his mission, his very presence is a sermon. He diffuses around him an aroma of holiness; like his Master, he blesses as he passes by. Among ourselves we sometimes give him the "hard word," but it is because our ideal of his character is so high that nothing less than the angelic could reach it. Anyone in the world living the ordinary life of a priest would be considered a saint. With

the exception of a few (becoming fewer every day) ancient pro-Whigs—born serf, and reared in an atmosphere of slavery—the Irish priest is now more than ever zealous, self-sacrificing, patriotic, ready to lead his people to victory. He holds them in the hollow of his hand, and is able to acquire for them every concession of justice and right—if he were allowed.

There remains the school. Here I should pause, and, with well-founded distrust, desire that some more suitable and more competent hand should deal with this question of questions, this subject of vital and passing interest. At this moment, the world over, the conflict of civilization with barbarism, of Christianity with paganism, of virtue and vice, good and evil, rages round the school. Both sides (everyone, apparently, but the castle bishop) recognize the fact, that to him who dominates in the school the future of the world belongs; that as this is Christian or pagan, so will society necessarily be.

Now the Catholic Church asserts—has always asserted—her right to dominate in the school. After the necessary dogmas of her religion there is no part of her teaching more clear and per-emptory than this. Unlike the mysteries of the faith, the reasons of her claim are cognizable by human reason; and this proclaims them indefeasible. It is true that her divine right to "teach all nations" has reference to spiritual truth only; but this embraces of necessity the right to exclude from the Catholic school everything different from or contrary to the faith of which she is the depository, guardian, and expounder. Every baptized Christian is in her charge. For every soul on which the Christian character has been impressed she has to answer for before her God; and never can she, without direst necessity, permit an influence other than, or hostile to, her own to warp or colour the young souls given to her charge.

We distinguish in the Church, and especially in the Pope, two duties, two powers. One, to teach the Catholic faith, in the clearest and fullest manner, the other, to administer Catholic affairs. As teacher, the Pope acts dogmatically and inflexibly; as administrator, he acts diplomatically, conditioning that the compromise never extends to any first principle of the faith, nor to any violation of the moral law. For example, the Pope elected to allow England to fall into schism rather than permit Henry to repudiate his lawful wife. It is well known that Pius the Ninth incurred the active hatred of the Jews, and preferred to brave the calamities thus brought on him rather than surrender the child Mortara, although only baptized clandestinely, to be taught to blaspheme his Saviour. To preserve the natural right of the Jewish parent, the Popes made a law forbidding Jews to employ Christian servants. When the Mortara family violated this law, and the Christian servant baptized the child, the Pope was bound to enforce the higher right of our Lord to that soul, although his throne was endangered by it. These examples show sufficiently the inflexibility of the Holy See when it is a question of the first principles in faith or morals. Speaking broadly, it is not open to us to question the wisdom of the Holy See in making concordats with Cæsar. In these the Pope acts as chief ruler of the Church, and as guardian of the moral law. His decisions are, therefore, irreformable, and in any case they are taken on facts and motives, mostly outside of the cognisance of the world. Moreover, these great acts are done with exhaustive care and deliberation, and are marked with certain forms which assure their authenticity and authority. Very different is such action to that of the majority of the Irish hierarchy in consenting to the fatal compromise in Catholic education. This we are free to denounce as a betrayal of their highest trust, not only because the National system has a non-Catholic (that is, in this connection, an anti-Catholic) principle for its foundation, but because the compromise was unnecessary, and therefore unjustifiable.

Education, in the broadest sense, is the development of the pupil—physically, intellectually, and morally—to the highest perfection of which his nature is capable. To reach this ideal, the operations should be coincident; for if you develop the physical nature of man to the neglect of the others, you make a powerful brute; if his intellectual to the neglect of the moral a clever devil; if his moral to the neglect of the other two, a pious fool; if altogether in the way most suited to the subject, you gain the great end—"a sound mind in a healthy body," and make a good citizen and a good man. To use the words of a great authority, you attain the result "which

enables a man to fulfil justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, public and private, of peace and war."

In a more restricted sense, education has for object the formation of the judgment and the direction of the will—the teaching of the child to discern and love what should be loved and to hate what should be hated. What does a sensible parent most desire to find in the child just finished school life? Surely, such knowledge and accomplishments as become his or her station in life and future occupation; but far beyond and above these, a judgment quick to sift truth from falsehood, clear in analysis, sagacious and broad in view; and before even this, a will strongly and firmly bent toward everything right and good.

Education is essentially a spiritual matter. As man's soul is his noblest part, what concerns it must take precedence of all else. "All knowledge is one, springing from the eternal unity of God," says Cardinal Manning. Its communication, therefore, must be one, as the pupil is one. It is a unique work, beginning at the mother's knee, continuing in the primary and intermediate schools and finishing at the university. To be a complete it must be a harmonious work, springing from one root, and developing logically through all its stages. No part of it can contradict or thwart the other without producing confusion, and failing in its chief object. The mere statement of those principles makes an end of the "mixed" system. It is impossible to regard it, with its detestable jargon of "timetable" and "conscience clause" without indignation, for it conceals the denial of the first right of a people to a school which represents their religion and history; it is the mutilation of the intellectual life of the nation, and the endeavour to deprive it of its true and natural development. It would be just as easy to separate the child's soul and body and unite them again as to provide that at a certain moment the religious element shall enter or be excluded from the school. It is in effect an attempt to shut out the Almighty for a time from his rightful domain, and to admit his enemy thereto.—*Letters of an Irish Catholic Layman.*

THE SUPPRESSION OF THE JESUITS BY POPE CLEMENT XIV.

The last number of the *American Catholic Quarterly* contains a timely article on the Suppression of the Jesuits by Clement XIV. The writer very justly remarks that "In the assaults of the determined enemies of the Society of Jesus there is perhaps no more plausible and telling argument, none upon which the changes are more constantly and persistently rung than the fact of their expulsion, at different times, from several countries of Europe, and especially their final suppression by Pope Clement XIV., in 1773. Indeed, so constantly and perseveringly has this been represented by these enemies of the Society as convincing evidence of the corruption and dangerous character of the Jesuits, that the mass of the people who are unacquainted with the facts of history are easily persuaded to believe it, and there is too much reason to fear that even many Catholics are stumbled by the fact that the suppression was effected by the Pope, to whose decisions, even outside the sphere of his infallibility, they are accustomed to assent almost without question, and they cannot resist the impression that there must have been something radically wrong about the Society or the Pope never would have resorted to such an extreme measure." The article in the *Quarterly* covers much the same ground as the series of papers which appeared in the *Review* upwards of a year ago.

In answering the question "What, then, was the real reason for the suppression of the Jesuits?" the writer replies: "In one word, it was the choice between two evils, which had been forced upon Clement by a powerful and unscrupulous political combination, the least of which evils seemed to him to be the suppression of the Society. In other words, it was a measure extorted from an unwilling Pope who was friendly to the Jesuits and had no confidence in their traducers to save France, Spain and Portugal from following the example of England by throwing off their allegiance to the head of the Church, thereby apostatizing from the faith and driving the whole Church in those kingdoms into all the untold evils of schism."

In developing this postulate the writer proceeds to give a brief sketch of the religious condition of the times in which the suppression was accomplished. He shows that the spirit

of the great Protestant rebellion had pervaded society to such an extent that faith in Christianity had been very generally undermined, especially among the aristocracy and the leading influential politicians and officials of State. The masses, indeed, were still Catholic, and the reigning monarchs of the Bourbon type (of unsavoury memory) were nominally Catholic, the Catholic religion was the religion of the State, but, unfortunately, the monarchs were weak men and were all under the influence of prime ministers who were ambitious, unscrupulous and in sympathy with the infidel philosophy of the age. The Prime Ministers of France, Spain and Portugal were all members of an infidel oligarchy which at that period really dominated Europe, and they were all jealous of the Church and bent on her destruction. In this work of "reformation," the infamous combal of Portugal was conspicuous for his unholy zeal and cruel, unscrupulous ambition. These men all had their agents in Rome, unworthy ecclesiastics who had been corrupted by power and place and forced upon the Holy Father against his will. In their insidious machinations they were backed by the agents of that restless, determined, heretical sect, the Jansenists, who were the natural and implacable enemies of the Jesuits because they were their most able opponents. "With a keen appreciation of the best means of accomplishing their object," the writer remarks, "all their men waged an exterminating war upon the Jesuits. Without conscience or scruple they used the basest means to destroy the Society because its members were the most able and the most constant defenders of religion and the Church. The history of their infernal machinations to destroy the Order, root and branch, and to expel them from their own countries is simply a history of infamy of the deepest dye, and the only reason why the conduct of these men is not universally condemned and held up to the execration of mankind by all writers and historians on the subject, is the fact that party bias leads Protestants, if not actually to justify and sympathize with them, at least to extenuate and apologize for their sins by representing them as having been the authors of great reforms in the Church and State." Their hypocritical plea was "reformation," but the reformation they sought to accomplish was simply and strictly after the Henry VIII. pattern. How these men planned and schemed and worked, first to expel the Jesuits from their own dominions, and then to secure their suppression throughout the world, how they persecuted Benedict XIV., even on his death-bed, to secure a rescript for the reformation of the Order: how that rescript was abused; how fruitlessly they tried to force the successor of Benedict, Clement XIII., to grant a decree of suppression; how they bulldozed Clement XIV., bringing all sorts of influences to bear upon him, and threatening the most dire consequences to the Church unless he yielded, how the Pope, when he had signed the rescript, dashed the document to one side and cast the pen to the other, and in consequence of the terrible mental strain was stricken by temporary insanity; with what cruelty and inhumanity the decree was carried out, and with what spirit the Society submitted to their barbarous and unjust treatment, all this is best told at length by the writer in the *Catholic Quarterly*, to which we refer our readers, and earnestly recommend them to get and peruse it.

At such a time as the present, when this glorious Society of Jesus is called upon to bear the brunt of the battle for the Church, we think it is the duty of every intelligent Catholic to inform himself as thoroughly as possible as to the true history of the society, and we are glad that our great *American Quarterly* has given to Catholics, as well as outsiders, the opportunity of informing themselves in regard to an event so important to the Society and the Church, yet so little understood, as the suppression of the Society by Clement XIV.

THE LEPER PRIEST.

AN ENGLISH PROTESTANT VICAR SENDS £1,000 TO FATHER DAMIEN.

The following letter has been sent to Father Damien from the Protestant Vicar of St. Luke's, Camberwell

177 CAMDEN GROVE, NORTH PECKHAM, S. E.

December 3rd, 1888.

DEAR FATHER,—I herewith inclose you a draft on Bishop & Co., of Honolulu, for £1,000, which has been subscribed by many who are grateful to God for the example of your

heroic self-devotion. Personally I have done nothing in the matter, except receive the funds, and I require no thanks whatever. The honour lies with those who are thus allowed to testify to your their respectful love. This money is for your own disposal, entirely as you think fit, and is devoted to the erection of a chapel for Catholic lepers at Molokai. I hope to send a further draft for £200 or £300 by a later mail. Meanwhile, I humbly ask a place in your prayers, that I may imbibe some of your spirit of sacrifice, of which up till now I know so little. I should much like to have come to you myself, to have offered my unworthy services to your flock, but apparently it is the will of God that I should remain at my post among His poor in this place. Many of them are almost starving, and, though I am myself so poor that I cannot help them much, it is not in my heart to leave them. I have also made a promise that, so long as my breath holds out, I will give them my life without reserve. Otherwise I should have come to you, and should have tended you until you went home. Give dear old Clifford my strongest love. I envy that fellow more than I have done any body for years; but I cannot even pay you my intended visit in the spring, as I am quite stone-broke, and we simply can't move here for lack of funds. Never mind. *A la bonne heure*. We mean to be as jolly as sand boys. Once more may the Saviour console you in your martyrdom by the thought that being thus "lifted up" you have drawn many to His Cross. I am well aware that I do not belong to your special branch of the Catholic Church, but, though I be from your point of view outside the fold, nothing can prevent my kneeling at your feet. I respectfully salute you as my superior, because you are eminently His servant.—Allow me to subscribe myself, your loving, loving friend.

HUGH B. CHAPMAN,
Vicar of St. Luke's, Camberwell.

P. S.—Give my love to all the lepers. I kiss them in spirit.

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

Rev. Brother Arnold is obtaining aldermanic signatures in favour of a grant from the Provincial Legislature in aid of the Christian Brothers' school on Sherbrooke street.

A circular from Rev. Abbe Marechal, administrator of the Archdiocese and Vicar General of Montreal, was read in all the Roman Catholic churches of that city on Sunday last, counselling the Catholics to second the Citizens' League in the work they have undertaken for the enforcement of laws in general, and the reduction of the liquor evil. Rev. Cure Sentenne, parish priest of Notre Dame church, commenting upon the circular, said that his parishioners should be careful in signing a requisition paper for a license, as everyone who signed the paper was responsible for the misdeeds which might be committed through such a license. The signers should personally look to the character of the place they signed for. Rev. Cure Roussiot, of St. James' Church, also made allusion to the circular and implored his congregation to guard against the deplorable results of the liquor traffic.

The variegated account of an American greeting royalty in a truly Democratic style, turns up again in an account attributed to Mgr. Capel of the meeting between His Holiness and a citizen of Oshkosh. Mgr. Capel himself was in attendance on the Pope. The unterrified Oshkoshian was ushered in with due ceremony. Not at all dismayed by the surrounding grandness, he walked right up to the successor of St. Peter, and seizing His Holiness by the hand, exclaimed, "I am glad to meet you, Pope, because I have heard so much about you." The last time this story appeared it is said it had reference to the *bonhomme* of Prof. Anderson, of Madison, shaking hands with the Queen of Denmark and enquiring whether her husband liked his employment.



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C. EUG. PANET,

Colonel,

Deputy Min. of Militia and Defence—
Ottawa, 5th December, 1888.

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