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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.

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The attitude of hostility towards the Separate School system assumed by Mr. Meredith and his allies, illustrates the strangely distorted notion which those who 'hmk with him have, of what constitutes "equal rights." The result of the abolition of our Separate School system would be the collection of an enforced tax from Catholics for the support of schools to which they could not, in conscience, send their children. Not that Catholics are opposed to the public schools, as such. They simply claim the right to apply their own money to the support of their own schools, founded for the education of their own children. Not an unreasonable demand, surely? Yet our right to these schools is denied, and their existence threatened. Where does the "equal rights" principle come in?

The earnestness of Catholics and the intensity of their convictions in regard to the necessity of providing for themselves schools in which the religious education of their children will not be neglected, is shown by what they have done and are doing in the United States. In that country, after paying their quota of taxes, as they are compelled to do, to the support of the public schools, they have erected, and now maintain, nearly three thousand two hundred and fifty Catholic free schools, attended by about six hundred thousand pupils.

Toronto is fast gaining for itself notoriety of a certain kind. An associated press despatch which has lately made the tour of the continent, announces that the ribald anti-Catholic lecturer, Fulton, has written a letter declining the pastorate of the Immanuel Baptist Church in this city, and that an effort will be made to organize a congregation for him in Toronto, in order that he may be induced to remain here. Following upon the heels of the street rowdyism that lately disgraced this city, it is not surprising that, to the outside world, the story came as a crowning proof of Toronto's finished viciousness. Naturally enough some sarcastic things are being said at our expense. "For the sake of the proprietaries," some of our contemporaries are saying that they hope the efforts of the Toronto Baptists to coax the anti-Papal crusader here, will not be in vain. They advise his being kept here. Here, says one paper, will be found a congregation made to order for him, "those who will not only listen

with delight to his incitements against the encroachments of Rome, but act upon them with a vigor and brutality sufficient to satisfy the most bloodthirsty."

The substance of the answers returned by the learned Judges of the Court of Chancery to the questions submitted to them by the Minister of Education regarding the construction to be put upon certain amendments to the Separate School Acts, is that a Roman Catholic is not entitled to Exemption from the Public School tax unless he "gives to the clerk of the Municipality notice in writing that he is a Roman Catholic and supporter of a Separate School" in the locality. The answer to each question submitted has to be read, more or less, in the light of the other answers, and so read the effect of the Judges' decision is that. "If the assessor is satisfied with the *prima facie* evidence of the statement made by or on behalf of a ratepayer that he is a Roman Catholic, and there upon (seeking and hearing further information) places such person upon the assessment roll as a Separate School supporter," and the roll is returned in that form and not appeal ed against by either the ratepayer himself or any other ratepayer, the assessment goes into effect as any other wrong assessment does for that year, and for that year only.

The Mayoralty contest this year in Toronto is being made an additionally merry one by reason of its settling down to a fight between two leading Orangemen who are at loggerheads with one another. The present Mayor, Mr. Clarke, is opposed by Mr. John McMillan, a leader among the Equal Rights people, and an Orangeman of the deeper dye. Mr. McMillan, so far as we can judge, is just now the prime favourite of the more blackguardly element in the Orange Lodges of this city, which is greatly incensed against Mayor Clarke by reason of that gentleman's refusal to submit entirely to their dictation, or to countenance, beyond a certain point, their ruffianism. We say beyond a certain point, because up to a certain point Mayor Clarke has countenanced them and has quailed before them. He is a man of good abilities, and, we believe, of good intentions, but he is the creation of the Orange Lodges, and they are hard and exacting masters. To a large extent the Lodges are now up in arms against Mr. Clarke. There are two reasons for this, one that he has refrained from taking an active part in the Equal Rights agitation, the other that, as Mayor, he has set his face against the street rowdyism of the younger Orangemen. We believe that a particularly damning charge against him is that he allowed police protection to be given to the Archbishop of Toronto on his arrival in the city. This dissentient and delectable element has its candidate, however, in Mr. McMillan, and the fight is likely to be a stiff one. While neither Mr. Clarke nor Mr. McMillan is quite the sort of man, to our way of thinking, to represent an important city, yet we must recognize, we suppose, that we live in an Orange centre, and that in these days numbers win. If we must have an Orange Mayor we should prefer, if possible, the more respectable one. And Mr. Clarke, it is only fair to say, is a much more respectable man than we have any reason to expect could come to us from out the dominant organization.

FELICE.

BY ANNA T. BADLER.

"These lilacs, my good Lucine, are they not fresh and delightful, and with a peculiar beauty of their own?"

"Not so fair, not so beautiful, as Mademoiselle," answered Lucine.

There was a deference in her manner, which to the close observer was not without a trace of cringing servility. Mademoiselle, who had breathed the rosebud of flattery from her cradle, scarcely perceived this obsequiousness; nor could, indeed, praise from such a quarter have disturbed her composure, somewhat haughty, people said.

Mistress and maid had reached the end of a green and secluded alley. The park surrounding the Chateau de Neuilly was full of such shaded walks. But this particular path terminated in an exquisite little nook, which at the moment might be described as a lilac copse. Bushes and trees, overlaid with the purple and white clusters, lent their rich fragrance to the air, the smooth green grass under foot, the glimpses of sky through the flower hung branches. It was a scene for a painter.

"Lilacs are so spring like," continued Mademoiselle, half dreamily. She seemed as if pursuing some train of thought forgetful of the presence of her attendant. "One feels in looking at them that winter is really gone, winter, so like harsh and stern reality. This is why I love these simple flowers."

"And then Monsieur de Fontaneville has said," broke in Lucine, "the handsome, brave, and gay M. Gaston, when riding away in his gorgeous uniform, 'before the lilacs have blossomed and faded I will return.'"

The color that came swiftly into mademoiselle's pale face was accompanied with a sudden look of displeasure, which quickly passed, however. Mademoiselle merely saying in a light and careless tone:

"Your care is good, Lucine, and your memory better. But for the promises"—

"Men lightly make and as lightly break them," said Lucine, her light gray eyes darting furtive glances at the chiselled side face of her young mistress. "Not with a demoiselle de Neuilly," said Mademoiselle this time with genuine haughty displeasure.

"You mistake, my good Lucine; such matters are not for you. You forget, at times, that Mademoiselle de Neuilly's affairs can have no interest whatsoever for her attendants."

There was a dangerous light in the gray eyes, all unnoticed by mademoiselle. Indeed, they were quite outside her range of vision, the obtrusive Lucine having withdrawn quickly into the background, as if she had been stung.

There was a long silence, Mademoiselle seeming lost in thought, and Lucine, after the severe rebuff she had received, refraining from farther speech.

"Lucine," said Mademoiselle suddenly, "you may wait for me in the summer house; I shall not need you just now. M. De Fontaneville is approaching."

Lucine, with a little studied bow, and something like an expression of baffled spite on her face, retired discreetly to the summer house. This was but a few yards away and scarcely out of earshot of any conversation which might transpire. Lucine had hoped that Monsieur might fail to keep his promise. She hated her young mistress for her youth, beauty, and high rank.

There was a rare degree of self-control in the calmness with which Mademoiselle had dismissed her attendant, and now prepared to receive the young officer so rapidly approaching. Mademoiselle knew that the interview was to be a decisive one. And then there was the joy, the surprise, of his rather unexpected coming at that particular day and hour.

Mademoiselle stood erect and stately under a white lilac tree, fair, graceful, elegant, with complexion of snow and hair of auburn.

"And so, Mademoiselle," said the young man, bowing low over her hand "I have come to find you among the lilacs. That was our tacit agreement, was it not?"

Mademoiselle, who had been silent with the silence of emotions, said quietly, though with a smile:

"The agreement was, perhaps, of Monsieur de Fontaneville's making."

"Yes, it was of my making," said the young officer, impulsively. "I said that before the lilacs blossomed and faded I should meet you here and claim you, my own, my beautiful Felice."

Felice retreated a step. In France familiarity even of speech is so unusual.

M. De Fontaneville saw his mistake.

"Forgive me," he said, "but unless you desire to annul the agreement, our fathers, our mothers, all have consented; to consent that you shall really be mine. There is not one obstacle in the path."

Lucine had crept out of the summer-house and drawn near, under cover of the bushes, so that she stood directly behind Mademoiselle, her light gray eyes aflame as they peered through the foliage.

"But, Mademoiselle," cried de Fontaneville, earnestly, "from yourself I want one word, one token, one look even, to show that you are not an unwilling party to the compact. That you are"—

"Felice," said Mademoiselle, raising her eyes and fixing them upon the young man for an instant only, "I was born for happiness, I bear a fortunate name. It has been yours," she added, in a lower tone, "to bestow on me this happiness."

Her eyes, shining eyes had looked upward for one moment, as she made her boast of being born to happiness. But no sooner had she finished speaking than she turned and hid her face in the clusters of the white lilac.

"For you; then, as for me," cried De Fontaneville, joyously, "It is happiness. Oh, Felice, Felice, when they gave you that fortunate name, how little they guessed the happiness it would be in your power to confer on others. And this happiness shall be lasting."

"It shall ever be renewed," answered Felice, with sudden enthusiasm, "as spring is renewed, as these beautiful blossoms come when the air grows warm. We shall know no winter. We shall always be happy."

"Forever and ever," said the young officer, almost solemnly, "death alone shall separate us."

"If you please," broke in the sibilant voice of Lucine, appearing as if from the summer-house, "it grows chill, and Madame has given orders that Mademoiselle shall not be permitted to stay out."

Was it a presentment? At the sound of the woman's voice, Felice actually felt the chill which that voice announced. The soft, warm air blew cold upon her.

"She is right," Felice answered, quickly recovering herself. "we must go in."

But her voice sounded cold after her late enthusiasm. Lucine walking on at some distance before, Felice passed along the lilac-bordered alleys of the park, with the young man at her side. A silence had fallen between them, and it was with some embarrassment that the latter asked from his betrothed a spray of the white lilac she wore in her dress. She offered it to him silently.

"I shall keep it always," he said.

"Even when it is faded," said Felice, with a faint smile.

"Even when it is dead."

As they went on, the sun, though it was near its setting, fell warm about them, the apple blossoms strewed the earth at their feet, as though they were making a triumphant progress. The light green of the leaves framed the elegant figure of the girl and the soldier-like form of the young officer. The sun set in a glow of color as they stood on the gray stone steps of the chateau, the newly betrothed.

"An officer has just fallen at the barricades," said one young man to another. They were walking in the Elysee at a rapid pace. It was singular how the pace of all the promenaders there had changed. No longer the graceful lounge of the pleasure loving Parisian, it was the hurried step of men and women over whom some calamity was impending. It was during those fearful days of the Commune. Warfare of the most deadly kind was raging in their midst.

"Who is the officer?"

"Le Capitaine Gaston de Fontaneville."

"Gaston de Fontaneville, my God! One of the bravest hearts in the service of France. A gentle true and honorable, many with the best blood of France in his veins. How did you hear of this?"

"It was in a temporary hospital in the Rue Haxo, when he was carried in. I recognized him at once, even before hearing his name. He fell while desperately rallying a remnant of his troop."

"And is there no hope?"

"None. He was dead, I fancy, even before he reached the hospital. In his pocket were found some letters, an ivory miniature in a case, and in this same case a faded spray of lilac."

"Sentiment!" said the other, slightly raising his brows, though, indeed, he did not relish the tone of his companion's remarks. The secrets of the dead are inviolable. But even with this slight encouragement, the first speaker continued, breathless, in his eagerness to give all the particulars which he had been able to gather.

"Yes, and superstition. For, would you believe it, there was a piece of white cloth, embroidered in red, fastened to his waistcoat. One of the women nurses says it was a scapular of the Sacred Heart."

"Pardon, Monsieur," said the other stiffly, "one does not give the name of superstition to honest conviction. Like many men of ancient lineage in France, Gaston de Fontaneville was religious. I knew him well. But it is the *canaille* who are infidels, and with their infidelity have brought the country to this pass."

The first speaker bit his lip in confusion. He was of the *bourgeoise*, and had only met M. de Fontaneville and his associates at the club. He would fain have found favor with his companion, who belonged to that charmed circle by an affectation of the irreligion which he believed to be fashionable.

While he was still seeking to recover from this rebuke as best he might, the young men were joined by a third, fresh from the scene of action. He had a thrilling tale to tell, entering into every particular with the Celtic love of detail, of graphic and highly colored word-painting so characteristic of the French. He had himself stood near the spot where Gaston fell, and could bear witness to the gallant conduct of that young officer. Besides, he had caught here and there a word, which lent quite an unwonted character to the whole episode of De Fontaneville's death.

"The mob of demons," he said, "were led on by a woman. She was neither old nor ugly, but she seemed possessed by the fury of a tigress. She continually drew the attention of the *commurards* to De Fontaneville."

"Down with the aristocrat," she screamed. "See, he would shoot the people like dogs. He is the people's enemy. He lives by the sweat of their brow, and he is a bigot, under the thumb of a priest. Come on, my brave boys, and rid the earth of such a monster."

"Softly, Lucine, we have work enough yonder," said a gruff voiced man, pointing to where the scattered remnants of Gaston's company were rushing to the charge, "as for this hot-headed officer we can pick him off any moment. He is always under fire."

"Pick him off now," yelled Lucine, "if he is once gone the others will scatter like sheep."

"Draw off, then, and let me at him my girl," said the man, taking deliberate aim, as he spoke. He had a slurring mark. Gaston was standing on the barricade, waving his cap aloft, so that his bright curls shone in the sun, as he urged his comrades to the attack.

"The blossoming of the lilacs shall not bring you this time," hissed the woman, "they shall bloom and they shall fade, but you shall go there no more. The proud one will find that men break promises even to a Neuilly. And when she knows that you are dead, her head will bend like the stem of the white lilac. She will be no more Felice. They should have called her Infelice."

Lucine had drawn so near that her word must have reached the ears of the dying soldier. His eyes rested a moment as if half inquiringly on her face. Then his head fell back.

So the sun set that evening on the newly dead, lying with still face, on which was something like a smile, in the hospital bed of the Rue Haxo.

Five of an exquisite spring afternoon. In France the spring is so fresh and beautiful. The new life of nature is shown in

its full perfection. The door of the convent opened suddenly, and the sun lying in streaks of light on the steps, crossed the threshold and entered at the venerable doorway. The shadow of the neighboring Cathedral fell cool and dark over the square. From its belfry the hours sounded. Two nuns came out of the convent and stopped involuntarily. Just before them, crouching against the projecting wall, was the figure of a woman, miserably clad, apparently in the lowest depths of poverty, and clasping an infant to her breast.

After a moment's pause, the taller of the two nuns, descending the steps, approached the woman, saying gently:

"Are you in want? Can we do anything for you, my poor woman?"

The voice of the religious was musical and soft to a degree, but the woman, at the very first sound of it, shrank against the wall. A shudder passed through her, so that her whole frame trembled. Her face grew livid and her eyes were fixed upwards upon the countenance of the nun, with an expression almost of agony.

"You are ill, my poor soul," persisted the nun, "come into the convent. We shall see that your most pressing wants are relieved, and if the Superior grants permission you must even find a shelter for the night."

As she spoke she laid her hand, with a gesture of infinite pity, upon the shoulder of the waif, whom misfortune had brought within the shadow of the cloister. But the woman repelled the touch with horror.

"Tell me," she cried, addressing the other nun, who stood by in silent astonishment, "tell me her name."

"Soeur Marie Dolores," answered the nun readily.

"Before that?" inquired the woman hoarsely.

The nun hesitated. Meanwhile a light had broken on Soeur Dolores's mind. For she knew the story of the day at the barricades.

"Before that, my good Lucine," she said gently, "it was Felice de Neuilly."

"Felice," cried the other fiercely, "born to happiness, you said, secure of happiness, until I——"

"A presumptuous boast was that of mine," said the religious with a grave smile. "I have changed my name to Dolores, you see. This new name has been the outcome of many sorrows. Evil days came for the Chateau de Neuilly. But that is all over now. And nevertheless, Lucine, I have kept my birthright. And Dolores is still Felice."

"How can you speak to me, touch me?" cried Lucine. "You know what an ingrate, what a wretch I have been. I envied your rank, your fortune, everything, and I never rested till I had destroyed the happiness of which you were so secure. Now that you know me, leave me. The bells call you to prayer, to peace, to hope. I have not succeeded in destroying your happiness. Let me go my miserable way."

"Life teaches us the lesson of forgiveness, Lucine," said Sister Dolores, "even if we had no higher teachers. By the wrong you sought to do me, I claim at least one right, that of providing, as far as my state will allow, for yourself and for this child."

As Lucine still hesitated, the nun, with her old happy smile brightening her face, pointed to the lilac tree at the convent door. It was bursting into bloom.

"See, we have our spring here with its lilacs, the new spring of the heart."

"But M. Gaston," moaned the wretched Lucine, "the brave, the handsome——"

"M. Gaston is in heaven, I trust. I pray for him every day."

The last shade of reluctance passed from Lucine's manner. She stood upon the convent steps, about to pass within the ancient portals, to find there shelter, food, and protection from her, who, having become Dolores, was still Felice. And so the sun set that evening upon the newly forgiven.

The whole question between Laval and Victoria Universities will soon be submitted to Rome for arbitration. Victoria is willing to become a faculty of Laval, and to take in the latter's professors, but it desires to retain its own charter. It will not consent to amalgamate under any other condition. Laval, it is understood, will act in the most conciliatory spirit with a view to securing a settlement of the vexed question.

ON A CERTAIN AGGRESSIVENESS.

In writing the last of these short articles I may be pardoned for taking advantage of the chance of making a little sermon: it will be my only opportunity for this year, and the chance is tempting. For a text I take Cardinal Gibbons "Christian Heritage," not the book itself, but the spirit of the book. He had taught us what we ought to have taught ourselves—that Christian zeal does not excuse un-Christian bitterness; that the knowledge that we are of the Fold of Christ does not justify us in calling foul names at those who happen to be outside. He has taught us this by example, and we would do well to heed the example.

We Catholics are brought more and more into contact with men of opposite religious opinions or of no religious opinions. Among these is the agnostic, who says he knows nothing, but pretends he knows everything. The Cardinal has shown us how to deal with him, and I hope, cured us of slinging the decrees of the Council of Trent at men who deny the Divinity of Our Lord, and of an unpleasant habit of trying to knock our dissenting brethren on the head with "The End of Controversy."

We start out with a false premise—that all who do not see the truth are blinded by their own fault. The teaching of the Church of Christ does not warrant this. To say a sharp thing about the spiritual ruggedness of another may be easy and seem deserved, but what man of heart and good-breeding would say similar things to a man who was physically ragged?

The cruel but half-concealed theory of modern civilization, that all the poor are undeserving, is just as Catholic and charitable. There are Catholics who take advantage of death in a household to tell what they hold to be hard truths—that is, they collect a quantity of jagged paving-stones and drop them on hearts already bruised. And their manner of doing this, so offensive to charity, decency, and common-sense, irritates the sufferers against the religion they assume to represent. Yet who are more complacent than these militant Christians? They generally delight in casting their paving-stones when their victims are in their power. Has this method ever made a single convert? Do we not all know of people within our own circle whose hearts have been hardened against the beauty of the Church because some of our extra-militant friends have used her symbols as objects of assault?

It is not aggressiveness we need, but charity—the charity which sees clearly the struggles of others and understands them. Has not St. Paul defined it for us? And while some of us exhaust our sarcasm on the man who calls this great Saint merely "Paul," how many of us reverence him as we ought by getting his words by heart?

If our Protestant friends in writing used the word "Roman Catholic" as an adjective to as many unpleasant nouns as some of us now prefix the adjective "Protestant," we would be more bitter than we are in our outcries against their bigotry. The time has gone by when the name priest was synonymous with all horrible cruelties and deceptions. Why is this so in the United States? Is it because more people read Catholic books and understand our doctrines better? Not at all. It is because they have come to know priests personally.

Novels are the expression of our time, just as the drama was the literary expression of the time of Elizabeth, or the satirical essay that of the time of Queen Anne. Take the priest in any late work of American fiction, and you will find out what the average American thinks of him, or more, how he affects the man who judges him without regard to his spiritual character. In "The Midge," by H. C. Bunner, for instance, there is a French priest who seems to have the hearty esteem of the author. In John Habberton's latest story, "All He Knows," there is another priest. There are no gibes at him: he is drawn reverently and even with affection. The reason is easy to find. Contact with priests has taught these writers that they are not ready to howl anathema on every occasion; that, from their pulpits, they do not send all souls to hell who outwardly bear the name of Protestant. And these writers reflect, too, public opinion, which may be directed by gentleness, but which can not be forced.

If there is a man among the roll of our prelates who deserves to be held up to us all for special imitation, it is that Bishop of Boston afterward known as Cardinal Cheverus. He subdued the most un-Christianly bigoted town in this country to a recognition of the real spirit of the Church. It is not recorded that he thundered and stormed, appealed and abjurgated; or that instead of a crook he used a club, and stumped stray sheep that he might drag them into the fold. He was gentle to Protestants, though he never concealed the pain he felt that they should have been led astray by Luther and Calvin and the rest. He recognized that it is very hard for a Protestant to hear hard things said of a belief which his father and mother loved. You sometimes feel that his prejudices ought to be spared in the interests of truth; and that may be true—but prejudices rooted in the heart often seem to be principles. And to root out one of these requires all the skill of a Cardinal Cheverus; and if you and I go at it thoughtlessly with our little hatchets we may make a mistake, dear friends. Let us not forget, in our zealous Christianity, that we are Christians.—*M. F. Ryan, in Ave Marie.*

THE WAR ON WHISKEY.

A natural sequence of the position taken by the late Catholic Congress was the mass meeting held lately in Baltimore under the auspices of Catholics in favour of high license at Harris' Academy of Music. On the stage sat His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Mgr. McColgan, Archbishop Elder, Bishop Virtue, Bishop Keane, the Rev. James Nugent, the Rev. James Cleary, and some hundreds of prominent citizens interested in the movement. Every seat in the great theatre was occupied, and crowds were turned away. Mgr. Harris tendered the use of the Academy free as a favour to his friend, Archbishop Ireland. Cardinal Gibbons presided. As he came forward to speak he received a warm greeting. Cardinal Gibbons said:

"I appear before you to-night not only as a churchman, but also and chiefly as a fellow-citizen anxious for the moral welfare of my native city. Whatever contributes to the moral growth of Baltimore, whatever contributes to the happiness of the people, has my most hearty co-operation, and I firmly believe to-night that the noble cause which will be advocated here, if successful, will contribute, under God's blessing, to the moral welfare of our beloved city; to the welfare of our people, to the domestic happiness and tranquility of the poorer classes and of the laborer. The blow that we strike to-night is a blow struck for the cause of the laboring man, and it must and shall be successful."

The Cardinal was followed by the Rev. Father Nugent of Liverpool, the famous temperance apostle.

"No honest man," he said, "can justify the existence of a liquor saloon. As commonly conducted it is an institution that cannot be defended. They are the resort of the vile, the degraded, the obscene. There crime is concocted and the ballot-box corrupted."

The speaker gave statistics showing that \$900,000,000 was annually expended in the United States for liquor, and said it was usually by the class who can least afford it. He was continually applauded, and ended by asking all present to band together and rescue the people from the control of the liquor saloons.

Rev. James Cleary, President of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America was next introduced. He said: "The position of the Catholic Church on Temperance and other social questions has been clearly stated in the Catholic Lay Congress held in Baltimore. The corrupting influence of the saloons in politics, the crime and pauperism resulting from excessive drinking require legislative restriction, which we can aid in procuring by joining our influence with that of the other enemies of intemperance. The Catholic Church is absolutely and irrevocably opposed to drunkenness and to drunkard making. In vain we profess to work for souls if we do not labor to drive out an evil which is daily begetting sins by the ten thousand and peopling hell. In vain we boast of civilization and liberty, if we do not labor to exterminate intemperance. Education, the elevation of the masses, liberty—all that the age admires—is set at naught by this

dreadful evil. The individual conscience is the first arm in opposing it. But the individual conscience has to be strengthened and supplemented by law. The claim of saloon-keepers to freedom in their traffic is the claim to spread disease, sin, pauperism. Friends of temperance, whatever be their several theories, must be practical and aim at what is, under the circumstances, the best that can be had. Your movement for high taxation of the traffic, with judicious supplementary clauses as to the character of vendors of liquor, and forfeiture in case of violation of laws, deserves the support of all. This will reduce immensely the evils and its best results will be where they are most needed—among the poor and the laboring classes. A rich man can afford better than the laborer to spend money and loose reason at the shrine of intemperance. Sunday closing should be enforced, no matter what it cost. The Sunday saloon is a blot on any city. Baltimore is watched. It has been the scene of great events. Honour yourselves. Work, vote for good laws; favour the party that favours good temperance laws and that knows how to enforce them."

Cardinal Gibbons next introduced Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, saying he was one of the most zealous advocates of temperance the country has ever produced.

Archbishop Ireland said: This is for me a moment of exultation and triumph, and it is a moment of triumph for the noble cause of temperance, for which I have earnestly laboured for so many years of my life, and which, so long as I shall live, shall have the aid of my arm and my voice. When the news of this great meeting shall have spread throughout America a new courage will be given the noble workers in the cause of temperance, and the cause itself will receive new strength. The influence of the saloon in politics is everywhere seen, much as it is deplored. The Catholics of America stand united to oppose intemperance and to obtain laws for the restriction of the evil. They are delighted to join hands with all citizens of our common country, no matter what their creed may be, in the fight against this terrible evil, this blighting shadow, and I ask you, in the name of our common Christian faith, how can we rest until we have done something against this hideous scourge which is desecrating our fair land? Here is an evil which is the cause of untold sin, destructive of home, happiness and innocence for time and eternity. Who among you I ask, will stand before his God and say he has done his duty to his Maker and his fellow man unless he has done all in his power to disenthroned this cause of misery and crime? I appeal to you in the name of America—God knows you love your country—a land you would shed your heart's blood for, to show your manhood and overthrow this demon, the American saloon. It is necessary for me to say to such an audience as this that there is an evil in the land which is radically destructive to the principles you would defend with your lives? How, then, can you look up to the dear old stars and stripes floating above you, and say you are patriots, until you can say you have done all that lies within your power to blot out intemperance, the cause of more poverty and crime than all other causes combined?

At the doors of the American saloon lies the well-founded and often-proved charge that it is responsible for seventy-five per cent, of all the poverty, degradation and crime in America. All this can be traced directly to it, as proved by statistics, which show, however, only the outside. These statistics do not tell us of the tens of thousands of ruined homes, of the cities, of the ill treated wives, the wan faces, of starving children, all caused by the curse of intemperance. The day will come—God grant it be not far distant—when the American people, in the name of God and country, will rise up as one man and say before Heaven that this crime must be swept away, or at least reduced to its lowest possible level. The saloons are not only multiplying, but the methods of attracting men to them are becoming more varied. They have men, too, to protect their interests, and these are to be found in Council, State Legislature, and in Congress. It is to be said with shame that the saloon rules the politics of such a nation as this. The candidate rembles before its awful power. He must go out and drink with the boys, and pay liberally for his drinks, too. How will the liquor men vote is a momentous question with our political parties, and there is a poor chance for any candidate if the liquor men are not friendly to him. I have stood before the legislators of my State, and have

bogged and pleaded for some restrictive measure to be placed upon this accursed traffic. These men have trembled like aspen leaves, and when I have inquired into the cause of their reticence to act for the right, it has always been that they were afraid of what their constituents would say. These constituents were the brewers and liquor sellers. Why are the saloons in nearly every large American city open on Sunday in defiance of law? It is because their owners have terrified the very men who have sworn to enforce the law, and they dare not do their duty. Why is it that you cannot get a political party to incorporate a temperance plank in their platform? It is because the liquor men stand as censors of that party, and with a warning shake of the finger tell them that if they dare to do it they will transfer their votes to another party. They care not what its name may be so long as it will uphold the flag of the liquor interest. What is to be done to remedy this deplorable state of affairs. Each one of you has his own theories, but whenever some practical solution of the question is offered, let us take it up even if it does not come up to our expectations. The people of beautiful old Baltimore want a restrictive measure of some sort, one generally designated as a high-license law, because of its increased tax upon the saloon. One modelled after the Brooks' law would be satisfactory in many particulars. You have about 3,000 saloons in Baltimore, and if you can reduce that number to a few hundred, it would certainly be a step in the right direction to do it. Anyone nowadays can start a saloon who can get credit for a keg of beer and the cups to drink it from. A high license will stop this sort of thing and reduce the number of your saloons wonderfully. Fix your license tax high. Incorporate a clause forfeiting the license for violation of any provisions of the law. Then each saloon-keeper who pays \$1,000 for his license would have vested interests, and he would be careful to protect them. If saloons opened without license he would be first to inform the authorities. His own interests would make him their policeman. In every place where restrictive high license had been tried, it has been a success. It is not the millennium, to be sure, but the people will hardly find fault with a law which does away with two-thirds of an evil. If the liquor men make a noise then, and do not behave themselves, do as we try out West—raise the law \$500 more. In St. Paul we have reduced the number of saloons from 1,000 to 300, and they are all in the business part of the city, where the police have constant surveillance over them. People of the city of Baltimore, I beg you to rise in your might and throw off the power of the great American saloon. You are the cynosure of all eyes. Yours is the historic city of the Union, and I beg that you give to the temperance cause over the whole land the pledge that you will do all you can to overthrow the saloon, to reduce drunkenness, pauperism and crime. If the saloon-keepers threaten, do you threaten also. Tell your candidates that you have a vote as well as the most powerful of the saloonists, and if he don't vote for a restrictive law you won't vote for him. Do not be too particular about the ticket. The man who will vote the way you want him to is our man. We want the heroism of the American heart to stand by us. The saloon-keepers think they own us. They are the real monarchs of the land, and the American eagle can scream in the air as much as it chooses, they knowing they are the country's real rulers. In the law you will enact let there be a clause closing the saloons on Sunday—aye, closing them hermetically. The Sunday is the one totem of our civilisation, and woe be unto the land where the Sunday shall be forgotten. A Republic cannot stand unless it says its laws are sacred and must be obeyed by all, yet the saloon-keeper opens his doors on the Sabbath, bids defiance to our laws, and tells the youth the laws are of no avail. Go into the movement with all your heart; go into it earnestly, with the fear of God in your hearts and your rights as American citizens in your minds, and you will overthrow this accursed power of the saloon, and God grant you may.

A series of resolutions were then read and adopted as follows:

"The Catholic clergy and laity of the city of Baltimore in mass meeting assembled, under the presidency of their diocesan head, keenly alive to the gigantic evils of intemperance in the use of intoxicating drinks, evils which menace

the dearest interests of religion and thus imperil the well-being and stability of the State and of society at large; justly alarmed, moreover, at the fearful havoc wrought in so many of their co-religionists by this deadly vice which thwarts the best efforts of the Church in their behalf and renders fruitless her noblest influences, and casting about for a means which will, if not at once and entirely cure, at least greatly diminish the evil, and thus pave the way to a complete moral restoration, believe that they see this remedy in what is known as the high license movement. If they have up to the present time been backward in uniting in the well-meant efforts of so many of the most distinguished and upright of their fellow-citizens, in this holy cause, it has arisen certainly neither from ignorance of the magnitude of the danger nor from a heartfelt interest in the work of averting it, but solely from the fear of compromising the sacred interests of truth by accepting certain positions which were sometimes to be found to be concomitant of such movements. The high license movement affords them the opportunity so long desired, and they therefore hasten to arrange themselves alongside of their friends and neighbours in this sacred battle of humanity. Wherefore it is resolved as the sense of this meeting:

"1. That high license is at present the only feasible and the only hopeful means of stemming the deluge of vices and crimes of which drunkenness is the frightful source.

"2. That to make the remedy really effective the license should be put so high as to make it practically prohibitory as regards the multitude of low saloons, which are demoralizing and brutalizing the poor, who, more than any other class, need the help and comforts of religion to make their hard lot endurable.

"3. That not merely a high license will secure all the good aimed at by the movement, but that certain restrictions should be enacted as to the time and place of sale and the character of those who may be permitted to carry on the traffic. Thus the number of saloons in any one radius should be limited by statute; they should not be suffered too near to churches or schools; the excellent Sunday law of our city upon this point should be rigidly enforced, and failure upon the part of the authorities to carry out the law should be summarily punished; the license to sell at all should be issued to none but persons of tried character, who can be depended upon to use their privilege in the interest of sobriety and public order, and finally the violation of the law on any of these points should work either temporary or perpetual forfeiture of the license, according to the number of such violations.

"4. That this assembly pledge themselves to do all in their power to secure this most desirable end, and to work for it with tongue and pen until their efforts are crowned with success."

CATHOLICS ON THE STAGE.

Some of the most prominent actors and actresses before the footlights at the present time, are Catholics, faithful to their religious duties. Quite a number of others ought to be Catholics, but have fallen away from the faith of their fathers through neglect of its practice. And many persons, in the histrionic profession, who were brought up as non-Catholics, have a strong leaning to the Church.

Among the well-known persons connected with the stage who are Catholics are Salvini, Mary Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Wilham J. Florence, Frederick Paulding, Modjeska, and Augustin Daly, and these are only a tithe of the names that might be mentioned.

Recently a number of actors were asked their religious belief and among the answers given were these:

FROM ITALY'S GREAT TRAGEDIAN.

My experience of forty five years on the stage convinces me that the stage is not calculated to make a man or woman forget his religious obligations. It is absurd to suppose that actors are not religious, because from my long observation I have found that they are apt to be very religious. By the word religious I mean people who are really gentlemen or ladies by action and honest by heart, without which I do not

attach importance to a person's Christianity. At the same time I have found that actors, as a rule, are very religious. While I am a member of the Catholic Church I respect all people, regardless of their religious denomination, whether they are attached to the Greek, Jewish, or Christian Church. Regarding the wide-spread belief that actors, as a rule, are without religious convictions, I think that public prejudice in this direction, arises from the fact that some actors do not please the public, and that some of the characters which they portray are likely to create a wrong impression. On the stage the actions of all actors are, of course, given publicly, while off the stage, the actor's wrongdoings are given a greater degree of publicity than those of other people in private life, and this is the case with all public personages. I can only add that in my opinion the artist that expresses and feels human passions cannot but be convinced that there is a supreme Being that shapes and guides his religious sentiments.

TOMMASO SALVINI.

When approached on the subject of her religious views, Mrs. Langtry dictated the following for publication:

"I accept in full the Christian faith as explained in the Apostle's Creed. I cannot imagine anything more dreadful than to be in a state of doubt and unbelief. To feel when some great joy or happiness comes, that there is nothing more powerful or greater than a human being to turn to give thanks or to ask help. For my own part my belief in prayer is thoroughly a part of my life. When I am in doubt of the success of my daily work I do not hesitate to go down on my knees in my dressing room and ask the help of God in that which I have undertaken. What church? Of course I was born in the church of England—my father, grandfather, and great-grandfather all having been deans of Jersey. But I must confess to a decided leaning toward the Catholic Church. It has always seemed to me to so thoroughly understand poor humanity—to so perfectly grasp the truth that special temptations surround each individual, and where there is no special grace in one withstanding them, there is great victory for another in conquering. Then, too, I have always felt a great tenderness toward a belief that made the Mother of God the chief among women, and I cannot but accept as a truth that she watches and prays for all living women. I like to give the best of the beautiful things in this world to the service of God—I want the flowers to send forth their perfume in His honor, the sweetest music to sing His praises, and the loveliest colors in pictures and in fine cloths to decorate His house. Religious authors? I only care for one, and that is dear old Thomas a Kempis. You know now what I believe, and I say, 'God help the woman who has no faith!'"

Why is it that such a great portion of the public seems to take it for granted that all actors are irreligious, if not altogether atheists? Some ministers of the gospel, who teach Christian charity, look upon us as forever lost to salvation, because we are unbelievers. If those who deride us would only take the trouble to investigate with one-half the energy that they display in condemning actors and the stage, they would find such an opinion without foundation.

In my association with fellow actors, I have yet to meet one who over has anything but the greatest respect and belief in the Almighty Being. We are not church-goers, it is true, but that is not because we are unbelievers, but because Sunday is our only day of rest; and it is most welcome. Sunday is the minister's day of business; therefore he is punctual in his devotions. But if he had to act every night in the week, and twice on Saturday, retire on Sunday night physically exhausted, he would, perhaps, also, when he heard the early church bells on Sunday morning, think twice before he would leave the tempting bed of rest.

When an actor does visit a place of worship he is most reverential and deeply impressed with what he sees and hears. If anyone doubts this, let him visit the "Little Church Around the Corner," in New York, some day, when there is a special gathering of dramatic people. I have done so, and was forcibly struck with the unusually happy band of light-hearted Bohemians. Not being church-goers, they are all the more impressed, and I firmly believe, while in the house of worship, think only of the gospel and its teachings, while

regular church-goers, being accustomed to their surroundings, are apt to let their minds wander to more worldly affairs.

Perhaps periodical devotions that are deeply felt will weigh as heavily on high as indifferent regularity.

True religion teaches many noble things, but "the greatest of these is charity." Where in the world, and in what profession, can one find more of the "milk of human kindness," than in this self-same band of Bohemians? They are ever ready to stretch forth a helping hand to those in need, regardless of creed, nationality, or profession.

I do not think there is a prominent actor or actress before the public to-day who is an unbeliever. There may be agnostics among us, but I have never met an atheist.

Personally, I cannot say I am a church-goer. I attend service as often as I can; when I do there is no one present who communes more fervently with God, or with greater belief, than I. Three of my childhood's years were passed in a convent and at the age of thirteen I had serious intentions of becoming a religious; and though I did not follow out my intentions I have not lost one jot of my reverence for, or my faith in God.

HELEN DAUVRAY WARD.

Shakespeare, to all intents and purposes, was a Catholic, and apparently a much better Catholic than many of those whose religious belief is more certainly known. His works are remarkably free from the spirit of the so-called Reformers, in fact, I think there is no evidence which shows that he at all appreciated them any more than Queen Elizabeth. The modern drama is a development of the old miracle plays, which owed their existence to the monks. Remembering this fact, placing Shakespeare at one end of the dramatic line and Mary Anderson and Augustin Daly at the other, we have reasons sufficient, I think, why Catholics should have something to say about the stage and very much to do with it. In addition to these facts it may be added that many of the most brilliant lights of the dramatic art in the past have been Catholics, that many now eminent in the same art are of the Catholic faith, and that they profess it without boasting, and practice it with ardor.

WILLIAM J. FLORENCE.

PURE POLITICS.

In Cardinal Gibbons' new book, "Our Christian Heritage," occur these striking sentences:

The ballot is the expression of the will of a free people, and its freedom should be guarded with the utmost jealousy. To violate that purity is to wound the State in its tenderest point.

The repeated cry of "election frauds" is one full of warning. In many instances, undoubtedly, it is the empty charge of defeated partisans against the victors: yet enough remain of a substantial character to be ominous. In every possible way—by tickets insiduously printed, by "stuffing" the box, by "tissue ballots," by "colonizing," "repeating," and "personation"—frauds are attempted, and too often successfully, upon the ballot. It is the gravest menace to free institutions.

Defective registration laws and negligence to secure the ballot-box by careful legal enactments, in part account for such a state of affairs; but the prime cause is that the better class of citizens so often stand aloof from practical politics and the conduct of campaigns. It is one result of universal suffrage that elections very frequently turn upon the votes of that large class made up of the rough and baser sort. To influence and organize this vote is the "dirty work" of politics. Gentlemen naturally shrink from it. Hence it has gotten, for the most part, with general political machinery, into disreputable hands; and from these hands issue the election frauds which thicken in the great cities, and gravely endanger our institutions. The ballot is the ready and potent instrument that registers the will of a free people for their own government, and the violation of its purity leads directly to the point where there is either loss of liberty or revolution to restore. We all remember what happened in 1876, when alleged tampering with election returns affected the Presidential succession, and a great cloud arose, and for weeks

hung, dark and threatening over the land. It was a tremendous crisis, and perhaps only the memories of the recent war averted disastrous strife.

The privilege of voting is not an inherent or inalienable right, but a solemn and a sacred trust to be used in strict accordance with the intentions of the authority from which it emanates. When a citizen exercises his righteous judgment in casting his vote for the most acceptable candidate, or for a measure that will best subserve the interests of the community, he is making a legitimate use of the prerogatives confided to him.

But when he sells and barter his vote and disposes of it to the highest bidder like a merchantable commodity, he is clearly violating his trust, and degrading his citizenship. The enormity of this offence may be readily perceived by pushing it to its logical consequences. If one man sell his vote, so may the multitude. Once the purchase of votes is tolerated, or condoned or connived at, the obvious result is that the right of suffrage will become a mere *façade*, money and not merit will be the test of success, and the elections will be determined not by the personal fitness and integrity of the candidate, but by the length of his purse.

We hail it with satisfaction that a more healthy public opinion on this subject seems developing, that reputable citizens appear more disposed to bear an active part in practical politics, and that "reform," "a free ballot," "a fair count," are becoming, under the pressure, more and more party watchwords. It is a purifying tendency in a vital direction.

Current Catholic Thought.

A NICE QUESTION.

"Several boys," says the despatch from Chicago, "ranging from twelve to fourteen years of age, stole (so it is stated, 'bought' might be nearer the truth) sundry bottles of whiskey from a saloon on Wabash Ave. They drank freely, and one of them, John Mahoney, died from the effects a few hours later. Several others are in a critical condition, and may die. The police think the liquor was drugged."

The police are wise—of course the liquor was drugged—it had alcohol in it. Liquor of that kind may be all right in moderate doses (drugs of all kinds should be taken in moderate doses) for adults. But for boys of twelve years of age it is apt to be deleterious. It is better for them to leave it alone. There is an impression that their parents should tell them so. Some go so far as to say that their teachers should tell them so, and it is even said that their moral instructors should tell them so. Then, in cases of this kind, there would be no responsibility in the way of negligence attaching to any one concerned.

On the other hand it may be safely argued that the personal liberty of children is involved. The fruits of the earth are for man's use and benefit. *Per se* there was nothing wrong, probably, in the act of drinking considered as a process of deglutition. The alcohol can not be regarded as censurable *in se*. Resolving the occurrence into all its component parts, and balancing the morality of each part, it may be a very difficult problem, requiring some extended deliberation to formulate with a nicety a precise statement of the evil attaching to the case. But the liquor seems to have done its work all the same.

It is doubtless a dialectical difficulty of this kind that accounts for the circumstance that children are not generally debarred by promise and injunction, from the habit of alcoholism.—*Milwaukee Citizen*.

Amongst the recipients of the Prix Montyon this year is the Abbe Brassier, a cure of a country parish in the Diocese of Rennes. The "Prize of virtue" has been conferred upon him by the French Academy for his successful foundation of an orphanage in his parish. The Abbe has already received the Cross of the Legion of Honour for his devoted bravery in the great *sortie* from Paris, known as the battle of Champigny.

Father Pycke, of St. John's, Islington, has been decorated with the Cross of the Order of Leopold, bestowed upon him by the King of the Belgians.

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. Doelling, Bishop of Hamilton.
The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto.
The late Archbishop Lynch.
The late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carbery of H. Alton.
The Rev. Father Dowd 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, JAN. 4, 1890.

The Catholic Review Publishing Company.

With this, the first issue of the New Year, THE REVIEW passes into the hands of The Catholic Review Publishing Company, and enters upon a new stage of its existence. For the information of THE REVIEW's friends we reprint the following notice from a late issue of the *Ontario Gazette*:—

NOTICE OF INTENTION TO APPLY FOR LETTERS PATENT.

Public notice is hereby given, that within one month after the last publication hereof in the *Ontario Gazette*, the persons hereafter mentioned will apply to His Honour the Lieutenant Governor of Ontario in Council for the grant of a Charter of Incorporation by Letters Patent, under the provisions of "The Ontario Joint Stock Companies' Letters Patent Act," Chapter 157 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1887.

1. That the name of the Company is to be "The Catholic Review Publishing Company, of Toronto."

2. That the object for which incorporation is sought is for the purpose of carrying on a general printing and publishing business.

3. That the Operations of said Company are to be carried on in the City of Toronto, which is also to be its chief place of business.

That the names in full and the address and calling of each of the applicants are as follows. The Honourable Edward Murphy, Senator of the Dominion of Canada, and John Joseph Curran, Q.C., M.P., both of the City and District of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec; the Honourable John Costigan, one of Her Majesty's Privy Counsellors, for the Dominion of Canada, Matthew F. Walsh, Secretary, and F. B. Hayes, Esquire, of the City of Ottawa, in the Province of Ontario, and Angus Claude Macdonell, Barrister at Law, Frederick William Gerald Fitzgerald, Editor, and Philip DeGruchy, all of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, and Province of Ontario.

MURRAY & MACDONELL,

Solicitors for the Company

This step, which, however, involves no change in the policy or conduct of the paper, has been rendered necessary by THE REVIEW's growing importance, and marks a considerable step forward. The proprietors of the new Company are resident

principally in three cities, Toronto, Ottawa, and Montreal. If we mention a few of their names it is in order that our readers may know who the men are who are interested in the prosperity, the progress, and the permanence of this journal. The following is a partial list only:

Montreal.

THE HON. EDWARD MURPHY.

THE (LATE) HON. THOMAS RYAN

W. H. HINGSTON, ESQ., M. D.

J. J. CURRAN, Q. C., M. P.

C. J. DOHERTY, Q. C.

F. B. MCNAMEE, ESQ.

Ottawa.

HON. JOHN COSTIGAN.

F. B. HAYES, ESQ.

M. F. WALSH, ESQ.

GEO. P. BROPHY, ESQ.

J. J. MOORE, ESQ., (CLERK OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL)

J. A. MAC CABE, LL. D.

T. J. RICHARDSON, ESQ.

Dundas.

A. R. WARDELL, ESQ.

Toronto.

RT. REV. BISHOP O'MAHONY,

JOSEPH A. ROE, ESQ.,

AND THE ORIGINAL PROPRIETORS.

It will be seen, therefore, that the position to which THE REVIEW has attained is something more than a local one merely, and that its connections entitle it to be considered a journal representative, in the best sense, of Canadian Catholic opinion. The commendations of the various Bishops, together with the names of its proprietors, are a substantial evidence of the hold it has secured on the highest ecclesiastical authority and the best Catholic thought of the country. Understanding the proper limits of its activities, THE REVIEW has never presumed to speak for the Church. What it has professed to do, what it claims to do, and what it will now be conceded to have the right to do, is to speak for enlightened Catholic lay opinion in Canada. None the less it gives us some pleasure to know that while THE REVIEW has been honoured with the almost unqualified commendation of several Canadian Bishops and Archbishops, in no single instance has anything appeared in its columns which could be made to react against Catholic interests, or to compromise them or their episcopal dignity. And yet THE REVIEW on occasions, has been able, withal, to speak its mind pretty plainly.

THE REVIEW enters upon the New Year with increased strength and renewed zeal. No declaration of principles from it is needed. Its principles are well known, and are summed up in the word CATHOLIC. In the future, as in the past, it will be subject to no influence, political or of any kind, and its efforts will be directed solely towards rendering itself an efficient auxiliary to the Church in Canada. The literary quality of its contents will be carefully looked after in every department, and in a literary sense THE REVIEW will maintain its already high reputation. It remains for us only to extend the sphere of its influence and its usefulness, and to this great and good end we earnestly invite the co-operation of all who have at heart the diffusion of Catholic literature and the propagation of sound Catholic thought in this country.

Church Music.

A short time ago we received the following interesting communication from a distinguished clergyman—a dignitary of the church—in this Province. We withhold the name of the writer for the reason that his letter may not have been intended for publication, but penned to us perhaps in the cover of kindly confidence. But however that may be, it can only do good to make public the sentiments contained in his letter :

THE REVIEW is steadily improving. I like its spirit and tone. It has the ring of honesty, of genuine Catholicity, and manly independence. There is work before it on those lines. There are no more dangerous enemies than the false brethren, and to my knowledge none have done more serious injury to our people than they have.

You take the right position in the matter of Church music—in fact the only position tenable for obedient Catholics, for the Propaganda spoke several years ago with no uncertain meaning upon that very point. I have many times compared the newspaper accounts of theatrical displays and church solemnities, and the only noticeable difference was that the talent lauded to the skies in the latter would only have been considered fifth rate in the former, if, indeed, it had been tolerated at all. The result follows that our people lose the spirit of genuine faith; the Real Presence, the Most Holy Sacrifice of the Mass become more or less mythical in the minds of great numbers; the spirit of worldly display and unholy pride drives away the spirit of humble prayer, and as a necessary consequence faith itself soon weakens and sickens unto death.

The Catholic Church and her clergy have toiled and laboured from the very beginning in this country to secure the boon of a Catholic education for our Catholic youth. Well, our convent graduates are very refined young ladies, brilliant in society, fully initiated in all the harmonies of the languorous waltz and lascivious polka. How many of them are able to contribute to the beauty of our divine offices, and to play decently or sing properly even a plain mottet for the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament? Verily our Blessed Lord is becoming again a stranger among His own. He comes among His own, and His own know Him not.

With best wishes, believe me,

Our correspondent's kind words concerning THE REVIEW come very gratefully and acceptably to its conductors. THE REVIEW is strengthened and encouraged in its work by many such assurances, coming, too, from the most distinguished quarters in the Canadian Church.

The question of Church Music to which our correspondent refers, and about which we have had a word to say now and then, continues to attract much attention. It is worthy of note, too, that the movement for reform finds its chief promoters in the clergy, nor is it confined to our side of the Atlantic. What the Paulist Fathers are doing in New York, the most Rev. Dr. Walsh is doing in Dublin. About a year ago the Archbishop of Dublin determined that so far as the churches of his diocese were concerned, there should be music either in accordance with ecclesiastical legislation, or none at all. We are inclined to think that the reasons which led Dr. Walsh to this decision exist, in no less degree, in many of the churches of more than one diocese in this Dominion, and that a similar determination in respect to the character of the church music which should obtain, would meet in such quarters with no little acceptance.

The work of effecting a general reform in church music is, of course, attended with difficulties. If we are not mistaken, there is, if not a written, at all events an unwritten rule, recommending or recognizing the Gregorian music as that most proper to the services of the Church. This rule is complied with in some of the cathedrals and larger American

churches, but unquestionably there are many difficulties in the way of its general adoption, perhaps the most serious of all, the difficulty certain to be experienced in many parishes, of obtaining competent leaders through whom to secure trained choirs. But however that may be, we think the Archbishop of Dublin has done well in declaring that he would rather have no music at all than that which is un-ecclesiastical or informal. It is no more strange as we on a previous occasion said, that the church should have its special music for sacred ceremonies than that the priest should have his special vestments. It is fully as incongruous to offer the Holy Sacrifice amidst the blare and fanfare of a florid and operatic musical carnival, as it would be to dress up the officiating minister of God in the cocked hat, plume, and epaulettes of a Field Marshal. Both may be very striking, very attractive to those who do not want to pray, but it would be absurd to argue that either is devotional.

Professor Herman Allen, in the paper on "Church Music" read by him before the late Congress at Baltimore, contrasted two kinds of choirs, as follows :

"If composers will write music to be sung to princes and congregations, need we be surprised that choirs sing rather to the congregation than to the praise and glory of God? For everything about the music is calculated to remind them of an audience rather than of a religious service. And what is the effect of such music on the morals and behaviour of the choir? Let us look at two pictures, both of which we can see every Sunday.

Scene of the first picture: The 'organ loft' of a fashionable church; time, a few minutes before High Mass. The soprano bustles in fashionably dressed. After wishing the organist 'Good morning,' she says: 'Have you selected an Offertory piece?' 'Well, yes,' replies he, rather apologetically; 'I had thought of the air from Rinaldo for alto solo.' 'What! that—that dear old acquaintance; well, its all Miss A. can sing, its true. But, Mr. B., I think you'll have to change your programme to-day. You see, I have invited some friends to hear me to-day, and I've brought my 'Aria' from Der Freischutz to sing. True, it is sung very often, but you know it never grows old, and you'll see what a sensation it will make when I sing it. By the way, what Mass do we sing this morning? Weber's? H'm. Lovely; but it won't do. You know the 'Agnus' is an alto solo, and comes before the soprano solo, too. No, no, my dear Mr. B., we can't have that. Let us take some other one. I have it: La Hache's is the thing. That has no alto part at all.' Just then the alto enters with her Offertory, and we prudently withdraw, just as Miss A. says with a deep sigh: 'Oh, why will no one write a Mass with no soprano part to it!'

But now let us gaze on this other picture. A long procession of surpliced boys and men slowly approach the sanctuary from a side door, preceded by the processional cross and two lighted candles. Quietly and reverently they take their places in the sacred enclosure, and the solemn Mass begins. We scarcely notice the music, for we are wrapt at once in the Holy Sacrifice, truly a 'Solemn High,' of which the music is an essential part, and yet does not distract, but rather guides us. But when the priest entones the '*Dominus Vobiscum*,' we all exclaim, our hearts full of devotion and adoration. '*Et cum spiritu tuo*,' and at the Preface we all cry out, '*Sursum corda*, we have lifted up our hearts, for it is meet and just.' Which of these two pictures most resembles that vision of Jesus and His disciples, who 'sung a hymn!—a hymn of adoration and praise!'

ARCHBISHOP CLEARY AND MR. MEREDITH.

The sharp correspondence recently published between the Archbishop of Kingston and Mr. W. R. Meredith has arisen through Mr. Meredith's publicly attributing to the Archbishop responsibility for some not over prudent statements which sometime ago appeared in the editorial columns of a Catholic newspaper published in Kingston. One of these statements read as follows:

"Holding, as we do, the balance of power between the two factions, we are, if only true to ourselves and to the crisis about to come upon us, independent of either, and can dictate the terms upon which one or other shall receive our support."

Taking these words as indicating the views of Archbishop Cleary, Mr. Meredith proceeded to roundly denounce them as revealing "a great danger to the State," "one of the dangers of modern civilization," "one of the greatest evils to be contended with in Parliamentary government," and so forth, and as showing how daringly and arrogantly an Archbishop can invade the limits of the civil sphere. Mr. Meredith, in other words, made a fine *ad captandum* appeal to the fanatics. Mgr. Cleary, however, has written Mr. Meredith in regard to the accusation made by that gentleman against him, to say that the newspaper referred to "has no more warrant than any other paper" to express his sentiments. "It was established independently of me," His Grace writes, "and is conducted without control on my part, as its editorial pages rather frequently proclaim. I have no pecuniary interest in it, I don't know who its editor is, I have not seen a half-dozen copies of it within the last six months. I know nothing of the editorial article stigmatized by you except that a telegram received from Kingston yesterday in reply to my query as to its date, informed me that it appeared on the 14th of last September. Whence you may judge of the forensic value of your proof of my responsibility drawn from the fact that the extracted sentence 'has been permitted to remain before the public without at least some effort on the Archbishop's part to modify if not withdraw it.' Permit me to supply you with a rule for general guidance in matters of this kind. Whenever you see a letter from the Archbishop or Bishop at the head of a newspaper, especially if the diocesan seal be affixed, approving or recommending it to his flock as the organ of Catholicism in his diocese, or as a reliable exponent of Catholic thought and defender of Catholic rights, then, and then only, are you justified in holding him responsible for its teachings. On the other hand, were I or any other prelate to exercise a rigid censorship over the press, such as you demand, on political topics or on any other than those directly bearing on faith and morals, although you would, as your letter intimates, applaud our action, many amongst your modern associates would, I am convinced, ring out their loudest denunciations against the Catholic Church, and proceed to vilify her from day to day and from week to week as the very type of despotism, the enemy of 'free thought' and 'modern civilization,' the citadel of 'obscurantism,' and all else that would tend to depreciate her before men."

One of the morals of the controversy between Archbishop Cleary and Mr. Meredith is that a Catholic newspaper cannot be too guarded in its pronouncements in regard to such subjects even as come quite within the scope of legitimate journalism. Just as the responsibilities are unique, so are the relations between the episcopacy and the press peculiarly delicate. They are so from the necessities of the case. We

have a striking illustration of this in an incident in the experience of Dr. Brownson, the profoundest scholar and writer, it is not too much to say, whom the American Church has produced. During the days of the publication of *Brownson's Quarterly Review*, the Bishop of Pittsburg, who had always been one of his best friends, requested Dr. Brownson to withdraw his name from the cover of the *Review*, not because he disapproved of it, nor because he wished the *Review* to be discontinued, but because the secular press persisted in holding the bishops who had given their names, by way of recognition, responsible for all the opinions he advanced. This placed them at times in a false position. Unwilling to be the occasion of any injustice to them, Brownson, at his own accord, at once removed their names from the *Review* so that nothing he might write should compromise them, and so that while he took the liberty of writing what he thought proper, he alone should be held responsible. In a word, he recognized that his freedom and responsibility as a journalist should go together.

The law that governs Catholic journals is the same law that governs Catholics in all lawful secular pursuits. They are responsible for the use they make of their freedom, and whether they properly use, or abuse it, is for authority to determine. Within their legitimate sphere they are free, and authority cannot censure them unless they step beyond that sphere and offend against faith, morals, or discipline. It is precisely here that the difficulty consists, for a journal may err very seriously in a matter of opinion, where it would not err in a matter of faith.

A second lesson to be learned from the controversy between Mr. Meredith and the Archbishop of Kingston is the serious mischief that can be worked Catholic interests by irresponsibly conducted Catholic journals. By reason of one certainly very unwise and ill-timed article, as we think, appearing in the Kingston paper, the leader of a political party in this Province has been able to appeal to Protestant feeling against the Catholics, and to show a seemingly good reason why the Protestant majority should unite against the Catholic minority as against "a common enemy."

Incidentally we cannot forbear contrasting with the utterances of the Kingston paper and the mischief they have since created, THE REVIEW's position in the matter. This journal, when certain of our contemporaries were advocating the formation of a Catholic party in politics, took the ground that it were unwise to introduce religion into the arena of politics, and that to segregate ourselves civilly, as a solid mass, would be to concede all that our enemies take pleasure in urging against us. The article was one which attracted wide attention, and was quoted approvingly by some of the leading journals of the country, the *Montreal Gazette* among others. It met with objection at the hands of but one or two obscure publications, which had personal interests to advance by the organizing of a sectional vote. So general was the approval of the REVIEW's pronouncements that even the *Orange Sentinel* was silenced. "The views expressed," said that journal in comment, "are liberal and if the advice were acted on one of the most perplexing problems in Canadian politics would be solved at once." So much for our own preaching; the fruit of the other is even now too apparent.

As an instance of how Mr. Meredith's recent utterances are translated by his supporters in the press, the following extract is taken from the *Journal*, of Ottawa, a rabid anti-Catholic organ:

The Separate Schools are the nurseries of the Church, and if those who are trained in them have their intelligence sufficiently developed to understand the Syllabus they are better Catholics than British subjects. Mr. Meredith's objection to the Separate Schools is one which cannot be met or removed by abuse, such as the Archbishop loves to indulge in. It is one which must often occur in the minds of patriotic Catholics. The existence of the Separate Schools is a menace to the peace and to the future of the country. We find ourselves in the position, as a result of the dual system of education, of a house divided against itself. The Separate School system must go if the Confederation is to continue.

This is how Mr. Meredith's own organs understand him.

General Catholic News

Every morning there are 40 Masses said in the chapel of the Catholic University, Washington.

Abbe Blais, of Quebec, has been appointed vicar-general of Rimouski, to succeed the late Mgr. Langevin.

The St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society of Montreal, acknowledged the eight years' faithful service of their secretary Mr. J. J. Costigan, by presenting him on Christmas Eve with a richly chased set of silverware. A. Salver bore the following inscription: "Presented by the St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society to J. J. Costigan, Esq., in acknowledgement of his valuable services to the society as secretary during the last eight years; and for his untiring zeal in the cause of temperance. Montreal, Xmas, 1889." The address was read and the presentation made by the Hon. Edward Murphy, the president of the society.

His Grace Archbishop Walsh received 150 visitors during Wednesday afternoon at St. Michael's Palace on Church street. The archbishop was assisted by his Lordship Bishop O'Mahony and Vicars-General Rooney and Laurent.

Among the visitors were:

Mr. Justice Falconbridge,
Wm. Mulock, M. P.,
Hon. Frank Smith,
W. T. R. Preston,
Hon. G. W. Ross,
Col. Dawson,
Rev. Jefferson Davis,
Rev. Father Buckley,
Rev. Father Cruise,
P. Hughes,
Commander Law, R. N.,
Ald. Thos. Hanley, of Belleville,
G. Mercer Adam,
Chas. Burns,
A. R. Boswell,
G. W. Kiely,
Dr. Cassidy,
Frank A. Anglin,
A. M. Cosby,
D. Millar,
C. E. Gormaly,
W. Gormaly,
G. A. Fero,
J. A. Murray,
A. C. Macdonell,
John Laidlaw, sr.,
Charles Pope, American consul,
Ph. De Gruchy,

Harley Smith,
Mr. Justice MacMahon,
David Croighton, M. P. P.
W. J. Macdonell,
Hon. T. W. Anglin,
Emilius Irving, Q. C.
Rev. Father Morris,
Rev. Father Kiernan,
Rev. Father Henning,
Eugene O'Keefe,
B. B. Hughes,
Brother Odo Baldwin,
Joseph Connelly,
J. A. Macdonell,
D. M. Defoe,
James Mason,
W. B. McMurrich,
John Leye, M. P. P.,
E. C. Rutherford,
Patrick Boyle,
W. Murray,
W. A. Murray,
M. Costello,
John Herbert Beattie,
A. D. Macdonnell,
L. J. Cosgrave,
Gerald Fitzgerald.

The Montreal correspondent of the *Mail* says that the amendment in favour of high license is being endorsed by the Roman Catholic clergy in that city. Rev. Abbe Sentenne, cure of Notre Dame, who has always been foremost in the work of reforming the liquor traffic and fostering the interests of temperance, said:—"I have repeatedly declared from the pulpit, and I still adhere to the belief, that the most practical and effective method we now have at our disposal to stem the inroads of the liquor traffic, and to do away with the less desirable places, is a high license. This is the best way to moralize the traffic, if I can so express myself. The number of saloons is altogether out of proportion. If we increase the cost of a license we will close up the places of the lowest order,

while the revenue of the Government will not be materially decreased, which has always been an important consideration in this question."

Other members of the clergy who were spoken to held the same views. It is customary for his Grace Archbishop Fabro, when receiving the collective visit of the members of the clergy at New Year's, to refer to this subject. There is reason to believe that in his address this year his Grace will take the same view as Curé Sentenne, and that he will impress upon them the necessity of seconding the present movement, with all their power, from the pulpit. Persons who have conversed with his Grace on the subject state that he is prepared to do all that he can to reduce the number of licenses, which, it is said, he believes to be altogether out of proportion, and that he approves of this movement. It is also stated that a pastoral letter on the subject may be expected shortly.

Now that the Holiday season is at hand, and the minds of the people are cogitating what would be a suitable present for their friends; we would advise a visit to the well known firm of D. H. Cunningham, 77 Yonge street Toronto, 2nd door north of King, where you will find a choice collection of Diamonds' Watches, Jewellery, &c, of every description. It will pay you to give him a call.

TO TOM MOORE

I like you, Tom Moore, for when I am gay
So are you; and when sorrow or care pain my breast
You cheer me with promise and proverb by day,
And your melodies lull me at nightfall to rest,
And when my poor heart, loved as other loved e'er—
You spoke for me words my own tongue could not speak:
Your lines clothed the thoughts, which, how great the endeavor
Were murmured alone by the tears on my cheek.
'Twas sweet, then, to learn (ah, how sweetly you told it!)
That "heart which loved truly would never forget."
(Dead hope—to my lone heart again I unfold it!)
And, 'twas true, I loved truly; I truly love yet;
But her love, dear Tom (ah, how fondly 'twas cherished!)
Was not the love that you wot of. The rose
Long is withered and gone; leaf and petal have perished,
And mine is the love that "loves on to the close."
When'er heavy hearted, despondent and weary,
The chords from your harp pierce the Stygian gloom
As a beacon, to lighten a pathway full dreary
That day upon day leads but nearer the tomb.
Your faithfulness proving, again you draw near me.
Your friendship as starch, Tom, woe as come weal,
And gently you whisper, to comfort and cheer me.
That "earth hath no sorrows which Heav'n cannot heal."
—New York Clipper,

"Why need it be?" we say, and sigh
When loving mothers fade and die,
And leave the little ones whose feet
They hoped to guide in pathways sweet.

It need not be in many cases. All about us women are dying daily whose lives might have been saved. It seems to be a wide-spread opinion that when a woman is slowly fading away with the diseases which grow out of female weaknesses and irregularities that there is no help for her. She is doomed to death. But this is not true. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is constantly restoring women afflicted with diseases of this class to health and happiness. It is the only medicine for these ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, of its giving satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it will be refunded.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, the original and only genuine Little Liver Pills; 25 cents a vial; one a dose.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

The SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT which appeared in our columns some time since, announcing a special arrangement with Dr. B. J. KENDALL Co., of Enosburgh Falls, Vt., publishers of "A Treatise on the horse and his Diseases," whereby our

subscribers were enabled to obtain a copy of that valuable work ~~xxx~~ by sending their address (and enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) to Dr. B. J. Kendall Co. Enosburgh Falls, Vt., is renewed for a limited period. We trust all will avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining this val-

uable work. To every lover of the Horse it is indispensable, as it treats in a simple manner all the diseases which afflict this noble animal. Its phenomenal sale throughout the United States and Canada, make it standard authority. *Mention this paper when sending for "Treatise."*

NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY

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At 2 p.m.

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LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Real Estate worth	\$5,000	6,000
1 do	2,000	2,000
1 do	1,000	1,000
4 do	500	2,000
10 Real Estate	300	3,000
30 Furniture sets	200	3,000
60 do	100	6,000
200 Gold Watches	50	40,000
1,000 Silver Watches	10	10,000
1,000 Toilet Sets	5	5,000
2,307 Prizes worth		\$50,000.00

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TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of January 1890, mails close and are due as follows:

	Close.		Due.	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.00	7.30	7.45	10.30
O. and Q. Railway	7.30	7.45	8.00	9.00
G. T. R. West	7.00	3.20	12.40	7.40
N. and N. W.	7.00	4.40	10.00	8.10
T. G. and B.	7.00	3.45	11.00	8.30
Midland	6.30	3.30	12.30	9.30
C. V. R.	7.00	3.20	9.00	9.20
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. W. R.	2.00	9.00	2.00	2.00
	6.00	4.00	10.30	4.00
	11.30	9.30		8.20
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
U. S. N. Y.	6.00	4.00	9.00	
	11.30	9.30	11.30	5.45
U. S. West States	6.00	9.30	9.00	3.44
	12.00			7.20

ENGLISH MAILS.—A mail for England via New York will be closed at this office every day, excepting Sundays and Wednesdays, at 4 p. m., and will be despatched to England by what the New York Postmaster may consider the most expeditious route.

On Thursday's a supplementary mail for London, Liverpool and Glasgow, will be closed here at 3 p. m., for the Cunard steamer sailing on Saturday, but to insure catching the steamer the 1 p. m. mail is recommended. The Canadian mail via Quebec will close ere on Wednesdays at 7 p. m.

- Church Pews -

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The Bennett Furnishing Co., of London, Ont. make a specialty of manufacturing the latest designs in Church and School Furniture. The Catholic clergy of Canada are respectfully invited to send for catalogue and prices before awarding contracts. We have lately put in a complete set of pews in the Brantford Catholic Church, and for many years past have been favoured with contracts from a member of the clergy in other parts of Ontario, in all cases the most entire satisfaction having been expressed in regard to quality of work, lowness of price, and quickness of execution. Such has been the increase of business in this special line that we found it necessary some time since to establish a branch office in Glasgow, Scotland, and we are now engaged manufacturing pews for new churches in that country and Ireland. Address BENNETT FURNISHING CO. London, Ont., Canada

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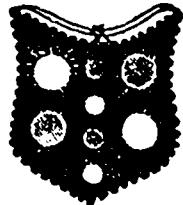
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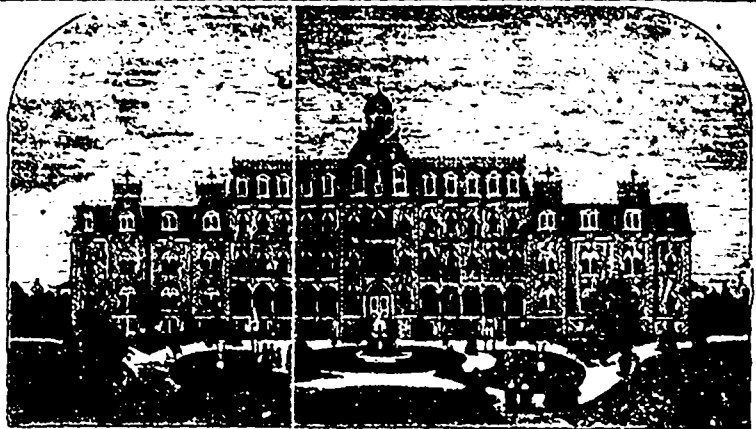
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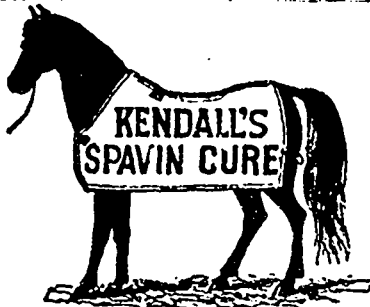


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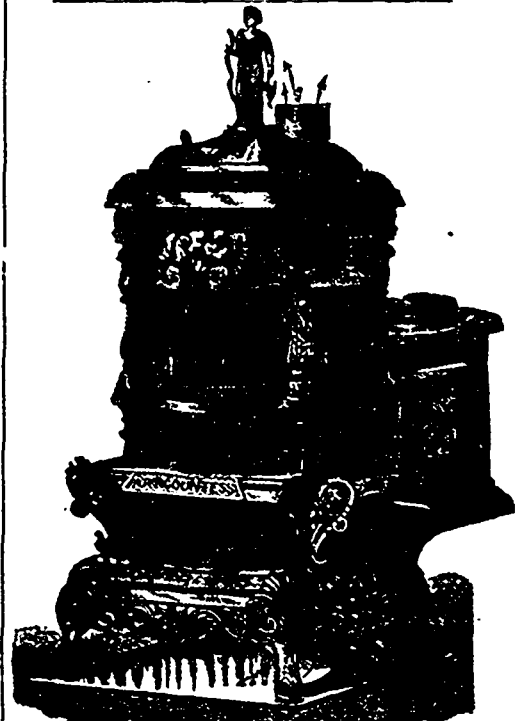
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