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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. V.

Toronto, Saturday, July 11 1891.

No. 22

CONTENTS.

CARMEL AND LORETTA.....	Frontispiece	338
SANCTITY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.....	Rev. J. Spencer Northcote	338
BECOME A CATHOLIC.....		339
MARSHAL McLEARNON.....	Eugene Davis	340
NEW YORK LETTER.....		344
EDITORIAL—		
The Public Library and Atheistic Literature.....		342
Evils of Mixed Marriages.....		342
The Danger to Children.....		342
The Responsibility of Parents.....		343
The Canadian Parliament and the Veneration of Saints.....	Lex	343
Santo Peter and Paul.....	Lex	344
New Catholic Position.....	Lex	344
MEN AND THINGS.....		
C. M. B. A. NEWS.....		345
CHURCH NEWS.....		346

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N. and N. W.	7.00	8.10	8.00	9.10	12.00	12.30
T. G. and B.	6.30	8.45	8.00	9.00	12.00	12.30
Midland	6.30	8.35	8.00	9.30	12.00	12.30
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"SAVED MY LIFE when I had Muscular Rheumatism."—Mrs. Carroll, West Market Street.
"Am much pleased with belt; it has done me a great deal of good already."—J. Schiringer, Galt, Ont.
"Have been a sufferer for years from Nervous Headaches and Neuralgia. After trying one of your belts am more than satisfied with it. Can knock out a headache now in fifteen minutes that used to keep me in bed for days."—Thos. Gales, Crawford St., Toronto.

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Extracts from a few of the many satisfactory letters received from our patients.
MRS. A. ST. JOHN, of Sunderland, Ont., says: "I was spitting blood, had a bad cough with great expectation, could hardly walk about the house without fainting, shortness of breath, high fever, great loss of flesh, had been ill for some months, I applied to Drs. R. & J. Hunter and was cured."
MR. SAMUEL HUGHES, of Oak Ridge, Ont., says: "I was a victim of Asthma for 15 years, and had tried in vain to find relief. Hearing of Dr. R. & J. Hunter's treatment by inhalation, I applied to them; their treatment worked wonders. I can now breathe with ease, sleep without cough or oppression, and am entirely cured."
MR. & MRS. W. R. BISHOP, of Sherwood, Ont., say: "Our daughter had Catarrh for 8 years. We took her to Colorado without benefit, her disease extended to the lungs. We finally consulted Drs. R. & J. Hunter; after using their treatment of inhalation for one month she began to improve. She is now cured. We heartily recommend this treatment to all those afflicted with this disease."

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tenders for Coal for the Public Buildings," will be received until Thursday 23 July next, for coal supply, for all or any of the Dominion public Buildings
Specification, form of tender, and all necessary information can be obtained at his Department on and after Monday 29th June.
Those tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.
Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to supply the coal contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.
The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.
By order,
E. F. E. Roy,
Secretary.
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa 24th June, 1891.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. V

Toronto, Saturday, July 11, 1891.

No. 22

CARMEL AND LORETTO.

HIS GRACE Archbishop Walsh, ever solicitous for the spiritual welfare of his flock, is nobly carrying on the work commenced by his illustrious predecessor in providing, through the medium of the Carmelite Hospice and Loretto Convent, every facility for devotion and prayer at that most sublime and grand work of nature, Niagara Falls. Of the establishment there of these institutions the late Archbishop Lynch wrote :

On being appointed by the Holy See Bishop of Toronto, it was our first care to secure on the Canada side of Niagara Falls a large tract of land on which to erect religious establishments, where God would be worshipped with perfect homage of sacrifice and praise, and where the Church would be fittingly represented.

It was at the commencement of the American civil war. Our heart was moved with sorrow at the loss of many lives and the prospect of so many souls going before God in judgment, some, it is to be feared, but ill prepared. The beautiful rainbow that spanned the Cataract, the sign of peace between God and the sinner, suggested prayers and hopes to see the war soon ended ; and we called the Church " Our Lady of Victories or of Peace." A convent was soon erected on the grounds, and Nuns of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, called of Loretto, were installed

This Order had its heroic beginnings in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth of England. Ladies of noble birth fled to Bavaria to avoid death or the loss of religious rights in their own country. They formed a Religious Community approved of by Clement XI., re-entered England towards the close of the last century, and subsequently came to Toronto on the invitation of its first Bishop, the venerable and saintly Dr. Power.

These good Nuns, whilst not engaged in imparting a higher education to young ladies who assemble at the Convent from all parts of the country, occupy their time in adoring God and contemplating His overflowing sweetness and bounty in the Most Blessed Sacrament. Their chapel windows verlook the grandest scene in the world, and holy thoughts and prayer arise to heaven as the spray ascends to form clouds that fertilize the earth with refreshing showers. The Convent chapel is dedicated to the Most Blessed Sacrament, in hopes that when the Community will be sufficiently numerous it may keep up a perpetual adoration.

The present monastery of the Carmelite Fathers—of whom we spoke last week, is situated close to the Convent. Their proposed new building, when erected, will be used for a place of retreat, pilgrimage, &c. No fitter place than Niagara Falls could be devised for this purpose, as the following poetically beautiful sentences of the late Archbishop Lynch abundantly demonstrate.

" Let us accompany the Christian soul in his religious pilgrimage at Niagara Falls. At first sight he will be overawed by its grandeur and stunned by its thunder ; recovering, he will raise his heart to the God that created it, and will presently sink down into the depths of his own nothingness. For a while he is completely absorbed, as if entranced ; after a time, he gains on himself, and cries out, "*Domine Dominus noster.*" " O Lord,

Our Lord, how admirable is thy name in the whole earth." To speak now is irksome to him. His whole soul is filled with God ; he wants to be alone. Tears, with an irresistible force, will relieve his heart, and he shall soon exclaim : What, O Lord, is man, that thou art mindful of him ; or the son of man, that thou shouldst visit him."

He looks upon that broad, deep and turbulent volume of water, dashing over a precipice about one hundred and sixty feet in height, and two thousand eight hundred feet in its whole span, with a thunder echoed from the lake below with its mountain banks, and thinks of the awful power of Him who speaks in the " voice of many waters," and of his own last leap into eternity. In hope he raises his eyes and sees quietly ascending clouds formed from the spray, bridged in the centre by a beautiful rainbow. Again he cries out : " Let my prayer ascend as incense in thy sight. Let my last sigh be one of love, after making my peace with God and the world."

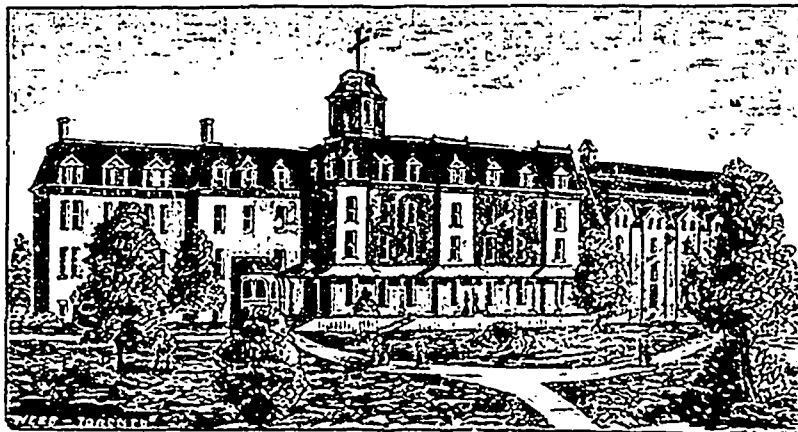
The water, as it sweeps over the Falls, sinks deeply by its weight and momentum, and after gurgling, seething and foaming, rises again to the surface. One is reminded of that purification which takes place after death, and the troubles and agonies of the pure soul in the process of purification, to be cleansed before its rising to enjoy the brightness and glory of God's sweet countenance.

The water of the lake below has also its warning lesson. It is solemn and still as death after a busy and turbulent life. Death holds many a deep secret of a good or an ill-spent life. He is aroused from his reverie by the shriek and noise of an engine, as it whirls on by the banks above, with its string of cars filled with the fashionable and the gay, some intent on pleasure, others on gain.

" O," he may say, " poor mortals, how long will you hunt after vanity and be in love with lies. In a few years you will be all gone, and what will be the fate of your im-

to the Monastery, and rest a little, and from the windows mortal souls for all eternity." Let us return with the pilgrim or his temporary cell contemplate the rapids above the Falls. It is morning. At the horizon, where the waters and the clouds appear to meet, all is calm and tranquil. Soon the river contracts, and peacefully running for a while, it meets with ledges of rock, and, dashing itself into foam and whirling eddies, forms hundreds of small waterfalls, which, catching the rays of the morning sun, appear as so many white-crested billows of the sea after a storm. Joy and gladness are typified in those sparkling waves. Occasionally tiny rainbows may be seen enamelling the brows of those miniature cataracts, and as innumerable bubbles fall, pearls and jewels are reflected in prismatic colors in the foam. In these are seen emblems of the morning of life, when candour, humility and loveliness portray the innocence of a happy soul basking in the sunshine of God's love.

Everything now is gay and joyful, and bright with hopes of wealth and pleasure, and a long and happy life. The world presents itself in all those gorgeous colors that dazzle the imagination ; but the time shall come when disappointments, sorrows and sickness will overtake him, a troubled and stormy life may be his lot ; and he shall be, when the soul shall tremble



LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO

on the precipice of eternity, awaiting to be ushered into the presence of his Maker. Then, indeed, will the pleasure and honors of the world appear as cruel mockeries, and sacrifices for Christ the only treasures worthy of man's toil.

SANCTITY OF THE ROMAN CHURCH.

By Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, D.D., in "Fourfold Difficulties of Anglicanism."

VI.

HAVING said thus much on the subject of Unity, we next come to the consideration of Sanctity, as the second test of the true Church, and this I feel to be a harder task, both because it is a point on which comparison is more invidious, and because the test itself, from its very nature, is more difficult of application. and yet I cannot consent to pass it by unnoticed, because the testimony borne in favour of the Church Catholic, by the lives of her saints, appears to me at once the most winning and the most convincing that can be adduced. and it is, moreover, to this note of His Church more especially, that our Lord Himself seems to direct our attention. — "By their fruits ye shall know them."

In claiming this note of sanctity, however, as the exclusive possession of the Roman Church, I do not, of course, mean that there is nothing which might be called by that name to be found in the Church of England. sanctity, unlike unity, admits of degrees, and I should suppose that there is no body of Christians among whom does not exist something which, at least, seems akin to it. But what I do mean is this, that there is in the Roman Church a living energy, bursting forth from time to time in words of power and wonderful deeds, manifesting itself now in this man, now in that, by the heroic exercise of supernatural virtues, now darting upwards to the very throne of God, now spending itself in some enterprise for the good of man, embodying itself in all varieties of outward form, as ages roll along and circumstances change, but always essentially the same, always living, plastic, and creative. and this is what we mean when we speak of sanctity.

Now I appeal to yourself to judge, whether a spirit such as this has ever found a permanent home in the Church of England, or whether her very excellencies have not borne altogether a different character, a character cold and common-place in comparison, and, if I may venture to say it, "of the earth, earthly." But since this must seem to you an invidious saying, I had rather borrow the language of one of your own brethren, which, in the main, expresses what I mean. "Ours is the Church of Walton and Herbert, not of Athanasius and Ambrose; and truly we have been born into a beautiful inheritance. Our fathers have bequeathed to us the appreciation of a kindly and a holy spirit; a spirit of affectionate unobtrusive meekness, of considerate friendliness, of calm cheerfulness; and these are in their measure not only appreciated but realized amongst us. But not content with thankfulness, we have been boastful of this grace of ours; we have spoken of it as if it were the only form of Christian love, as if no man could have any other line of action than to be frank and amiable, to marry and bring up a family, to be neighbourly to his equals, and active in relieving want, &c., whereas there are a whole class of expressions in the New Testament, which, though surely they do not condemn the English Church, yet seem somehow not to have received their natural development in it. We seem afraid of these. We are anxious judiciously to point out that in these days, when Christianity is rich, men of large possessions are not called on to sell all they have; when it is established, to leave fathers and wives, that when Christianity is protected from injury, there is no expediency in remaining single; when it is triumphant, no reason why we should not laugh now. Within our own Church, we are careful to soothe enthusiasm, and somewhat helpless in directing it."

This account of the English Church is confirmed by the fact, that, whenever a spirit more akin to that of the Roman Saints has for a moment shot forth within her, it has been gazed at or shrunk from, as a portent strange and full of danger. and it has either died out at once for want of ailment, or has burnt its way through her enclosures, devastating as it went, and has spent itself at last among the thorns in the wilderness. Look at the history of the many secessions from her bosom; how often have they been originated by some ardent mind, full of zeal for God, which, if it had found in her a mother's sympathy and a mother's gentle discipline, would have learnt to temper all that was extravagant, and to condense enthusiastic feeling into devoted service; but which, meeting instead of such sympathy and guidance nothing but cold rebuke and utter uncongeniality, has burst forth, breaking all bonds, and so its energies have run to waste, working for the most part evil rather than good. Even at the present day, does it not grieve one to the heart to see the immense religious power, so to speak, awake and energizing in this country, and yet accomplishing nothing, and worse than nothing, like giant strength, without eyesight to direct it? Remember the early struggles of Wesley; or, confining your view to the present time, consider how many of the fanatical sects daily springing up in this land have really been engendered

by a sense of spiritual misery, and a longing for something more real and intense—for something of inward devotedness and outward service, more worthy of the Christian calling. And this is especially true of the poor, if they are awakened to any acute sense of the realities of eternity, where do they fly for sympathy and succour? Not to the Church of England; but almost invariably to some religious association out of her pale, where they find more to satisfy their cravings. You can hardly deny that the spiritual life which exists among our poor has been kept alive mainly by the exertions of the dissenters, and that among them if anywhere in Protestantism, we must seek for a spirit of zeal and self-devotion akin to that of the Catholic saints. Akin to it, I say, inasmuch as it is a zeal for God: but yet how different in its character! Zeal, in the Catholic Church, though cherished with the tenderest sympathy, and nursed up to its fullest development, yet in its outward working is subject to strict rule, and exercised in a continual discipline, not only of authority and self-restraint, but also of humility and obedience, the Church claims as entire submission from her most gifted as from her meanest children, and how beautiful a character of steadiness and refinement is thus wrought into the minds of the ardent and influential you need only read the lives of her saints to discover. You know how seldom the two qualities of really burning zeal and humble obedience are found together in the Church of England; and even when they do exist thus blended, still in some way or other we cannot but feel that something is still lacking of the splendour and completeness of Catholic sanctity.

The fact that there is a real difference in spirit between Rome and England is one, which, even while I was an English Churchman, I felt I could not deny: and it is freely acknowledged by many who are still in your Communion. indeed, I cannot believe that any unprejudiced person, who has really studied the religious biography of England and Rome respectively, of the last three hundred years, can have any doubt upon the subject. It is sometimes, however, objected, that the Catholic and Anglican standards of holiness being confessedly different, it is not fair to try the holy men of one communion by the standard of the other; for that, if, instead of the Catholic, we take the Anglican rule as our measure, Hooker, Andrewes, and Ken are to be preferred to St. Charles Borromeo, St. Francis de Sales, or St. Vincent de Paul. In answer to this suggestion, I can only express my conviction, that, whichever of the various qualities enumerated in Holy Writ, consecrated by our Lord's example, or exhibited in primitive practice, you may select as tokens of sanctity, the Roman Church will be found to possess them both far more abundantly, and in greater splendour than the English. Whether you look to the contemplative life of Mary, or the more active service of Martha;—whether your type of Christian sanctity be the missionary zeal of the Apostle of the Gentiles, or the love of Christ which burned in the breast of Peter;—the purity of him who leaned on his Lord's bosom, or the penitence of her who bathed His feet with tears;—the austerity of the Holy-Baptist, or the charity of the Son of Consolation;—be it which it may of all these, you must now seek its transcript elsewhere than at home. For which of her missionaries can the Church of England pretend to compare with St. Francis Xavier, or the noble fathers of Paraguay? Which of them have sealed their testimony with their blood, like the heroic preachers of the faith, who won the crown of martyrdom during the tremendous persecution of the 17th century in Japan? or those thousands who even during the last few years have passed from fearful tortures in Cochim China, to join the white-robed army in heaven? Which of the very holiest of her children can we conceive "rapt to a Seraph," and brought into mysterious communion with the Passion, like St. Francis of Assisium? Which of her specimens of youthful piety belongs to at all the same order of spiritual life with the angelic purity of St. Aloysius or St. Stanislaus? In austerity and penitential discipline, she would not even challenge a comparison; for that is, as you know, one of the points on which she considers the Catholic temper of mind to be morbid and overstrained, striving "to wind itself too high, for sinful man beneath the sky;" and yet the saints of the first four centuries (to which period she professes to appeal as a standard), exceeded, if possible, in severity of penance, those of the mediæval Church.

It is, I suppose, in practical love to man, that is, in the various branches of Christian alms-giving, that you would be most disposed to claim equality with the Roman Church; but, on this point, without pursuing the comparison between individuals, or insisting on that peculiar character, which, as I think, distinguishes the philanthropy of the Catholic Saint from that of other men, just in the same indescribable way that heroism is distinguished from ordinary valour,—it is sufficient to take a more general view, and to look at the numbers, both of men and women, whom the Catholic Church presents to us, not singly, but grouped as it were in masses, each under the shade of some holy institute, wholly consecrated by vow, and for life, to works of mercy. And here a comparison naturally suggests itself, between the Churches of Rome and England, which, I fear, will sound invidious, but which strikes my own mind so forcibly, that I cannot forbear calling your attention to it; I mean, as to the principles which they respectively assume as the basis of their calculations in organizing any extensive plan of beneficence, the Catholic Church, in such cases, appeals to self-devotion, the Protestant to self-interest. To

explain myself: although it is fair to say, that the sums collected in England for charitable purposes are spoken of with admiration even among Catholics, and though very many individuals voluntarily devote to charitable employments all the time they can command, yet the Protestant Church dares not reckon on absorbing, for a permanence, the whole time and energy of any but paid agents,—while the Catholic Church, on the other hand, reckons on indefinite numbers, eager to spend and be spent in her service, and only waiting for her to point out to them a fitting object for their zeal.

For instance: you remember the great movement made a few years ago, by some excellent individuals, in the National Education Society; one object of which was the establishment of schools for the training of parochial schoolmasters; you must have heard it prophesied, that the scheme would fail after all, because young men educated on the scale proposed, would be able to obtain much more lucrative situations in other departments than they could as schoolmasters, and therefore it would not be "worth their while" to adhere to their original destination. How this difficulty has been met, I do not know, but its having been so generally felt is an exemplification of what I mean. When a parallel movement took place in the Roman Catholic Church, towards the end of the 17th century, to meet the need then felt of more extended machinery for Christian education, it issued in the founding of a new religious order, the Freres des Ecoles Chretiennes, which at the time of the French Revolution numbered 121 houses, and continues in vigorous operation to the present day. And thus it has ever been: besides the great Orders so well known throughout Christendom, whose services to the cause of literature and science, and indeed of improvement generally, during the middle ages, are now universally recognized,—those of St. Francis, St. Dominic, St. Augustine, and the most ancient and fruitful of them all, the noble order of St. Benedict, there were almost countless associations, all formed on the same basis of self-devotion, called into being by the passing exigencies of the times; some of which, therefore, have passed away, now that their work is done, while others still remain. You cannot glance ever so superficially at the history of the mediæval Church, without finding that as one want arose after another in that age of struggle and progressive civilization, it was thus met. For instance, when that dreadful disease, called St. Anthony's fire, first broke out in Europe in the 11th century, a nobleman of Dauphine, whose son had been attacked by it, and, as he believed, miraculously restored to health, founded the Order of St. Anthony, for the purpose of tending those who were suffering under it. The ravages of leprosy, in like manner, called into birth the Knights of St. Lazarus; from the persecutions endured by the Christians in the East, arose the Military Orders. A noble pilgrim, returning one day from the shrine of St. James in Galicia, fell among bandits, on the height of a desolate mountain in Auvergne, he escaped from them unhurt, and in fulfilment of a vow made in the hour of peril, instituted an association for the protection of future pilgrims.

BECOME A CATHOLIC.

CHRISTIANITY is love; it is "peace on earth." The angels sang it over the cradle at Bethlehem, yet the sword of Herod mixed wild sobbing with those songs of peace. There was surely peace in Mary's heart as she bore the God of Peace into the temple, yet on her peace fell that strange, troubling prophecy—"A sword shall pierce through thine own soul also." "Peace I leave with you," said our Lord as He sat at the feast with His disciples and immediately the unpeaceful city was full of tumult, and His blood was flowing on the cruel cross. And so, when He sends forth the twelve He bids them to say to any house they enter, "Peace be to this house," yet straightway adds, "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth, I came not to send peace but a sword."

To us, as well as to them, are these words spoken; for all Scripture is for all time; and Christianity is to-day what it was then, not only peace, but peace and a sword together side by side. And, as the sword was driven to His peaceful heart by His own disciple who betrayed His love, so still to-day are "a man's foes they of his own household."

What mean we by this? The more the love the greater the danger. In this loving-hearted America, in this strange race out of which commerce and worldliness and false religion have not yet trampled out the warm fire of affection, there are scores who, holding within them a peace beyond all thought and understanding, have, side by side with that peace, a sword which pierces them through, and there are others who have longed for that unspeakable, unthinkable peace, but have feared to try for it because of the guarding sword. The fruit of peace grows within the gates of Paradise. The gates of Paradise are still guarded by the flaming sword of the Cherubim.

Picture a loving household gathered round the Christmas fire; the old well-known, well loved faces, who have gathered there so often before; the dear old man, whose life they cherish so tenderly, and the grandchild, whose youth wins her unfair love from all, and the young men, whose hope and ambitions, whose failures and successes, whose merry tricks and dashing courage make so much talk about the Christmas ring; they all are there but one, and she—no, no, do not

speak of it; it will vex the old man's heart too much—his favourite child, the youngest, the child of his old age—so to leave the faith of her family, so, spite of her father's tears and mother's prayers, to choose the Catholic Church, and bring a sword to that peaceful, united home. And she is so firm about it, she will not own herself wrong; she will not ask pardon; she will not return; she is so strangely calm and quiet and peaceful. Oh! it was cruel of her, most cruel and unkind, surely He who brought "peace on earth" never meant that a daughter should so plunge a sword to her own father's heart. Her seat is left empty, and sometimes the old man turns a sad eye towards it; but not a word is said, and yet the Christmas fire burns not so brightly as it used, and the shadow of the Cross is deep and heavy there.

Was she unfaithful? No, no, the kindest and most loving of children, she watched over him like a guardian angel, she seemed to try and number in her love the very hairs of his head. She caught the changes in his face, and guessed his wishes almost before he knew that he had formed them, and when he told her it was better for all that she should go, she went forth sobbing with sobs pitiful to hear, bearing the sword in her own heart also.

Had she lost her love? Not so. She would give up her life for that old man, but not even for him will she give up her God. With a heart most peacefully sad, with a face most calmly sorrowful, with joy and bitterness wedded together as only God's hand can wed them, she is praying there alone and afar off for those loved ones laughing by the Christmas fire, and her prayers are strong, because she took the sword, and knowingly she plunged it into her own heart, and slew her earthly peace that she might gain the peace of heaven.

Is it right all this? Is it right for us to become Catholics, though we wound father and mother to the heart, though we offend husband, though we injure the earthly prospects of children, though we cause words in a quiet household, though we bring quarrel and disunion where before all was union and peace?

It is right, it is our bounden duty; it is the old faith of Abraham, where he chose God rather than Isaac, and took the knife to slay his son, it is the loving religion of the loving Christ, whose love is so true because so stern, who nailed Himself to the hard tree, and plunged the cold sword into His mother's side. When we so speak, when we say, "Love parents dearly, but love God more than parents; if God and parents are on opposite sides choose God, if God and husband call to different paths, follow God and not husband, follow Him, Him who died, Him who taught you truth and gives you grace, not any mortal being however dear" when we so speak we seem in America to preach a new gospel. But it is not so, it is the old, old Gospel that was preached by God's lips in the Holy Land, "I am come," He warns us "to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter in law against the mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household. He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me." (St. Matt. 10: 34.)

You know that the Catholic faith is true. Follow it. "But it will break my father's heart." It will not; but if it did, it is better to break a father's heart than to break the heart of God. Make up to your father by love tenfold more warm, more watchful in all other things, make yourself his slave, fling yourself at his feet. The uttermost love of parents, the worship of parents is part of the worship of God. But one limit it has, and only one. When a parent steps in between you and God, he is a foe of your own household. Then "pluck out your right eye, cut off your right hand, for heaven must be won with violence." "Suppose ye that I am come to give peace on earth?" says our Lord again. "I tell you nay, but rather division. For from henceforth there shall be five in one house divided, three against two, and two against three. The father shall be divided against the son and the son against the father, the mother against the daughter and the daughter against the mother; the mother-in-law against the daughter-in-law, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. St. Luke 12: 51.

Once more says the God of love, in words that sound not like words of love, "If any man come to me and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brothers and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." He who bids us love our enemies, who gives as an old commandment made new by its fresh force, "to love one another," does He bid us hate father and mother? Yes; when father or mother, or husband, or children stand between you and heaven, stand between you and the Catholic Church, then with loving heart, hating your own life, the happiness of which is wrecked, act as if you hated them, a loving hatred, an enmity most tender. If they stand between you and God they are your foes; treat them as your foes; and with firm will, though your heart bleed and break, put them from your path and go straight to the heart of God.

To cut off our right hand, to pluck out our right eye, in other words to put aside our warmest affections, and cast from us those whom we love the best, for the sake of the kingdom of heaven, for the sake of the truth of God, is a teaching so hard to human nature that men will scarcely believe it to be the plain teaching of Christ. "I fancy this Catholic Church may be right," says one, "but I will not

inquire I will not read their books nor go to their churches, because it will vex my parents so; and it cannot be right to vex parents." "From all I can see, the Catholic Church is surely the right one," says another: "but you see, it will break my mother's heart, so I will wait awhile." "I dare not; my husband would make such a piece of work about it; he'd half murder me, I do believe." "Well! Catholics are a very good sort; and certainly people do lie about them most shamefully; but you see my family, and the mothers, too, have always been staunch Protestants, so I had better let the matter rest." Such are the excuses which are either openly made or which secretly act upon the minds of many, and those who make them scarcely seem to think that Christ has told us most clearly that it would be so, and that He expects us to brave it all; to face the husband's anger or the father's punishment, or the still harder trial of a mother's pining grief. It is, in fact, the common, ordinary, every-day trial by which our Lord proves those who really love him; a trial on which our salvation must of necessity hang. If we choose our relations instead of God on earth, it is but the simplest justice that we should have to choose our relations instead of God at the judgment seat. If God and our relations are on the opposite sides, we clearly cannot have both. If for your husband's sake you will not give yourself to God, and follow His truth, is it common sense to hope that God will give Himself to you?

We have shown how plainly Our Blessed Lord has warned us of this trial; but as it is so common, and one through which nearly all of us have more or less to pass, He seems in all ways, by word and by example to have pressed the thought of it upon us; and there still remain many words of His to quote.

In St. Matthew, x. 21, we are bid to expect, not simple angry and harsh usage from our own family, such as may happen to us now in America, but persecution even to death "The brother shall deliver up the brother to death, and the father the child, and the children shall rise up against their parents, and cause them to be put to death." Or, again, in St. Luke, xxi. 16—"Ye shall be betrayed both by parents and brethren, and kinsfolk and friends, and some of you shall they cause to be put to death." Our Lord warns us of these things, but never for a moment does He say, "Because of these I will excuse you from following and professing My name and My truth. If the child knows that the father will deliver him up to death, he need not become a Christian." On the contrary, "He that endureth all these things to the end, he shall be saved."

"Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him also will I confess before My Father which is in Heaven; but whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before My Father which is in Heaven."

This must we do, when it is even a case of losing life; how much when we have only to dread the worry of a disturbed household, the teasing of vexed relations!

"I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come" (St. Luke, xiv. 20), says the man in the parable, and the palace of God was filled with the poor whose poverty gave them God for their only joy, while he who chose his wife instead of God "shall never taste of My Supper." And immediately after our Lord adds that if we come to Him we must be ready to "hate father and mother, wife and children, and sisters;" and he bids us to act like the builder who would build a tower, a king who would make war, and "count the cost" of coming to Him before we come; but if we do come to Him, "whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be My disciple."

This giving up of those whom we love best is the strongest proof we can give of our choosing God, equal almost to the giving up of life. Our hearts cannot do more than love God so much better than the creatures we love best, as to be willing to give up that dearly loved one, entirely if need be, and turn its love for us into bitter hatred, if only we lose not God. And therefore our Lord spurs us on to such sacrifice by strongest promise. "Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters or mother, or wife or children or lands for My name's sake, shall inherit everlasting life." (St. Math. xix. 29).

More strongly still, if possible does He teach us by example. We read (St. Luke, ix. 59) He said to a man, "Follow Me," and he was willing to follow. He asked not to be excused the following; he was ready for the contempt, and the poverty, and the slander: only he pleaded for a short delay: I will follow I will become a Christian, but not to day. My father lies dead at home. I loved him, and it would seem hard and stern not to follow him to the grave. "Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father." Surely never was request more natural, more likely to stir pity, put up to the tenderest of hearts. What does the God of love reply? An answer loving, for it is His, but with a strange stern love. "Let the dead bury the dead, but go thou and preach the kingdom of God." What must men have said, as the funeral procession went out, and that strange son followed not the bier! How many words of blame were flung at him. Cruel and unnatural so to neglect a father's body lying dead. Could he not have paused awhile? Could he not have waited till the funeral was over? Was this the time to be following the new religion? Was the life no sooner out of his father's body than he must choose a faith which his father never had? So spoke men then; so speak they now. Yet the command was clear, "Choose God and not your father."

And another also said, "Lord I will follow Thee; but let me first

go bid them farewell which are at home in my house" He did not ask for the long delay needed to bury a father, only for a few moments just to run in and say good bye, just to tell them where he was, and what he was going to do. But no; his own soul was his first duty; there was temptation at home, there was the sobbing mother bidding him not to leave her in her old age, there was the father charging him with pride and obstinacy for following the "glutton and the wine-bibber," the Sabbath breaker, the pretender to false miracles, whom all the wisest and most learned, all the holiest and most severe, the Pharisee and the Scribe had condemned. Who was he that he should put himself against the Pharisee? There were the brothers and sisters perchance mocking him, if the Christ, the King who was to rule the land, was a Galilean and son of a carpenter. And so even to this humble pleading for a few moments, for one kiss to the mother, one good-bye to the father, came the stern answer back: "No man having put his hand to the plough and looking back is fit for the kingdom of God."

Their duty then is our duty now. Still when we feel drawn to look into Catholic doctrines, to go into the Catholic Church, when you find out the strange slanders told of Catholic men and of Catholic teaching the hidden holiness of which you never so much as dreamed, it is Christ calling to you, "Follow Me." When you hear the call, stay not to "bury the dead," turn not aside to bid your household farewell say not, "I have married wife or husband, and therefore I cannot come"; fear not the brother or the father who will deliver you to poverty or care, if not now to death; but rise up as the three Kings rose, and follow the Star right on till you come into the house where you can fling yourself upon the Heart of God.—*Catholic American*.

MARSHAL MACMAHON.

It is not generally known that each of the two Napoleons who succeeded in becoming Emperors had, as his intimate friend and adviser, an Irishman by blood and descent. The great Napoleon valued the services of Henry Clarke so highly that he made him Duke of Feltra, and in 1807 gave him full control of the Ministry of War—a post which he held with credit to himself and advantage to the cause he espoused, till the downfall of the "Little Corporal" in 1814. Clarke, throughout these seven years, was the recipient of most of the confidence of his imperial master.

In the same way Marshal MacMahon shared the confidence of Napoleon III. who rewarded the officer's devotion to France by bestowing on him the title of Duke of Magenta on the field of that name, where the tricolor was saved from disaster by that indomitable Franco-Irishman.

It was at the height of the Paris Exhibition of 1878 that I saw MacMahon for the first time. As he rode through the Faubourg Saint Honore, on his way to the Champ de Mars, accompanied by the military governor of the Elysee and an *aide-de-camp*, he certainly looked every inch the soldier that he really was—wearing his marshal's hat and a uniform resplendent with many medals and decorations. The ribbon of the Order of St. Maurice, given him by Sardinia; the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour, presented him by the late Emperor, and the Nischan of Tunis were among the most conspicuous of the well merited insignia.

The Marshal, who is over the medium height, is slender of frame, but the chest is very large and the shoulders massive. His head is decidedly handsome, and his white hair, which is rather thin over the forehead, is closely cropped. Beneath over hanging brows are the dark grey eyes of the typical Celt, shining lustreously from their deeply embedded sockets. He had a slightly aquiline nose and a military, snow-white moustache and imperial. His face, bronzed as it is by the Algerian sunshine of bygone days, is almost as ascetic as that of Cardinal Manning. On the whole, it may be said of him in the words of M. Daudet, the novelist, that "like those Irish kings and chieftains whose blood courses through his veins, MacMahon has a frame of oak and sinews of iron," a true representative, in fact, of a race that produced such heroes as Finn and his followers.

The branch of the MacMahons to which the Marshal belongs owned estates on the borders of the counties of Clare and Limerick. Clinging, as many other Irish families did, to the cause of the Stuarts, the MacMahons paid the penalty of their devotion in exile and in proscription.

His great-grandfather, who took part in the defence of Limerick, left Ireland with Sarsfield and his troops. Settling down in France, he adopted the medical profession, and a few years subsequently married the only child of a French noble, who owned the chateau of Scully and landed estates at Autun in the department of the Saone and Loire. The doctor's son having on his father's death fallen into the possession of this property, was created a Count by Louis XV., and his heir, the Marshal's father, was raised to the peerage by Louis XVIII. The chateau of Sully, where the Marshal was born on the 19th of June, 1808, suffered considerably during the revolutionary cataclysm of 1793; and most of the property attached to it was wrested from the family. This MacMahon was not, therefore, in easy circumstances—particularly as his wife had borne him seventeen children, of whom the future Marshal was the sixteenth.

Marie Patrick Maurice de MacMahon, the subject of this sketch,

was in early life intended for the priesthood. With that object in view he was sent to the Seminary of Autun, the institution, by the by, in which Talleyrand, who afterward abandoned his bishopric for statesmanship, began his ecclesiastical studies. Young MacMahon, discovering that he had no vocation for the clerical state, left the college, and was shortly afterwards despatched to the Military Academy of St. Cyr, where his career was a particularly brilliant one.

His military career began in 1829, just sixty-two years ago. Leaving St. Cyr in the capacity of under-lieutenant, he was sent to Algiers, a country where he was destined to spend many years of his after life. His baptism of fire took place in 1830, at the siege of Algiers, where he distinguished himself by his courage and intrepidity. Recalled to France in the same year, he took part in the Belgium campaign of independence, and won golden opinions from his superiors at the siege of Antwerp. In 1833 he obtained the brevet of captain, and entered successively the *Chasseurs-à pied* and the Foreign Legion. He won the epaulettes of Colonel in April, 1845, and those of brigadier-general in 1848, and became general of division shortly after the establishment of the Second Empire. He moreover held the post of Governor of Algiers from 1864 to 1870.

When the Crimean War broke out, and England, France and Turkey entered the lists against Russia, MacMahon took part in the conflict. Posted as he was with his troops near Malakoff, a tower held by the Russians, he was ordered by the commanding General to storm it. The task was a difficult and a very dangerous one to accomplish. Yet MacMahon's division was chiefly composed of the Zouaves of Africa, who know and trusted their General so well that they would gladly follow him to death if necessary. Tearing through the grape shot and shell of the enemy, MacMahon led his troops up to the walls of the tower, shouting: "Let us enter it, dead or alive!" Many of the Zouaves were mowed down by his side, but, accompanied by the survivors, he scaled the walls and captured the tower. Here the devoted band was subjected for an hour or so to the raking fire of the Russian artillery from the fortifications of Sabastopol, and men were falling at his feet by the hundred. It looked at one time as if he should abandon the tower or consent to the total annihilation of himself and his followers. At this juncture the generalissimo sent him word that he should abandon the tower if he thought he could not keep it. "Tell the generalissimo," said MacMahon to the envoy, "that here I am, and here I stay—*j'y suis, j'y reste.*" All the witnesses, friend and foe of this noble stand of his concurred in the opinion that it was impossible to have stood more nobly under fire than MacMahon did on that eventful day. The result was that the Russians gave up the fight in despair and the Franco-Irishman remained master of the situation.

The 4th of June, 1859, was another red-letter day in the calendar of MacMahon. The battle of Magenta was being fought between the Austrians on one side and the French and the Italians on the other. After several hours' fighting the Austrians found themselves on the eve of victory. What might have been a second Waterloo was turned into a grand and complete victory by the presence of mind and activity of MacMahon. Napoleon III. stood pale and troubled in the midst of his staff. He knew that at that moment his throne was trembling in the balance. Knowing MacMahon's military resources in moments of danger, he turned appealingly to the hero of Malakoff, who, by the sudden rapidity of his march through a hailstorm of shot and shell, not only saved the French Army from destruction, but also routed the Austrians bag and baggage. The soldier's rewards on this occasion were a Marshal's baton and the ducal coronet of Magenta.

His countrymen at home in Ireland beheld with no small amount of admiration the military success of MacMahon; and when the *Nation* newspaper started a fund with the object of presenting a sword to the newly created Marshal, the country responded heartily to the call, a sum of \$4,000 having been collected for that purpose. Mr. Fitzpatrick, an Irish artist, supplied a handsome design for the sword, the workmanship of which was entrusted to Mr. Patrick Donegan, goldsmith and jeweller of Dame Street, Dublin. The blade bore the inscription in French on one side, and in Irish on the other: "Oppressed Ireland to the brave soldier, Patrick Maurice MacMahon, descendant of her ancient kings." A deputation, consisting of Mr. T. D. Sullivan, the late Mr. P. J. Smyth, and others, left Ireland to present the Marshal with the sword at the camp of Chalons. On Sunday, Sept. 9, 1860, the presentation took place before the Marshal's staff and a gallant array of officers, three of whom were Generals of Irish origin.

"Gentlemen," said MacMahon in reply, I am exceedingly touched by the sentiments which you have addressed to me, and I request you to say to the Irishmen whom you represent how grateful I feel for the testimony of esteem and sympathy which you offer men in their name. This testimony, by its spontaneous character, has proved to me that the verdant Erin (*la verte Erin*) has preserved those chivalrous ideas and that veracity and warmth of heart, which have at all times distinguished her. I shall one day leave to my eldest son, Patrick, this magnificent sword. It shall be for him, as it is for me, a new pledge of the close ties which ought to unite him forever to the noble country of his ancestors." This graceful speech was followed by a *dejeuner*,

in the course of which the Green Flag and the Tricolor were toasted in bumpers of the sparkling Moselle.

When France declared war on Germany, MacMahon was summoned from Algiers, and was appointed the commander-in-chief of one of the divisions that marched on the Rhine. The army of Napoleon III., as everybody knows, was more of a paper army than anything else. France could only in reality muster at the time 300,000 trained troops against the regular invading army of Germany, which numbered 1,245,000. In addition to this difficulty, MacMahon, instead of being first, was second in command, Bazaine having been appointed generalissimo of all the French forces by Napoleon III. If MacMahon were his own master he would never have made that fatal march of his to Sedan, and France might probably have been spared the loss of her provinces. He was wounded with a jagged splinter in the hip at the opening of the battle of Sedan, and was borne in an unconscious state from the field. By order of the Emperor, the white flag was raised over the City Hall, and the surrender immediately afterward took place. MacMahon's entire army having been made prisoners of war on this occasion, MacMahon himself nobly refused the offer of liberty made him. Dangerously ill though he was, he preferred to be taken captive to Germany with the soldiers whom he loved so well. When the Commune unfurled the red flag, and the French troops were released from the Prussian fortress, Thiers appointed MacMahon generalissimo of the army at Versailles; and in a few weeks the insurrection was suppressed by the Marshal.

On the 24th of May, 1873, the Marshal was raised to the highest post in the State by the National Assembly. He remained President of the Republic till 1879, when he resigned. During his presidency he was chiefly instrumental in organizing the army and perfecting the military defences and resources of France. His entertainments at the Elysee were as sumptuous as those which formerly took place in the Tuileries under the Napoleonic regime. The Marshal was on more occasions than one accused of having monarchial sympathies, and it is probable that he was, as his ancestors were, a Royalist by tradition if not by conviction; but as long as he was the guardian of the Republic, he acknowledged no pretender and refused to sanction or tolerate any conspiracy for the revival of either the empire or the monarchy. He sternly refused to be a party, directly or indirectly, to any such plots. He was entrusted with the safety of the Republic, and that safety was ensured in the hands of this loyal man and chivalrous soldier. It is but the candid truth, however, to say that the Marshal was not a success as a politician. Few great soldiers find themselves at home in the busy wire-pulling world of parliamentary intrigue. Diplomatic *finesse* MacMahon undoubtedly had, but he had also the soldier's straightforward answer to any question put him, and the honest man's incapacity to look upon language as a mask for his thoughts. In other words, the Marshal was to much of a soldier to be an astute or a far-seeing statesman.

MacMahon has lived in almost complete retirement with his family since 1879. He spent the winter in Paris and the summer in his chateau near Autun. Though now almost a patriarch in years, his form is still unbent and his step is brisk and light. As an officer, he was a conscientious and just disciplinarian. He brooked no infringement of his orders, and yet his soldiers actually adored him. In private life he is courteous and yet dignified, and reveals a character worthy of the most chivalrous knight of the Middle Ages. His motto, "*Fais ce que je dois adieu que pourra,*"—"I do that which is my duty, come what may," is a key to the real character of the Marshal. On one occasion, at a dinner in the Elysee, when some of the guests were commenting on a passage in the "Memoirs of Marmont," in which it was said that a man never endures such cruel anguish as when he has got to make a choice between duty and honour, the Marshal exclaimed: "Marmont is mistaken. There is not—there cannot be—any contradiction between duty and honour. To do one's duty is to be faithful to one's honour."

Another noble characteristic in MacMahon was his devotion to the land of his forefathers. His entire sympathies are with the cause of Irish independence. During the Irish famine of 1879, I saw his wife, the Duchess of Magenta, collect subscriptions for the poor of Ireland in the Madeleine Church on the occasion of a sermon preached there by Pere Monsabre. On the whole, I cannot more appropriately conclude this article than by the following graphic pen-and-ink portrait of MacMahon, written by one who knew him well:—

"His body all steel and iron, is made for the march, for the camp, for the charge. His countenance is calm and mild as the green valleys of his own ancestral island. His eyes are well set, his glance is bright and thoughtful, his moustache falls carelessly over his lips after the fashion common among the old *Chasseurs d'Afrique*. His face is open and frank, his attitude is at once noble and modest; there is about him that indescribable air of aristocratic carelessness that bespeaks the gentleman who has grown old in the camp. He loves not the world of politics he cares little for politics, and I believe he would sooner mount to the assault of a battery than ascend the parliamentary tribune. His tribune you will find in the tower of Malakoff, from whence he speaks to the Russians from the rifle's mouth, or at Kabyl, from whence he chases the Arab ambush."—*Eugene Davis, in Boston Pilot.*

The Catholic Weekly Review

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

Commended by

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

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

The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto

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The Late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carberry, of Hamilton.

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Published by

The Catholic Review Publishing Company, (Limited)

Offices: 64 Adelaide St. East. (opposite Court House).

A. C. MACDONELL, President.

PH. DEGRUCHY, Editor and Manager

Terms: \$2.00 per annum, payable strictly in advance. Advertisements unexceptionable in character and limited in number, will be taken at the rate of \$2 per line per annum 10 cents per line for ordinary insertions. Club rates: 10 copies, \$15.

All advertisements will be set up in such style as to insure the tasteful typographical appearance of the Review and enhance the value of the advertisements in its columns.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1891.

To the Rev. Father Cronin, the able and talented editor of the *Buffalo Union and Times*, and to James Jeffrey Roche, of the *Boston Pilot*, we extend our congratulations on the receipt by them of the degree of L.L.D., from Notre Dame University at the recent Commencement of that institution.

We have received a copy of *Facts*, the latest accession to the ranks of Catholic Journals. It is published at Chattanooga, Tenn., and is well printed and well edited, and undoubtedly will receive the support of Catholics throughout the South. We give our young contemporary our hearty greetings, and well wishes.

We understand that there is at present in the circulation department of the Toronto Public Library the complete works of Thomas Paine. Against the circulation of these books we must enter our protest, as being opposed to Christianity they can be viewed in no other light than as immoral publications, unfitted to be read by any. The object the Public Library was intended to further was to provide good and wholesome reading for the people, not to sap the foundations of Christianity by the dissemination of atheistic productions.

THE EVILS OF MIXED MARRIAGES.

Every married Catholic who agrees that his children shall be brought up Protestants, commits a sin just as great as if he himself had forsaken his faith; nay, even a greater sin, inasmuch as he robs his children and their descendants, and, consequently, many souls, of the Catholic faith. The numerous benefits which are lost by abandoning the Catholic faith are of the greatest value.

Baptism outside the Catholic Church is very doubtful. Baptism, indeed, performed by Protestants is valid if administered in the right way, and with the right intentions: but these are very often wanting.

Numbers of Protestant ministers do not believe any longer that Christ is the Son of God. If such people, in behalf of the laity, go through with what is external in Baptism, but do not believe in the Holy Trinity or in the effects of Baptism, they can hardly have the right intention when their Baptism is no Sacrament, and hence the child has no share in the redemption of our Saviour. That Catholic who, being married to a Protestant, agrees that the children shall be brought up in the Protestant communion, undergoes, consequently, the risk of having his or her children baptized invalidly, and therefore the risk of not having them made Christians before God. Outside of the fact that the Protestant himself must doubt whether he

was baptized validly or not, there is no doubt that he misses an immense benefit for life and death, namely, the Sacraments of Penance and the Altar.

The Protestants have no priest because they do not believe in the Sacrament of Ordination. Only a Bishop, as a successor of the Apostles, can ordain priests. Ordination bestows on the priest a supernatural power which no man, who is not a priest, can exercise: I mean the power to absolve a repentant sinner. The Saviour said to His Apostles: "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." This power is exercised every day in the Confessional. The Protestant does not know where to go when he has sinned grievously: his minister is no better able to give him a valid absolution from his sins than the wife or the maid-servant of the minister. It is the will and the command of God that the sinner shall go to a duly ordained priest to accuse himself and repent if he wishes to receive absolution from his sins. The Catholic who permits his children to be educated as Protestants deprives them of this Sacrament. The most terrible threat which our Lord made against those Jews who refused to have anything to do with Him was: "You shall die in your sins." If, then, your children die in their sins, it is your own fault, because you permitted them to become Protestants, and, consequently, lose that Sacrament by which the forgiveness of sins can be obtained. The same is true of the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. The Saviour Himself says distinctly: "That bread which came from heaven is My Body. Who does not eat My Flesh and drink My Blood has not life in him." The Flesh and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ can never be found in a Protestant Church, for the simple reason that the transubstantiation of bread and wine into the Body and Blood of the Son of God only takes place during the Consecration in the Holy Mass. The Protestants receive only ordinary bread and ordinary wine. Therefore, it often happens that the remnants of bread from their communion or last supper are brought into the kitchen, or are given to the poultry. Nay, with their so-called consecrated hosts they often seal their letters. If you, then, agree to the Protestant education of your children, you deprive them of that greatest of all benefits: a union with their Saviour in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar.

The Blessed Virgin Mary is, amongst all creatures, the one most pleasing to God. From her the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity took His human nature, and became forevermore, for all eternity, man, without ceasing to be God. God has selected Mary, and bestowed on her the greatest mercy which He can bestow on a created being, since she is free from all stain of sin, and perfect in all virtue. And if we call on her for intercession, we may be confident that the Mother of mercy, by her intercession, will give more effect to our prayers, and that God will hear us the sooner. Innumerable and even miraculous aids have been bestowed on Catholics in all ages and in all places, who, with confidence, have implored assistance of the Mother of God. But, in their miserable infatuation, Protestants have been led by the so-called reformers into a refusal to honour and invoke the Mother of the Saviour. She, enlightened by the Holy Ghost, once said: "From henceforth all nations shall call me blessed." The prophecy is now verified in all parts of the world; a hundred millions hail her daily with the angelic salutation. Amongst all baptized Christians, Protestants alone refrain from saluting and praising the Blessed Virgin. They take their stand, as it were, before the church door, and as often as the Mother of God is venerated in prayer or song, they become deaf and dumb, as if an unclean spirit had taken possession of them. To the number of such misguided men you add your children. As often as you say the "Our Father" with them, and then would go on to the "Hail Mary, full of grace," they are angered and are silent, and they turn their backs upon you, that is, if they are true to their Protestant teachings. But, furthermore, the Mother of God is lost to your children, inasmuch as they will never, their whole lives long, receive the true Holy Communion. The Lord Himself says: "Whoever eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood abideth in Me, and I in him." Therefore, we become, by means of a worthy Holy Communion, members of Christ, and, consequently, children of His holy Mother. Protestants, then, having no real and true Holy Communion, never become members of Christ, and therefore, never enter into relationship with His holy mother. As

often as you hear the Angelus bell ring, your conscience must reproach you, if it has not reached the last stage of callousness, with the awful fact: "It is my fault that my children are not children of the Blessed Virgin, and that they do not honour and invoke her."

Nor is this all that is to be said. Besides Baptism, man, in order to be saved, needs most most faith in Christ. But this faith itself can be lost to your children, and with it the last mainstay of Christianity, if they are brought up Protestants. Nowaday there are Protestant ministers without number who do not believe any more in Christ than a Jewish rabbi does. Such ministers will instil the poison of unbelief into their hearers, and bring them to a total rejection of Christianity. In this way many a congregation has a wolf for its pastor, who does not feed his flocks with Christian doctrine, but kills their souls by depriving them of faith which is the root and source of Christian life and Christian love. Whoever, then, kills faith destroys the life of the soul, and takes away the conditions for eternal beatitude. It is a terrifying thought, as terrifying as a gust from the sulphuric depth of hell, and one, therefore, that ought to make every Catholic shrink with horror from ever agreeing to have their children brought up Protestants, that: "As often as I look at my Protestant children, and am mindful of my religion, so often do I feel the reproach that it was through my fault that they have been robbed of their inheritance the Catholic religion, and that their souls are without life, because deprived of the nourishment of Christian doctrine and grace. The very sight of my children will not only give me no pleasure, but will be as a goad to my conscience, if that conscience of mine be not already dead."

Every sin committed by man is especially grievous: (1) If it affects the religion and spiritual welfare of others. (2) If it is committed with full knowledge and after full deliberation. (3) If the motive is vile and wicked.

In every one of these three respects the consent of a Catholic to the Protestant education of his children is a fearful grievous sin. You commit an outrage both against God and against your children. Were a person to murder his child, he would only kill the body and take away earthly life; but you rob your children of the source of sin-remission, the Holy Sacraments, and you turn them out of their mother Church, as it were, into the arid desert, since the more faithless their future minister, the more probable it is that the souls of your children will be lost. You may read papers and books intentionally written against the Catholic faith; you may read novels, poems, frequent theatres and gay companies, and thus you may more and more stiffen your conscience. But among the sins against the Holy Ghost is this: To have a heart hardened against salutary admonitions. Such a hardened heart they possess, who, despite the warnings of their conscience, yet consent that their children be cast off from the rock of the Catholic Church into the cold and tempestuous waters of Protestantism.

THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT AND THE VENERATION OF SAINTS.

THE Orange press and party in Ontario are grievously scandalized. The tender skin of their piety has been sorely lacerated, and their religious flesh bleeds. A new Popish outrage has been committed against loyalty and true religion, and Protestants long too tolerant, of rampant idolatry and superstition are called upon to stand up for their national and religious rights. The Feast of Sts. Peter and Paul has been honoured as a holiday by the Parliament of Canada, *Hinc illa lacryma*. Just think of it, the veneration of Saints recognized by the Parliament at Ottawa, and by Orangemen too, even the grand master among the rest.

It has been the custom all along, through courtesy to the Catholic members, to adjourn the House on Catholic holidays, and how this custom was never discovered to be a mistake till now is strange. The discovery may be a foreboding of additional annoyance to the new Premier for the complaint comes from his own party. Clarke Wallace is bound to have a similar honour conferred on William of Orange on the 12th, and the language in which some of the Toronto press speaks of the Apostles is gross, and to say the least of it strange, as coming from persons, and for a reading public professing Christianity in any

shape. If these terms and this language re-echoes in any way public sentiment of Toronto, then it must be concluded that there is very little esteem there for Sts. Peter and Paul, or for Christ Himself, whose chosen friends and inspired Apostles they were. This is not the time nor the occasion for a dissertation on the actual honour which we pay to the saints as the friends of God, but we may mention that the principle of saint worship is held even by people who do not accept the Catholic church as their teacher.

That principle is, that saints have merit, and merit is to be honoured wherever it exists. This is a broad, and, in some sense a democratic principle, inasmuch as it overlooks all the distinctions of birth, race, rank, wealth or position, to fix the regard on real moral worth. The church has canonized kings, nobles, military officers of high rank, private soldiers, humble shepherds, poor peasants and day labourers. The principle of saint worship is admitted, and the worship to some extent is practically rendered even by those who pretend that the saint worship practised by Catholics is idolatry and superstition. Even now people are honouring the memory of Sir John A. Macdonald, and very justly so. Meetings have been held to take the preliminary steps to erect a monument to his memory. We have read of memorial services having been held in some churches in his honour. Whether it was meant by these memorial services to venerate him as a saint or to relieve his soul which may be still detained in purgatory on account of some of his venial faults, and purify it for heaven, we cannot say. We really do not know what Protestants mean by such services, and though we have often asked the question of themselves, we never could get a satisfactory answer. They ridicule similar services in the Catholic Church, though the latter from their point of view can give a very intelligible reason for this practice.

But, if Protestants by these services merely wish to honour the human virtues of Sir John, still by so doing they recognize the fundamental principle on which saint worship rests, and differ from us only in its development and application. This merely goes to show that the principle of saint worship is active in the hearts of our Protestant friends, and it is a principle that does honour to human nature. Some time ago Dr. Spurgeon, delivering a sermon on Luther, had to the rear of him a large picture of the so-called reformer. He told his audience that by looking on the picture they would be reminded of what he had done. Suppose that had been a picture of Christ, or of St. Peter or St. Paul, and suppose that instead of Dr. Spurgeon it had been a Catholic priest, our Protestant friends would have characterized the incident as idolatrous. How consistent they are, to be sure. But why are Protestants so jealous of Catholic saints? Why not canonize a few saints of their own, and then insist on a day for their honour by the Canadian parliament. Clarke Wallace wants the honours of a saint for his hero, William of Orange. It is to be feared that the popular vote in his favour would not be unanimous, as many ardent Protestants regard with disfavour the Orange element, as being neither ornamental nor useful.

The Catholic Church was not one hundred years old when she could count her saints and martyrs by tens of thousands, and though Protestantism is considerably over three hundred years old, she has not a single saint on her calendar except those she has borrowed from old Mother Church. What is needed is a few post Reformation genuine Protestant saints. Some, for example, who had subscribed to the Thirty-Nine Articles, or to the Confession of Faith (unrevised edition) or who was a member of the Methodist Conference. We would exclude from even candidature, Unitarians, for though they are sound Protestants, having carried their principle of protesting to its logical result, yet, as they deny the doctrine of the Trinity and the Divinity of Christ, they really are not Christians, and should not in decency be honoured as saints. But objection has been made in this crusade on Sts. Peter and Paul, against dead saints and dead bones in general. Well, by all means let us have a batch of live ones. There is no lack of candidates, men whose holy lives, whose spirit of charity, holy mortification, and penance is as edifying as their preaching is acceptable. There is Dr. Wild, for example. Why the process of his beatification has already been carried by that powerful and almost infallible Protestant organ the *Mail* newspaper. The remaining part of the process of his canonization would be quite simple. Call a meeting of the citizens of Toronto to arrange the preliminaries, have a good committee of management, some orators of persuasive eloquence to present his

claims, and the thing will go on smoothly. Of course the devil's advocate will have something to say, but that will only bring the holy doctor's shining virtues out in bold relief and make his triumph the greater.

Then we have Dr. Potts and Dr. Fulton, and a host of other holy doctors, enough to make a litany—how unctuous and how devout will be the new litany. Dr. Wild pray for us. Dr. Potts pray for us, etc. All ye holy saints and doctors make intercession for us. One or more could be selected from each of the leading religious denominations for canonization, and this would partly do away with that bigotry and jealousy so unbecoming in persons professing to be religious.

But Protestants should not on principle object to the honouring of Sts. Peter and Paul. They claim that their religion has to a large extent been derived from a proper understanding of the inspired writings of these Apostles and certain events of their lives. For example, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her. To thee I give the keys of the kingdom of heaven. Feed my lambs, feed my sheep. Whatever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." In former times, and away down through the dark ages, it was erroneously believed that Christ, by these expressions, instituted a visible Church, of which he meant to make Peter, as it were, the foundation stone, that that Church built on a rock could withstand storms, that the expression about keys loosing and binding, and feeding the flock, meant some extraordinary faculties conferred on St. Peter by our Lord. But the progress of science and modern Biblical research has thrown additional light on this, as well as other portions of the holy Scriptures, and made it appear that these texts mean the very contrary of what they seem to imply. So that when Christ talks of loosing and binding and feeding lambs and sheep, it is quite clear that He meant to withhold all such power, and to warn future generations against all pretensions of Papal aggression. In like manner when St. Paul speaks of "one Lord, one faith," etc., and when He warns people against sects and divisions, modern Biblical research makes it appear beyond a doubt that He spoke ironically, and meant to free the human intellect, as Dr. Wild has beautifully expressed it, from all restraints of uniformity in doctrine and dogmatic teaching. In fact He meant that each one was to be his own teacher and believe as he thought fit. Still the Dr. continues to teach. We sincerely hope that this vexed question of saint worship will be settled when each denomination will be fairly represented, and that the saints will enjoy before Parliament the same equal rights that they do in heaven.

In arranging the new calendar of Protestant saints, which will be different altogether from "Fox's Book of Martyrs," we shall cheerfully give all the assistance we can consistently render, and the result of our long experience in matters pertaining to the lives of saints. We cannot, however, give to any of them a place in our own calendar, not even in a feast of the second class. But we shall not feel in the least jealous if the Parliament of Canada should show the same zeal to promote the honour and glory and worship of our modern Canadian or Protestant saints as the Parliament of England has done to promote and foster and establish by law the Protestant religion in Great Britain and Ireland. No doubt we should object to the means that were used at that memorable period, even though it would bring us now, as it did then, hosts of saints and martyrs. But to the zeal that would promote true sanctity, if such were possible, outside of the true Church of Christ, we could not, and would not, object.

LEX.

NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, June 19, 1891

The appearance of the Encyclical was awaited with some anxiety in labor circles. Here agitation has been rife for a long time. Just at present there is a lull, but not a healthy one. It is an enforced and miserable inactivity due to the disastrous failure of several strikes. The eagerness with which the Holy Father's communication was expected is justified by the ground it covers. Oppressing the wage-earners, denying them the right to combine, discouraging state aid for the needy, denying the right of private ownership in land—these are shafts which, however universal the application of the Encyclical, fly direct to the New World. Much of the agitation has run pretty closely on the

line of all current manifestations of discontent, towards socialism. The masses who are wage earners are greatly hampered in their efforts to better themselves. One painful circumstance makes competition among them very destructive. We stand right in the gateway of immigration. Much of the effect of organizing is annulled by the continuous influx of strangers who flood the labor market. Instead of going further west numbers of them offer their services immediately upon landing with the disastrous result of keeping wages down to starvation figures. The tolerance shown by the native workmen at this importation so hostile to their own interests is heroic.

This is also the home of the George school, who would banish poverty by confiscating to the state all land rents, thus destroying private ownership. His theories may now be said to be defunct; their demise dating from May 15th last: place, Rome. There is great confusion in the camp of the Socialists. But many of the illusions that obscured the workingman's day are destroyed. Many doubtless think that relief from their misery can only be obtained by some social upheaval, but they will presently realize that under any system whatsoever, as long as greed and competition are factors, there will be oppression and wretchedness. The fault is not in the social fabric, but in the uncultivated nature of man. When he is educated to an appreciation of generosity, when he is elevated to a sense and love of charity he can live happily under any system.

There has been a convulsive shaking up in the offices of the big dimes. It brought home, on early notice, either Pulitzer of the *World*, who had been serenely cruising on the Mediterranean, and James Gordon Bennett, who had been doing gay Paris. It was all caused by a new paper; and, strangely enough, not by its success but by its failure. The undoubted prosperity of all the big papers induced a brace of millionaires to embark in the business; and one morning when the town awoke all the dead walls and every available space in the city and suburbs, were covered with laudatory notices of "The Recorder." Money was lavished on it, and for awhile it flourished. But its wealthy owners soon discovered that money without brains would not make a newspaper. It was preparing to snuff out, when Mr. L. A. Turner, manager of the *World*, and one of Mr. Pulitzer's most powerful aides, bought it and left the *World*. A few years ago, when the *World* was moving on to victory, a fast dying paper, the *Star*, was resuscitated by millionaire C. P. Huntington with the apparent intention, judging from the venomous warfare it waged, of destroying the *World*. Then, too, did wealth fail for after confessedly sinking \$600,000.00 in the venture the paper was sold. In the general shaking up the other day this paper was bought by Mr. Cockerill, late chief editor of the *World*, whose aggressiveness in the editing of that paper earned for him the title of "Julius Caesar" Cockerill.

The defection of Messrs. Turner and Cockerill is a serious loss to Mr. Pulitzer, and a cause of rejoicing to the rest of the profession. For the triumvirate ruled the journalistic world with an iron hand. But Mr. Pulitzer is not a man to be borne down by difficulties. His whole career crowned by housing his paper as is now done is proof of this; and the day he came home he wrote "The indispensable man is not numerous." There is a romance in this connection illustrative of his perseverance. When he landed in New York, a poor Hungarian boy, he sought lodging at French's Hotel and was refused. He has since had the satisfaction, if satisfaction it was, of razing the hotel to the ground, and erecting on the same site his paper's present palatial home. In choosing this site, however, he was not actuated by vindictiveness, but purely by the advantages of its location.

I may at some future time notice at length the papers which compose the Metropolitan Press and make an important feature of the city's life.

On Tuesday last society went to Hoboken, N.J., and witnessed, at five dollars a head, a very pretty and novel rendition of Shakespeare's pastoral dream, "As You Like It." It was given amidst conditions that do not usually surround the conventional drama. A green sward for a stage, a forest for a theatre, lightning, thunder and a rain-shower were some of the concomitants of the presentation of this delightful love-comedy. The actors bravely kept the field, or the woods, despite the warring elements. Only once, when the rain fell in great drops, they all retreated to the foot of a tree, and remained huddled together until the shower was over. There were times though, and the sweet-voiced Rosalind must have felt how ineffectual was a sweet voice, when the thunders strode the same stage. But she deserves to have it recorded that the thunders rolled away and she remained to finish her pretty lines.

Then there were other times when actors and elements seemed for a brief moment to understand one another, and play in harmony. For no sooner had Celia repeated aloud to herself, upon the entrance of her hero, "Tis young Orlando!" than a vivid flash from the skies lighted up his form, and, I might add, Celia's form, and the whole audience, and the entire forest. The play was well produced and every part taken by efficient actors. The proceeds were given to charity.

The village of Seabright, situated across the Bay from the city, and inhabited by fishermen, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 17th inst. Its quaintness and isolation had induced hundreds of New York men to build summer villas in the pretty inlet. Their generosity will avert much of the distress the villagers would otherwise have endured.

Men and Things.

...A remarkable essay on Belgium, by Mr. Alfred Wathélet, has just appeared in England as part of a volume on the national life and thought of various nations. Mr. Wathélet, though not a Catholic, declares that Belgium, the European State most thoroughly permeated with the Catholic spirit, is also the most free and progressive.

...If some of our non Catholic friends still repeat the assertion that the practice of auricular confession is a mere form without after effect, the constant recurrences of cases of restitution made by penitents ought to convince them of its absurdity. The latest of these is that of a Spanish gentleman, who has received a sum amounting to \$955 from a penitent who stole \$250 forty-seven years ago. Six per cent. was added, that restitution might be complete.

...A Paris correspondent writes thus of the encyclical: "A Bishop who honours me with his confidence, lately told me that it is his intention to propose to his colleagues in the French hierarchy to unite their efforts so as to print, at their joint expense, the Papal encyclical in pamphlet form and send it gratis to over 10,000,000 of electors. When our peasants receive a gratuitous pamphlet they are pleased, firstly, because it is directed to them personally and, secondly, because it gives them something to read without any cost to themselves, and so they read it. The idea is excellent. If all Frenchmen could be penetrated with the spirit of these wonderful pages, a much clearer notion of duty in all social classes would be the result."

...The progress of the Church in India is remarkable and gratifying. A veteran missionary in Madura, writing to a friend, gives an account of the visitation of the Bishop to Pudukatti. The visitation lasted thirty days, and was a great event. Mgr. Barthé was attended by a band of native musicians, and his progress was almost triumphal, the pagans swelling the crowd in large numbers. In this one district, the Bishop confirmed 2,081 persons and gave Holy Communion to more than 3,000. A large number of new catechumens were received; and seventy-one, already instructed, were baptized.

...Among the many fine allusions to Blessed Thomas More in literature is the famous line by Thomson:

"A dauntless soul erect, who smiled on death."
That in Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women" to Margaret Roper, who heroically saved her father's head from insult, is, we think, not less beautiful. The impression that the head of the martyr was lost is, it seems, false. There is every probability that it is still in St. Dunstan's Vault, Canterbury. In 1835 this vault was accidentally opened, and the relic found in a leaden box shaped like a beehive, open in front, with an iron grating before it. The recent discovery of a manuscript bearing on the subject in the British Museum tends to confirm this view of a much-mooted question.

...The Prussian Government has at last found conscience, and the Lower House has just passed a bill to compensate the clergy of the Empire for the penalties they incurred under the Falk Laws. It is said that the salaries withheld from the bishops and priests who refused to acknowledge the royal supremacy in spiritual matters amounts, in round numbers, to £800,000; and this sum is to be turned over to the present hierarchy, each bishop having absolute power to dispose of the share belonging to his diocese. But, as a careful writer pertinently remarks, the chief evils attending the unjust legislation in Germany were spiritual, not temporal; and no official act can make amends for the losses which the Church sus-

tained during that trying period. However, there were perhaps even greater gains, in consequence of the persecution, in other lands, to which so many expelled religious drifted.

...There is a special fitness in the conferring of honorary degrees by our Catholic colleges on literary men, who must, to remain consistent Catholics and in the literary harness, have had battles to fight. No better candidate for the degree of Master of Arts could have been chosen by Notre Dame than the Rev. John Conway, of St. Paul, editor of the *Northwestern Chronicle* and the author of an excellent and popular work, "Rational Religion." The other candidate for this degree was the Rev. Arthur B. O'Neill, C.S.C., late of Canada, who is so favourably known to our readers as a poet and prose writer. The gentlemen honoured with the degree of L.L.D. by Notre Dame are likewise most deserving. They are the Rev. Patrick Cronin, of the *Catholic Union and Times*; and Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, of the *Pilot*. We are sure that no reader of the *Arc Marie*, will refuse to applaud the discrimination of the University of Ottawa in conferring the same degree on Maurice Francis Egan.—*Arc Marie*.

...The *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—"There has been a most extraordinary treasure-trove in Rio Janeiro, and the story of it reads like a page in 'Monte Cristo.' A few contractors' men were busy last month pulling down the castle of San Antonio, when they came suddenly upon unknown subterranean passages, and carefully hidden in these a rare amount of treasure. A large bed and twelve oak chests clamped with iron, four iron boxes, and sixteen sacks—these were filled with old gold coins from the Spanish Mint to the value of at least 70,000,000*l*. But this was only part of the wonder, for there were documents that revealed further treasures that could not be far distant. There was a receipt signed by the Superior of the College of the Jesuits for twenty millions in gold destined as tribute for John IV., King of Portugal, on the occasion of his visit to Brazil. There were jewels and precious stones of great value. There was an inventory that mentioned ingots and bars of gold, there was another that spoke of gold dust—it all read like a page in a romantic old novel. But the little touch of modern life came in promptly enough, for the question at once arose who was to own the property. All the different original claimants were represented. The Society of Jesus still exists. The present King of Portugal is the nearest descendant of John IV., and the Republic of Brazil represents the Government of the old dynasty. Gold is not so plentiful in Rio but that the find has made a great noise, and there will be much litigation before matters are finally settled."

...In 1825, says a London writer, the late Duke of Brunswick married a young English lady of noble rank, of the Colville family, in London. A daughter was born of this marriage on July 5, 1826, at the Castle of Windessen, and was baptized Elizabeth Wilhelmina. She was treated as a princess from her birth, baptized with almost royal pomp in presence of the great officers of the crown, and with the sovereign as honorary sponsor, and the heir apparent as actual god-father. The child of fortune enjoyed as an appendage all the honours and titles of the house of Guelph, Countess of Blakenburg, of Colmar, etc. Up to her 17th year she lived a life of honour and luxury, the spoilt child of a prince; she was also a millionaire. At this time she met and heard the great Dominican, Pere Lacerdair. At the end of three months the grace of God had conquered this chosen soul, and she became a Catholic. The Duke's reply was prompt and decisive. The beloved daughter was cast off; and after twenty-five years of inflexible hostility, the Duke dying left by will,

as was announced in the papers at the time the whole of his vast fortune to the city of Geneva. Such is the true history of this curious legacy, and the will is at present being contested by the children of the Duchess of Colmar, Countess of Bar and Civey, who was no other than Elizabeth Wilhelmina of Brunswick, the convert of Lacerdair.

...The *Standard* referring to the nature of the speech from the throne delivered by the German Emperor in his capacity as King of Prussia, when closing the session of the Landtag recently, says that the most significant passage in it was "that in which he referred, with much solemnity and significance of tone, to the blessings of peace—'a peace,' His Majesty concluded, 'which I have no reason to apprehend is imperilled, and the maintenance of which is the object of my constant endeavour.' But William II. is peculiarly alive to the fact that peace is only a means to an end, and that States in vain enjoy its advantages if they do not turn them to profitable account by timely domestic legislation, by stimulating the sources of national industry and well-being, and by broadening the basis of national concord. Hence the main portions of the Emperor's address had reference to the reforms in taxation and in commercial government, and to the complete re-establishment of religious peace, which have been the chief matters under consideration of the Prussian Diet during the session now closed. The restitution to the Catholic hierarchy and their clergy of the stipends the payment of which was suspended during the payment of the Kultur Kampf represents the final healing of that breach between Church and State which ran so counter to the traditions and ideal of the Prussian Monarchy. So long as active power remains in the hands of a Sovereign, it is obvious that he cannot represent one class or one creed in the community, to the derogation or offence of another class or creed, without failing in his mission of making the Crown the embodiment and microcosm of the whole body of national sentiment. A quarrel between Church and State is in every community an embarrassment and a scandal; but in a State where the monarch plays a leading part in its political life it amounts almost to a confession that the Crown has failed in one of its most important functions. It is greatly to the credit of German statesmanship that this paradoxical controversy has been brought to a friendly and satisfactory termination. But the Emperor evidently feels that it is his peculiar mission to put an end to all widespread and dangerous feuds in his dominion; and, with characteristic courage, he is eager to accept his share of the responsibility of endeavouring to distribute, with as near an approach to impartiality and fairness as is humanly possible, the incidence of taxation among the various members and sections of his people. There is no more difficult task, more especially in a populace, heterogeneous, and in its community, that clings to the tenets and fiscal arrangements of Protection. But Germany, apparently, has no intention of cutting the economic Gordian Knot by the adoption of Free Trade, and hence the Crown and the Legislature have to occupy themselves with ingenious and elaborate adjustments of taxation which may recommend themselves to the general sense of equity of those by whom the taxes have to be paid."

...Archbishop Croke, in an interview with a Press Association representative at Calbally, County Limerick, said many of both political parties in Ireland would like to be under the leadership of Mr. Dillon. Mr. Dillon's leadership was almost agreed upon at Boulogne by both sections of the delegates, but Mr. Parnell frustrated the arrangement.

Catholic News

...The Annual Pic-nic in aid of St. Mary's church will be held on Wednesday next in Alexandra Rink, Bathurst St. As in previous years this will undoubtedly be the most enjoyable of the season, as in addition to the strains of sweet music discoursed by the brass and string bands of the I. C. B. U., under the leadership of Prof. McEvoy, special attractions in the way of acrobatic feats, etc., will be performed by the Simcoe Bros., under the leadership of Prof. Zock. These athletes are second to none in the country, and the character of their performance has been highly praised. They will perform both afternoon and evening. In addition there will be a Grand Concert in the evening, at which the best professional and local talent will appear. Refreshments will be provided on the grounds and an energetic committee will attend to the wants of those present.

...Messrs. Sadlier & Co., Church street, have kindly undertaken to exhibit and take orders in Toronto for the pictures of Father McRae, the description of which we published last week.

...At the meeting of the Separate School Board on Tuesday night Rev. J. McCarthy, for St. Patrick's ward; C. P. Long, St. Thomas; Very Rev. Dean Cassidy, St. Alban's; and Rev. Father Rohleder, for St. James', the new members of the Board who were elected by a canon on June 23rd last, signed the roll and took their seats. A communication from Rev. Father La Marche of the French church, asked for the establishment of a school in his parish so that all the children might be taught English. The matter was referred to the Sites Committee.

G. F. Bishopbrick's tender, that he would for \$1,315 repair St. Cecilia, St. Joseph, St. Mary's and other schools specified, was accepted, it being the lowest.

Medical Health Officer, Dr. Allen, warned the Board that the drains of St. Mary's school were in a very defective and dangerous condition. It was agreed that tenders should be immediately asked for to put the drains in a thorough sanitary state.

J. J. Daley & Co., received the contract for the annual supply of school coal at \$4.85 per ton, hardwood \$4.00 per cord, and pine \$3.40. M. Nolan will keep the school stoves in repair for one year, for which he will receive \$155.

...The garden party held on the 25th in St. Michael's College grounds was most enjoyable. The grounds were beautifully illuminated with electric lights and Chinese lanterns, and the place bore a look of enchantment. The several booths were in charge of the young ladies of St. Basil's, and their good looks and winning manners captured many a good hard dollar for the cause. The tea tables were in charge of Mrs. Rooney, assisted by Mrs. Delahave, Mrs. John Foy and Mrs. Berthon. The fruit and ice cream booths were in charge of Miss Kirkwood, assisted by Mrs. O'Connor and the Misses Sullivan, Small, Kormann, Hayden, Kelly and McLaughlin. The Misses Johnson, Fleming, O'Neil and Stuart sold an enormous quantity of flowers and candy. Heintzman's band furnished excellent music.

MONTREAL.

...Last Sunday morning the Right Rev. Monsignor Tsu, Archdeacon of the Chaldean Patriarch, Chaldean, celebrated Mass and delivered a sermon in St. Bridget's church. The Mass was celebrated according to the Chaldean rite. There was a large congregation, many persons being obliged to stand all the time. In his sermon, which was in French, Mgr. Tsu explained the mission which had brought him to this country. It was to obtain assistance in the great work of uniting the people of Chaldea, and of bringing the blessings of civilization and education to a large portion of them. Amongst the Chaldeans, he said, there were 110,000 Catholics and 600,000 Nestorians. The nation had been divided into Catholics and Nestorians since the year 130, and now the Nestorians, who were in a dense state of ignorance, had called upon their Catholic fellow-countrymen to take steps to reunite them and to educate and instruct them in the arts and usages of civilization. There was a good ground for the hope that their petition would be responded to. They all spoke the same language, the Syro-Chaldaic, the language which the Saviour Himself spoke; they had the same laws, the same religion, the same rites. The Nestorians were isolated and separated from the rest of the world by almost inaccessible mountains, and it was a remarkable, as well as a pathetic, circumstance that although in ancient times Chaldea founded the first university in the world, and was covered with convents and colleges when there were few of them elsewhere, to-day most of its people were ignorant and, to a great extent, uncivilized. Its history dated back over 3000 B.C., and it was the first nation to found an empire. Later on it was the first to embrace Christianity. It could point to the records of twenty-five archiepiscopal sees and 280 bishoprics. Monuments had recently been discovered, not only in the country itself, but in China, bearing Chaldean inscriptions dating back to the seventh and eighth centuries, thus bearing testimony to the efforts it had made to spread a knowledge of the gospel abroad. It was not merely a missionary but a learned church. Having given a number of interesting details as to the habits and customs of the people and their peculiar religious rite, and quoted a passage from the Greek historian, Theopompus, concerning them, Mgr. Tsu then went on to say that their condition had been very unjustly affected by the opening of the Suez Canal, which turned away from its ports a considerable amount of traffic. No harvest had been gathered for the last two years. All work was done by the hand, there being no implements like those in use in civilized countries. The Nestorians were to-day the most wretched and the most ignorant people in the East. Last November their chief solemnly called upon the Catholics to rescue them from their deplorable lot, and it was in response to this appeal that he (the preacher) had come to this country, in order to collect funds to establish educational, art and technical colleges and schools amongst them. It was a patriotic and a humanitarian, as well as a Christian work, and he hoped the faithful would contribute generously towards its accomplishment.

A collection was then taken up. Mgr. Tsu will preach in St. Patrick's church next Sunday.

...The death is announced of Sister Rose de Marie, nee Parmelee O'Brien, dit Durocher, at Longueuil. She belonged to the Convent at Hochelaga and had gone to Longueuil to recruit her health. She was thirty-eight years of age and had been eighteen years in the order. The deceased was highly esteemed in French society in Montreal and was a sister of Mr. Durocher, of the Richelieu hotel.

OTTAWA.

The Catholic Church at Sand Point was struck by lightning during a thunder storm the week before last and had a narrow escape from destruction by fire. The sacred edifice had just been repaired and put in order for the reception of the Bishop, who was about to visit the parish.

At the Fallowfield picnic in aid of the Catholic Church, the sum of \$200 was realized, which, considering the showery condition of the weather, was an extra large amount. The prize cake was won by Miss Nellie Rooney, she having the majority of votes. The cake realized \$50. Great credit is due Rev. Father Sloane, the popular priest of Fallowfield, and Rev. Father Dunne, of Richmond, whose exertions proved so successful.

...The beautiful ceremony of receiving new members into the Sodality of the Holy Angels Eganville took place immediately before the Benediction in St. James' Church on Sunday afternoon June 28th when eight little girls, handsomely attired in white robes and floral crowns became members of the Society. Rev. Father Conlee officiated.

The closing exercises in connection with the Eganville Convent took place on Monday, June 29th, in the presence of a large assemblage of the parents and friends of the pupils. Rev. Father Byrne, P.P., and Rev. Father Conlee were also present during the greater part of the day, the former presiding at many of the exercises, which were carried out in a most creditable manner in all of the different grades, reflecting unbounded praise upon the efficiency of the teaching staff. A musical programme was also carefully prepared by the Sisters in charge of the School, and rendered by the pupils in a manner which afforded the utmost enjoyment to all who had the good fortune of being present. We append the programme:

Song, "We Children of this Village," Little Ones.

Flag Song, Little Boys.
Legend Brezeng, Miss J. Gorman.
Choice of Trade, Little Boys.
Butterfly's Chorus, by Girls.

Composition, "Ruins of Time," Miss M. J. Dunne.

Recitation, "Famine," 4th Grade Girls.
Composition, "The Little and the Great," Miss S. McKernan.

The Choice, 2nd Grade.
Song, "If the Waters Could Speak as They Flow," 4th and 5th Grade Girls.

Recitation, "The Martyred Mother," Miss M. E. McNamara.
Melodrama, "Voyage of Life," 4th and 5th Grades.

Laudate.

The melodrama was beautifully presented, and, containing as it did, an equally beautiful moral, was enjoyed and appreciated to the fullest extent. Indeed, we may say that wonderful cleverness was shown by the pupils throughout the proceedings of the day, and we were surprised and disappointed only when informed that there was to be no distribution of prizes. Pupils of such willingness and aptitude, when leaving the school room in which for a whole year they have worked so assiduously, ought to at least have the chance of carrying with them some memento that would remind their parents and friends of the success achieved by them during the year. Besides, the presentation of prizes would cause them to look forward with much greater interest to the coming of the examinations, and urge them on in commendable rivalry to greater efforts. We hope that those who are interested in the School will see that prizes are properly distributed when the next occasion comes round. In conclusion, we may say, that great praise is due the Sisters of the Convent for the rapid progress made by the pupils during the past year, and we congratulate the Lady Superior, Sister Mary Beatrix, and her assistants on the gratifying success which has crowned their labors of the last scholastic term.—*Eganville Star.*

GENERAL NEWS.

...The attacks upon the mission stations in China are said to be the work of a secret society, which seeks to keep alive the doctrines and the fanatical spirit of the Paepings. We are very sorry to hear that the French admiral on the China station has threatened to bombard Nankin in reprisal for these outrages. French activity of this martial kind has done more to retard than to promote the progress of our missions in the East.

...According to the last-rendered report of the vicariate of Northern Japan, a division of which is now confided to Monsignor Berlios, had 36 European missionaries, 9 clerics and 68 native catechists. It also possessed 1 seminary, a college, 3 female academies, 8 industrial schools 6 orphan asylums and 1 leper station, in charge of Reverend Father Testevuida. The Marianite priests, the Sisters of the Infant Jesus and those of St. Paul de Chartres are engaged in missionary work in this vicariate, and the Catholic population is estimated at about 13,000.

...Pilgrimages to the Canadian shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, near Quebec, have already commenced from the U. S. and the probabilities are that a great number of Catholics, chiefly of French-Canadian birth or descent, will visit this hallowed spot this year than ever before. Ste. Anne de Beaupre is one of the most favoured and frequented shrines on this continent, and the best time to visit it is in the summer months. It is estimated that fully 100,000 pilgrims annually visit the spot, nearly all of whom confess and communicate, and a number of supernatural cures are yearly reported as occurring at the shrine.

...Catholicity is evidently making good headway in Japan when the Holy See finds it necessary to erect another episcopal district in that country. It is twenty-five years ago now since the first vicariate-apostolic was created in Japan, Monsignor Pettjean being then charged with the episcopal supervision of the entire country. In 1877 the southern district was aloof from the north, and a new vicariate made in the latter, with Bishop Osouf who has visited this country in behalf of the Japanese Catholic, in charge. Later still Monsignor Midon was made vicar apostolic of Central Japan, and now Monsignor Berlios gets a slice of Bishop Osouf's district, and is named vicar-apostolic of North-east Japan.

...In reply to the appeal made to the Catholics of France by Monseigneur Richard, Archbishop of Paris, a committee of twenty members has been formed under the title of Union de la France Chretienne. Last Friday this committee held its first sitting, under the presidency of the Cardinal Archbishop, to elect the officers of the association, and to draw up a manifesto to the country. M. Chesnelong was named president; M. Keller, Baron de Mackau, Comte Albert de Mun, and M. d'Herlelot were nominated vice-presidents; while M. Ferdinand Riant was appointed treasurer, and M. Barthelmy Terrat secretary. In their manifesto the members of this committee demand the support of all Christians, without distinction of political opinion, in their defence and in their demand for civil, social, and religious liberties, of which they say they have been and are still being despoiled. They beseech all Christians to rally round them.

...On Monday 29th was the eighteenth anniversary of the consecration of Right Rev. Charles J. Seghers as the second prelate of Vancouver's Island. Dr. Seghers, whose tragic death in Alaska is well remembered, remained in British Columbia for five years after his consecration, when he was promoted to the archbishopric of Oregon City. Visiting Rome in 1884 as the ordinary of that archdiocese, the Pope expressed

to him the difficulty he experienced in finding a successor for Bishop Brondel, whom he had transferred from Vancouver's Island to Helena, Mont. The archbishop thereupon offered to return to Victoria, and his generous offer was accepted by the Pope, who, to testify his appreciation of Dr. Seghers' sacrifice, ordered him to retain his archiepiscopal title and to be known thenceforth as the archbishop-bishop of Vancouver's Island.

...The Irish national church in Rome, dedicated to St. Patrick, was formally opened some time ago by Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin. Collections for the building were taken up all over the world, wherever the children of Erin have found homes. Pope Leo XIII. was the first contributor, giving 4,000 lire to the Augustinians. He appealed to the Irish race with the result that the corner-stone was laid on August 1, 1888, and that the formal opening has been made, although the building will not be completed for several months. Over the windows of the edifice will be the coats of arms of the Irish sees, and the statue of an Irish saint will rest in each niche.

In form the edifice will be a basilica, with three naves. Steps will lead to the floor, which will be seven feet above the level of the street. The belfry or campanille will rise at the right hand side, where the apse and nave will meet. In form the apse will be semi-octagonal, and its horizontal divisions will harmonize with those of the front and sides. It will have windows similar to those of the sides. In height the facade will be 122 feet, and in breadth 92 feet. The distance from the ground to the top of the belfry will be 158 feet. In length the edifice will be 194 feet. This includes the apse, which is 17 feet deep. The entire breadth of the church will be 76 feet. Each of the lateral naves will be half as wide as the central nave. Eighty-nine feet will be the height of the central nave, and 49 feet that of the lateral naves. Two rows of columns will mark the divisions of the naves. In each row will be four monolith columns of Biella granite. The columns, including the capitals, will be 34 feet high each.

The entire area of the church, sacristy, and other places of worship connected with the building will be 21,740 feet.

A distinguished Austrian diplomatist, Count Alexander de Hubner, in a very interesting book, entitled, "A Year of My Life—1848-1849," referring to the Roman question, observes that sooner or later Catholic opinion will triumph and bring about its solution. "Millions of Catholics," he says, "are unanimous in condemning the misdeed of September 20th, 1870, and are in accord upon these three points: 1. The Pope has need of his political independence for the free exercise of his spiritual ministry. 2. Only the exercise and possession of temporal power can guarantee this free exercise. 3. The Pope's place is in Rome." Tuesday, June 10, was a memorable day in the history of the Catholic University, Washington, D.C., from the fact that the degree of licentiate was conferred for the first time. It was hoped that His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons would be present, but it was impossible for him to attend owing to his recent illness. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane conferred the degree of S. T. L. on the following students: Rev. Joseph P. McGinley, Diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. John F. Driscoll, Diocese of Albany; Rev. Peter C. Ysrke, Archdiocese of San Francisco; Rev. William A. Fletcher, Archdiocese of Baltimore; Rev. Thomas J. Whalen, Archdiocese of Chicago, and Rev. E. Dublanchy, S. M. Mgr. Schroeder, dean of the faculty of theology, addressed the licentiates. Rev. Father Yorke responding in behalf of the successful students. The course of study for the degree conferred Tuesday embraced two years after the completion of the usual seminary course.

With the awarding of the certificates the regular work of the University closed Wednesday morning, to be re-opened for the next term on the second Monday in September.

C. M. B. A. News.

To the Editor of the Catholic Review:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—The following was unanimously adopted by Branch 81 and copy ordered sent to your valuable paper.

Whereas; certain subsidized organs of the C. M. B. A. are advocating principles which in the unanimous opinion of this Branch is detrimental to the general welfare of our association:

And, whereas; such Journals, particularly the *Catholic Record* of London, Ont. indulges in rather unbecoming language in criticizing the actions of their superiors in the Supreme Council whose patronage they retain.

Be it resolved! that we hereby deprecate and censure the conduct of such papers particularly the *Catholic Record*, and desire the Supreme Council at their next general convention to adopt some measure of restraining the imprudence and recklessness of such papers while they are recognized organs of the C. M. B. A. By publishing the above you will oblige

Yours Fraternally

W. F. SEVIGNY,

Sec. Br. 81

To the Editor of the Catholic Review.

...At the last regular meeting of Branch 13 Stratford, the following motion was carried almost unanimously:

Moved by Brother E. O'Flaherty, seconded by Brother C. Stock, that Branch 13 C. M. B. A. Stratford, respectfully request the Grand President to do all in his power to hasten the matter of separation from the Supreme Council, as we deem it of vital importance to the C. M. B. A. in Canada that immediate action be taken, and we would urge a special appeal to the different branches in Canada that his hands may be strengthened by such action.

It was also moved and carried that a copy of the above motion be sent to the Grand President and also to the *Catholic Review*

F. E. GOODWIS, Rec. Sec.

HAMILTON, July 4, 1891.

To Editor Catholic Review.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER—At the last regular meeting of Branch 37, held July 2, the following resolution was unanimously carried:

Moved by John Roman, seconded by G. L. Staunton, that it is the opinion of this branch that as it is evident from the past action of the American representatives to the Supreme Council of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association that it is their intention to prevent, by every means in their power, the Grand Council of Canada from obtaining a separate beneficiary jurisdiction for Canada (witness their attempt to obtain the custodianship of the Canadian medical certificates, the illegal striking out of the constitution of the separate beneficiary clause, etc.), that it has become the duty of the Executive Board of the Grand Council of Canada to take the necessary proceedings to institute a separate beneficiary jurisdiction. And that a copy of this resolution be sent to the Grand President and to the *Catholic Review* for publication.

Yours fraternally,

ALF. BOURQUE, Rec. Sec.

NORTHROP & LYMAN'S
VEGETABLE A : Great : Blood
 ← Purifier →
 A : Sure : Cure : for
 ← Dyspepsia →
DISCOVERY

A Medical Triumph! A Very Bad Case!

HOW THE HEALTH OF
 ONE OF BELLEVILLE'S CITIZENS
 WAS RESTORED.

Remarkable Cure of Dropsy and
 Dyspepsia.

MR. SAMUEL T. CASEY, Belleville, writes:
 "In the spring of 1884 I began to be troubled
 with Dyspepsia, which gradually became
 more and more distressing. I used various
 domestic remedies, and applied to my phy-
 sician, but received no benefit. By this time
 my trouble assumed the form of Dropsy. I
 was unable to use any food whatever, except
 boiled milk and bread; my limbs were swol-
 len to twice their natural size; all hopes of
 my recovery were given up, and I quite ex-
 pected death within a few weeks. NORTHROP
 AND LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY having
 been recommended to me, I tried a bottle
 with but little hope of relief; and now, after
 using eight bottles, my Dyspepsia and Dropsy
 are cured. Although now seventy-nine years
 of age, I can enjoy my meals as well as ever,
 and my general health is good. I am well
 known in this section of Canada, having
 lived here fifty-seven years; and you have
 liberty to use my name in recommendation
 of your VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, which has
 done such wonders in my case."

DYSPEPSIA VANQUISHED.

MR. JAMES JOHNSTON, 4th con., 7th lot,
 Amaranth, writes: "Two bottles of NORTH-
 THROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY
 cured me of Dyspepsia. Mine was a bad case
 and I had tried a number of other prepara-
 tions without getting any benefit from them."

Dyspepsia Had to Go.

MR. W. J. DEVELL, Wingham, carpenter
 and builder, writes: "Three years ago I was
 greatly troubled with Dyspepsia; a pain be-
 tween my shoulders was so bad that I thought
 I would have to quit work altogether. No
 medicine gave me ease until I got a bottle of
 NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCO-
 VERY, which gave me relief. I continued using
 the medicine until I had taken three bottles,
 when I was perfectly well. I consider it in-
 valuable as a cure for Dyspepsia. I know of
 several persons who have used it with the
 same benefit."

NORTHROP & LYMAN CO.
 TORONTO, PROPRIETORS.

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These Pills consist of a careful and pecu-
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 most efficacious remedy for derangements of
 the digestive organs, and for obstructions and
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JNO. J. FOY, Manager.

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 York, etc. Steamer leaves Godde's Wharf,
 foot of Yonge street. Family tickets for
 sale. Tickets at all G. T. R. and Empress
 ticket offices.

Burdock
BLOOD
BITTERS CURES DYSPEPSIA.
 CURES DYSPEPSIA.
 CURES DYSPEPSIA.

PROMOTES
 DIGESTION.

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

Burdock
BLOOD
BITTERS Cures CONSTIPATION
 Cures CONSTIPATION
 Cures CONSTIPATION

Rapid Recovery.

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

Miss F. WILLIAMS,
 415 Bloor St., Toronto.

Burdock
BLOOD
BITTERS Cures BILIOUSNESS.
 Cures BILIOUSNESS.
 Cures BILIOUSNESS.

Direct Proof

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

MARY A. E. DEACON,
 Hawkeston, Ont.

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

A Prompt Cure.

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

ANNIE BURGER,
 Tilsonburg, Ont.

Burdock
BLOOD
BITTERS Cures BAD BLOOD.
 Cures BAD BLOOD.
 Cures BAD BLOOD.

Bad Blood may arise from
 wrong action of the Stomach,
 Liver, Kidneys and Bowels.
 B. B. B., by regulating and
 toning these organs, removes
 the cause and makes new rich
 blood, removing all blood
 diseases from a pimple to a
 scrofulous sore.

PURIFIES
 THE
 BLOOD.

The Province of Quebec Lottery

AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE

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

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3 and 17 June, 1 and 15 July, 5 and 19 August, 2 and 16 September, 7 and 21 October,
 4 and 18 November, 2 and 16 December.

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

Ask for circulars.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1	Prize worth	\$15,000	\$15,000
1	"	5,000	5,000
1	"	2,500	2,500
1	"	1,250	1,250
1	Prizes	50	1,000
25	"	25	1,250
100	"	15	2,500
500	"	15	3,000
500	"	10	5,000
100	Approximation	Prices.	
100	"	15	2,500
100	"	15	1,500
100	"	10	1,000
200	"	5	4,995
200	"	5	4,995

3134 Prizes worth \$52,740
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Of Roxbury, Mass., says

Kennedy's Medical Discovery
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 Seated Ulcers of 40 year's
 standing, Inward Tumors, and
 every disease of the skin, ex-
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 Price \$1.50. Sold by every
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Health Pamphlet

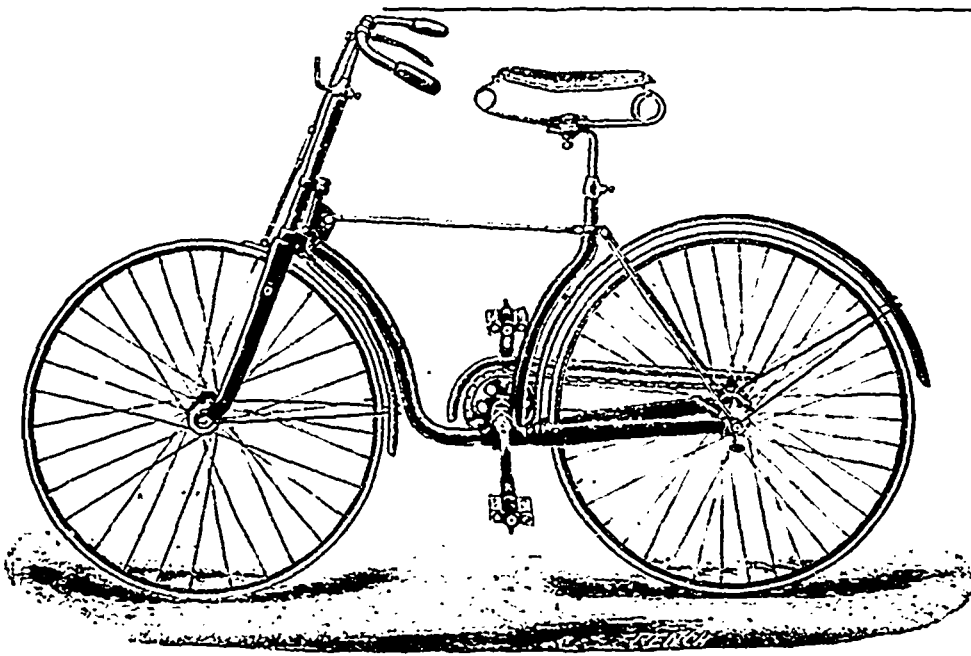
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 Church, Society,
 and General
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These Illustrations represent a portion of our Premiums which we offer for the getting up subscription clubs,

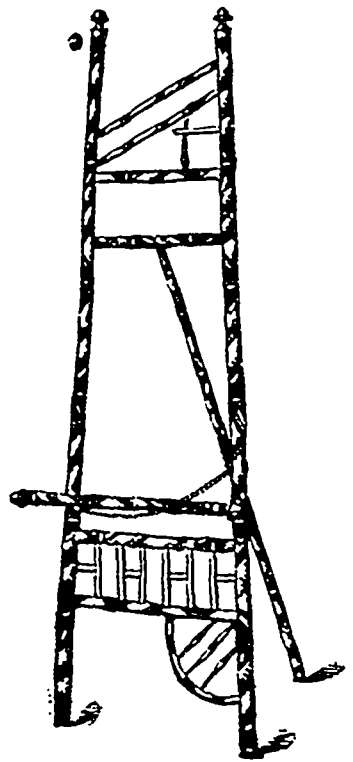
The Review, with its increased size and the new feature about to be introduced, is now in the front of Canadian journalism. We take this opportunity of thanking the many friends who have sent us in lists of subscribers, and as a still further incentive, for efforts on our behalf, we have determined to donate the following premiums to those sending in to us the number of prepaid subscribers as designated below. All these goods are of the best quality, manufactured by the well known firm of the Gendron Manufacturing Co., 7 and 9 Wellington St., Toronto,

and 1910 Notre Dame St., Montreal, and can be seen at their wareroms at either of these two cities. We ship them prepaid to any destination in Canada or the United States. We have no hesitation in saying that this is an unprecedented offer, and our reputation, we think, is sufficient to warrant the prompt fulfillment of obligations, and a guarantee that goods are as represented. We wish to double our circulation during the next six months, and take this as the most effective way of so doing, at the same time remunerating those who work on our behalf.

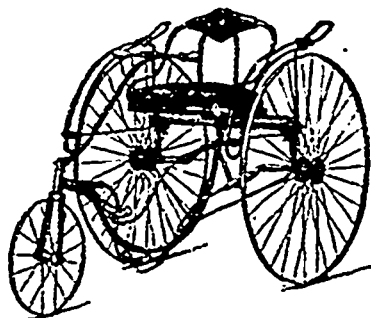


The frame is made of imported weldless steel tubing; the front and rear forks of special steel, concaved; the handle upright and bar, as also the spade handles; the swivel head and its brackets; the double rail bottom bracket; the sprocket shaft, cranks and pedal pins; the front and rear axles are all made of steel dropped forgings—the only absolutely reliable material.

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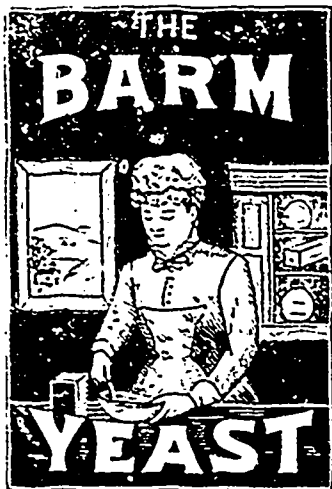
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"Nicely, Thank You."
"Thank Who?"
"Why the inventor of
**SCOTT'S
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Which cured me of CONSUMPTION."
Give thanks for its discovery. That it does not make you sick when you take it.
Give thanks. That it is three times as efficacious as the old-fashioned cod liver oil.
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Is a certain and speedy cure for Intemperance and destroys all appetite for alcoholic liquor. The day after a debauch, or any intemperance indulgence, a single teaspoonfull will remove all mental and physical depression.
It also cures every kind of FEVER, DYSPEPSIA, and TORPIDITY OF THE LIVER when they arise from other causes than Intemperance. It is the most powerful and wholesome tonic ever used.
When the disease is not strong one bottle is enough; but the worst case of delirium tremens do not require more than three bottles for a radical cure.
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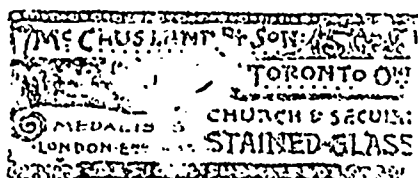
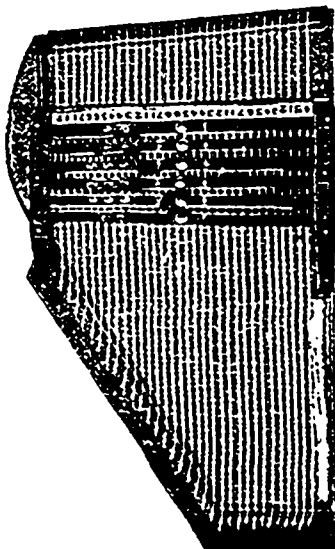
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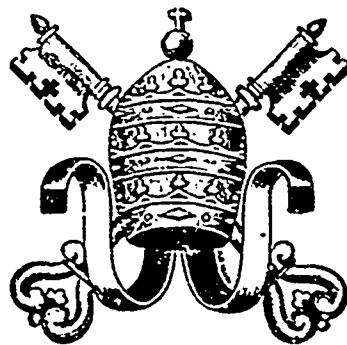


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