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# The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

*Reddite quae sunt Caesaris, Caesaris; et quae sunt Dei, Deo.*—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, Nov. 15, 1890.

No. 41

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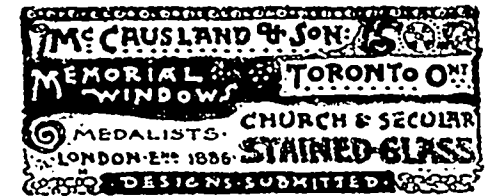
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# The Catholic Weekly Review.

Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, Nov. 15, 1890.

No. 41

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## Notes.

WE shall publish next week the full text of the Pastoral of the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, to which, in the circumstances of the hour, great interest attaches. It commences by strongly urging upon the Irish Executive the duty of taking timely precautions against the impending famine, and affirms the reality of the danger. The Pastoral then proceeds to impress upon the faithful the binding force of the Papal Rescript against the Plan of Campaign and Boycotting. It then goes on to recapitulate and reaffirm the instructions promulgated two years ago by the Bishops, and the exposition of the Decree published by the Archbishop of Dublin. It repeats the warning then given against the use of irreverent language towards the Pope or the Holy See, and reminds the people that on questions of morals the Pontiff has "an inalienable and Divine right to speak with authority." That is all. But it is none the less effective or significant for its studied and wise moderation. The Pastoral finishes with words of sympathy for the evicted tenants, and a protest, in the name of justice and humanity, against further evictions at such a time as the present.

THE Sovereign Pontiff in his latest Encyclical Letter to the Clergy and people of Italy, to which we briefly referred last week, urges upon people and clergy alike the need of doing everything in their power to maintain the faith in Italy against the assaults of its enemies. "No means" the Encyclical reads, "must be neglected that is in your power. All the resources of speech, every expedient in action, all the immense treasures of help and grace which the Church places in your hands, must be made use of, for the formation of a learned clergy, for the Christian education of youth, for the extirpation of evil doctrines, for the defense of Catholic truths, and for the maintenance of the Christian character and spirit of family life."

To this end the Sovereign Pontiff exhorts the greater

sustainment and encouragement of the Catholic press; and his words are not less true of Italy in this respect than of English-speaking countries. "Moreover," we read, "seeing that the chief instrument employed by our enemies is the press, which in great part receives from them its inspiration and support, it is important that Catholics should oppose the evil press by a press that is good, for the defense of truth, out of love for religion and to uphold the rights of the Church. While the Catholic press is occupied in laying bare the perfidious designs of the sects, in helping and seconding the action of the sacred pastors, and in defending and promoting Catholic works, it is the duty of the faithful efficaciously to support this press—both by refusing or ceasing to favour in any way the evil press; and also directly, by concurring, as far as each one can, in helping it to live and thrive; and in this matter we think that hitherto enough has not been done in Italy."

BEFORE everything else it is necessary, the Pontiff says, that the people should be instructed as to the true state of things in Italy with regard to religion, the essentially religious character of the conflict in Italy against the Pontiff, and the real object constantly aimed at, so that they may see by the evidence of facts the many ways in which their religion is conspired against. What the Masonic programme aims at realizing in Italy the Holy Father describes in these words:

"The action of the sects is at present directed to attain the following objects, according to the votes and resolutions passed in their most important assemblies—votes and resolutions inspired throughout by a deadly hatred of the Church: The abolition in the schools of every kind of religious instruction, and the founding of institutions in which even girls are to be withdrawn from all clerical influence, whatever it may be; because the State, which ought to be absolutely atheistic, has the inalienable right and duty to form the heart and the spirit of its citizens, and no school should exist apart from its inspiration and control. The rigorous application of all laws now in force which aim at securing the absolute independence of civil society from clerical influence. The strict observance of laws suppressing religious corporations and the employment of means to make them effectual. The regulation of all ecclesiastical property, starting from the principle that its ownership belongs to the State, and its administration to the civil power. The exclusion of every Catholic or clerical element from all public administrations, from charities, hospitals and schools, from the councils which govern the destinies of the country, from academical and other unions, from companies, committees and families—an exclusion from everything, everywhere, and forever. Instead, the Masonic influence is to make itself felt in all the circumstances of social life, and to become master and controller of everything. Hereby the way will be smoothed toward the abolition of the Papacy; and Rome, which in the past was the centre of universal Theocracy, will in the future be the centre of universal secularization, whence the Magna Charta of human liberty is to be proclaimed in the face of the whole world."

Such, the Sovereign Pontiff adds, are the authentic declarations, aspirations, and resolutions of Freemasons or of their assemblies.

## SAYINGS OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.\*

"As admirer of Cardinal Newman has here brought together, for the benefit of readers who have not files of the Catholic newspapers for the last forty years, the reports therein given, from time to time, of occurrences of interest in the life of the Cardinal, and of addresses delivered by him in connection with them. Pains have been taken to correct obvious blunders of the reporter and the printer; also to add such notes as seemed needed in explanation." Thus modestly does the Editor of a most charming and interesting little volume, set forth in a prefatory note the scope and character of the publication. And though the volume does not bear his name we think we are correct in saying that it comes from the same painstaking and appreciative hands that have given us at intervals within late years the admirable short biography of the Sovereign Pontiff—the pattern of what such a biography should be—and the two small volumes containing the "Letters" of Cardinals Newman and Manning, and the "Landmarks" of half their Lifetime—Mr. "John Oldcastle," the *nom de plume* occasionally assumed by the talented Editor of the *Weekly Register*.

The greater number of the addresses contained in the present volume were delivered by the late Cardinal in reply to addresses bearing to him tributes of the love and esteem in which he was held by the Catholic community for which he did so much; and perhaps one of their chief charms is the absence from them of any reaching after oratorical effect, and the presence instead, in every line, of a winning and gentle familiarity. "You have led me on to be familiar with you," he says in one of them; and it is this which has given to so many of them the charm of sweetness, and the interest of intimate personal reference. For example, we get a self estimate in the address in reply to the messenger bearing the *big lietto* from the Cardinal Secretary of State announcing his elevation to the Cardinalate. Casting the account of his work, and laying aside, in his usual style, all claim to superior merit, he rejoiced to say that there was "one great mischief" to which he had from the first opposed himself. "For thirty, forty, fifty years, I have resisted, to the best of my powers, the spirit of Liberalism in religion. Never did Holy Church need champions against it more sorely than now, when, alas! it is an error overspreading as a snare the whole earth; and on this great occasion, when it is natural for one who is in my place to look out upon the world and upon the Holy Church as it is and upon her future, it will not, I hope, be considered out of place if I renew the protest against it which I have so often made." It was as a warrior against the spirit of Indifferentism that he assumed the Roman purple.

On the relations between Protestants and Catholics in those days we find him using these words:

"And thus I am brought to what I consider to be a third and most remarkable instrument in the change of feeling in our favour which has taken place of late years among the Protestants. That change has arisen in good part from that very consequence which they anticipated and so much dreaded, and which has actually taken place—the conversions, which have not been few. . . . The Catholics of England fifty years ago were an unknown sect among us. Now there is hardly a family but has brothers, or sisters, or consins, or connections, or friends and acquaintances, or associates in business or work, of that religion, not to mention the large influx of population from the sister island; and such an interpenetration of Catholics with Protestants, especially in our great cities, could not take place without there being a gradual accumulation of experience, slow, indeed, but therefore the more sure, about individual Catholics, and what they really are in character, and whether or not they can be trusted in the concerns and intercourse of life. And I fancy that Protestants, spontaneously and before setting about to form a judgment have found them to be men whom they could be drawn to like and love quite as much as their fellow Protestants might be—human beings whom they could be interested in and could sympathize with, and interchange good offices with, before the question of religion came into consideration. Perhaps they even got into intimacy

and fellowship with some one of them before they knew he was a Catholic, for religious convictions in this day do not show themselves in a man's exterior, and, then, when their minds turned back on their existing prejudices against the Catholic religion, it would be forced upon them that that hated creed, at least, had not destroyed what was estimable and agreeable in him, or at least that he was a being with human affections and human tastes, whatever might be his inner religious convictions. . . . And I might have enlarged on this—that, much as members of a Protestant country may dislike their relations being converted to a religion not their own, and angry as they may be with them at first, yet, as time goes on, they take their part when others speak against them, and anyhow feel the cruelty as well as the baseness of the slanders circulated against Catholics when those slanders include those dear to them; and they are indignant at the slanderer and feel tender towards the slandered from the very fact that among the subjects of such calumnious treatment are persons who, as their experience tells them, so little deserve it."

It is not the opponent of Liberalism in religion, or the Churchman, however, who is most revealed in the "Sayings," but, as one reviewer has put it, the heart to whom was given "troops of friends." There is one extract in the volume which is not from a newspaper but from a letter. It is a description, by one who was present, of Dr. Newman as he then was, at the funeral of Henry W. Wilberforce—of the Newman that so many loved even before they gave their minds to his sway:—

"During the office a venerable figure came quietly up the aisle, and was going meekly to take a place on the chairs at the side; but I—saw him and took him into the sacristy, whence he soon made his appearance in cassock and cotta in the choir, and was conducted to the Prior's stall, which was vacated for him. This was dear Dr. Newman. He followed the office with them, but after a while could contain his tears no longer, and buried his face in his handkerchief. At the end of Mass, Father Bertrand said something to Dr. Newman, and, after a little whispering, the venerable man was conducted to the pulpit. For some minutes, however, he was utterly incapable of speaking, and stood, his face covered with his hands, making vain efforts to master his emotion. I was quite afraid he would have to give it up. At last, however, after two or three attempts, he managed to steady his voice, and to tell us "that he knew him so intimately and loved him so much, that it was almost impossible for him to command himself sufficiently to do what he had been so unexpectedly asked to do—to bid his dear friend farewell. He had known him for fifty years, and though, no doubt, there were some there who knew his goodness better than he did, yet it seemed to him that none could mourn him more." Then he drew a little outline of his life—of the position of comfort and all "that this world calls good" in which he found himself, and of the prospect of advancement, "if he had been an ambitious man." "Then the word of the Lord came to him as it did to Abraham of old, to go forth from that pleasant home, and from his friends, and all he held dear, and to become"—here he fairly broke down again, but at last, lifting up his head, finished his sentence—"a fool for Christ's sake." Then he said that he now "committed him to the hands of his Saviour," and he reminded us of "the last hour, and dreadful judgment which awaited us all, but which his dear brother had safely passed through," and earnestly and sweetly prayed, "that everyone there present might have a holy and happy death."

Among the most interesting of the "Sayings" are those replies of the Cardinal to addresses of congratulation which came to him from Ireland—"that home of warm and affectionate hearts which . . . I have wished in my humble measure to serve, believing that in serving Ireland I was serving a country which had tokens in her of an important future, and the promise of still greater works than she has yet achieved in the cause of the Catholic faith." The evidence of Irish esteem "surprised" him. "I do not think," he said to the representatives of Ireland who addressed him in 1879, "there is any other country which could have treated me so graciously as you have done." During his

\*Sayings of Cardinal Newman. London: Burns and Oates.

residence in Ireland he had had a continued experience of kindness, and nothing but kindness from all classes of people; and he was surprised to find that at the end of twenty years "a silent memory" was cherished "of a person who can only be said to have meant well, though he did little." That was in reply to the address read by Lord O'Hagan on behalf of the Catholics of Ireland. In reply to another address presented by the Bishop of Ardagh on behalf of the Catholic University of Ireland he made this touching reference to a departed friend: "I ever had the greatest, the truest reverence for the good Cardinal Cullen. I used to say of him that his countenance had a light upon it which made me feel as if, during his many years at Rome, all the saints of the Holy City had been looking into it and he into theirs, and I have cause to know from the mouth of Pope Pius himself, that on a very critical occasion he promptly, emphatically and successfully stood my friend. That was in the year 1867. How sincere would have been his congratulations to me at this time! I am deprived of them; but by thus expressing my sense of my love I best relieve myself of the pain of it."

The last of the "Sayings" is dated in July last, the month before his death, and is strangely pathetic. "I may say of myself," he said to the Catholic Truth Society, "that I have had much sorrow that the hopes and prospects of the Church have shown so little sign of brightening. There has been—there is now—a great opposition against the Church; but this time and this day are the beginning of a revolution. I have had despondency; but the hour is come when we may make good use, and practical use, of the privileges which God has given us. We must thank God and ask for his blessing and mercy. May he sustain you. God is not wanting if we are ready to work. I beg you to pardon and to forget the weakness of my words. I am content to pray for you and for your works. God bless you."

This admirable little volume receives an added value from the portrait of the great man which prefaces it. It was taken by one of the Fathers of the Oratory a few weeks before the Cardinal's death, and is as pathetic as the utterances we have quoted. A writer in the *Dublin Nation* has said of it that there is more of the Newman of the beautiful portraits of his prime than in those with which we have been familiar recently; and an old Oratory boy told the present writer that it was the most faithful likeness extant of those expressive features as they were in late years. Book and frontispiece are alike a souvenir.

F. W. G. F.

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

Of all the thoughts of God that are  
Borne inward unto souls afar,  
Along the Psalmist's music deep,  
Now tell me if that any is  
For gift or grace surpassing this—  
"He giveth His beloved sleep?"

What would we give to our beloved?  
The hero's heart to be unmoved,  
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,  
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,  
The monarch's crown to light the brows?  
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?  
A little faith all undisproved,  
A little dust to overweep,  
And bitter memories to make  
The whole earth blasted for our sake.  
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Ay, men may wonder while they scan  
A living, thinking, feeling man,  
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;  
But angels say, and through the word  
I think their happy smile is heard—  
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

For me, my heart that erst did go  
Most like a tired child at a show,  
That sees through tears the mummers leap—  
Would now its wearied vision close,  
Would childlike on His love repose,  
Who giveth His beloved sleep.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning,

THE CHILDHOOD OF DICKENS.

The sad childhood of one who made other childhoods so happy may be interesting to older readers. Charles Dickens was born on February 7th, 1812, and of his clouded and neglected boyhood he gives a vivid picture in "David Copperfield." The "Micawber" of that story was, in all essential respects, his own father, and in reading of the debts and trials of the Micawber family we read the straits to which the Dickens family were reduced.

Charles Dickens had a very remarkable memory of the earliest days of childhood, almost infancy. The brain that was to take such photographic impressions of men and things began its work even before his second year, and, when a man, he said of himself that he never had to alter the opinion of a person which he formed when he was a little child.

"He was a very little and very sickly boy," says Forster, his biographer, and he could not play with the other boys their hardy games; but he felt that he owed much to the feeble health of his childhood, as it turned him to reading, in which he delighted; and, indeed, but for this taste he would never have had much knowledge, his parents' poverty and roving life preventing his education. As a result of so much reading the little boy began writing himself, and he composed a tragedy founded on the tales of the genii. He went to various schools, staying a short time at each and bitterly regretting even then the loss of study this cost him.

But though Charles Dickens was thus deprived of the learning he would doubtless have put to good use, still his peculiar genius needed peculiar training, and later he came to see how good for him were these very misfortunes. After he was ten his studies, such as they had been, ceased, and it is sickening to read of the suffering of this child, who, although so clever, was so neglected, who was always getting ill, and was such a little fellow even for his few years. When he was a man, courted and honoured, second to but one, and to some minds second to no novelist in the English tongue, he could not speak, even to his most intimate friends, of these bitter years.

In "David Copperfield," which is a faithful picture of his own boyhood, we learn more than any one can tell us of the little Charles Dickens. He was ten years old when he went into a blacking establishment managed by a relative by marriage. Side by side with rough, low boys, this poor little neglected creature worked day by day in the dingy place, pasting labels on the bottles, and cut off, forever, apparently, from all knowledge for which he hungered, and for the loss of which he suffered such agony that he himself wrote afterward: "Even now, famous, caressed and happy, I forget that I have a dear wife and children, even that I am a man, and wander disconsolately back to that time of my life." And again in another place he writes: "It was a very long time before I liked to go up Chandos street. My old way home through the Borough made me cry, after my eldest child could speak."

His father was imprisoned for debt, and Sundays Charles and his sister spent in that dreary place which his genius did so much later to abolish—that Marshalsea, the debtors' prison which he drew in "Little Dorrit." This was the tortured boy's holiday, this his substitute for coming home—a Sunday in the squalid misery of a debtors' prison.

At last through a quarrel between his father and his employer, Dickens was delivered from his service and sent back to school, and from this time matters improved for him. He learned the world, its sin, and, above all, its misery, through this neglected childhood; he knew men, who were for so long his only books; and later he turned his knowledge to good account, using it freely for the oppressed from whatever cause, whose suffering he had learned by sharing it.

Honour to that nature which kept itself so sweet and tender through such cruelty and injustice, to the man whose childhood was spent among sin and sinners, but who never wrote a word that other pure and sheltered children might not read and be better for reading.

He was always kind, always loving, never bitter or revengeful. It is sad to think of the man who wrote of "Little Nell" and "Paul" and "Pip," and all the other

children we love, should have suffered so in his boyhood, but good to know he triumphed over his troubles and was happy, and that by the work of his unaided genius he won such honour, and that the place at Gad's Hill, which the forlorn boy Charles Dickens used to look at and long for, became in time the home of the man Charles Dickens, the great novelist.—*Marion A. Taggart, in the Young Catholic.*

#### AN UNRETRACTED SLANDER.

THE following letter appeared in the *Ottawa Citizen* of the 4th inst. It is an interesting sequel to the correspondence which was published in the *Mail* in November of last year, and subsequently in *The Review*; and which will be still remembered by many of our readers:—

To the Editor of *The Citizen*.

Sir,—Twelve months ago to-day, the Rev. W. F. Wilson, of Toronto, addressed an Ottawa audience from the pulpit of the Bank Street Presbyterian Church, when, as was pointed out at the time, he made a serious misrepresentation of the language used by Cardinal (then Archbishop) Manning before the Academia of the Catholic Religion (session 1866-7) and which, so far as I am aware, the reverend gentlemen has never yet rectified,—albeit that his attention was drawn to the matter by a correspondent of the *Toronto Mail* during the course of last November.

A report of Rev. Mr. Wilson's address appeared in the *Mail* of the 4th November, 1889, and the statement to which exception was taken by the correspondent in question, "F. W. G. F.," appeared in the following extract therefrom:

"It was well to remember that the foes of liberty were not dead. The forces were still alive which willed to tear from the brow of man the diadem of liberty. There may be more Gunpowder plots to be discovered, Boynes to be crossed, or Derrys to be defended, but the powers which were active in opposition to them then were as bold, as bigoted, as tyrannical, as oppressive as ever. . . . In 1837 a timid girl accepted the responsibilities of the mightiest earthly crown, with the simple expression, "I will be good." She had never forsaken that declaration. She had never provoked a war, but had prevented many. Cardinal Manning had asserted that the sway of Victoria was done in England; and that the Roman sway would take its place. The Victorian sway he would tell the Cardinal, was not done in England, was not done in Ontario, was not done in this good city of Ottawa."

In reply to the challenge as to the correctness of the rendition of the Cardinal's language, Rev. Mr. Wilson seems to have published the following as his justification:

"Cardinal Manning's words as quoted by Rev. Mr. Wilson:—"

"The royal supremacy (the Reformation *in concreto*, the essence of all heresy) has perished, and the supremacy of the Vicar of Christ re-enters England."

But "F. W. G. F." was not satisfied. He referred to the original report of the Cardinal's address and found that Mr. Wilson had given only an infinitesimal portion of it, the context, which was omitted, putting quite a different face upon the Cardinal's words. May I ask you to give the entire extract, as given by the correspondent in the *Mail*, as follows:

"Cardinal Manning's words as they appear in the lecture from which Rev. Mr. Wilson pretends to quote (*Miscellanies*, Vol. 1. pp. 191-2):

"Now, I have made these remarks as a ground for the assertion with which I shall conclude. The return of faith which we have traced from the middle of the last century—that is, for now about a hundred years—steadily ascending, doctrine after doctrine, first within the Anglican Establishment, then reaching beyond it into the regions of antiquity and of Catholic truth, has now received its complement in the full re-entrance of the Catholic Church and the authority of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. It is no longer a question of

fragmentary doctrines or isolated truths, of a little more or a little less of this devotion or that opinion, but of the whole Catholic faith upon the principle of Divine certainty and of Divine authority through the Church and in its head. And it is visibly providential that at this moment the supremacy of the Crown, which is the Reformation *in concreto*, has literally come to nought. From the beginning, Ireland would never submit to it. Scotland rejected it. In half a century after its usurpation England began to cast it off. Half the people of England formally reject it at this day. Of the other half the great majority know nothing of it; of the remaining minority the most enlightened only tolerate it as an obsolete law, explain it away, limit it on every side, write against it, speak evil of it, or reject it altogether. Still worse than this, its own lawyers curtail its pretensions; and, worst of all, it has lately pronounced its own acts to be invalid in a large field of its supposed jurisdictions—that is, it has died by *felo de se*. The Providence of God has poured shame and confusion on the Tudor statutes. The royal supremacy has perished by the law of mortality, which consumes all earthly things. And at this period of our history the supremacy of . . . Vicar of Jesus Christ re-enters as full of life as when Henry VIII. resisted Clement VII., and Elizabeth withstood St. Pius V. The undying authority of the Holy See is once more an active power in England; the shadow of Peter has fallen again upon it. The people of England are as conscious—nay, more conscious—of the Catholic Church among them than of the Anglican Establishment. The last thirty years have wrought a change of which human agencies can give no natural cause. The expansion of the Church and the penetrating spread of the faith in the last fifteen years has been in geometrical progression. What the next thirty years may bring forth if the same forces and the same velocities continue to multiply no one can venture to foretell."

By the foregoing, it will at once be seen that Cardinal Manning's remarks had reference merely to the Queen's *Spiritual Supremacy*—in which, I believe, Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, etc., have as little faith as have Catholics—and no reference whatever to Her Majesty's *Temporal Supremacy*. I hope, therefore, that as the Reverend Mr. Wilson is about to again address an Ottawa audience in the Opera House on "The Fifth," that he will be moved by the spirit of Charity and Fair Play to atone for and rectify, as publicly as he committed it, the injustice to the Cardinal. Moreover, as it is announced that His Worship Mayor Erratt will preside on that occasion, it is to be hoped that the Chief Magistrate will see to it that justice be done in the matter to the Catholics of this city who form somewhere about one-half of the population.

Asking the insertion of this letter.

Ottawa, 3rd November, 1890.

Yours,  
BRANNAGH.

#### THE FUNERAL OF FATHER VINCENT.

THE mortal remains of the late Vicar-General Vincent repose peacefully in the plot of the Toronto Bashans in one of the prettiest spots in the cemetery of St. Michael's. The obsequies attending the funeral of the ex-Provincial were of becoming solemnity. The body lay all Monday night, Nov. 3, in St. Basil's Church, nuns of the order of the Precious Blood kneeling around the bier in constant prayer. The interior of the church had been draped in black and the sombre hue of the hangings dulled the light of day as it struggled through the stained glass windows into the church. The altar, while buried in violet tapestry, the mourning colour of the church, was illuminated with almost countless tapers, which threw their soft light on the face of the dead reposing in its casket within the rails of the sanctuary.

Grand requiem mass was sung at 10 o'clock, the church being crowded to the doors. The Episcopate was represented by Archbishop Walsh, Archbishop Cleary, Bishop Dowling of Hamilton, Bishop O'Connor of Peterboro, Bishop O'Connor of London, and Bishop O'Mahony, Vicars-General Laurent and Rooney, Dean Harris, Dean McCann, Archdeacon Campbell, Rev. Fathers Davis, Gallagher, Gibra,

Cruise, McPhillips, Crispin, O'Neil, Murray, Guinane, Chalandard, O'Donohue, McBrady, Teeffy, Marijon, Jesscott, Bergin, Kiernan, McInerney, Minahan, Cook, Krine, O'Reilly, Egan, McMahon, Lamarche, McBride, Walsh, Finan, McEntee. These composed the priests of the Archdiocese of Toronto. From Hamilton were Vicars-General Heenan and Keough and Rev. Fathers Kelly, Healy, Doherty (S.J.), Coty, McEvoy, O'Reilly, Slavin and Lennox and Rev. Dr. Spetz of the college at Berlin. Those from London were Rev. Drs. Cushing and Kilroy and Rev. Fathers Northgreaves, Brady, Brennan, Walsh, Flannery, Renaud and Aboulin. Rev. Fathers Grand (C.S.B.) and Harris of Detroit, Conway of Peterboro, Bardon of Cayuga, Gendreau of Ottawa comprised the list of the clergy present. Vice-Chancellor Mulock, President Sir Daniel Wilson, Prof. Loudon and Prof. Baker were present on behalf of Toronto University.

The musical part of the mass opened with the "Dead March in Saul," with Rev. Father Murray as organist. Rev. Father Marijon was celebrant. The choir was composed of students of St. Michael's College, many of them having studied under the dead priest. Before the conclusion of the mass Archbishop Walsh spoke a few words of eulogy of the dead. It was the expressed wish of Father Vincent that there should be no funeral oration, but His Grace said he could not see one he had loved so well in life borne to the grave without referring at least shortly to his manifold virtues. At 11½ the funeral procession wended its way to St. Michael's Cemetery, Fathers Renaud, Guinane, Murray, O'Donohue, Brennan and Cushing being the pall-bearers. Bishop O'Connor of London read the funeral service at the grave. All the Catholic societies of the city and the old alumni of St. Michael's College were represented in the procession to the cemetery.

#### THE LATE MR. T. P. FRENCH OF OTTAWA.

It is with deep regret that *THE REVIEW* chronicles the sudden and unexpected death on Friday last, of Mr. Thomas P. French, Post Office Inspector, Ottawa.

Mr. French who had been in his usual health had just returned home to dinner, and having divested himself of his outer coat and hat, when without any warning he dropped dead. The cause of his decease was heart disease.

Mr. Thomas Patrick French, who has very ably filled the position of post office inspector for the Ottawa district for many years, was a man of the greatest probity of character. Difficult as his position often was, stern and hard as he often had occasion to appear he was upright, kindly and just in all his dealings and will be honoured and deeply regretted by every servant in the district.

At noon on Friday, Mr. French, having performed his official duties, said he was going home to give instructions for certain work in his garden. He went home to his residence, 285 Theodore Street, where he gave the instructions and proceeded to show the labourers how he wished the work done. In this he is supposed to have over-exerted himself and complained of feeling faint. He was assisted into the hall, where he died as above stated. Dr. Grant was immediately sent for, and his father Sir James Grant also summoned but these gentlemen could only certify that Mr. French had died from heart disease.

The deceased was about 65 years of age and was appointed post office inspector about 17 years ago. Previous to this he was engaged for some years with the census for the Dominion.

He was elected a life member of St. Patrick's Orphans asylum at the annual meeting a couple of weeks ago. May he rest in peace.

On St. Edward's day Westminster Abbey was so crowded with devout Catholics—who were making a pilgrimage to the resting-place of the sainted English King, there to offer prayers for themselves and the conversion of England—that, between the hours of noon and five o'clock it was difficult to get near to the monument of the Catholic and royal patron of the day.

#### CHATS WITH GOOD LISTENERS.

##### ONE KIND OF COWARDICE.

It is well that we should live in amity even with people who declare among themselves and sometimes publicly that we Catholics are blind, that we are bigoted, that we are hanging on to the tattered fringes of the Middle Ages. There are kind and pleasant people among even those who believe in "Fox's Book of Martyrs;" they separate their inherited dislike to the Church of their forefathers from their liking for members of that Church—a liking which we cordially reciprocate.

They, however, do not dream of misleading us in regard to their attitude toward the Catholic Church, or of softening their expressions of opinion to suit our principles and prejudices. It occurs to them at times to suppress the word "Romish" when it trembles on their lips, and they mean to be considerate of our feelings; and yet they never go so far as to call the Mother of God "Blessed" in order to conciliate us—although in so doing they would only be quoting the words of the Angel Gabriel—or of minimizing their opinions in order to have them square with our convictions.

It is different, sad to say, with some of us. How carefully we cut our allusions that might seem too ultra to our non-Catholic friends! How apologetic we are sometimes on certain subjects! How willing some of us are to make concessions, in order to let our amiable friends see that, after all, there is practically no difference between faith and opinions!

Of course one can not open a controversy at a dinner table; we know that. But is it necessary that one should admit that the teaching Catholic Church is not the most vital factor in life—to admit this with a smile and by implication? Why should a Catholic who calls the Mother of God "blessed among women" in his closet, allude to her as "the Virgin" in social conversation, merely because his Baptist or Unitarian or Universalist acquaintance might think he was saying something unusual? The Baptist, amiable though he may be, will not minimize his sentiments on religion for fear of startling the Catholic who happens to sit next to him. The Unitarian coolly announces the favourite dictum of his sect—that Moses and Mohammed and the Son of Man are all equally great and so on. But how delicately we talk of the miracles at Lourdes, and how indelicately our separated friends often talk of them! And when we write out our impressions of foreign lands, how careful we are to leave out anything that might be "offensive to liberal tastes"—about let us say Genazzano!

One often finds that the travelled and intelligent non-Catholic is readier to express openly his admiration of the work of the Church in this and other lands than the Catholic himself. He is not trammelled by the foolish diffidence of the Christian who is the heir of the ages. But how we trim, how we minimize—how we hesitate to show our dissent from the blasphemies of the infidel who makes such jokes about his Creator on the other side of the table! It would be rude, perhaps; and yet nobody consider the clever infidel rude. Mr. Ingersoll is permitted to say—expected to say, in fact—all kinds of flippant things on the highest and most sacred of subjects. Why, then, should a Christian treat his own convictions so gingerly? Why should he not speak out when occasion seems to require it?

Our brethren who are proud to differ with us are not such sensitive plants that they will suffer from a politely spoken word of truth. Social gatherings should not be made opportunities for controversy: we all know that. But why should the man who does not believe be handled with gloves, while the man who believes is assaulted, wittily and amusingly no doubt, in his deepest convictions? To be apologetic is to be contemptible. No intelligent American likes a man to cut down his principles for the sake of expediency; so if the super-amiable among us, the apologetic, the suavely subservient, imagine that they gain the respect of those for whose imaginary susceptibilities they sacrifice so much, they are wretchedly mistaken.—*M. F. Egan in Ave Maria.*



## The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

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

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

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

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

The late Archbishop Lynch.

The late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carberry of Hamilton.

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

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOV. 15, 1890.

In consequence of the death of his daughter, the Archbishop of Canterbury has postponed the delivery of his judgment in the case of the Bishop of Lincoln, recently arraigned for extreme Ritualistic practices.

Of all the words in the English language, says an excellent contemporary, the Antigonish *Casket*, perhaps there is not one so persistently misapplied and abused as the word "lady." The usage of reputable authors, it adds, sanctions the employment of the word only as a title of superiority, or when applied to a woman of culture and refinement. As a common name, it may be, and is, given to any well-dressed and well-bred woman. Thus far good usage. But to those who affect politeness—and nowadays their name is legion—every individual of the female sex, the school girl scarce entered in her teens, the kitchen-maid at her work, is nothing less than a "lady." The good old words "woman" and "girl," are too old-fashioned for them; they have dropped them disdainfully out of their vocabulary; and the number of "ladies" in this genteel world of ours has, in consequence, prodigiously increased. This misuse of the word, however, is not of recent origin. Away back in the fifties a writer in the *Edinburgh Lyceum* thus humorously sets forth what the effect would be should the word "lady," in its all-embracing sense, creep into the improved translation of the Bible with which Protestants were then "threatened." "Adam will then say, 'The lady whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree;' the angel Gabriel will hail the Virgin Mary with his 'Blessed art thou amongst ladies;' and, most terrible of all profanation! that most lovely of all the lovely sayings of Him who spake as never man spake, that most noble of all eulogiums—when we consider what it is, and who it was that pronounced it—ever bestowed upon a human creature, will be read thus: "Wherever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this that this lady hath done be told for a memorial of her." Then he goes on to say, "Our readers may perhaps have heard of a clergyman who, in reading 'The Churching of Women,' being desirous of paying some respect to the quality of the woman before him, read: 'O Lord, save this lady, thy servant, to which the clerk, not to be outdone in politeness, responded: 'Who putteth her ladyship's trust in thee.'"

One of the most pleasing incidents in connection with the ceremonies attending the consecration of Bishop Macdonell of Alexandria, was the reading of the address of the new Bishop's parishioners. In every way graceful and appropriate in expression, there was a vigour and a robustness in its tone which marked it out from the addresses ordinarily met with on these occasions, and which lifted it above the conventional lines of flowing compliments. Two passages from it will be found especially worthy to be preserved for reference:

"Permit us," it read, "to notice a singular and happy coincidence in your appointment as first Bishop of Alexandria. This place, from which the diocese takes its name, was called after its founder, that devoted servant of God and distinguished subject of his sovereign, your namesake, the Honourable and Right Rev. Alexander Macdonell, the first Bishop of Upper Canada, who, though 'long since dead, still dwells in the hearts of his countrymen,' whose name must ever be most intimately associated with the county of Glengarry, and who was indeed the very father of his people—whom he loved so well and served so faithfully. For many years before his elevation to the bishopric of Upper Canada he was the priest of St. Raphael's, which parish then included the whole county of Glengarry, and we can thus boast that we have given the first bishop to the Province and the first to the diocese which is so intimately associated with the memory of your great predecessor—who may justly be said to have been in his day the bulwark of Catholicity, if not its pioneer, in what now constitutes the great Province of Ontario."

What follows deserves to be kept in memory:

"The Catholics of the counties of Glengarry and Stormont, which constitute your diocese, have a history of which they may well be proud.

The counties were originally largely, indeed principally, settled by a hardy band of Highland Catholic Loyalists, who clung to the faith of their forefathers as they did to the principles of monarchy. Settled in one of the most fertile parts of what now constitute the United States, where they had made homes for themselves, after leaving Scotland a few years before, they did not hesitate—obeying the dictates of conscience and the teachings of the Church, which inculcates into the minds of its adherents firm obedience and unflinching loyalty to existing institutions—to sacrifice all their earthly belongings in order to remain subjects of the British Crown. They fought the battles of that Crown through the Revolutionary war, and on its termination were, through its bounty, awarded lands in this district, in recognition of their services, where they and their descendants have since continued to reside, protected and guaranteed in their religious and political freedom by the mighty nation of which we form an indissoluble part.

Friends and relatives from Scotland, including almost the whole of a Highland regiment—the first Catholic corps in the British service since the Reformation—disbanded, with many others, during the Peace of Amiens in 1802, from time to time followed them, the earlier of them also receiving their lands from the British Crown, to which we, the descendants of these men, are bound by all the ties which bind the political consciences of men.

Our neighbours from Lower Canada, the descendants of the pioneer settlers of the Dominion, have recently joined us in large numbers, satisfied that in the English-speaking province of Ontario their liberties and rights are assured to them, and trusting to the spirit not only of fair play but of generosity—which animates those of British descent—in which they will not be disappointed, for like us of Scotch, Irish and English descent, they are the subjects of a nation whose honour is inviolable, and which protects all its subjects of whatever race or creed alike."

In these days when Canadian Catholics are accused of bearing at best only a divided allegiance, the record of these earlier years is important. In fact it is of the first service, in such conditions as surround us, that they should not be forgotten.

*Special Editorial Correspondence of the Review.*

## In Ireland.

XII.

### BANTRY.

It is said that the Bay of Bantry is unsurpassed by any harbour in the world for natural beauty and advantages, and the visitor to the south west coast can well believe it. From almost any point it exhibits, and on a scale of romantic magnitude, one of the noblest prospects the imagination can conceive. The grandeur of the view of this vast expanse of water is much enhanced by the rugged and majestic beauty of the surrounding mountains, particularly those on the western side. The bay measures twenty-one miles in length down from Sheepshead and from three to five miles in breadth. The Channel Fleet visits it nearly every year, and the Evolutionary Squadron practised in its waters in 1885. The coasts are wild, stern, and precipitous, and vary from soft verdant landscapes to barren magnificence. The Bay is studded with numerous islands; the largest of them, Bere, situated high and rocky within the mouth of the Bay, its great bulk breaking the fury of the Atlantic's waves, and forming a shelter to this spacious and most sheltered harbour. A fine view of the Bay and its surroundings is to be had from Whiddy, a fertile island at the upper end of the harbour which at one time was Lord Bantry's deer park. This island was fortified after the French invasion under General Hoche in 1796 when the French fleet were scattered and dispersed by violent storms. In the centre are the ruins of an old castle of the O'Sullivan's, the ancient chieftans or princes of Bere, to whom much of this wild rugged territory once belonged.

The impressive and natural grandeur of this coast country has called forth glowing descriptions from the pens of many of the most brilliant writers. Mr. William O'Brien's description in his novel of the imaginary town of Drumshaughlin might pass for one of Bantry, the scene of his story, like Mr. Froude's Irish novel, being laid in the country between Glengarriff and Bantry. Describing young Rohan's leave taking of the old town we read:

The bridge and the town clock, and the tatterdemalion cabins in the suburbs flew past him like so many old friends reproachfully casting him off. He had never experienced such a pang of lonesomeness before in leaving the trumpery old town behind him. He was more astonished still, when they had cleared the last wreaths of peat smoke, to observe what a really noble place Drumshaughlin was—or, rather, not Drumshaughlin itself, which lay crawling like a tattered mendicant at the feet of Lord Drumshaughlin's haughty-looking castle; but its environment,—what mountains, the misty fastnesses, and glimpses of a untamed sea! He knew and loved every glen and cliff of them, having a healthy heart for all beautiful things; but it was only now when he was leaving them, that he quite realized that this roar of the mighty waves was music, and that the hills he used to shoot over and course hares over were clad in colours like so many Oriental Kings. If you should not be able to find Drumshaughlin on the map you will have to take it from me that Drumshaughlin is the capital of the ancient principality of Berra—that bold peninsula which forms the northern wall of Bantry Bay and shoots its great ramparts unflinchingly out into the jaws of the Atlantic Ocean. The principality was the scene of the last stubborn stand of the

Southern Irish during the Elizabethian Wars, and seemed to have been swept bare up to the bald peaks of the mountains by those blasts of conquest under which castles, shrines, and woods had withered away below. A mining shaft sunk here and there, with its reddish flow of copper following the gash, looked as though the conqueror had endeavoured to uproot the very mountains. There they stood, however, the chain of storm-beaten warrior peaks that extend for the whole length of the principality from Glengarriff to the ocean—gleaming with the same grand organ-voices of the winds and waves as on the days when Carew's and Raleigh's cannon-shots first affrighted them; and the green valleys are as green as ever over the graves of the two races, and the withered woods have sprouted again, and the beaten clans have established themselves throughout the bare hills once more, even as the heather has managed to coax sustenance out of their stony hearts."

Not altogether dissimilar reflections are to be discovered in one passage in Mr. Froude's "Two Chiefs of Dunboy." Musing upon the profuse loveliness of this sea coast country, the majesty and grandeur of mountain and ocean, he is prompted thus to think:—

"The sun never shone upon a land more beautiful than Ireland as Nature made it. It had possibilities of unbounded fertility if human industry and human sense would do as much for it as has been done for the most neglected corner in any other country in Europe. The people were passionate and emotional, capable of devotion and self-sacrifice, loyal and affectionate to any one who would lead them and care for them. . . . Holy men had lived and died among them—and been respected and honoured, and shrines and churches had risen above the spots where they were laid to rest. But the churches were roofless and the shrines were desecrated. The bells were silent which had once pealed over lake and valley 'calling' the peasantry to prayer. The abbey, lonely in their desolation, pleaded to men and angels against the hand which had profaned them. . . . When the last rebellion was crushed, Ireland was a sheet of paper on which England might have written what character she pleased. Like a wanton child with a toy she had no sooner accomplished her long task than she set herself to work to spoil it again. . . . But her own turn would follow. She would be face to face with the old problem either to make a new conquest or to retire with disgrace. She had wilfully neglected every duty which a ruling nation owes to subjects whom, for its own purposes, it has robbed of its independence. The proudest power cannot forever defy Nature with impunity, and Goring found himself repeating the reflections which the sight of the devastated plains had forced upon Edmund Spenser. It could not be but that one day, a great humiliation would befall England for the heedless indifference with which she had treated that unhappy country."

SHANID ABOO.

The New York *Herald* lately addressed to a number of distinguished Americans the question whether a politician can be a Christian, and so far the consensus of the replies received is that not only can a politician be a Christian, but that, in order to be worthy of confidence, he should be. Cardinal Gibbons answered the question in these words:

"As human affairs are constituted there must needs be parties and politics. There being politics there must needs be politicians. That in the true and larger and nobler sense of the words politics and politician, there is no hostility to

the spirit of Christianity, but rather entire harmony with it; and that while there have been many noble Christians who were also great politicians, it is to be deplored that at present there seems to be so many politicians who are not Christians."

#### THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND ANNEXATION.

Our respected contemporary, the *New York Freeman's Journal*, prints in full in a late issue the article in the *Review* of the 25th ult., in which were set forth the reasons that would occur to Canadian Catholics against annexation. "It is deserving," that journal remarks editorially, "of perusal and thought by our American contemporaries, especially those who have been advocating annexation, and by thousands of Catholics too."

We have carefully read over the article in which the *Freeman's Journal* replies to those, as we think, somewhat weighty considerations; but, if we may say so without offence, we detect no disposition in our contemporary to come to close quarters upon the points on which alone we had conducted our discussion, that is, the Catholic aspects of the question. The *Review* confined itself wholly to a consideration of the Catholic interests which would be involved in the issue, and its arguments were ethical and religious, rather than political and material. In this, as we think, the *Freeman's Journal* fails to follow us. It, on the other hand, passes over in the fewest words these fundamental objections, preferring, so far as we can see, to speak from the point of view simply of the American citizen with a hungering for Continental Empire.

The *Freeman's Journal* begins with the assumption that Annexation is the inevitable end of Canada's political existence, and that it "is bound to come as surely as a smaller body is attracted to a larger by the law of gravitation." Possibly there may be some good people to whom a proverb of this plausible sort will at once commend itself as the highest wisdom, but to others again this method of applying a parallel drawn from physical science to the solution of problems in abstract departments of knowledge like politics and political economy, will appear, if not downright fallacious, at all events, a proceeding which does not go far in the direction of logical proof. The *Freeman* touches lightly, however, on one or two of the *Review's* objections; and its answers to these, and to others upon which we had not dwelt, are contained in the following four accusations:

(1) That concerning Mormon polygamy the United States has uprooted it, and that its adherents are betaking themselves and their system to Canada;

(2) That among Americans there is a strong and growing feeling against Divorce, "while the sentiment in Canada," we learn, "is just the other way";

(3) That in Canada there are three races, "the French, the British, and the Irish, with more sharply defined animosities than in the Old World; in this strongly contrasting with the United States where the vast majority of all nationalities live together in peace and tranquility"—which would seem to imply that in Canada they do not live together in amity; and

(4) That in a political alliance with the United States Canadian interests "would receive better attention at Washington than in London," since "instead of being mere British subjects with no voices in the Westminster Parliament, they would become citizens of America, with their representatives in Congress."

We shall refer to this last consideration first. It would

seem from our contemporary's words that it regards Canada as in an inchoate colonial condition, and as dependent upon transatlantic legislation, whereas it has the fullest measure of Responsible self-Government and as distinct a national life as the United States of America. The *Freeman's* words indicate a great unfamiliarity with Canadian affairs. The question is not whether Canadian interests would receive better treatment at Washington than in London, but whether they would receive better treatment at Washington than at Ottawa? Until Canadians can be convinced to the contrary the conserving of their present condition is not one of sentiment so much as of conspicuous utility.

As to the other points raised, our friends of the *Freeman's Journal* merely indulge in three international *tu quoques*. It has been wholly misinformed if it has been led to believe that either polygamy or divorce would be tolerated for a day by the public sentiment of the Dominion, or that as between the English, French, and Irish people in Canada there is aught but perfect goodwill, and entire and unswerving fidelity to the Confederation.

Upon the vital question of Separate Schools a political change, the *Freeman* contends, would in no wise endanger them. "The National Government" says that journal "has nothing to do with our schools, which are regulated by each State as it sees fit. Were the Provinces to become States, they would possess exactly as much right to regulate their school affairs as they do now." Much of our opposition to political union the *Freeman* believes to be due to a misapprehension of what it terms the "basic principle" of American government. But it is precisely in this State supremacy that, we reply, there would lurk the chief danger. The severance of our present Imperial connection would cut away the Imperial security (not a provincial or local one) upon which alone the Separate School system is existent. The instant a union with America were effected the security of that system would be vested in the States, *i.e.*, the Provinces, themselves. That is to say this (to us in Canada) supreme and determining question would be no longer beyond the reach of local politicians, would not so much as be within the jurisdiction of the highest government in the country, where would be expected its highest wisdom, nor in the Federal or Central government, where greater impartiality might be looked for, but in local assemblies where petty interests were sure to be considered, and where only inferior abilities were likely to be employed. Our *contree* appears to be quite sure that Canadians "can save themselves commercially, politically, and religiously" by entering the Union, but as regards that section of Canadian for whom this *Review* may be held, to some extent, to speak, and in the two last named respects, we think they would be hazarding a good deal on the east.

The *Freeman* quotes at some length in the course of its article the utterances of the *Quebec Telegraph* in advocacy of annexation. We think it errs in putting them forward as representative of the best Canadian opinion. It was Thackeray, we think,—some satirist at any rate—who said that public opinion was, now-a-days, the opinion of the bald-headed man at the back of the omnibus. The *Quebec Telegraph* may not be that man, but we are sure of this much, that its annexation programme has never been endorsed by any public man in the Lower Province.

As to the "basic principles" of American government the consideration of their merits or demerits is a trifle outside the lines we had marked out for discussion; but if our contemporary desires, we can have no objection to giving it our understanding of them in a later article.

MISSION AT CAMPBELLFORD AND WARKWORTH—  
ESTABLISHMENT OF THE LEAGUE OF THE  
SACRED HEART.

SUNDAY, Oct. 19, the Rev. Father Connolly S.J., opened a mission in St. Mary's Church, Campbellford, which, continuing during the week, was productive of much good. The large attendance at all the exercises was evidence of their hearty desire to profit of this time of grace. The edifying spectacle of a full church at half-past five every morning, when the early Mass was celebrated, was as creditable to the congregation, as it was encouraging to the Reverend Missionary. Besides the Catholics of town and country a goodly number of Protestants were present and listened with attention and delight to the instructive discourses of the learned Jesuit. In his sermons, Father Connolly explained with clearness and precision the doctrines of the Church. Every one seemed anxious to be instructed in those things which tend to save and sanctify the soul. In beautiful and expressive language, he placed before the minds of his audience the mercy of God for sinners in the sacrament of Penance, and His unceasing love for all men in the Holy Eucharist. Many were moved and resolved to lead a better life for the future, as he pictured the end of man, the malice of sin and the just judgments of God, who, while He punishes the unrepentant sinner with everlasting fire, rewards His faithful servants with eternal happiness. The effect of his eloquent words was seen in the great number who went to Confession and Communion.

Before concluding the mission the Rev. Father exhorted the Catholic people of Campbellford to make the graces of the mission permanent. To do so they must be faithful to prayer, to the frequent reception of the sacraments and to the avoidance of the occasions of sin. With this aim he instituted the Apostleship of Prayer and the Holy League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, in their parish. He explained how this devotion would assist them to practice these powerful means of perseverance. It would unite them in the fellowship of prayer with 17,000,000 of associates, spread throughout the Christian world. It would encourage them to frequent confession and thus renew again and again their good resolutions to avoid not only sin but the occasions of sin. It would also inspire them with love for our Divine Lord, and the desire to be united with him in the sacrament of His Body and Blood. No wonder promoters of the Holy League became numerous and all were anxious to be enrolled as associates.

Father Connolly is in all things practical. As intemperance is one of the great evils of the day, he formed a men's branch of the League, which has for special object to guard against the occasions and temptations to this deplorable vice. The members of this branch promise not only that they shall go frequently to confession and communion and be faithful to their prayers, but also that they shall not drink intoxicating liquor in saloons, bar-rooms or other places where it is exposed for sale. In the words of the Rev. Father:—The future men are the boys of to-day. They must practice the principles of self-denial, if they are to be true followers of the Crucified Saviours. Old men, whose habits are formed, whose ideas of friendship and good fellowship cannot be readily changed, or who have passed through the ordeal of youthful temptations and survived, do not fully understand the dangers which beset young men in those days, when human respect and self-indulgence form the rule of so many men's actions. Let them look back on their past, count those who began life with them, and see how many have fallen by the way through intemperance, and they shall be appalled at the knowledge of its destructive power. There is a future before our young men in this world and in the next, and that future depends upon the sobriety of their lives.

Father Connolly on several days visited the outlying mission of Warkworth, the picturesque situation of which, in the midst of surrounding hills, charmed his artistic eye. There, too, his words of instruction bore good fruit. The

piety of the people was, in fact, so contagious that many came from the neighbouring parishes to enjoy the spiritual good things provided for them. Monday 27th., was given wholly to the congregation of Warkworth, where the establishment of the League was received with the same enthusiasm as in Campbellford. In the evening the mission closed with a sermon, the Papal blessing and Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament. The sermon was a doctrinal exposition of Catholic truth concerning the dignity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and of the devotion which all true Christians owe her. From Holy Scripture, reason and the teaching of the early Fathers of the Church he proved the fact that Mary was truly the Mother of God; and as we are all members of that one body of which Christ is the head—she is our Mother, the Mother of Christians. He exhorted all to honour her whom God hath so highly honoured.

Com.

HIS LORDSHIP'S HOUSEKEEPER.

BY WALTER SARGENT.

Conclusion.

By this time the wife had entered the shop, with a child in her arms, and another clinging to her skirts.

"Poor thing!" she said, when her husband had left off speaking. It's to be hoped she's dead. She had a hard life of it. Her husband must have been a bad man from all accounts. But she was fond of him, I suppose, for she never was happy after he went, and she gradually wore down to a mere shadow. I should think she must be dead by this time, poor creature. She looked consumptive like."

Redman could bear no more. He turned hastily, made some maudible excuse, and hurried out of the shop, his eyes blinded with tears. "Oh, Martha, Martha," he ejaculated, "will God never allow me to see your face again? Will He never let me tell you how bitter has been my repentance?"

All that day he spent in inquiries, but to no avail, and Redman returned to the North a miserable man.

He found the town decked with flags, and the inhabitants excited to fever heat. The new Bishop had come that day. He, too, was an old man—one who had for many years ruled a See in the West of England.

Muller, whose sociable disposition led him to make friends wherever he went, was full of the gossip of the town, which he poured into the unheeding ears of his partner.

All the servants at the Palace were new. The old staff was dispersed, with the single exception of the aged butler, who was almost as much an institution in the city as the Cathedral itself.

Redman had heard the new housekeeper described often enough by his loquacious partner to be prepared to know her whenever she might cross the threshold.

"A tall, graceful woman, dressed always in black, with her hair prematurely gray, and a sad, kind face." Such was the description he had heard.

"Is she a widow?" he asked on one occasion, more for something to say than because he cared to know.

"No," replied Muller, "but she is worse off than that, if we can judge by what she said to Mrs. Yeast, the baker's widow. She called at the shop the day poor Yeast died, and she said:

"Ah, yes, it is terrible, to be sure, to be a widow, if one has had a good husband. But there are some worse off than you.

"How is that ma'am?" asked Mrs. Yeast.

"Those are more unhappy who have had bad husbands who ill-treat them and bring them to sorrow and then desert them altogether."

"She spoke just like one who had been through it all herself," continued Muller.

It was lucky that the German happened to be busy at that moment over the works of a watch and did not see his partner's face. He would have been terrified, had he looked up, to see the misery depicted there.

On the following morning Redman was alone in the shop,

for Muller had gone to the house of a neighbouring squire about five miles out of the city.

As he sat at his work, his mind, as usual, completely absorbed by his great trouble, a tall woman entered. She was dressed from head to foot in black.

Redman looked up and was startled at the sadness of the woman's face. Her voice when she spoke was melancholy and subdued.

She was a complete stranger. Redman was certain he had never seen her face before, and this fact, coupled with the description he had heard of the new housekeeper, convinced him that it was this important functionary who now stood before him.

Her opening words proved that he was correct.

"I am the Bishop's housekeeper," she began, "and I am come to say that His Lordship wishes to hire some plate for a dinner which he intends to give next Wednesday at the Palace."

"Certainly, ma'am," replied Redman. "Can you tell me how much his Lordship will require?"

"About as much as you have I suspect," replied the housekeeper. "The Bishop is very particular about the appearance of his table. His dinners were quite county events in the west."

"Indeed," said Redman, as he began to place various articles of silver on the counter for the housekeeper's inspection. "Used the Bishop to hire his plate there?"

"Oh no," returned the other. "He had plenty of his own, and it is now on its way north. That is a very handsome candelabra," she continued: "have you a pair? Ah, yes. Well, I suppose they come to pieces easily, for I was to ask you to step up to the Palace at once, if you can manage it. The Bishop is leaving the city by the mid-day train, and he does not return till the day of the party, and he wishes to inspect the plate before leaving."

So the candelabras were packed, as well as two very valuable and handsome *crucifixes*, several massive salt-cellars, and two or three dozen spoons and forks, and the whole collection placed in a purple bag.

Five minutes later, Redman and the housekeeper were on the landing outside the Bishop's room.

"I will take the bag to His Lordship," said the woman, and when he has examined the contents he will see you about the terms."

Redman sat himself down on a bench outside, as the housekeeper, in reply to the Bishop's summons, disappeared into the room.

Five minutes elapsed. Then the study door opened once more and the woman emerged.

"The Bishop is busy at present," she said, "but he will see you in twenty minutes' time, if you can wait so long."

Redman nodded assent, and the housekeeper descended the stairs. As he sat the aged butler, whom he had known well in the late Bishop's time, passed along the passage.

"Ah, Mr. Redman," he said, "it's a treat to see a face one knows, upon my word it is. The old place doesn't seem the same since the old master went, God bless him! You got in to-day without my knowing," continued the old man, laughing. "There's such constant comings in and goings out of the workmen that I've set the door open altogether."

"Ah, quite so," returned Mr. Redman. "What is the new housekeeper like? She seems a decent, quiet sort of body."

"So she is, Mr. Redman, so she is. And she's seen trouble, too, I am told. It was all along of a bad husband, I believe. Ah, Mr. Redman, marriage is a risky thing. I have done well to keep out of it."

Wishing the old butler good morning, Redman rapped at the study door.

"Come in," said a voice, and Redman found himself in the presence of the new Bishop. He was a venerable looking old man, with a kind, fatherly face.

"Mr. Redman, I believe," he began; "pray be seated. And now tell me," he continued, taking off his spectacles, "tell me what it's all about. From what your wife says I don't think things have gone too far to be remedied."

Redman stared at the Bishop and was about to speak when the latter interrupted.

"Nay, Mr. Redman, do not fear that I have assumed that all the blame is on your side. I know too much of the world a great deal to believe such a thing as that. But I have heard enough from your wife's account to feel sure that you have a good heart, and that you will admit that you have not, perhaps, done as much as you might to stave off this sad, sad quarrel. Remember, sir, that a wife's happiness is wholly bound up in her husband. He indeed has interests out of doors, but her life is bounded by the four walls of her home.

Redman pinched himself to make sure that he was not dreaming. Then he gasped out: "May I ask, my Lord, how you come to know so much of my private affairs?"

"How I came to know? Why your wife has just been with me, and she left my room not half an hour ago, promising to ask you to call. My influence, she thought, would induce you to make peace with her once more."

"My wife!" almost shrieked Redman; "the woman who has just left you! She was not my wife. She was your Lordship's housekeeper, who brought me here because she said Your Lordship wished to inspect some plate. Did she not show it to you, my Lord?"

"Certainly not," replied the Bishop, in a displeased tone. "Plate! I know nothing of any plate, and my housekeeper has not been in my room to day."

"She declared she was your housekeeper, my Lord, and she has taken my plate. I am robbed!"

"Stop, Mr. Redman," said the Bishop, ringing his bell. "Desire Mrs. Draper to come to me," he said to the page who appeared at the summons. The next moment the real housekeeper, very different from the swindler who has assumed that character stood at the door.

"Mrs. Draper," began the Bishop—

But he was destined never to finish his sentence. As Redman's eyes rested on Mrs. Draper's face the love of long ago once more flooded his soul. The moment so dearly longed for had come at last, for beneath the housekeeper's cap, in spite of the gray hair and withered cheek, he instantly recognized the long lost and beloved face of Martha!

He rushed forward and clasped her in his arms. "Martha, my darling! my wife," he said, as the tears poured down his cheeks, "forgive me. I have repented, bitterly repented—forgive me!"

"What is the meaning of this?" shouted the Bishop. "Mr. Redman, when I speak to you of your wife you declare she is my housekeeper; when I send for my housekeeper you claim her as your wife. I insist upon an explanation."

"It means, my Lord," replied Redman, still clasping Martha in his arms. "It means that, through the arts of some designing women, who assumed the character of your housekeeper, I have been robbed this day of plate to the value of one hundred pounds, but that now I have regained a wife whose value is 'far above rubies.'"

## Men and Things.

The death is announced of the Marchioness de Castellane, sister of the Duc de Talleyrand, and niece of the celebrated Prince de Talleyrand. It is said that the conversion of the famous and infamous diplomatist on his death-bed was, humanly speaking, due to her influence. Talleyrand, cynical as he was, knew that their never could be any religion for the world except Christianity. It was he who said to somebody who asked him if a new religion might not be formed: "A new religion, nothing easier. You have only to be crucified on a Friday, and rise again on the Sunday after."

A recent pilgrim to Hawarden says that Mr. Gladstone's extraordinary personal magnetism does not apparently confine itself to human beings. There is a terrier at the gates of the castle which always takes up a prominent place in any audience which gathers to hear Mr. Gladstone speak, and is even occasionally found strolling into the church when he reads the lessons of a Sunday morning.

## C. M. B. A. News.

Rev. Father McPhillips, President of Branch No. 111 preached a sermon in St. Mary's Church on Sunday evening last, in the interests of the C.M.B.A. order.

On Sunday at grand mass, in St. Mary's church, Rev. Father O'Donnell announced to the congregation that a requiem mass would be sung every year in the month of November for the deceased members of St. Mary's branch, No. 54, of the C.M.B.A.

At the last regular meeting of Branch No. 26 C.M.B.A., of Montreal, a hearty vote of thanks to the Supreme Council was passed for having fixed upon Montreal as the place of meeting of the next Supreme Council Convention. All C.M.B.A. members in Montreal are much pleased with this desired decision.

The action of the Supreme Council in expunging from our constitution the separate beneficiary clause, will be hailed with joy by every member who has the best interests of the association at heart. The larger the membership becomes the more potential will be the influence of the association and the greater the benefit to the individual.

At a meeting of Branch 81, Montreal, held in their hall Nov. 5th, it was resolved that a vote of thanks be tendered to the officers and members of the Supreme Council, for the very favourable consideration given their protest against granting a separate beneficiary to any of the Grand Councils as also for their having decided to hold their next convention in that city in 1892.

During a recent visit to Montreal we had the pleasure of being present at a regular meeting of Branch 26. This Branch, the parent one of Montreal, has a membership close approaching 200, and the orderly and business-like manner in which the meetings are conducted reflects great credit on their President, Bro. J. P. Nugent. The Seventh Anniversary of the Branch will be celebrated shortly by a Social and Reunion in Queen's Hall, and from the known ability and enterprise of the members will no doubt be an unqualified success.

"Juventus," in the *Buffalo Union and Times* strikes the right note when he says that every member who permits his brother to elect him to an office, when he knows that he cannot perform the duties of that position because of his incompetency or inability to devote the necessary time to their proper fulfilment, does himself and his branch a serious injury. Every branch ought to be officered by its best members, men who have the ability to creditably fill the different positions and who have the time to at least attend meetings regularly and promptly transact all the business of the branch. In the excitement of election night members should not lose sight of the fact that the success of their branch and ultimately of the association depends, in a great measure, on the men selected to fill the offices. Faithful and competent service in the past should be rewarded and only those promoted to positions of honour who have demonstrated by their fealty to the branch their claim to distinction among their brothers.

What the C.M.B.A. association has done in the past is nothing compared with what it can be made to do, when members begin to realize that each and everyone of them has taken an obligation that imposes duties that should be always borne in mind. Among the chief of those duties is the exercise of their best judgment in selecting men to office who are capable to satisfactorily perform its functions. Nor is it enough to feel that when we have voted for men whom we believed best fitted for the office that we have performed our whole duty in this respect. We should make these officers feel by the way we post ourselves on all that is being done by them, that if they wish to retain our confidence

they must continue to merit it. Our representatives to Councils, especially, should be held to a strict accountability for the manner in which they represent our views, and they should be also held accountable for the report they are able to make to branches of the work done by the conventions of which they are a part. How many branches can get a good report from their representatives? We venture to say very few. How many representatives know what is being done at conventions? To this we answer, not enough of them.

## General Catholic News

Archbishop Walsh was in Peterboro' last Sunday, conducting a confirmation service.

The Redemptorist Fathers of St. Patrick's church of this city have introduced the practice of delivering five-minute sermons each Sunday at the low masses, on the gospel of the day.

The *Arc Maria* says: "The celebration of the centenary of Father Mathew has not only revived the memory of the great apostle of Temperance but inspired the successors to continue his warfare with renewed energy. The zeal of Father Mathew is especially reflected in Cardinal Manning, Archbishop Ireland in our own country, and in the venerable Father Nugent, who, on the occasion of the celebration in Dublin administered the pledge to ten thousand persons. Truly 'the good that men do lives after them.'"

At the monthly meeting of the St. Patrick's T. A. & B. society of Montreal on Sunday last, the Rev. J. A. McCallen delivered an address, in the course of which, after dwelling at length upon the duties of members and the means to be adopted to increase the society's membership, he spoke upon the steps that are about being taken towards united action on the part of the French-Canadian, Protestant and Irish Catholic temperance organizations with the view of approaching the local Legislature to try and get some of the defects in the present license laws rectified.

The Very Rev. Dean O'Connor of Chesterville has addressed the following communication to a Catholic newspaper in Western Ontario:

DEAR SIR,—While reading over this morning your pretty full report of the ceremonies attending the investiture of His Grace the Most Reverend Archbishop Cleary with the sacred pallium in his Cathedral of Kingston on Sunday, 26th instant, by His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec, I confess I was somewhat surprised to note that my name was conspicuous by its absence from said report, although I am one of the oldest priests of the archdiocese of Kingston! How this blunder occurred I do not know, nor do I very much care. But I must say that in ordinary fairness your reporter should have given either the names of all the priests who were present on that important occasion, or else none of them. Moreover, besides omitting my patronymic from that clergy list, your reporter paid me the further compliment of forgetting to place me as one of the acting chaplains to His Lordship the Right Reverend Denis O'Connor, the new Bishop of London, Ont., although the fact was that I had the honour of sitting at His Lordship's right throughout the whole ceremony above referred to, in Kingston Cathedral! And how your reporter missed seeing me there, is a mystery to me, unless he were short sighted. Now, as that report was doubtless intended to be historical in the annals of the Archdiocese of Kingston, he who furnished it to you should have made it as nearly accurate in all respects as possible, under the actual circumstances.

Requesting the favour of insertion for this communication in your next issue,

I remain, yours truly,

JOHN S. O'CONNOR.

Dean of Archdiocese of Kingston, Ont.

## WOMAN'S INTUITION.

An old gentleman over seventy, came into the city from his farm, without his overcoat. The day turned chilly and he was obliged to forego his visit to the fair.

To a friend who remonstrated with him for going away from home thus unprepared, he said: "I thought it was going to be warm; my wife told me to take my overcoat, but I wouldn't. Women have more sense than men, anyway."

A frank admission.

Women's good sense is said to come from intuition; may it not be that they are more close observers of little things. One thing is certain, they are apt to strike the nail on the head, in all the ordinary problems of life, more frequently than the lords of creation.

"According to Dr. Alice Bennett, who recently read a paper on Bright's disease before the Pennsylvania State Medical Society, persons subject to bilious attacks and sick headaches, who have crawling sensations, like the flowing of water in the head, who are 'tired all the time' and have unexplained attacks of sudden weakness, may well be suspected of dangerous tendencies in the direction of Bright's disease."

The veteran newspaper correspondent, Joe Howard, of the New York Press, in noting this statement, suggests: "Possibly Alice is right in her diagnosis, but why doesn't she give some idea of treatment? I know a man who has been 'tired all the time' for ten years. Night before last he took two doses of calomel and yesterday he wished he hadn't."

A proper answer is found in the following letter of Mrs. Davis, wife of Rev. Wm. J. Davis, of Basil, O., June 21st, 1890:

"I do not hesitate to say that I owe my life to Warner's Safe Cure. I had a constant hemorrhage from my kidneys for more than five months. The physicians could do nothing for me. My husband spent hundreds of dollars and I was not relieved. I was under the care of the most eminent medical men in the State. The hemorrhage ceased before I had taken one bottle of the Safe Cure. I can safely and do cheerfully recommend it to all who are sufferers of kidney troubles."

For Lung Diseases only those Emulsions which are scientifically prepared can expect to succeed. "SLOCUM'S OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL," compounded at their manufactory in Toronto, Ont., has, from the start, won a place in public confidence which surpasses any success achieved by a like preparation. It is handled by all druggists.

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

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

## What Northrop & Lyman's

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

**Know it is Good.**—Mrs. C. JOHNSON, Melville, writes: "I have great pleasure in recommending your VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. I have used two bottles, and it completely cured me of a bad case of Dyspepsia. I also found it an excellent Blood Medicine, and sure cure for kidney troubles."

**The Best Medicine.**—Mr. JNO. BLACKWELL, of the Bank of Commerce, Toronto, writes: "Having suffered for over four years from Dyspepsia and weak stomach, and having tried numerous remedies with but little effect, I was at last advised to give NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY

## Vegetable Discovery

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

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

If you are Despondent, Low-spirited, Irritable and Peevish, and unpleasant sensations are felt invariably after eating,

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

## Has Done.

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

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

it the best medicine in the market for the stomach and system generally."

Mr. GEO. TOLIN, Druggist, Gravenhurst, Ont., writes: "My customers who have used NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY say that it has done them more good than anything they ever used."

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest.

### CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. F. T. Hazeline, Warren, Pa., U. S. A.

### BRODERICK & HERBERT

Underlakers and Artistic Embalme  
FUNERAL DIRECTORS  
Open Day and Night, Charges moderate  
675 QUEEN STREET WEST

### C. M. B. A.

We make a specialty of manufacturing  
C. M. B. A. Pins & Emblems in Gold  
from \$1. upwards.

These Pins are of best workmanship and will be sent to any address on receipt of price.

### T. WHITE,

Watchmaker and Jeweller  
1947 NOTRE DAME ST., MONTREAL

THE ROYAL

### Steam & Dye Works

706 Craig St., Montreal

Suits, Dresses, Table and Piano Covers Cleaned or Dyed.

Lace Curtains Cleaned or Colored in the Newest Shades and finished perfect

We have no branches or agencies.

Express orders promptly attended to.  
JNO. L. JENSEN, Proprietor

**NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY**

Under the patronage of Rev. Father Labelle.

Established in 1881, under the Act of Quebec, 32 Vlet., Chapt. 16, for the benefit of the Diocesan Societies of Colonization of the Province of Quebec.

**CLASS D**  
The 40th Monthly Drawing will take place

**WEDNESDAY NOV. 19th**

At 2 p.m.

PRIZES VALUE  
**\$50,000**

Capital prize - One Real Estate worth \$5,000.00

**LIST OF PRIZES.**

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

TICKETS \$1.00

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

Winners, names not published unless specially authorized:

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

**The Province of Quebec Lottery**

AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE

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

MONTHLY DRAWINGS FOR THE YEAR 1890

FROM THE MONTH OF JULY

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

FIFTH MONTHLY DRAWING NOVEMBER 12, 1890

3134 PRIZES

WORTH \$52,740.00

CAPITAL PRIZE

WORTH \$15,000.00

TICKET, . . . \$1.00

11 TICKETS for \$10.00

Ask for circulars.

**LIST OF PRIZES.**

1 Prize worth \$15,000—	\$15,000	\$15,000
1 " " " " " " " "	5,000	5,000
1 " " " " " " " "	2,500	2,500
1 " " " " " " " "	1,250	1,250
2 Prizes " " " " " " " "	500	1,000
5 " " " " " " " "	250	1,250
25 " " " " " " " "	50	1,250
100 " " " " " " " "	25	2,500
500 " " " " " " " "	15	3,000
Approximation Prizes.	10	5,000
100 " " " " " " " "	25	2,500
100 " " " " " " " "	15	1,500
100 " " " " " " " "	10	1,600
993 " " " " " " " "	5	4,985
993 " " " " " " " "	5	4,985

3134 Prizes worth \$52,740

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



The Antidote to Alcohol found at Last!

A NEW DEPARTURE

The Father Mathew Remedy

Is a certain and speedy cure for Intemperance and destroys all appetite for alcoholic liquor. The day after a debauch, or any intemperance indulgence, a single 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 then'st powerful and wholesome tonic ever used

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

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

S. Lachance, Druggist, Solo Proprietor 1598 and 1540 Catherine st., Montreal

**CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED**

TO THE EDITOR:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 188 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

**D. B. DENISON**

581

Queen St.

WEST

General dealer in

Stoves

Ranges

Heating

Apparatus

Etc.

A complete line of Tinware, Coal Oil, etc., always on hand

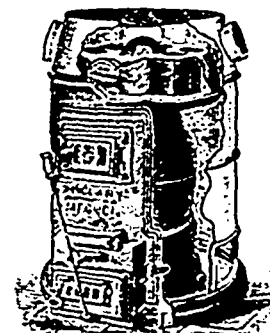
Agent for the celebrated

**McClary's & Copp's FURNACES**

These Furnaces cost 25 per cent less and consume only half the quantity of fuel than most other Furnaces

References given. Estimates Furnished

Eave Troughing and Jobbing attended to



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

	Close.	Due.
G. T. R. East .....	a.m. 6.00 p.m. 7.30	a.m. 7.45 p.m. 10.30
O. and Q. Railway ..	7.30 8.15	8.00 9.20
G. T. R. West .....	7.00 3.20	12.40 7.40
N. and N. W. ....	7.00 4.10	10.00 8.10
T. G. and B. ....	6.30 3.45	11.10 9.00
Midland .....	6.30 3.35	12.30 9.30
C. V. R. ....	6.00 3.20	11.55 10.15
G. W. R. ....	a.m. p.m. 2.00 9.00	a.m. p.m. 9.00 2.00
	6.00 4.00	10.30 7.30
	11.30 9.30	8.20
U. S. N. Y. ....	a.m. p.m. 6.00 4.00	a.m. p.m. 9.00 5.45
	11.30 9.30	10.30 11.00
U. S. West States	6.00 9.30	9.00 5.45
	12.00	7.20

English mails will be closed during Nov. as follows: Nov. 3, 5, 6, 10, 12, 13, 17, 19, 21, 24, 27.

**TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE**

Best Teeth on rubber, \$5; on celluloid \$10 All work absolutely painless. Vitalized Air C. H. RIGGS, L.D.S., South east cor. King & Yonge sts. Toronto. Telephone 1,278



**FRECHON & CO.**

All kinds of Vestments and **CHURCH ORNAMENTS**

1645 NOTRE DAME ST.

MONTREAL.

**R. BEULLAC**

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

**Church Ornaments**

1674 NOTRE DAME ST.

**MONTREAL.**

Send to us for Catalogue & Price List



Best on Earth



**SURPRISE**

Washday

**SURPRISE**

EVERY WOMAN

Can save half the hand-wearing-out of wash day and be fresh and strong. Can have clothes sweet, snowy-white, never yellow. Handle not to brook, cotton, wool, or hand-kerchiefs, but soft and white. Use the "Surprise" way. No boiling or scalding. Remarkable! Try it! Read the directions on the wrapper.

St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co. **SOAP**  
St. Stephen, N. B.

Send us 25 SURPRISE wrapped and get one of our beautiful engravings.

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

Liverpool Service--Sailing Dates  
FROM MONTREAL. FROM QUEBEC.

Dominion... Thur. Nov. 13	
Vancouver about Sat " 15	Thur. Nov. 20th.
From Portland,	From Halifax.
Sarnia... Thur. Dec. 1	Sat. Dec. 6th

Passengers per S. S. Vancouver must embark at Quebec.

Rates of Passage from Montreal or Quebec, \$10, \$20, and \$30, according to accommodation. Intermediate \$30. Steerage \$20.

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

Ontario.....	October 25th
Texas.....	Nov. 12th

No passengers carried to Bristol.

\* These Steamers have Saloon, State-rooms, Music room and Bath-rooms and ships, where but little motion is felt, and carry no Cattle or Sheep

G. W. TOMENCE, DAVID TOMENCE & Co  
18 Front St. W. Gen. Agts.  
Toronto. Montreal & Portland



**Sleeplessness Cured.**

I am glad to testify that I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with the best success for sleeplessness, and believe that it is really a great relief for suffering humanity.

F. FRANK, Pastor.  
St. Severin, Key-Stron P. O., Pa.  
**A GREAT BLESSING.**

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 1, 1887.  
I can most truthfully testify to the fact that here in Cleveland, several cases of epilepsy, which were cured by the medicine of Rev. Father Koenig, of Ft. Wayne, Ind., have come under my personal observation. In other similar cases great relief was given even if up to this time they have not been entirely cured. It would certainly be a great blessing if the tidings were more widely circulated that many could be cured by this medicine.

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

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

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

**MAGIC LANTERNS AND STEREOPTICONS**

afford the best and cheapest means of object teaching for Colleges, Schools and Sunday Schools. Our assortment of Views, illustrating art, science, history, religion and travel, is immense. For Home Amusement and Parlor Entertainment, etc., nothing can be found as instructive or amusing while Church Entertainments, Public Exhibitions and Popular Illustrated Lectures—**PAY WELL.** An instrument with a choice selection of Views makes an ideal Holiday present. We are the largest manufacturers and dealers, and ship to all parts of the world. If you wish to know how to order, how to construct Parlor Entertainments for pleasure, or Public Exhibitions, etc., for **MAKING MONEY**, send us your name and address on a postal card (naming this paper), and we will mail you our **208 PAGE BOOK FREE.**

McALLISTER, Manufacturer of Opticians, 49 Nassau St., N. Y. City.



**NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.**

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Pumping Plant," will be received at this office until Friday, the 21st day of November next, inclusively, for supplying, setting in place, and delivering in complete working order, the Pumping Plant in connection with the Dry Dock, now in course of construction at Kingston, Ontario, according to plans and a specification to be seen at the Resident Engineer's Office, 30 Union Street, Kingston, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of amount of tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract, or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,  
A. GOBEIL,  
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, 23 Oct., 1890.

**ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.**

**RAPIDE PLAT DIVISION.**

**NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.**

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for the St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office, until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on Wednesday, the 3rd day of December next, for the construction of a lift lock, weirs, etc., at Morrisburg, and the deepening and enlargement of the Rapide Plat Canal. The work will be divided into three sections, each about a mile in length.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen on and after Wednesday, the 19th day of November next, at this office, and at the Resident Engineer's Office, Morrisburg, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

In the case of firms there must be attached to the tender, the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same, and further, an accepted cheque on a chartered bank in Canada for the sum of \$5,000, must accompany the tender for Section No. 1, and an accepted cheque on a chartered bank in Canada, for the sum of \$2,000 for each of the other sections.

The respective accepted cheques must be enclosed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted. The cheques thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,  
A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary.  
Department of Railways & Canals }  
Ottawa, 7th November, 1890. }

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Beaverton Pier," will be received until Thursday, the 27th day of November next, inclusively, for the construction of a landing pier at Beaverton, County of Ontario, Province of Ontario, according to a plan and specification to be seen on application in the office of Frank Madill, Esq., M. P., at Beaverton, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque, payable to the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of amount of tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract, or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,  
A. GOBEIL,  
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, 30th October, 1890.

**DONALD KENNEDY**  
**Of Roxbury, Mass., says**

Don't write to me when taking the first bottle of my Medical Discovery. I know how it makes you feel, but it's all right. There are certain cases where the Discovery takes hold sharp, but it is the diseased spot in you it has taken hold of, and that's what you want. The Discovery has a search warrant for every humor, from headache to scrofula, inside and outside, and of course it makes a disturbance in your poor body, but the fight is short. You are better by the second bottle; if not, then tell me about it, and I will advise. I will, however, in the future, as in the past, answer any letter from a nursing mother.

Sincerely yours,  
DONALD KENNEDY,  
Roxbury, Mass.

**KEIRAN & McADAM**  
WHOLESALE & RETAIL  
**COAL** and  
**WOOD**

Best qualities of Hardwood, Pine, Slabs and Coal, on cars at all times and for prompt retail delivery and lowest prices.

We also handle an article in bundles kindling at \$1. per hundred bundles, which gives great satisfaction.

**ASTHMA**—DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE never fails; send us your address, we will mail trial free. THE DR. TAFT BROS. CO., ROCHESTER, N.Y. **FREE**