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# The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

*Reddite que sunt Cesaris, Cesari; et que sunt Dei, Deo.*—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, April 19, 1890.

No. 10

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## Notes.

THE *Westminster Review* says that "in point of numbers the Catholic Church is the national Church of America," and that she is holding out "every promise of becoming the national Church of the future."

A FEW days ago Mr. W. C. Macdonald, a wealthy merchant of Montreal, gave \$700,000 to McGill University, and this sum Sir Donald Smith—a continuous and a princely giver—supplemented with a gift of \$300,000, making \$1,000,000 for a single purpose, in a single day. An American contemporary points out that there are rich Catholics who might learn a lesson in liberality and in the use of riches from these Protestant gentlemen. Cardinal Manning says the will is a bad one that makes no mention of God or His poor.

PRINCE BISMARCK before his resignation is said to have had more than one interview with Herr Windthorst, the leader of the German Catholic party, and there seems little doubt that the astute old Chancellor fully recognized the importance of the position now held by those who have fought so well for the liberty of their religion. The German Catholics are now literally masters of the Empire. Prince Bismarck is too keen an observer of political events not to realize the importance of this fact, which is one that augurs well for the future of the German Empire.

ABOUT a year ago we gave a review in these columns of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's charming description of a stay at a monastery of the French Trappists during a summer's sojourning in the Cevennes. Since then this delightful author has been further afield; and in his last two years voyaging over the summer seas of the Pacific he did not forget to pay a pilgrimage to the shrine of Father Damien. These are his recollections of the scene:

"I visited Molokai about a fortnight after the death of Father Damien. It is a fearful place to live in, and reminds one of a waking nightmare. It would be one altogether for a visitor to spend more than an hour there, were it not for

the Catholic Sisters; but it is worth while going through the ordeal to see them moving about among the stricken lepers, like angels of light and mercy, as, indeed, they are."

SINCE the death of its late distinguished and learned Editor-in-Chief, the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Corcoran, the future editorial direction of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, has been a subject of deep concern, not only to its proprietors, but also to the friends and readers of the *Quarterly* throughout the country. We are happy, however, to be able to announce, on behalf of the publishers, that arrangements have been completed by which this solicitude has been dissipated, and that, beginning with the July number of the present year, the *Quarterly* will enter upon a new career of usefulness and prosperity under the chief editorial direction of the Most Rev. P. J. Ryan, Archbishop of Philadelphia, with the Rev. Dr. Hortsmann, the Rev. L. V. McCabe, and George Dering Wolf, J.L.D., Editor of the *Catholic Standard* of Philadelphia, as Associate Editors. It is needless for us to refer to the merits of the *Quarterly* as one of the leading Catholic periodicals published in the English language. It will be continued on the same general lines established by its late eminent editor, and as a medium for the discussion, on a higher plane, of the great living questions of the day, covering almost every department of human knowledge. That its guidance goes into such strong hands will be heard with pleasure by the educated and intellectual portion of the Catholic public, to whom the future of a publication of the kind must ever be a matter of interested concern.

MEANWHILE we notice that the new editor of the *Quarterly* is already receiving a few suggestions as to how to do it and how not to do it, just like any ordinary mortal. "We hope Archbishop Ryan," writes the reverend editor of the *St. Louis Western Watchman*, "will feel the importance of using strong adjectives, and villainous (*sic*) *ad hominem* arguments in his management of the *Review*. Some one has told us that the greatest consolation of his life was in reading somewhere that on a certain occasion George Washington, the Father of his country, actually said 'damn.' We don't want Archbishop Ryan to say 'damn,' but we want to see him sometimes think it. In other words we want to see him get mad." It is to be borne in mind that before his translation to the Archbishopric of Philadelphia, Archbishop Ryan and this candid friend were both residents of the same bailiwick. "We offer these suggestions to the Archbishop," says the *Watchman*, "as we are to-day the oldest Catholic editor in point of continuous service in the United States, and he is the youngest. We shall watch his career with the interest of a father, and while we may from time to time feel called upon to administer parental advice we shall never cease to hope that he become the brightest and best of the new school of editors that is growing up around us."

## THE DISAPPEARANCE OF JOHN LONGWORTHY.

M. F. EGAN IN AVE MARIA.

SOME people have strange ideas about very poor folk. I have heard all kinds of remedies proposed by well-meaning philanthropists, but this is the first time I have known any body to propose to reform the tenement-house system by means of high-class music. The man interests me, I must say."

"He is abominable!" Esther declared. "He looks over one's head and talks with the most intolerable air of superiority. What an awful time his wife and children must have! I imagine his making them play instructive games and practice *fugues* and things! I should like to tell him what I think of him."

"He has an odd accent at times," Mary said. "Is he a foreigner?"

"I don't know," Esther answered. "Probably Mr. Fitzgerald can tell us something; he is going to sing a classical baritone conglomeration from a German opera at this concert."

Mary was silent. She began to search for excuses for not attending the concert; but there was no one else to go with Esther—Miles, in the present condition of affairs not being eligible.

When the carriage promised by Mr. Bastien came to the door Esther was ready, her mind divided between the "set" of her black silk frock and a nervous dread lest something might happen to spoil her playing. Mary had been ready for an hour; she put some Jacqueminot roses in Esther's belt, gave her hair a sisterly pat or two, and, accompanied by a large roll of music, the two drove off toward the resplendent temple of music which was such a contrast to The Anchor.

They were admitted to the rooms behind the stage through a side door, which opened on a narrow and muddy alley. Mr. Bastien and Arthur Fitzgerald were on the stage. Bastien was in evening clothes; Fitzgerald wore a frock-coat, with one of the roses he had picked up in Galligan's parlor in his button-hole. Mary had held it for a moment, yet here he wore it in her very presence and she did not recognize the delicate homage he was paying her. Esther noticed it, and thought it was rather faded; for lack of something to say she said so, and offered him one of the red buds she had. Fitzgerald had no resource except to put the white rose carefully in his left breast pocket, and to replace it with the dewy and fragrant one Esther offered him. Mary watched this episode with a touch of impatience. She felt a slight suspicion that Esther was something of a flirt, but she repressed it at once. Mr. Bastien nodded his head approvingly.

"I am glad you thought of the roses. The poor need to be taught the æsthetic use of flowers; and the best way to do it is to teach by example."

"I don't know where the poor are to get flowers," answered Esther, impelled by an almost irresistible impulse to contradict everything Mr. Bastien said, "unless they steal them from graveyards."

"Horrible!" Bastien exclaimed.

A rush of feet in the hall prevented him from making further comment. He went to a little lace curtained window at the side of the stage, and looked into the body of the hall. It was brilliant in color. The walls were crimson with gilded panels and crystal globes for the electric burners. The seats, of light wicker-work of a graceful pattern, were already half full; those in front were occupied by a number of gaily dressed young girls, attended by young men with and without collars, but nearly all with closely-shaved heads. There was a lapse between the fringe of the brightly dressed and a dark line around the doors. This dark line was soon seen to consist of Italian men and women, mostly with small children, and several Chinese.

Bastien glanced in surprise at the front row of benches. He turned helplessly to Esther.

"Look, please," he said, "and tell me where the poor people are."

Esther looked through the lace curtain, to see Nellie Mulligan, in her red garment, above which rose an elaborate hat.

Nellie ostentatiously held up the programme in a pair of carefully gloved hands. Next to her sat a rather chubby-looking young man, with a slight yellow mustache, a cropped head, and a scintillant breastpin in his purple necktie. His arm was thrown over the back of Nellie's seat, and together they read Mr. Bastien's programme with an air of amusement. Around these two were various friends of theirs—members of the Lady Rosebuds and other social circles. The night after Christmas was an "off-night"; there was almost nothing going on in society, and this concert offered an agreeable but not a too violent diversion.

Esther understood the meaning of Bastien's question at once. If all the young women were not as well gloved as Nellie Mulligan, they were as brilliantly dressed. There were *befathered hats* in abundance, and the assemblage looked like a flower garden into which a number of shaven-headed convicts had intruded.

The colorless young man was in the majority. There were many low-browed and weather-beaten young men. Many of the cropped heads showed white scars and knobs—tokens of bygone frays, in which the oyster shell and the tomato can had played a part. Some of the girls were thin and careworn, but many had bright eyes and clear complexions. They were in appearance greatly superior to the men.

"You don't know this world," Esther said with a low laugh that had a touch of malice in it. "The gay-looking people in the front row are poor enough, but they are very different to what you imagine them to be. The line of wretched-looking Italians, who stay down near the door because they are not dressed, are probably richer in possessions than these people near us."

"I don't understand," said Bastien. "Is there actually caste among these people?"

Esther enjoyed his helplessness, as the native of the plains delights in the fine airs of the citizen who attempts to ride a kicking pony.

"Of course there is. Look!" she continued, pointing to a bulldog-headed young man who was cracking peanuts between his teeth, "there's enjoyment! But Liszt's Rhapsody will make him forget his vulgar amusement."

Bastien gazed at her doubtfully. By this time the hall was filled, and several of the other singers had arrived. Mary and Esther were introduced to them. They were all people that sang high-class music; and Esther forgot her nervousness as she wondered how the audience would greet Miss Maud Thornton's sage-green and pre-raphaelite gown, and her warbling of Provençal *aubades* to the music of the mandolin. But the opening chorus was soon over; Mr. Bastien led Esther out to the grand piano, and with fear and trembling she began the Hungarian Rhapsody.

NX.—At Lacey's.

Nellie Mulligan had spent an eventful day. As one of the chief managers of the Lady Rosebuds, she had much to think of and much to do. Luckily for her, the rush of the holiday business had slackened, and during the noon hour of rest she kept the little cash-girls busy in doing her behests. Among these little cash-girls, whose uniform was a red frock and a white apron, was Rose O'Connor. As Rose, though small and fragile, was very good-natured, Nellie Mulligan found many errands for her.

In the first place, Nellie had her toilet to consider; and this required more reflection and ingenuity than most young ladies in society are obliged to give to it. It needed not only consideration, but much practice in the art of coaxing and promising. Rose, after she had helped to heat Nellie's tea, and brought in two dozen chocolate *celairs* and double that number of pieces of pie and doughnuts for the luncheons of the sales ladies was sent out to negotiate with the young man who had a flower-stand on the corner for some roses for Nellie. This needed many forced marches on Rose's part; for Nellie was very "particular" about flowers, and the young man, who had no invitation to the Lady Rosebuds, was not anxious to be obliging. Besides, Rose had been given several beer cans to fill for some of the more elderly ladies, whose constitutions needed stronger support than tea imparted. At last, the little girl sank wearily down in a corner of the room, and gratefully accepted the slice of bread and butter which Nellie Mulligan gave her.

Rose O'Connor might have been called a transparent child. Her skin was very fair, and the blue veins showed plainly at her temples. One could almost see through her small hands, which, although disfigured by a wart or two, were painfully white. Her little face was pinched, and her forehead habitually contracted by a frown of anxiety. When amused or interested she lost her almost fretful expression, and her face became very sweet and gentle. Large blue eyes, and abundant light-colored hair, which hung down in a long plait over her white pinafore, redeemed her from being, at ordinary times, a very ugly little girl. It was the opinion of most of the young ladies in the glove department at Lacy's that the child was good-natured, but stupid; and Nellie was the only one that looked on her with special favor.

Rose tried to raise the bread to her lips, and then a strange dizziness overcame her; she clutched at Nellie Mulligan's chair and fell back on the floor, a stertorous sound coming from her lips. Nellie turned suddenly, and was frightened by the sight of her drawn and pallid face. The girls heard the noise and gathered around her at once, while Nellie ran to the next room for water.

"It's my opinion that she's been sipping out of the beccans," cried one of those delicate creatures, who found tea not sufficiently sustaining.

"You're real mean!" exclaimed Nellie Mulligan, entering with a glass of water, and parting the group. "You're real mean, Eliza Brown! I'm ashamed of you! The poor child sees enough drunkenness at home without wanting to make a drunkard of herself. She never touched your beer! How could you say such thing!"

"If you please, Miss Mulligan, I made no allusion to drunkenness. A lady may take glass of beer in the middle of the day without being a drunkard, I guess," retorted Eliza Brown, an elderly person, with a "bang" entirely over her forehead, and many wrinkles expressive of habitual ill-humor. "But I do say that a cash-girl will take a sip of beer whenever she gets a chance."

"Well, I say that Rose wouldn't,—I am quite sure of that," replied Nellie Mulligan, bathing the little girl's face, while Eliza Brown chafed her hands.

"She needn't be so snappish if she expects to borrow my satin shoes," murmured Eliza Brown.

Nellie heard the whisper, and turned very graciously to Miss Brown.

"I never said you had a bad heart, Lize; but I know this little girl; and there isn't a better, purer, sweeter, nicer little thing in the world! And I'll say this: if the poor child has fainted, it's because she hasn't had anything to eat to-day."

"You ought to have remembered that before you sent her running about so much," replied Eliza, who was usually in fear of the belle of the glove department, but who had at present a sword of Damocles—in the shape of the indispensable white satin shoes—to hold over that young person's head.

The girls, of all sizes and complexions, who were spending their luncheon time in this room provided by Lacy & Brothers for the purpose, gathered around the central group, exclaiming over the sadness of the little girl's lot; and if she were well enough she could have revelled in pie, doughnuts, and chocolate *relais*—these terrible objects being the chief articles of consumption at Lacy's in the middle of the day.

Rose revived and opened her eyes; then she looked bewildered, and gave a little sob. Half a dozen kind hands made a couch of shawls for her; and there she lay, very white and quiet, the centre of all interest. For a moment Nellie Mulligan did not think of the Lady Rosebuds or the splendors of the coming night. Eliza Brown, who had known what it was to be hungry, got a cup of warm milk, and, kneeling beside Rose, administered it gently, grumbling all the time.

Rose looked wistfully at the little heap of pastry by her side.

"Oh, do eat something!" Nellie implored, bending over her.

"I can't, Miss Mulligan," Rose answered; "but," she added, after a little pause, "will you let me take some of these home when I go?"

"Why, certainly," said Eliza Brown, with great heartiness, "You can take them all; I'll wrap them up for you. And you shall lie quietly here until it's time to go home. I'll see

the floor-walker about it, and if he dares to contradict me!" Then Eliza turned her head away and wiped her eyes, still holding Rose's little thin hand in one of hers. "And people thinking of white satin shoes when there's so much destitution in the world!"

Nellie caught her glare, but prudently refrained from answering. Rose whispered something to Eliza, and the latter went to the little girl's tattered coat, which was conspicuous among those that hung on the nails for its shabbiness, and took a rosary from the pocket. Rose held it in her hand for a moment, and then fell back luxuriously on the pile of shawls.

The sight of the rosary excited no surprise in the room; for Eliza Brown had a way of saying her "penance" publicly,—sometimes because she "felt like it," and other times because she wanted to "aggravate" the Protestants.

When the little sick girl had been made comfortable, conversation and lunch went on as before.

"Oh, you were telling us abt the concert, Nellie!" somebody said. And Nellie resumed her narrative.

"It was a free show, of course, and Jim and I just went for fun. It was the queerest thing! We never laughed so much in our lives. There was a chorus from some German opera, and then one of the Galligan girls came out and thumped the piano for about half an hour. There didn't seem to be much tune to the thing, and everybody was tired of it. Then an awful guy of a woman came out in a sagegreen dress, all up and down straight, and she sang some slow thing. By this time most of the people around us were getting tired. Some of the Eye-talians at the end of the hall seemed to like it; but we chatted among ourselves, and Jim dropped a handful of peanuts into Clara Schwartz's gentleman friend's pocket. We laughed and laughed. And when another guy came out to sing a German song that was down on the programme, you couldn't hear anything. 'You ain't up in society ways, Jim,' says I. 'I ain't no Ward McAllister,' says Jim; 'but I'm going to lead the grand march at the Lady Rosebuds, all the same.' And we laughed and laughed, because you know I'm going to lead the march with Miley's Galligan."

"I'd stick to Jim," Eliza Brown said. "Miley's no good."

"And then," Nellie went on, "Mr. Bastien came out and made a speech, and said we ought to cultivate the acrostic sense, or something; that the music we had just heard was almost the music of the spears; and that, even if we didn't like it or understand it, we should come to the realization of higher ideals by pretending to like it. He wore a claw-hammer coat and a white tie, and he looked swell; but we just laughed and laughed. Then there was an intermission, and we all went to the bar and had the most delicious coffee and chocolate and cakes. I tell you we enjoyed that part of the concert. After which the Galligan girl—one of Miley's sisters—came out again. She was dressed awfully plain; in black silk, with a few red roses. I told Jim that I hoped Miley could afford to put more style on his wife than that, and Jim just giggled! Well, Miss Galligan began a slow thing called a mumm. We couldn't stand it, and Jim called out, 'Give us "Whist the Bogie Man!"' She looked frightened, and half rose from the piano; then she seemed to understand, and she changed the slow music into 'Listen to the Mocking-Bird!' It was elegant. You'd have thought there were birds in the piano.

And the way she crossed her hands over each other was wonderful. Everybody stamped and howled, and made her come out again; so she played the 'Lullaby' in *Ermine*, and then gave us a rattling march, ending in 'The Last Rose of Summer.' You could just hear it dying away. Everybody clapped and stamped. It was just too sweet for anything. After that she came out twice again and played pieces everybody knew. The other singers and players were too tiresome for anything. They're going to have more concerts; but if they're not better than the last, here will be nobody there but the Eye-talians, who can stand anything they don't have to pay for—dear me! there's the floor-walker, girls! It is time I stopped chattering."

(To be continued.)

There is a fortune for the genius who can get Joseph Cook to talk a lecture into a phonograph, set the machine up in public places, and fix it so that it will stop for a few minutes, when anybody drops a nickel in the slot—if it can be fixed that way.—*Boston Pilot*.

## ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

WIFE, WOMAN AND POET.

I HAVE been charmed to learn that there is a strikingly good photograph of Elizabeth Barrett Browning to be had in London for a guinea, produced by Mr. Cameron, of 70 Mortimer Street. Quite lately it was said on good authority: "There is nothing of Mrs. Browning to be had save a most hideous copy of an early daguerreotype." The artist of the portrait copied by Mr. Cameron (Mrs. Bridell Fox) writes in the *Argosy* of February.—

"In 1858-9 I paid a visit to Rome, where Mr. and Mrs. Browning were also spending the winter. . . . I had the great felicity of passing many quiet hours in the company of Mrs. Browning, for she kindly sat to me for her portrait in chalk; Mr. Browning the while was giving his little son a first-rate music lesson in the adjoining room. The portrait was exhibited at the Royal Academy and considered successful. She seemed to me to be an angel on earth, so modest, so unselfish."

During the same year (1858), Nathaniel Hawthorne made acquaintance with the Brownings at Florence, and has left us his portrait of her in his "Italian Note-book":—

"Mrs. Browning met us at the door of the drawing-room and greeted us most kindly, a pale, small person, scarcely embodied at all; at any rate, only substantial enough to put forth her slender fingers, to be grasped, and to speak with a shrill, yet sweet, tenacity of voice. Really, I do not see how Mr. Browning can suppose he has an earthly wife, any more than an earthly child; both are of the elfin race, and will flit away from him some day when he least thinks of it. She is a good and kind fairy, however, and sweetly disposed towards the human race, although only remotely akin to it. It is wonderful to see how small she is, how pale her cheek, how bright and dark her eyes. There is not such another figure in the world; and her black ringlets cluster into her neck, and make her face look the whiter by their sable profusion. I could not form any judgment about her age; it may range anywhere within the limits of human life or elfin life. . . .

It is marvellous to me how so extraordinary, so acute, so sensitive a creature can impress us as she does with the certainty of her benevolence."

To one artist this rare woman was an elf, to another she was an angel, perhaps "the Angel Israfil, who has the most melodious voice of all God's creatures"; her husband addresses her:—

O lyric love, half angel and half bird,  
And all a wonder and a wild desire!

And his lasting love and honor are her noblest monument, greater than our delight in her work, or the tall clock-tower erected in her native town in England, where her name will be remembered as long as the sweet bells chime across future centuries.

When Robert Browning lay silent in Westminster Abbey over his head was sung those words so dear to many tired and wakeful souls, ending with the refrain:

He giveth His beloved sleep.

What would we give to our beloved?  
The hero's heart to be unmoved,  
The poet's star-tuned heart 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 over-weep,  
And bitter memories to make  
The whole earth blasted for our sake:  
He giveth His beloved sleep.

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,  
Who have no time to charm away  
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep:

But never doleful dream again  
Shall break the happy slumber when  
He giveth His beloved sleep.

O earth, so full of dreary noises!  
O men, with wailing in your voices!  
O delved gold, the wailers' heap!  
O strife, O curse that o'er it fall  
God strikes a silence through you all  
And giveth His beloved sleep.

The fact that the words are those of the truest woman-poet the world knows would give them interest as sung in the repose of one of the best of poets, but considering that the woman was the wife of the man, the wife who never failed him or wearied him, who was to him the incarnation of her own womanly poetry, the kind and tender help-meet of his labors, the inspiration of his most poetic work, the origin of his high reverence for women, the mother of his son, the ardent worshipper of that feminine gift of song, then we hold our breath and are glad in this world of bitter wailings over domestic wrecks and failures. We often hear it said that men of genius ought not to have wives, because women are too weak or too strong, too dull or too clever, too ignorant or too learned to mate with them, as witness, the unhappy experiences of Bulwer Lytton, Charles Dickens, Carlyle, and too many others. Certain it is that all women are not gifted with that lovely kind of imagination defined by Ruskin as "seeing with the heart." Yet a woman possessing it can perceive a man's needs with clear eyes, apart from her own more separate grievances. Elizabeth Browning had the rare gift, and therefore her husband's enduring love is the crown of her life, and his praise is the glory of her name. Glad to travel to eternity together they were lovely and pleasant in their lives here, and by and by when their story is written we can place it beside that other happy record, of the Nathaniel Hawthornes, far away from the history of poor Jane Welsh Carlyle, who had not bern with her the gift of loving insight. "Now I must go and mend his cursed shirts," wrote Mrs. Carlyle, but we may hazard the assertion that the woman who wrote "Caterina to Camoens" knew how to make happiness out of darnning her husband's stockings. There was no selfish self in her who conceived that tenderest of womanly utterances, tender especially in the pathetic closing stanzas. Perhaps what a man of genius requires of his wife, over and above woman's love, is an intelligent understanding of his needs, besides a large appreciation of the beauty and dignity of service necessary for the highest kind of personal devotion, modeled on the attitude of the soul towards God. It has been said that love is a desire for power, but to the best woman it is rather the desire to serve. The spirit of self-sacrifice is always present in Mrs. Browning's poetry, as in Caterina's dying prayer, in the "Rhyme of the Duchess May," in "Bertha in the Lane," in the "Romant of the Page," etc. The inner holiness of heart reserved for the beloved who might or might not come into her life is revealed out of the simplicity of the "Swan's Nest," while the "Somets from the Portuguese" betray with what fear and trembling, with what readiness for renunciation in the midst of joy scarcely believed in, the truly beloved was welcomed when he came, as:—

I lived with visions for my company  
Instead of men and women, years ago,  
And found them gentle mates, nor thought to know  
A sweeter music than they played to me.  
But soon their trailing purple was not free  
Of this world's dust, their lutes did silent grow,  
And I myself grew faint and blind below  
Their vanishing eyes. Then Thou didst come—to be,  
Beloved, what they seemed. Their shining fronts  
Their songs, their splendors (better, yet the same,  
As river-water hallowed into fountains),  
Met in thee, and from out thee overcame  
My soul with satisfaction of all wants;  
Because God's gifts put men's best dreams to shame.

The words from her heart sung over his grave suggest her true life-service, for he found in her the repose which refreshes

and strengthens the soul. There is a reflection of her all through Browning's poetry. If she had ever disappointed him he could not have written.

Love, if you know the light  
That your soul casts in my sight,  
How I look to you  
For the pure and true,  
And the beauteous and the right!

Or—

Grow old with me!  
The best is yet to be  
The last of life for which the first was made.

Nor could he have felt so keenly the anguish of misunderstanding:—

See a word, how it severeth!—  
Oh, power of life and death—

No man ever looked down with surer eye into the depths of a good woman's heart than Browning. Other poets have sung the praises of women, their charms and fascinations, have flattered them with the ravings of idolatry, but Browning comes next to Shakespeare in his thorough honor of the woman, in the right understanding of the best of her kind. How beautiful is the praise of Pompilia from the old Pope's mouth:—

First of the first,  
Such I pronounce Pompilia, then, as now,  
Perfect in whiteness—stoop thou down, my child,  
Give one good moment to the poor old Pope,  
Heartsick at having all his world to blame—  
Let me look at thee in the flesh as erst,  
Let me enjoy the old clean linen garb,  
Not the new splendid vesture! Armed and crowned,  
Would Michael yonder be nor crowned nor armed  
The less pre-eminent angel? Everywhere  
I see in the world the intellect of man  
That sword, the energy, his single spear  
The knowledge which defends him like a shield  
Everywhere; but they make not up, I think,  
The marvel of a soul like thine, earth's flower  
She holds up to the softened eye of God!  
It was not given Pompilia to know much,  
Speak much, to write a book, to move mankind,  
Be memorized by who records my time.  
Set it in purity and patience, if  
In faith hold fast despite the plucking fiend—  
Safe, like the signet stone, with the new name  
That saints are known by—if in right returned  
For wrong, most pardon for worst injury,  
If there be any virtue, any praise,  
Then will this woman-child have proved—who knows't—  
Just the one prize vouchsafed unworthy me.  
Ten years a gardener of the untoward ground  
I till, this earth my sweat and blood manure  
All the long day that barrenly grows dusk;  
At least one blossom makes me proud at eve  
Born 'mid the briars of my enclosure! Still,  
(Oh, here, as elsewhere, nothingness of man!)  
Those be the plants imbedded yonder South  
To mellow in the morning, those made fat  
By the master's eye, that yield such timid leaf,  
Uncertain bud, as product of his pains!  
While—see how this mere chance-sown, cleft-nursed seed,  
That sprang up by the wayside 'neath the foot  
Of the enemy, this breaks into blaze,  
Spreads itself 'o no wide glory of desire  
To incorporate the whole great sun it loves  
From the inch height whence it looks and longs. My flower.  
My rose, I gather for the breast of God. . . .

It is Pompilia's unflinching fidelity to the law of God and man, her patient, noble obedience in trial, which win the Pope's reverence; her unswerving trust in God through intolerable suffering, from which she never breaks away until impelled by the mother's instinct to save her child, when:—

At last she took the open, stood and stared  
With her wan face, to see where God might wait.

The reverse of the picture is also given by Browning, where he notes the void made in the life of a man by the failure of a woman, as shown in the monologue of Andrea del Sarto:—

But had you—oh, with the same perfect brow  
And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,  
And the low voice my soul hears as a bird  
The fowler's pipe, and follows to the snare  
Had you with these the same but brought a mind!  
Some women do so. Had the mouth there urged  
God and the glory! never care for gain.  
The present by the future, what is that?  
Live for fame, side by side with Agnolo!  
Rafael is waiting; up to God all thee!  
I might have done it for you. So it seems;  
Perhaps not. All is as God over-rules;  
Besides, incentives come from the soul itself;  
The rest avails not.

As in the last lines, Browning always puts God in His own place, and this ready masculine faith of his gives his poetry its strong hold on the soul in a world which is too full of the poetic wailings of unbelief, Pyzra's song was a cry of his own sincere spirit.

The year's at the spring,  
And day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven;  
The hillside's dew-pearled;  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn;  
God's in His heaven—  
All's right with the world!"

As in God, so in human nature, and his simplest rhymes have wholesome faith and hopefulness shimmering through the pathos which is so poignant:—

You'll love me yet, and I can tarry,  
Your love's protracted growing;  
June reared that bunch of flowers you carry  
From seeds of April's sowing.  
I plant a heartful now: some seed  
At least is sure to strike  
And yield—what you'll not pluck indeed,  
Not love, but maybe, like!"  
You'll look at least on love's remains,  
A grave's one violet;  
Your look? That pays a thousand pains,  
What's death? You'll love me yet!

I have wandered away from Mrs. Browning to her husband, but as the two were so completely one, it scarcely matters. Of the man, Hawthorne records:—

"He shook hands with all of us, children and grown people, and was very vivacious and agreeable. He looked younger and even handsomer than when I saw him in London. He talked a wonderful quantity in a little time, and told us, among other things that we should never have dreamed of—that Italian people will never cheat you if you construe them generously and put them upon their honor. . . . Browning was very kind and warm. . . . Browning was very genial and full of life, as usual, but his conversation has the effervescent aroma which you cannot catch, even if you get the very words that seemed to be imbued with it. He spoke most rapturously of a portrait of Mrs. Browning which an Italian artist is painting for the wife of an American gentleman as a present from her husband. . . . Browning's nonsense is of very genuine and excellent quality, the true babble and effervescence of a bright and powerful mind, and he lets it play among his friends with the faith and simplicity of a child. He must be an amiable man."

Much earlier than this Mrs. Jameson, author of "Sacred and Legendary Art," writes (1846), from Paris:—

"I have here a poet and poetess—two celebrities who have

run away and married under circumstances peculiarly interesting, and such as render imprudence the height of prudence. Both excellent; but God help them! for I know not how the two poet heads and poet hearts will get on through this prosaic world."

The wonder was the greater as Elizabeth Barrett, who had been for years condemned by ill-health to "silence and the sofa," had literally left her sick room to escape with her husband into a new and glorified existence. Under his fostering care and in the climate of Italy she grew stronger. Mrs. Jameson's niece and biographer, then a girl of sixteen, who met them there then, wrote of them later:—

"The loves of the poets could not have been put into more delightful reality before the eyes of the dazzled and enthusiastic beholder," and describes how, while making a little poetical pilgrimage to Vauluse, "there, at the very source of the *château jésuite et dolci acque*, Mr. Browning took his wife up in his arms, and, carrying her across through the shallow, curling waters, seated her on a rock that rose throne-like in the middle of the stream. Thus love and poetry took a new possession of the spot immortalized by Petrarch's living fancy."

I wonder what has become of the Italian portrait painted at Florence for the American lady. At all events it is good to know that at this moment a guinea photograph can be had from Mr. Cameron of the flower-like face (as Miss Mitford described it) of Elizabeth Barrett Browning—true woman, true wife, and true poet, all the ways of whose daily life were as sweet as the most poetic of her utterances. — *Lisa Mullhol land.*

#### FATHER MEEHAN: IRISH PATRIOT AND SCHOLAR.

The death of the Rev. C. P. Meehan, of SS. Michael and John's Church, Dublin, Ire., on March 14, has already been briefly noted in *The Review*. It was deeply mourned, not only by those who knew him in the intimacy of friendship, or who were capable of prizing his literary work, but even more by Christ's poor, the good priest's own people, amongst whom he lived and labored.

Father Meehan was born July 12, 1812, of an old Longford stock, and spent much of his early years in that county. Like the other children of the down-trodden Catholics, this cheery, blue-eyed boy daily trudged to the school where Peter McCabe—a veritable "character" initiated the young Gaelic in the mysteries of the three R's. Slavery begets servility; and, when we look back to that dismal time of abject serfdom, little more than a decade after '98, when the blood that reddened the hillsides of Wexford and Wicklow were hardly yet dry, and the atrocities of the North Cork militia and the ancient Britons not a whit forgotten, when Ireland lay "inert as a swamp of gore" at the feet of her tyrant, we cannot marvel that the old tongue, like the "old stock," was proscribed and banned. The Penal Laws, hanging, and quartering had done their work. The old school-master forbade his pupils to utter a word of Irish, and insisted on English being used at home as well as during school hours. Calling up each trembling urchin, he would produce a "tally," and exhibit it to the bewildered culprit as being mysteriously marked with the exact number of lingual offences committed by him out of school hours; the horror-stricken child would confess his crime, humbly promise amendment, and go back to his home fully convinced of the depravity of lapsing into Celtic, and fully satisfied with the occult power of the master's "tally." How many a time in after years, when searching through the MSS. of the past, did Father Meehan bemoan his want of the talisman which would open to him the treasures they contained.

At sixteen years of age he left Dublin, bound for the Irish College at Rome. For nine years he pursued his studies in the Eternal City, and during that time gained an intimate acquaintance with the Italian language and literature, with which he always kept in touch, procuring to the last every work of note that issued from the press of Italy.

He returned to Ireland in 1835, a priest. After a few months in Rathdrum, Co. Wicklow—"illustrious ground"—he was appointed to the parish of SS. Michael and John,

where for over half a century, he was an humble curate, without hope, or chance, or, indeed, care for preferment.

Young, ardent, and patriotic, he was at the beginning of the forties drawn into the vortex of the literary and political tide that swept over the island. When the Young Irelanders strove to "put a soul to Erin," the pen and tongue of the Dublin curate was at their disposal. He formed one of the brilliant band that the genius of Thomas Davis gathered round him, and was always true to the opinions of his youth. Though not approving of the Fenian movement doubtless, as showing not the slightest chance of success—his sympathies were with the honest strugglers after Nationhood; and when prayers were to be publicly offered for Fenian man and martyr, Father Meehan was confidently appealed to, and never disappointed. When in three of the city churches, in the year '67, the celebration of a public Requiem Mass for the souls of Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien was refused, and it was considered as much as could well be expected if, at the end of a low Mass, their names be read out in the ordinary manner without comment or remark, the priest of '48 offered the Holy Sacrifice, and his clarion voice rang through the church as he prayed for "the men who were brutally murdered in Manchester."

In latter days, when the land struggle waxed fierce and furious and it seemed as if every one in Ireland must range himself in either camp, Father Meehan took no active part in politics, and there were many who deemed it a fault that with him political tergiversation could not efface old personal friendship. With the large-heartedness of the true student he recognized no boundary line in the universal brotherhood of literature; for, be he the veriest Tory or the most subservient Whig—a genus now, like the dodo, happily extinct—if he sang or wrote of Ireland, her history, her antiquities, her legends or her lore, he was welcome to that room on the third floor of the parochial house in Lower Exchange Street.

As you stood in that room, you perceived at a glance that you were in the home of a scholar; books in the best-known of the European languages surrounded you on all sides; pictures and engravings hung on the walls. The fair Geraldine looked at you from her frame; or the Prince of Beare, or Luke Wadding, or the gentle Saint of Assisi blessing the crops, the fields, the animals of his convent home, claimed your attention. The sketch of dead Clarence Mangan moved to compassion as you sat upon the couch, whereupon he often, of nights, rested his weary limbs when induced to stay in haven by one who, Mitchel says, "loved him as a man, appreciated him as a poet, and yearned over him as a soul in the jaws of perdition." What a long procession climbed these two flights of stairs during half a century! What a variety of men and women!—bishops and priests, men of letters, statesmen, preachers, patriots, orators, poets, sculptors, painters—Davis, Mitchel, Martin, Duffy, McGee, McCarthy, D'Alton, Williams, Clarence Mangan, Meagher, John Hogan, Father Kenyon, "Caviare," "Leo," McGeoghan, O'Curry, O'Donovan, A. M. Sullivan and Irwin. But he had another class of visitors just as welcome—the poor, for whom he had always a word of counsel and sympathy, and an open hand. There is a story told of the parish priest having had one time to interfere to prevent Father Meehan from giving away his bed to some poor woman, who he doubtless thought wanted it more than he.

All his life he battled with intemperance, and at one time headed a crusade made in the parish against it. He acted as president, attended the meetings of the society, encouraged humorous speakers whose hearts were in the movement—to address the people, in order to amuse as well as to instruct; delivered lectures—rare treats of profound scholarship—in a disused factory in Christ Church Place, for the benefit of the society; its Sunday meetings, where he distributed medals and administered the pledge, were wont to be crowded by the working classes. With great delight the good priest would note the increasing finery of the women, for, from a variety and profusion of ribbons, he augured a sober and a thrifty home. For one reason or another this temperance society had a short life; that this is not the fault of its president is certain, for he frequently deplored the general apathy on the



drink question. He just lived to see it taken up by Archbishop Walsh, who, born in Parliament Street, close to SS. Michael and John's, had, as a boy, served Father Meehan's daily Mass.

### A DESCRIPTION OF ST. PETER'S, ROME.

"Rome! what a scroll of history time has been!  
In the first days thy sword Republican  
Ruled the whole world for many an ago's span:  
Then of thy peoples thou wert crowned queen,  
Till in thy streets the bearded Goth was seen;  
And now upon thy walls the breezes fan  
(Ah, city crowned by God, disrowned by man!)  
The hated flag of red and white and green.  
When was thy glory? When in search for power?  
Thine eagles flew to greet the double sun,  
And all the nations trembled at thy rod?  
Nay, but thy glory tarried for this hour,  
When grimms kneel before the Holy One,  
The prisoned Shepherd of the Church of God."

To stand on the steps of St. Peter's for the first time; to give a glance back over the magnificent court, up which one has approached, then to cross the wide portico, to enter the vestibule, where sitly stand statues of Constantine and Charlemagne—heroic figures of the Church's great political benefactors—then, with a beating heart, to lift the heavy leathern curtain and gaze on the glory of the interior—this is a moment in life never to be forgotten.

Yet it seems to one as if, in a measure, this moment is renewed whenever one puts that curtain aside, and the splendor of that great church bursts on the sight—for it is no more possible to carry St. Peter's in the memory than to realize its vastness when within it. Each time the resplendent beauty, which is like nothing else earthly, dazzle one afresh. Light, majesty of space, richness of color, magnificence of decoration surpassing description—these are the things which strike the eye as soon as the threshold is passed. And with every step the scenes of awe and wonder deepen. The floor spreads away, a sea of glistening marble. Massive pillars, rich with sculptured entablature, support the lofty arches which disclose the broad aisles beyond the nave and the chapels opening into them, with their sumptuous altars and solemn tombs and pictures of imperishable mosaic. Far under the centre of the soaring dome, a circle of gleaming stars mark the heart of the great temple. Those are the never-dying lamps before the tomb of the apostles. And farther still, beyond, the baldacchino of bronze, which, though high as the roof of the Farnese architecture inspired by faith and adapted to the needs of Catholic worship. Taking the ancient Basilica for a basis, the noble arches, which open such glorious vistas to the eye, have been substituted for the long rows of pillars, in order to reveal more fully the chapels and side altars, which in some of the older churches—notably in Santa Maria Maggiore—are partially concealed, and lose their dignity.

The dome, which rises like the canopy of heaven, and suggests the thought of space or limitation, is a sublime and exalting expression of faith in the immortality that lies beyond the tomb; while the diffusion of lights, the glory or art, the richness of wealth brought to adorn the sanctuary of God, together with the exquisite proportion, the wonderful blending of parts into one perfect whole, all conspire to make it a symbol of the faith which has produced it.

Walking up the grand nave, with its beautiful pavement of colored marble, inlaid from designs of Giacomo della Porta and Benini, with its vaulted roof coppered and gilded, we advance under the dome, round which, in letters of purple-blue mosaic, runs the inscription, "*Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram edificabo ecclesiam meam, et tibi dabo claves regni celorum*"—and beneath which lies the body of the Apostle to whom these words were spoken. Here burn the golden lamps like faithful hearts, here stands the altar where only the living successor of Peter can officiate, and here cluster

the most glorious memories as well as the most sacred traditions of faith. This is the site of the oratory founded by Anacleus, Bishop of Rome, who was ordained by Peter himself, to mark the spot where countless Christian martyrs suffered in the circus of Nero, and where St. Peter was buried after his crucifixion on the Janiculum. Here Constantine, at the request of Pope Sylvester, began the erection of a Basilica, laboring, we are told, with his own hands at the work, and carrying away twelve loads of earth in honor of the Twelve Apostles; it was at this time that the body of the great apostle was exhumed and reinterred in a sumptuous shrine. To the Basilica thus founded came pilgrims from the (then) uttermost parts of the earth. There came the proud Emperors of the East, Theodosius and Valentinian; there came Cedwalla, fair-haired King of the West Saxons, praying for baptism; Ina, of Wessex, and Carloman, of France, and many another royal pilgrim, until the greatest of all, Charlemagne, knelt to be crowned by Christ's Vicar. And there, in the last reign of Leo IV., Ethelwolf, King of the Anglo-Saxons, came also to be crowned, having with him his son six years old, a child who carried from the apostle's tomb grace to make him blessed in his land as Alfred the Great of England.

And it is a significant fact that in all the storms which have shaken Rome, in all the invasions to which it has been subjected, this ancient and sacred Basilica has never suffered. The Goth, the Saracen, fierce mediæval baron, the ruthless emperor, have done their worst on the Eternal City, but their footsteps trembled and paused at the shrine of him to whom was given the awful keys. Hence, the peace which broods here has in it something majestic as well as serene—something which elevates as well as soothes the spirit. One feels the steadfastness of the Everlasting Rock. What does one more storm matter to the Church founded upon it? "*Et super hanc petram edificabo ecclesiam meam.*" Centuries have passed, unnumbered storms of human passion have raged, since that word was spoken, but lo! the old, old Church stands firm. "The gates of hell" have not prevailed, though they have had—even as to-day—many a brief, seeming triumph. —*Christian Reil, in "Heart of Steel."*

### SIR JOHN LUBBOCK ON READING.

SIR JOHN Lubbock, M.P., in opening a free library at Hammersmith last week, said that a great part of what they spent in books they saved in prisons and police. The great sources of crime were drink and ignorance. In fact, money devoted to education was not so much spent, but invested. The free library would enable every one to utilize his vacant moments. Their system had not been so well devised as it might be to make education, books, and life interesting. They had tried too much to teach, and too little to educate. It was one thing to be able to read; it was quite another to know what to read and how to read. The object of free libraries was not to raise one above another, but to elevate all alike. An honest barbarism was better than a false civilization. They were trying hard in this country to make theirs a real civilization. There were many whose very birth was a sentence of hard labour for life. But that did not apply to the poor only. They could not in this world avoid sorrow and suffering, but if they would they might rise above them. No one was ever made utterly miserable except by himself. It was not true that the ordinary duties of life in a country like theirs was incompatible with the dignity or nobility of life. Whether a life was noble or ignoble depended not on the calling which was adopted, but on the spirit in which it was followed. The humblest life might be noble, while that of the most powerful monarch or the greatest genius might be contemptible. It was terrible to think of the suffering which they had brought upon themselves. They could not all of them affect the policy of nations; they could do little, perhaps, to prevent war or to secure the peace of Europe; but they could every one of them do much to drive away discord, malice, and hatred, and to promote harmony, unselfishness, love, and happiness in their own homes; they could all, if they would, keep their own hearts in purity and peace.



## 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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### DR. BARNARDO'S OPERATIONS IN CANADA.

#### II.

THE publication in THE REVIEW of last week, of the proofs of the process of proselytisation which is worked with some apparent success in the case of such Catholic children as are sent out to this country from the Homes, in London, of Dr. Barnardo, has attracted, we have reason to know, some little attention. We return to the subject this week, at the point at which we left off—the communications that passed between Cardinal Manning (through Father Seddon, his secretary) and Dr. Barnardo.

The points which Dr. Barnardo asked to have cleared up were first: Whether the Catholic clergy were prepared to receive Catholic children who were homeless or destitute, or, being orphans, exposed to evil influences—if sent to them by the Barnardo Home managers, and to undertake that they should not be allowed to drift again into positions of danger. Second: Whether in the event of their not being able to admit any particular case they would undertake to remit it to Dr. Barnardo, giving the reasons why the child could not be admitted. "In reply to the first point," wrote Father Seddon to Dr. Barnardo, (on the 19th September, 1887) "I beg leave here to repeat what I said in my letter to you of May 21st last: 'We accept, therefore, gladly your assurance that you report to us such cases as come before you, and I need not say that as no effort has hitherto been wanting on our part, so no effort ever will be wanting in behalf of our children.' I beg you to receive this answer in the plenitude of the sincerity with which it is made. Our poverty is great, greater indeed than you can well know, yet we will gladly undertake, so far as lies in our power, to meet all your wishes, both under the first and second points, and remit any case to you which we find cannot for any particular reason be dealt with by us."

To this letter Dr. Barnardo replied on the 2nd December (having been absent in Canada in the meantime): "I am much obliged to you for the specific nature of your reply and have to say on my own behalf that we have no objection to any children being passed into the workhouses, and thence to your schools, or to a certified Industrial school, in accordance with the provisions of your letter. But I hope you will keep quite clearly in mind that no part of my correspondence comprehends the giving up of children who may have already been admitted into our Homes. In these cases we feel very strongly what I have already intimated in my letter of May 24th, 'that we do not see our way clear, once a child has been re-

ceived, and is under the influence of our discipline and instruction to deliver that child up at the demand of others, simply upon religious grounds."

Matters stood in this way between the Catholic clergy of London and Dr. Barnardo until early in December last when a decision was obtained from Lord Chief Justice Coleridge and Lord Justice Bowen "in the matter of Harry Gossage, an infant, and an application by his mother for a writ of *habeas corpus* to Dr. Barnardo." This was a case of great public interest and importance as to the right of a parent to a writ of *habeas corpus* against a person who has illegally, without the parent's knowledge or authority, sent his child beyond seas. The decision of the Court is of immediate and peculiar interest in the light of the correspondence published in THE REVIEW of last week regarding the case of a Catholic boy sent out to this country by Dr. Barnardo, placed with a Protestant family, and lost to the faith through non-Catholic influences and teachings. It is of the first importance, under the circumstances, that that decision should be known. Lord Coleridge in giving judgment reviewed the circumstances of the case. The case began with an application from a clergyman at Folkestone in a letter to Dr. Barnardo on Sept 15, 1888, stating that a boy had been found in the streets in a miserable condition. The purport of the letter was "will you take him?" Dr. Barnardo replied that he would. A few days later the child was received into one of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and a letter was written by Dr. Barnardo to Mrs. Gossage, the mother, asking her whether she was willing that the child should be received into the Home. To this Dr. Barnardo received the reply: "I shall be pleased if my son is kept in Dr. Barnardo's Home, as I cannot afford to support him myself." That is she assented to his being kept in Dr. Barnardo's Homes. This was the only authority or permission which she gave to Dr. Barnardo. On November 9th, an agreement was sent by Dr. Barnardo to her, which was returned unsigned. On November 10, a Catholic gentleman, wrote to Dr. Barnardo: "About a month ago Mrs. Gossage called on me to express her desire to find a Catholic Home for her boy whom you have kindly received as a waif from Folkestone. I am happy to inform you that St. Vincent's Home, Harrow Road, London, are prepared to receive him, and I am writing to the Rev. Douglass Hope to effect the transfer. I enclose 10 s towards the expenses of your Homes." On November 14, the contribution was acknowledged, but no mention appears to have been made of the requested transfer of the child. But what had happened in the meantime?

"On November 10 (we are quoting from Lord Coleridge's judgment) he says, he had for the first time seen Mr. Norton. He knew nothing of him. He had never seen him before. He knew no one who knew him, nor any one who knew any body who knew him; he was an absolute stranger to him, and on November 16 he sent the child away with this Mr. Norton. I will read from his affidavit about it: 'I first saw him on November 10: he had the appearance of a well-to-do person.' No particular proof that he was to be trusted. 'He showed me letters from persons whose names I recognized. . . . His object in seeing me was that he was anxious to find a nice-looking boy not older than ten or eleven, one who was not likely to be interfered with by his relatives, as he wished, if he liked him, to adopt him as his son.' Now here was an unknown person with the appearance of being well-to-do, who was anxious to find a nice looking-boy, one who was not likely to be troubled by the boy's relations. I should have thought all this would have put Dr. Barnardo very much on his guard and that a person living near London, a person of education, and one knowing what goes on in the world, would have taken very good care to satisfy himself that this well-to-do person wanted the nice-looking boy for good purposes and not for bad."

One letter which Dr. Barnardo remembered but which he was unable to find, was from a Presbyterian minister in Canada whose name he could not recollect. "Now if this," said Lord Coleridge, "is a specimen of Dr. Barnardo's practice, he is almost too good for this wicked world. If he is in the habit of handing over nice-looking boys to well-to-do persons on no better recommendation than a letter from an unknown Presbyterian minister whose name he cannot recollect, and whose address he cannot find, I must say that it appears to me that Dr. Barnardo conducts his affairs with singular ignorance of the world; and if this is his practice, and I fancy it is, it shakes our confidence, (notwithstanding our belief in his good intention) in his good sense." Mr. Norton liked the boy, Gossage, and asked to be allowed to adopt him. Dr. Barnardo was satisfied, and on November 16 the boy left the Home with the stranger for Canada. In commenting upon the circumstance the Lord Chief Justice said:

"How he was satisfied does not appear. What inquiries he made, what references he asked, what securities he took, what means of communication he provided in case things should go wrong—all this he does not tell us. But to a man he had never seen before the first occasion a day or two previous, on the recommendation of an unknown Presbyterian minister, he was prepared to, and did hand over, for life or for years, a little boy of ten or eleven, without his mother's sanction, whom he knew there was a perfectly respectable set of persons ready to take care of, and to whom immediate recourse could be had. He permits the boy to be taken off to Canada by this unknown person, without taking any steps to find out if he was the person he represented himself to be. . . . I cannot imagine a more dangerous state of things. And if this be Dr. Barnardo's practice—though I assume it to be so from the best of motives—I cannot imagine a practice more dangerous."

After traversing Dr. Barnardo's own account of the sending off of this child, Lord Coleridge said:

Anything more alarming to numbers of children in this country, if such conduct as this could be taken as an answer to an application of this kind—for a writ of *habeas corpus*—that is if a person thus divesting himself of the custody of a child were to be held harmless and secure from any remedy, it would be impossible to conceive. Nothing would be easier; if this were permitted than for any person—not Dr. Barnardo, because I believe in his goodness of intention, but for anyone so disposed—nothing could be easier than for the law to be abused with the most frightful consequences by persons very different indeed from Dr. Barnardo, but who, following so far his example in this instance, might hand over boys and girls to be taken off to Canada or anywhere else. I cannot conceive of anything more disastrous than that such a state of things should be allowed to remain without remedy. Now what did Dr. Barnardo know at this time? *He knew that Mr. Newdegate had desired to place the child in a Catholic Home, and that the mother had desired that the child should be so placed. He knew that she had never acquiesced in the boy being sent abroad, and had never given him any authority, except to keep the boy in his Home; and yet, on November 16, having had only single interview with Mr. Norton, the boy is allowed to disappear with him and has never been seen since. Where the place is to which the boy has been taken; whether it is in Canada or not; what has happened to him since; all this is wholly unknown.*"

Such was the state of things on November 16, when Father Douglas Hope wrote to Dr. Barnardo that he proposed sending for the boy, etc. To that there was no answer. The boy's friends wrote again, and on December 15—just a month after the boy had gone—there was sent the reply that Dr. Barnardo "finds it would not be possible, in accordance with the rules of this institution, to comply with your request." Not because he had been sent to Canada, but "according to the rules," the request could not be complied with! Another

application was sent, to which, on December 31, Dr. Barnardo returned an evasive reply the purport of which was that "our rules do not permit us to send a boy or girl away on religious grounds. As therefore we understand that the ground on which the application was made for the return of the boy was that his mother desired to place him in a Roman Catholic Home, Dr. Barnardo felt himself unable to comply, etc." "If that" said Lord Coleridge "was not placing his refusal to restore the child upon grounds of a 'religious denomination,' it is difficult to know what would be." We come now to Lord Coleridge's ruling. The Chief Justice said:

"The argument that, if the writ be issued, Dr. Barnardo has not got the child in his possession, will be no answer, because the Courts have said that if a person takes up in himself to break the law, he takes upon himself all the consequences of it; and that if he has illegally parted with the custody of a child it is no answer to the *habeas corpus* which orders him to produce him, to say that he cannot produce him. The answer is: You must produce him, you had no business to get rid of the child, and therefore the law deems the child to be virtually in your custody."

The facts of the case, the Lord Chief Justice concluded, left Dr. Barnardo's position "absolutely indefensible," an opinion in which Lord Justice Bowen entirely agreed. Judgment was so given, and Dr. Barnardo was granted three months in which to take measures to recover the child.

We trust we have not too greatly wearied our readers by reviewing at length these important proceedings. Our pages could be given up to pleasanter subjects, but not to one, in the light of the correspondence we published last week and the extent of these proselytising operations, of more immediate concern and moment to our clergy and people. Two things have been made clear—the failure of the Catholic clergy in London to recover from Dr. Barnardo, by any representations of their own, the custody of Catholic children who may have become inmates of his Homes, and so lost to Catholic influences and teaching; and the judgment of the Court of Appeal in England compelling Dr. Barnardo to produce a child to his Catholic parents or guardians, even though, as in the case of the boy Gossage, and in that of the lad whose case we published last week, the child, through his agency, may have been deported to Canada. By this luminous ruling every subterfuge is swept aside by which Dr. Barnardo has sought to justify his conduct. It serves besides to make clear to all men that Dr. Barnardo is a proselytiser first, and a social reformer afterwards. Happily, however, for these little waifs and strays who are Catholics, his contempt for the rights of conscience constitutes also a contempt of Court, and to the Courts can be had reference. With respect to the boy the particulars of whose case we published in our last number, it is obviously the duty of those who are now interesting themselves in his welfare to inquire whether the circumstances of his coming to Canada bear any resemblance to those upon which Lord Coleridge has given so clear and decisive a ruling. If so, and if the mother, described in the London priest's letter which we published, as "a poor woman who is almost heart broken at the thought of her child's perversion," demands of Dr. Barnardo the custody of her son, the latter is bound to produce him. It is to be borne in mind that the Bishop of Salford has said that thousands of Catholic children have been brought up as Protestants, in Protestant institutions, and deported to Canada, to be here placed in non-Catholic families and under non-Catholic training and influences. In bringing the facts thus fully and promptly to the cognizance of the reverend clergy and the Catholic public, *THE REVIEW* has discharged only its simple duty. It will have done a good work if, as a consequence, some practical method be devised for the checking, in Canada, of the work of the proselytisers.

## THE PROPER KIND OF CATHOLIC REPRESENTATION.

THE events which have recently happened in Germany—the resignation of Bismarck, the successes of the Centre, or Catholic, party, and the invitation which went forth from the Iron Chancellor, shortly before his resignation, to the Pope, praying for his intervention for the settlement of the Labour Question,—convey a lesson to all Catholic peoples. They show what great things may be done, and how powerful an influence may be exercised, by a body of Catholic men, if men of high abilities and of high principles, upon the public life of a nation. The party of Herr Windthorst in Germany, we need hardly explain to our readers, had not as its reason for being any such object as the securing for Catholics any political advantages refused to the rest of their countrymen. They were not a gang of political adventurers bound together—as some Catholic politicians and their “organs” would have Catholics massed in this country—for purposes merely of political pelf and of plunder; but a distinguished body of Catholic gentlemen, united in a common effort to secure the restoration of the rights and liberties of which the Church in Germany had by successive enactments been utterly stripped. The *Irish Catholic* of Dublin in an article upon this subject lately says, that whatever successes the German Catholics have obtained, or are likely to obtain, they deserve, if it were merely because of the fact that they are the only body of modern public men, outside the immediate environs of the Papal Court who have shown a genuine sense of what may be styled Catholic self respect, and that if the Catholic community in every other country exhibited the same self-reliance, the same confidence in their own powers, were as daring, and as hateful of subserviency and sycophancy as are the Catholics of Germany, the position of our religion and its co-religionists would be far different to what it is. “The truth is,” says that journal, “we do not like to use the word but we do so with full sense of, and willingness to assume our responsibility—the most formidable enemy Catholics have had to contend with everywhere has been their own slavishness. To some the word ‘meekness’ or ‘humility’ may seem preferable to the one we have chosen, but, when we consider what has gone on, and still goes on in Ireland, for instance, we feel no inclination to alter what we have written. It has been the meanness of Catholics which has given their enemies triumph. It has been our own social and political dissensions, our miserable jealousies, which have prevented our putting our best men forward, which have given, in so many cases, success to our enemies. The German Catholics have followed wiser courses, and the natural consequence is that to-day they occupy a position of unexampled influence in the greatest empire of modern Europe.”

The German Catholics, both lay and clerical, as our Dublin contemporary points out, have not been guilty of the folly so often perpetrated in other countries, of putting forward as their representatives the loud-voiced and extreme among their numbers, but have taken care that their municipal and parliamentary delegates should be men of reputation and ability. “They have care,” it says, “that those whom they have chosen as their representatives shall be men whom Catholics—we use the word in its highest sense—need not be ashamed to acknowledge as their chosen spokesmen.” And then follow these true words: “If our readers will endeavor to realize what a far nobler position Catholicity, particularly Irish Catholicity, would hold in America to-day than ever the admittedly proud one it does occupy, if these points had been fully attended to by all Irish Americans within the last

fifty years, they will arrive at a better understanding of the lesson we are endeavoring to bring home to them.”

The obvious truth is, our contemporary concludes, that Catholics everywhere have need to realize the full dignity and importance of the name they bear. They must be made to understand—and it becomes the duty of their friends and leaders to make it clear to them—that the honor and dignity of their religion is in their keeping. Speaking of Ireland it confesses that it is deeply humiliating to find too often in the reports of some provincial bodies, proceedings recorded wherein all the dignity displayed seems to have been in the possession of “the enemies of our religion and our country”—words which come home with equal force to some assemblies of Canadian and American Catholics. The cause of this regrettable state of things is to be found in the neglect by Catholics to observe the full force of the obligation which rests upon them, and the full realization of which by their leaders has secured for the Catholics of Germany a triumph certain to result not only in great benefit to themselves but in lasting good to the whole Church.

“Few Irish Catholics” says one of our Irish exchanges “can read untouched the words which the Archbishop of Dublin, and the Bishops of Leinster, have spoken to their people. It is no exaggeration to say that the historic document which we print to-day and which was read in so many churches on Sunday is one worthy, both in word and spirit, of the noblest and holiest days of this Catholic nation. It is evident that the prelates speak to a people in whom they have confidence and on whose docility they know they can rely. Prelates, priests, and people are as one, upon the great reform which is now in question, as upon all others. If ever this unity comes to be proven, hereafter in an Ireland from which the vice of intemperance will have been banished, we may look for results which will place our country in the forefront of the Catholic nations of the world. The one stain on the national escutcheon will have been obliterated, and Irishmen may fearlessly take their place amongst the noblest of those whose proudest privilege it will be to keep watch and ward beneath the banner of the Tiara and the Keys.”

Our former Governor-General, Lord Lorne, has lately been delivering himself on the Irish Question. He writes to the *Times*:

Sir, In regard to the appeal made by Gladstonians in the House of Lords for an apology to be made to Mr. Parnell for the injury done him by Government in providing him with a tribunal to clear his character of the grosser charges made against him, and the refusal of the Government to do this, or to express their regret that he and others have accepted money from “the Irish race scattered abroad” for the purpose of transferring the property of the landlords in Ireland to other classes of her population, is it not evident that the Opposition pay too much regard to the opinion and prejudices of those who, although once citizens of Ireland—

When we got so far in this neat little sentence, says the *Weekly Register*, and saw there was a lot more of it to follow, we gave up the gallant attempt to get to the end.

A distinguished member of the Dominion Senate writes to the Review: “Let me compliment you on your very able articles on *La Verite*. They are conclusive, and a credit to your paper.”

## General Catholic News

Archbishop Duhamel left Ottawa for Quebec, on Tuesday.

Archbishop Walsh left Toronto on Monday for Kingston.

Rev. Dean Harris, of St. Catharines, was in the City this week.

Episcopal letters directed against intemperance were read in every church in Ireland on the 23rd ult.

In New York a Catholic employment bureau has been opened. Its advantages are obtainable without charge.

The Catholic Truth Society of this City at their meeting on Monday last, adopted a form of Constitution and By-Laws.

A Turkish dictionary recently compiled by a Jesuit priest has won for its author a decoration at the hands of the Sultan.

Two thousand young men attended the closing exercises of a mission recently given by the Paulist Fathers at St. Gabriel's church, New York.

The Catholic clergy of the diocese of Pittsburg have started a movement to devise ways and means to take care of their superannuated brethren.

The late Father Ludwig Vogman, of the Holy Cross church in Baltimore, bequeathed \$50,000 to Cardinal Gibbons for the benefit of the Holy Cross church.

Pere Monsabre, the famous Lenten preacher at Notre Dame, Paris, for the past seventeen years, is to retire from that pulpit at the close of the present season.

The Pope's niece, married last year to the Comte Moroni, a noble guard, has added another to His Holiness's grand-nephews--an increasing generation.

Out of thirty-four chaplains in the service of the U.S. Army only three are Catholics, while it is true that at least one half of the regular army is Catholic in its belief.

Less than fifty years ago there were not a hundred Catholics in all Connecticut. Now in Hartford alone there are 19,309 Catholics out of a total population of 48,179.

A cablegram has just been received by Cardinal Taschereau from the Pope approving of and blessing the free night schools, which were inaugurated the past winter in Montreal and Quebec.

The editor of the *English Illustrated Magazine* announces as part of a series of articles on the great public schools of England, an illustrated account of Stonylhurst, by its Rector, the Rev. R. Colley, S.J.

All the sisters of the distinguished jurist, Sir Chas. Russell, became Sisters of Mercy. The well-known Irish novelists, Rosa and Mary Mulholland are sisters of his wife. The pioneer Sister of Mercy on the Pacific slope is his sister.

Bishop Ryan of Buffalo is rapidly regaining health and strength. He has been greatly touched by the many public and private expressions of sympathy that came to him upon his sick-bed.

Mgr. Bonomi, the famous missionary from Africa, is now in Rome. The whole world has heard of his wonderful experience with El Mahdi. He is the most entertaining conversationalist and would make his fortune in the lecture field. He is going to establish a mission and build a church at Asmara in Abyssinia.

A Japanese nun is a decided novelty in a Catholic convent. However, a Japanese, belonging to one of the highest families in the Mikado's empire, and who has recently been much admired in Munich society, has entered a Bavarian convent.

In consequence of the resignation of Bismarck and the change in the attitude of the German government toward their Order, the Jesuits in Burlington, Iowa, at the head of whom is the Rev. Father Krench, are preparing to return to Germany.

Mr. F. X. Cousineau, the proprietor of the Bon Marche, presented the French Church of the Sacred Heart, King street East, on Easter Sunday last, with a beautiful set of Church Ornaments for which the priest and congregation feel very grateful; and desire to return thanks.

The Holy See is preparing for a great National Council of the bishops of South America, on the model of the Council of Baltimore, in order to organize Catholic forces, and offer an efficacious resistance to the many hostile influences which so seriously impede the Church in that part of the world.

A meeting of the Archbishops and Bishops of Ontario was held at Kingston on Tuesday to nominate a bishop for the new diocese of Alexandria. Three names are mentioned for the vacancy. Vicar General MacDonnell, Father Murray of Trenton, and Dean Gauthier of Brockville.

The Spalding Literary Union, a Catholic young men's society of New York city, are going to erect a gymnasium in the rear of their fine club-house. The work is to be done almost entirely by the members of the union, among whom are bricklayers, carpenters, masons, builders, painters and plumbers. Outside labor will be required only to roof the building.

On Sunday last at St. Mary's Church, the Rev. Vicar-General Rooney thanked the parishioners for their munificent Easter Collection, which amounted to the sum of \$1,191.25. The best, we believe, of any previous single collection in any church in the city, thus showing the marked esteem in which the Rev. clergy of St. Mary's Church are held by the congregation. At Vespers the Very Rev. Vicar-General preached an eloquent sermon on the evils of mixed marriages explaining lucidly the Church's position and the duty of Catholics on that point.

The funeral services over the remains of the late Archbishop Heiss of Milwaukee, were held Tuesday, 1st inst., at St. John's Cathedral in that city. Cardinal Gibbons, three archbishops and twelve bishops participated in the services, while at least one hundred and fifty priests formed part of the immense multitude which filled the capacious temple. Pontifical Requiem Mass was celebrated, at the close of which Bishop Hennessey, of Dubuque, delivered the sermon on the life of the deceased. He was followed by Bishop Katzer, of Green Bay, in German. At three o'clock the priests and dignitaries assembled again and took part in the funeral pageant, which was participated in by all the Catholic societies in the city.

The Italian Government becomes every day more hostile to the Catholic Church and to the Papacy. Signor Crispi now proposes a fresh insult to the Pope in the Eternal City by erecting a monument to Joseph Mazzini to match that of Giordano Bruno. The great Italian Republican hated not only the Papacy but also the throne, and it is a fact registered in history, that he was one of the conspirators of 1833 against the House of Savoy and the King Charles Albert. Humbert, however, has nevertheless approved the motion of Signor Crispi, subscribing \$20,000 to the erection of the monument. The Freemasons assembled together in Rome, March 10, on the anniversary of Mazzini's death, and the erection of that monument was decided upon. The next day Crispi introduced a law making an appropriation for it. The money will be granted and the monument erected. As

the monument to Bruno testifies the religion, so that to Mazzini will proclaim the loyalty of these men who thus embody their hatred of Christianity.

"Through the goodness of God," says the *Irish Catholic* of Dublin, "an almost unexampled piece of scoundrelism failed of its intended purpose, during the progress of the ceremonies at the Cathedral on Sunday night, March 30. It is clearly proved that three men: forced their way into the portion of the Cathedral set apart for women and there deliberately raised an alarm of fire. It is also in evidence that simultaneously another scoundrel, who must have been in league with those who disturbed the congregation in the Cathedral, called at the Fire Brigade station, stating that the sacred edifice was on fire. The satanic nature of this abominable plot to produce a panic, which might have resulted in the loss of hundreds of lives, has certainly never been paralleled in this country, and we earnestly trust that no effort will be spared in order to secure the detection and punishment of all concerned in it."

The Church of the Sacred Heart was filled to overflowing on Tuesday night to witness the marriage of Mr. Paul Latombe, of Montreal, to Miss Josephine Gonce, only daughter of Mr. Jos. Gonce, wholesale fruiterer of this city. Mr. Jos. Sanders being Groomsman, and Miss Sanders Bridesmaid. Father Lamarche performed the ceremony. The Wedding Presents were numerous and costly, and the happy pair left for the East the same evening.

## Men and Things.

An interesting story is told of the conversion of Mr. F. C. Burnand, the editor of London *Punch*. Mr. Burnand was without religion; according to his own account, he had never given the subject serious thought. What he did give serious thought to, however, was his humorous work in *Punch*. He was always on the lookout for "material." One day he found the "Confessions of St. Augustine" on a book-stall; he bought it, and took it to the *Punch* office in the hope of finding a joke in it. There an Anglican bishop, who came to visit the facetious editor, saw it. He concluded that Mr. Burnand was on the way to Rome, or why should he read St. Augustine? "Have you really considered the step you are about to take?" he asked, solemnly. "Very carefully," answered the professional joker, fancying the bishop was alluding to his projected irreverence. "Well," said the bishop, "come to me to-morrow and I will show you reasons against it. Burnand went, and the bishop explained the Anglican attitude to him. "I shall now show you how weak the Roman position is," added the prelate. Burnand thanked him, but said he thought he had better go to Cardinal Newman for the "Roman position." He saw the Cardinal for the first time, and this was the beginning of his conversion.

The *Holy Family*, a Catholic paper of New Orleans, edited by the Hon. Frank McGloin, has come out boldly against the "devil fish" of America which, after the curse of drink, involves more families in destruction than almost any other evil social power. After showing how the Louisiana Lottery Co. realized at a rate of a trifle less than 47 per cent., and refunds in prizes a trifle over 53 per cent., and after calling for a legislative inquiry into its doings, Judge McGloin closes with the brave words, which we are glad to repeat with emphasis,—they are especially timely in view of the fact that the company have been making persistent efforts to capture the legislature and government of the new State of North Dakota:

"But if such committee can possibly find out these things, it can never get the facts and figures touching the poverty and crimes this institution has occasioned,—embezzlements, starvation of families, suicides; the degradation it has wrought among many, by converting them from honest and industrious people into gamblers; the shame with which it has covered the fair name of Louisiana at home and abroad."

The Paris correspondent of the *Boston Transcript* writes as follows concerning the prison of La Grande Roquette:

"At the end of one of the long corridors is the narrow prison which served as a place of confinement for Mgr. Darboy, the Archbishop of Paris, who was shot with the rest of the hostages by the Communists in 1871. Since that august prisoner was enclosed within the four narrow walls the cell has never been entered by any criminal. It has remained intact. The bed is just as it was when the great prelate was called to meet his fate. The same sheets have been left, and the iron cross which closes the spy-hole of the cell is still surmounted by the Latin words, "*Vite robur, mentis salus.*" written in pencil by the Archbishop, was occupied some of his weary moments in sketching on the door of his prison the instruments of the Passion. The winding staircase may still be seen by which the hostages went down when they were summoned to meet the firing party in the yard of La Grande Roquette, where the feeble old prelate, who had overtaxed his strength, was compelled to cling to the arm of a companion to avoid falling. The exact spot is still pointed out where the five hostages fell, and where Mgr. Darboy fervently called down forgiveness for his murderers. The mark of the bullets can still be seen round the white marble slab which records one of the most sanguinary acts of the Paris rabble, and evergreens mark the place where the men fell who died victims of its blind fury."

Who knows the whereabouts of MRS. CATHARINE SHAW (her maiden name was CATHARINE O'BRIEN) who lived in Memphis before her marriage, and after her marriage in Chicago and Boston. Information wanted by her youngest brother DAVID O'BRIEN, No 2925 Harper street, St. Louis, Mo.—N. B. Would be under many obligations to the Rev. Clergy for any information.

Highlanders, as we know, have the habit when talking English, such as it is, of interpolating the personal pronoun "he" where it is not required, such as, "The King he has come." Often therefore a sentence or expression is rendered strange, as we are going to prove. The Rev. McD—, of a certain Highland parish, recently began his discourse thus: "My brethren, you will find the subject of this discourse in the first Epistle-General of the Apostle Peter, chapter five, verse eight, in the words, 'The devil he geth about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour.' Now, my friends, with your leave, we will divide the subject into four heads. First, we shall endeavour to ascertain who the devil he was. Second, we shall enquire into his geographical position—namely: where the devil he was. Third— and this of a general character— who the devil he was seeking. Fourthly and lastly, we shall endeavour to solve a question which has never been solved yet—What the devil he was roaring about?"

Fifteen contestants clad for the fray,  
Armed with good steel and in battle array,—  
Striving for lucre, as brave Knights of old  
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1 Real Estate worth	\$5,000	5,000
1 do	2,000	2,000
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30 Furniture sets	200	3,000
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Winners, names not published unless specially authorized:  
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A Flower for Each Day of the Month of May paper 10cets each per doz.	80c
The Month of Mary in Religious Communities, after the French of the Abbe L. S. S. By Agnes Sadlier, 24 mo cloth	50c
The Child's Month of Mary paper, Mater Admirabilis By Rev. C. O'Brien D. D., cloth	50c
The Glories of Mary. By St. Ligouri cloth	85c
New May Devotions. Wirth, cloth	\$1.00
The New Month of Mary. By Very Rev. P. R. Kenrick, 18 mo. cloth red edge	60c
A Flower Every Evening for Mary Little Month of Mary for children. Translated from the French, cloth	35c
The Graces of Mary; or Instructions and Devotions for the month of Mary. Cloth gilt edge	60c
Maria Magnificata, Short Meditations for a month on Our Lady's Life. By Richard F. Clarke S. J. Fancy board cover	15c
The month of Mary, containing Meditations for each Day of the month of Mary. Translated from French by A. M. S., cloth	35c
The month of Mary, by Father Muzzarelli, S. J.	35c
Our Blessed Redeemer Speaking to the Hearts of the children of Mary paper	15c
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**AGENTS**

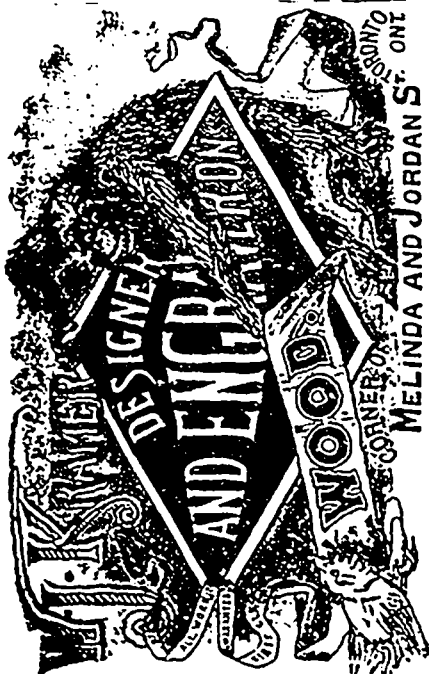
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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Indian Supplies," will be received at this office up to noon of MONDAY, 21st April, 1890, for the delivery of Indian Supplies, during the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1891, consisting of Flour, Beef, Bacon, Croceries, Ammunition, Twine, Agricultural Implements, Tools, &c., duty paid, at various points in Manitoba and the North-West Territories.

Forms of tender, containing full particulars relative to the Supplies required, dates of delivery, &c., may be had by applying to the undersigned, or to the Indian Commissioner at Regina, or to the Indian Office, Winnipeg.

Parties may tender for each description of goods (or for any portion of each description of goods) separately or for all the goods called for in the Schedules, and the Department reserves to itself the right to reject the whole of any part of a tender.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted Cheque in favor of the Superintendent General of Indian Affairs, on a Canadian Bank, for at least five per cent. of the amount of a tender, which will be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into a contract based on such tender when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted, the cheque will be returned.

Each tender must, in addition to the signature of the tenderer, be signed by two sureties acceptable to the Department for the proper performance of the contract based on his tender.

This advertisement is not to be inserted by any newspaper without the authority of the Queen's Printer, and no claim for payment by any newspaper not having had such authority will be admitted.

L. VANROUGHNET,

Deputy of the Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs.

Department of Indian Affairs,  
Ottawa, March, 1890.



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	Clos.	Dir.
G. T. R. East	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
O. and Q. Railway	6.00 7.30	7.15 10.30
G. T. R. West	7.30 7.45	8.00 9.00
N. and N. W.	7.00 3.20	12.40 7.40
T. G. and B.	7.00 4.40	10.00 8.10
Midland	7.00 3.45	11.00 8.30
C. V. R.	6.30 3.30	12.30 9.30
	7.00 3.20	9.00 9.20

	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
G. W. R.	2.00 9.00	2.00 10.30
	6.00 4.00	10.30 5.40
	11.30 9.30	8.20
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
U. S. N. Y.	6.00 4.00	9.00
	11.30 9.30	10.30 5.45
U. S. West States	6.00 9.30	9.00 3.45
	12.00	7.20

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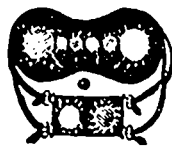
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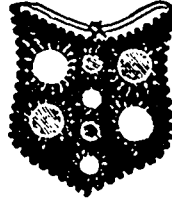


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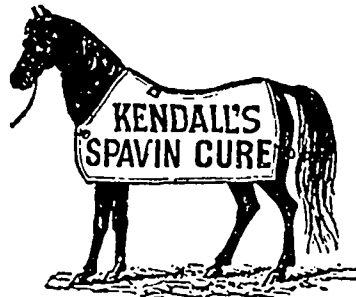
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