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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. III

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Notes.

During a hitch in the negotiations of the mediators between the striking London Dock labourers and the Directors of the Dock Companies, it was Cardinal Manning who stood out alone as mediator between masters and men when the Lord Mayor and the Anglican Bishop of London were deterred by the difficulties and discouragements which met them. Declining the offer of an enthusiastic parade past the Archbishop's House, he went down to the East End, and in a Catholic school-room, where he met the leaders of the strike, "he taught the entire publicist class," says a contemporary, "a larger lesson than any learned before within those walls." The Cardinal pleaded with the men to accept a compromise and to go to work at once. He pleaded, and he prevailed. Had he not done so, he would, it is said, have appealed from the leaders to the mass of the men, and would have addressed them in their multitudes on Tower Hill—"a sight as moving as any seen there," says a London paper, "since Fisher and More were made into martyrs."

Some twenty-five thousand of the strikers were the Cardinal's own spiritual children. It was his strong sympathy for them, and a sense of his duty to the country that prompted and strengthened him in his peace-making labours.

Mr. Balfour has written a letter to the Secretary of the Protestant Alliance, relative to the establishment of the projected Catholic University for Ireland. "Though I desire," writes Mr. Balfour, "to take steps to promote higher University education for Catholics, a foundation endowment for the proposed university has never been in contemplation by the Government. Such an endowment is not in my opinion necessary. Before passing judgment upon the supposed plans of the Government, the public ought to suspend an expression of opinion until the views of the Government are known." Mr. Balfour is careful to conceal, and it still remains impossible to form any idea as to the probable provisions of, the measure which the Government proposes to introduce.

So far as it is possible to judge from the opinions of the leading newspapers, the proposal is one which is likely to meet with little acceptance among English politicians: whether it will meet with more favour from the people of Ireland must depend upon the character and scope of the measure. "Should it prove to be the fact," says the *Irish Catholic* of Dublin, "that Mr. Balfour and his colleagues are really pledged to take into immediate consideration the question as to the best means of supplying the University requirements of Irish Catholics, there can be no doubt that a notable point has been reached in a long struggle, the credit of the maintenance of which it is not too much to say, is mainly, if not entirely, due to the hierarchy of this country." The objection most strenuously urged, that the fulfillment of the Government's proposal would prove dangerous to the unity which at present exists between the National party and the English Radicals, it does not entertain seriously. It is true, it adds, that many, probably the great majority, of the English Radical Members will vote against any scheme of the kind; and will do so not for the purpose of perpetuating the educational disabilities under which the Catholics of Ireland labour, but in maintenance of a principle which they desire to apply quite as strictly in their own country. The Irish Members on the other hand, will support, it is believed, the Government measure, or such portions of it as they deem beneficial, and their doing so will involve nothing in the nature of a serious separation of general political interests. It is well understood that the Irish representatives will accept any measure which is in the Irish interests no matter from whose hands it comes; and the opposition which Mr. Davitt has aimed at the proposal seems to be regarded somewhat generally as very wide of the target.

Even with the Irish party Mr. Balfour may not find it altogether plain sailing. It is certain that no scheme devised by the Government will be acceptable to the Irish representatives which does not provide that the University shall be not only Catholic in its institution, curriculum, and government, but also "racy of the soil;" that is, Irish and national. It is recognized that Mr. Balfour could produce a scheme which might establish a University perfectly orthodox from the religious standpoint, and in all other respects out of touch with the people of Ireland. And they want nothing of the kind. "Any University established," says the *Irish Catholic*, "must not be one which will turn out Catholic Mahaffys, men condemning their native land, but honest, devout, cultured, manly young Irishmen, loving their own country, and prepared to do every whit as much in her service and her cause as Teuton, Frank, or Briton will do in that of theirs." Any other kind of University would be opposed in every possible manner. If Mr. Balfour attempts, in an honest spirit, to carry out his promises, the Irish people will profit by the fact. If he fail, a great principle, at any rate, will have been admitted.

A MARSH-MARIGOLD.

Catharine Tyman in Catholic World.

Sheila was doing her best for his sake and her mother's to live down her trouble. She took to working with feverish energy, and in the intervals when household work was forbidden she took up studies laid aside—German, of which Lance had taught her something, and her music, long neglected in the absence of a piano—anything so that she need not sit and dream. By degrees something of her old brightness came back to her. Even a little delicate flower of hope began to bud in her heart. What day of the wet autumn days it first put forth its untimely head she know not; she only knew it came there uninvited, and flourished despite her lack of encouragement. She was afraid of it, afraid of the sweetness of it which haunted her through the cold weather, giving her little glad, unreasonable thrills of hope when Christmas was mentioned casually, and she sat with her eyes down on the stockings she was darning and tried to chain her eager young thoughts to them.

No word came of Lance at all through the winter, no word even to Tom. It was the absence of news made Sheila hope; if he were married, if he were like to be, they certainly would have heard. So the days went by unevenly. She had her moods of sadness and discouragement, too, days when the November woods were sodden and hopeless, and the ragged chrysanthemums flapped their drenched heads against the window-pane, and it seemed to her that life was over for her as well as these inanimate things. She was slow to give herself up to sweetness; there were days when she almost convinced herself that if he came again she must again send him from her; you see, pride and consciousness, both very strong in her, were taking sides against her poor little heart. So, in such alternations of feeling, the time went round to Christmas.

A snowy Christmas it proved to be—not a lovely Christmas, with the snow an accomplished fact and frosty skies reddening at evening across a white world, but drizzle-tailed weather, with drifting showers of snow which changed to mud as soon as it touched earth. The hours of the Christmas eve dragged along somehow. Sheila went through her daily round in an automatic way; it was a great day of cooking and cleaning and general adornment. Sheila did her share, concealing well the painful excitement which at every sound set her heart to beating so that it deafened her, but the day brought no visitor and no message. Towards evening, and when the place was shining, the girl's heart and courage failed her; she went up to her bedroom in the thatch and lay down on her bed, turning her face to the wall with a feeling that the world was over with her. She lay staring fixedly at the moonlight, till her mother came stealing in to see if she slept, and then as the tender, homely face, which had never looked at her with anything but love, was bent down to kiss her, she sat up and laid her head with a gesture of weariness on that kind breast. The mother just rocked her to and fro, crooning soft words, and then laid her down on the pillow, comforting her till she slept, but of the cause of her trouble she would not speak. Tom and the mother could come to no conclusion about it; they had heavy hearts that night for their lamb.

The next day, Mass being over, Sheila was excused from service, her heavy eyes being cause enough. In the best parlour there was a pleasant fire of turf, and the pictures wreathed with holly and ivy, and the corner cupboard with its store of ancient china, shone pleasantly in the firelight. The short day was half over, and it had begun to grow dusk in the room; it was a dreary day, with the same monotonous, silent falling of half-melted snow. Sheila had sat down on the rug, with Trusty beside her, his head in her lap; he was old and feeble now, poor Trusty! Some one who opened the door and came in noiselessly felt the full beauty of the little group, the girl with her wistful young face illumined by the firelight, one little round wrist and hand propping the golden head. But even more swiftly he noticed, for it was Lance, the dimming of her roses, the little pathetic droop of the patient figure. Almost before she knew he had come he had his arms about her and was saying with a fierce tenderness:

"Child, what have you done to yourself? I felt that you were trying me sorely, but, like a selfish brute, I never thought that you were trying yourself."

"Oh!" she said, looking at him as if she never could look enough, "you have come back after all!"

Manlike, he was indignant with her for even supposing he would not come; he had known so surely all along that he was coming, but she—she had not known, being a woman and condemned to silence and inaction. She was very glad now just to be quiet in his love, and to let him take everything in his own hands. Before he told her what had happened to him in those months, he bound her to him, taking from his pocket his mother's engagement ring, with its heart of diamonds and pearls, and slipping it on her finger. She was only conscious of how good it was to be mastered in this imperious fashion. Then, holding her hand and stroking back her hair, he told her that she was to marry a poor man, for poor, perverse old Sir Andrew, indignant because his heir had not carried off the English lady, had married himself, proposing in a moment of heat to a buxom widow lady who was little likely to permit his recantation. And he was already a Benedict of a month's standing. But Lance, though he had his few hundreds a year of income, which to those simple people he desired to make his own seemed riches, was fallen from his high estate, for his uncle's property was not entailed, and if it were, the new Lady Armstrong was quite young enough to make other contingencies possible. So he had decided to take his fortunes in his own hands, and go out to South Africa, with a present intention of ostrich-farming, but with an idea of a future of more adventurous things.

For a dispossessed prince he was wonderfully elated; he was rather like a man who had escaped from galling poverty to riches than one who had lost wealth and position. Now that he had won his love, he seemed to have no more left to wish for; the one drop of bitterness in his cup might be perhaps his estrangement from his uncle, but he was too glad for the moment to be able to think of it. And Sheila, she could only listen to all his outpourings, and the plans for the new life with which his brain swarmed, and wonder if this beautiful world was the same gray, drenched place she had known this morning, or whether, perhaps, it might not be a dream from which she would waken too soon. So she sat there, silent from happiness, in the great chair where he had placed her, with her cheek against his arm, and her eyes shy and glad.

Tom, coming in for his Christmas dinner, was surprised to find his capable helpmate in her chair in the corner of the kitchen with her apron over her head, crying, and was not a little alarmed till he heard the cause. Then he was glad and sorry all at once, for Lance had found time before seeing his sweetheart to tell her mother something of how his affairs stood, and the old man knew his little girl would be going very far away from him. However, he was too unselfish, as was her mother, to let any cloud of sorrow darken the happiness of the lovers when they came out from the parlour, Sheila very blushing and shy, but Lance walking proudly and with a gladder light in his eyes than anyone had ever seen there before.

So at Shrovetide they were married and went off to the Transvaal. I won't sadden their story by telling how the old people mourned in secret for the child they scarcely ever hoped to see again. But the gladdest and happiest thing of all was that after five years, Sir Andrew being dead and his childless widow settled with a handsome jointure, Sir Launce- lot was sent for and came home to take up the property his uncle had left him to support the title. And the new baronet was as brown as a berry, and bigger and browner than ever, with hands roughened by toil and a voice louder than one often hears in drawing-rooms, but picturesque, said the young ladies, who were greatly taken with his manliness. As for Sheila, the vague rumors about her birth faded into thin air before the sight of the stately young creature she had grown into, and so well dressed, for the dowager Lady Armstrong, who was a good soul, had made friends with the young couple and been enraptured with Sheila's possibilities, and had assisted her in all the minor details of dress in which the girl's own good taste could not have helped her. She made a

where a great artist painted her with her beautiful boy in her arms, like a Sir Joshua Reynolds portrait. And Lance had plenty to do even for his superabundant energies, with estates in the two countries to manage on which nothing had been done for years, and where things were sadly in need of setting to rights. He was a revolutionary landlord and respected his tenants' rights, and ordered the relations between them and him that when the troubled times came he was perfectly at peace; those measures cost him much popularity with his fellow-landlords, at least in Ireland, for the time, but events proved his wisdom. And he went into Parliament, and altogether led a very busy and honourable life; yet, would it be believed? he always claimed as the happiest days of his life those toiling under a South African sun. And Tom and Mrs. Donovan had the Home Farm on the Irish estate, from which Tom commanded things generally in his son-in-law's absence. Even to be near Sheila would not induce them to live in England, but Tom found his way over once for a short time. I have been told that a very great lady was on that occasion heard to express warm admiration for Lady Armstrong's father, for his distinction of bearing and feature, his silvery locks, but above all for "his beautiful manners."

THE END.

THE ANGLICAN SYNOD AND PROTESTANT UNION.

The Provincial Synod of the Church of England in Canada, lately meeting at Montreal, discussed, resolved and appointed a special committee to search for some basis, on which the various Protestant denominations of this broad Dominion might be able to unite and form but one Church. This is indeed a laborious duty, for within their own ranks there are many divisions and but little union. A semblance even of unity would be welcomed by the synod.

The members of this committee represent the various opinions to be found within the Anglican communion. As every committee must meet to begin their work, we will suppose such a meeting, and in imagination be spectators of the proceedings, which I picture to myself as assuming something of this form.

The chairman calls the meeting to order. He says: The object of this committee meeting, and which we must keep in view in all our deliberations, is the union of the Protestant churches of this country. The Church of Rome, claiming for herself divine authority in spiritual things, cuts off as broken branches, those who will not believe her, and has thus preserved for herself a remarkable unity. We, who acknowledge no spiritual headship on earth, no authority but Christ, who glory in an open Bible and the right of private judgement, must at times feel ashamed of the many sects into which Protestantism has been divided. It is for us to discover some means of doing away with this shame, of bringing together the various parts and form them into one homogeneous whole, a consummation devoutly to be wished. A united Protestantism would be the glory of our Saxon race, and Romanism would soon become effete.

Rev. Dr. A. then addresses the meeting.

Mr. Chairman,—We are told that in the beginning Christians were all of one mind and one heart. It would be, indeed, a glorious ending to this nineteenth century, if through our humble endeavours, unity should be restored to Christendom. We must make a beginning by finding a basis of union with the different denominations, we unhappily see around us. No doubt this union once formed will spread, until the English-speaking people of both hemispheres be united in one faith. This basis, in my opinion, is to be found in the practices and teachings of our grand old Church of England, the Anglican branch of the Church Catholic. The Bible which she translated, notwithstanding the Revision, is still the Bible of the sects. The Bible, therefore, should be the first plank in the platform, which is to form the basis of our union. There are also those ancient symbols of faith, the Apostles and Athanasian Creeds. These short formulas define the teaching of the earliest days of Christianity, and should form our second plank. For about eight centuries

the Church is admitted on all hands to have been free from the corruptions of Rome, and to have taught the pure, unadulterated doctrine of Jesus Christ. The first four councils are the expression of the belief of the whole Church in those days, and must form another plank in that platform if the united church is to teach the pure doctrine of Christ. Without Apostolic Succession, we can claim no commission to teach or orders to make us ministers of God. In this we find a fourth plank and I should say a sufficient basis of union. I have no wish that our noble Church should seek union on any less stable basis. Moreover, I consider such a basis should be satisfactory to the denominations. The only objection I find that they can have to the Church of England to-day is the Thirty-nine Articles. Hence I have not insisted on their forming any part of the ground-work of our union. In fact, I would rather that Cranmer, Parker and their associates had never written them, or that the Government had never sanctioned them. This obstacle removed I have great hopes of our union being consummated, on the basis which I have laid down.

Rev. Mr. B., after a short pause, rose to address the members.

Mr. Chairman,—I have to thank the learned Doctor, who has taken his seat, for the clear and concise terms in which he has stated his opinion; but I must say, the platform is too narrow. What we want is a basis broad enough to hold men of every belief and opinion. Why impose on men of intelligence those relics of barbarism, the obsolete creeds of antiquity, and the anathemas of Athanasius? Why should the early councils be accepted, or their decrees be received, when our councils of to-day, even the Pan-Anglican, dare not define any doctrine? We have the Bible and the right to interpret it as we please, and will not accept other teaching. All creeds and councils must go the way of the Thirty-nine Articles, and be abandoned, if we desire union. This is the only basis on which we can become united.

Rev. Mr. C. then took the floor.

Mr. Chairman,—I am more than pleased with the short and pithy speech of the rev. gentleman who has preceded me. Whilst, I fear, he went, perhaps, a little too far in some things, he forgot to mention what, in my opinion, is one of the greatest stumbling-blocks to union with the Evangelical churches. I mean Apostolic succession. I do not believe in orders, yet I think myself as good a churchman as any in the hall. I find no difficulty in filling a Methodist or Presbyterian pulpit. Nor have I any objection to have any of them, provided he is eloquent, preach in my church. Among their clergy are many godly men, whom it is an honour to associate with. We must look upon their rights to the ministry as equal to ours, if we shall have union. Apostolic succession sounds well. But whence comes this succession? From Rome. Are we Protestants to take our commission or ministry from Rome. For me, I want nothing from Rome, neither orders nor dogmas.

The fourth speaker was Rev. Dr. D.

Mr. Chairman,—I can claim to belong to no party. I think we must approach the discussion of this subject most cautiously. In this enlightened age, we cannot be too careful in laying down any basis of union. What we accept to-day, we may deny to-morrow. Our belief has changed again and again. Science and history have done much to destroy the vaunted theories of the past, and falsify the opinions and belief of our fathers. Our orders have their foundation in the civil law, and do not come down the ages from the Apostles. Our church is, at least in England, a purely State church. Her highest tribunal is likewise the highest tribunal in civil affairs. In the past almost every opinion has found favour with some English churchman. The same may be predicted of the future. Even one of our Bishops denied the inspiration and authenticity of parts of the Bible, and it is no strange thing to hear her dignitaries deny the eternity of punishment. We must therefore not place any belief in our basis that may be controverted. We ourselves are without authority to define anything. The future will give us no greater authority. Therefore I would say:—Let us be consistent. Let us make the basis of our union be nil, neither creed nor faith.

The chairman concluded the debate in the following words:

Gentlemen, - Before adjourning I will occupy but a few moments of your valuable time. I wish to express my appreciation of the spirit which you have exhibited during this interesting discussion. The Church of England was established by compromise and I rejoice to see her present representation animated by the same spirit of compromising her teaching in their noble desire of uniting the many sects of Protestantism. Your readiness to do so has been a pleasure to me as presiding officer. One has declared himself willing to yield the Thirty-nine Articles of her belief, another, creeds and councils, another orders, and another has shown a willingness to yield the Bible itself if only these would serve to unite our dissenting brethren with us. Other denominations would, most likely, meet us half way, the Presbyterians giving up the Westminster creed; and the Methodists, Baptists and others their particular tenets. Then we might have a basis of union agreeable to all, for there would be left nothing to dispute.

The meeting was then adjourned *Sine Die*.

D. J. C.

A GLIMPSE INTO A JESUIT NOVITIATE.

Under this title, M. H. Dzwicki, a recent acquisition to the journalistic world of London, gives some interesting records in the current number of *Blackwood*. To supply to the public the story of an experience so intimate, nay, so sacred, is, perhaps, not the most delicate thing to do. The writer may, however, certainly aver that the reputation of a Jesuit Novitiate can only gain by his truth and fact, while it suffers in the wild imaginations of outsiders by secrecy. It is also true that none but one who has been a member, and is a member no longer, can tell the whole salutary truth:—

First of all, a few words of personal explanation. I was eight years among the Jesuits—two as a novice, three as a student of philosophy, and three as teacher or assistant in their colleges. I left them of my own accord, though not without their consent, and after having asked their advice on the matter. Our regret was, I believe, mutual. Our relations since that time, though infrequent, have not been unfriendly, and I am still in communion with the Church. My position is, therefore, characterized by perfect independence on the one hand, and on the other by the want of any incitement to injure an Order with which I parted on good terms. I ought to observe, that the following account cannot be considered as correct except as a statement of facts in one particular Novitiate of one particular Province, and at one particular time. Many, even considerable, differences are to be found between one Province and another. I noticed that myself whilst spending a few days in a Spanish Novitiate during a pilgrimage that we had to make. I am told, moreover, that between the English Province and the others the difference is still more strongly marked. It is, for instance, the custom throughout the Society to give the "kiss of peace" whenever a member comes to or goes away from one of their houses. An English novice, who was visiting Pau on account of his health, came to see us, and went through the ceremony. I saw that he did not like it, and asked whether it was done in England. "Never," answered he; "we only shake hands." Now the "fraternal embrace" is explicitly alluded to in the very text of St. Ignatius's rules. So this sketch, though I can vouch for its faithfulness, might convey a very false idea, if supposed to picture any other Province or any other time.

After describing the chapel and Residence of the Fathers at Pau, the writer continues:—

But we are visiting the Novitiate, not the Residence. Let us accordingly go upstairs to the third floor, a few minutes to four a. m. All is dark in the passage. A light is suddenly struck. The bell must ring at four precisely, as the novices, like the rest of the Society, have seven hours of sleep allotted to them; and the *Frere Reglementaire* is getting up betimes in order to begin his day's work. This is no sinecure; for I have reckoned that he rings the bell thirty-five times in seventeen hours. It sounds—and at the first "ding-dong" a series of jumps on to the floor are heard in reply. For the bell is the voice of God, as Ignatius says; and as no novice would have thought of rising without leave one instant before, so no one would even for a second hesitate to obey the Divine

call. The *Frere* goes down the passage with a lighted *queue-de-rat* in his hand, and successively lights one lamp in each room, saying as he passes, "*Benedicamus Domino!*" to which each and all, hurriedly dressing, washing, or shaving, reply from behind the curtains, "*Deo Gratias!*" Haste must be made, for all these operations, besides that of carrying dirty water to the sink, must be performed in twenty-five minutes, in order to leave five minutes free for a visit in the private chapel to the "Master of the house." Here they come—and first of all the most fervent and saintly amongst them, Brother Seraphicus, as the novices playfully call him. It is 4.15: so he will pay a visit of a quarter of an hour. Alas! Seraphic Brother, I am afraid a shorter visit would have been preferable; you have neglected more than one duty to get these extra ten minutes. One shoe is badly laced; your tooth-brush is dry; and even your hands might be whiter. *Mon Frere*, with all your fervour, you will never be a son of Ignatius: that old Saint has a military liking for tidiness and order. In two years you will leave the Novitiate, to become a good pious priest, but never a Jesuit. Second on the list comes another young Brother, half French and half Irish, of quite another type, rather dry in his orisons, and not at all given to soaring in mystic contemplation. He cannot even fancy St. Peter during the Meditation, without thinking of an old tar, with a "south-wester" on his head, and a short black pipe in the corner of his mouth. But he is irreproachably neat in all his belongings; and in fact, I think, prides himself on the rapidity with which he does all things so well. Still, pride is a sin—and, to say the truth, his demeanour is far from novice-like. He holds his head erect, not with a gentle curve forwards, as most of his companions do; his eyes, though not wandering, are yet far from downcast. Can he remain in the Society, when Brother Seraphicus is not good enough? Yes, and do good solid work in the colleges, too.

Here come at last the rest of the Community, all stepping lightly on tiptoe, as the "Master of the Novices" has ordered. All hurry towards the sink, carrying each in his hand the requisite vessel. Rectors, Provincial, nay, even Generals, are also bound to this rule of "self-help," and not novices only; unless, indeed, they are too much engaged, and then a lay-brother does the work. Five-and-twenty minutes have elapsed; all novices coming henceforward to the chapel must kneel down outside the door, not to disturb the others—and there is often a whole string of them outside, when a long walk on the previous day has made them so sleepy that they are not able to do everything both speedily and well. For besides their outward occupations, their mind has all the time to be busily at work. They must take their morning resolution for the day—what evil especially to avoid, and what virtue to cultivate: and then there is the Meditation to be thought about; and they must offer the coming day to God. All this not unfrequently delays them. The hour strikes; the novices all trip upstairs—for the private chapel is on the second floor—to meditate from 4.30 to 5.30. The subject was given out the day before, and is taken from the *Exercitia Spiritualia*. The Meditation coming to an end, pens run over paper during a quarter of an hour devoted to the Review. This part of the exercise, considered so essential a part of the Meditation by St. Ignatius, he will on no account suffer it in any case to be set aside, is a mental glance or survey of the hour that has just gone by. The grand principle of *practical reflexion on the past, with a view towards progress*, is brought to bear on the Meditation; whether it has been successful or not, and why, is noted down in the *Spiritual Journal*. The beds are then made, and this is no easy task. If the furniture of the Fathers downstairs seemed to be the acme of simplicity, that of the novices is the acme in every deed. We pass over the want of fire (supplied in cold weather by a box of hay or a foot-bag), of a wash-hand stand, of a *prie-Dieu*, and even of matches. The bedstead consists of two trestles, across which three or four deal boards are laid; the bed is a mere sack filled with maize-straw, covered with sheets and blankets. The art of the bed-maker is to give this a decent and neat appearance—and he succeeds. See, an *ancien de chambre*—a novice of the second year, appointed in each room to instruct the new-comers—is giving a lesson. He shows how the ends of the of the counterpane must be symmetrically folded together with what care every straw that falls should be picked

up, and how the bolster ends, covered with the sheet, can be made to assume an artistic form. Art, too, should appear in the folding of the white curtains, they must hang gracefully over their iron rods; and often does the *Frere Admoniteur*—the Masters's organ and representative—come round to see that all is in perfect order. Often, too, beds not sufficiently neat are pulled down to be made up again; and sometimes, it is hinted, this is done merely as a trial of patience. Again the bell rings, and again the novices troop away—to Mass this time. Mass is said in the little private chapel, carefully waxed, ornamented in red hangings, white window-curtains, and plentifully gilded all round. It smells a little too much of paint. A statue of the Immaculate Virgin and another of St. Stanislaus stand to right and left before the sanctuary; but the paint makes them too lifelike, and their immobility too deathlike, not to offend aesthetic taste. Another figure produces a widely different impression. In, or rather below, the altar is a deep recess, with a large sheet of glass before it. By the dim light that shines through the glass, we can perceive a pale, a deadly pale wax figure, reclining on a couch, clad in the *toga pretexta*, and with a palm in his hand. By his side stands an earthenware phial, and the inscription: *ADON PUER IN PACI*. Enclosed in the waxen mould is the skeleton of some unknown child-martyr, thus exposed to veneration in a manner sufficiently realistic to strike, yet not crude enough to repel. Before this shrine the novices kneel nearly the whole time of the service.

These details may be looked upon as *minutia* unworthy of the genius of Loyola, and reducing every Jesuit to the station of a mere actor. Waiving that question (as also the other one which it includes, viz., whether "all the world" is not "a stage," as a contemporary of Ignatius seems to think), I can only state that he considered his "Rules of Modesty" to be of supreme importance. His idea was—*Jesuita, alter Jesus*; and he wished his disciples to imitate the exterior of Jesus. And, instead of leaving this imitation to the judgment of his followers themselves, each man copying his own ideal, Ignatius thought it best to lay down directions for them according to the model he had in his own mind. His soldier-like love of order and uniformity amply accounts for this; but there are other reasons.

After Mass, until half-past seven, the novices read a commentary upon Holy Scripture. But let it not be thought that they may choose the commentary which they prefer, or the part of the Bible they like best. They have to submit their preferences to the Master, and he chooses for them. So likewise for all the books read in the Novitiate; so likewise for everything else. From the moment they rise till they stretch their limbs in bed, they are under obedience—drilled all day long. The lesson of self-denial is taught them, not by a few great sacrifices, but by a continued series of trifles to be given up. Obedience is incessantly present, in season, and, one might think, out of season too. See the novices going down into the refectory; it is a fast day, and all of them must pass by the Master, standing by the door of his room. Why? Because they must ask permission to take the *frustulum*, a morsel of bread allowed by dispensation to all who fast. And if they do not wish to avail themselves of the dispensation? They must also ask leave not to avail themselves of it! "We," said a Capuchin friar to me one day, "we have severer penances than you; and yet you have more to endure. One can, little by little, get hardened to the scourge, but not to never doing one's own will." Perhaps the good Capuchin was right.

After breakfast, work; *travaux manuels*. It is not the Admonitor who commands here, but the *Frere Directeur des travaux*. Novices must, from the very beginning, learn to obey their companions, so as to have less difficulty in doing the same in after years; and if Superiors are afterwards strongly advised to give hints and counsels, rather than orders and commands, it is quite the contrary now: the *Directeur des travaux* has to say: Go there, and they go; Do this, and it is done. Novices, being extra fervent, can support without so much danger an extra dose of obedience; and besides, O Ignatius, hast thou not learned, when yet a soldier of the world, that the strength of canons is tried by firing them with extra charges?—so each novice goes and humbly asks for work. There is plenty to do. Sweeping rooms and

passages and garden paths; waxing the floor of the private chapel—terrible work!—down in the cellar, drawing wine; or up in the garret, cleaning shoes; or out of doors, digging; or within, laying the table for dinner; not one novice is unemployed. Some are sitting in the lecture-room, to learn the way of making rosaries, disciplines, hair-cloths, and those chains whose sharp points enter into the flesh. A dozen or more are working under the superintendance of a strict, morose, lantern-jawed Brother, who has a little of the Buonaparte type in his face, and a good deal of sombre obstinacy in his character; he will remain in the Society only five years, making himself generally disliked, and brooding over imaginary wrongs done to him. In a corner are two of the youngest Brothers, one of whom sometimes glances at the other full slyly, and then shakes with suppressed laughter: for that other is engaged upon an awful girdle, at least six inches broad, ordered for penitential purposes by some tough old Father. All this is very pleasant to see; but the sly Brother is a trifle too friendly, though perhaps he does not know it as yet; it is only his first week here. Particular friendships are not allowed: that is, though one may feel greater sympathy for one than for another, one ought not to show it. The wrong is, not in the feeling, but in the injustice done to others in a show of that feeling. As a member of a Community, equal kindness is due to all; and any extraordinary amount of kindness received by one is taken away from the rest. So the motto is: *Tous, mais pas un!*

In Recreation, the two contrary currents that must always be found in any Christian body of men are clearly noticeable; I mean the worldly and the unworldly tendency. This, of course, is very relative, and perhaps the term "worldly" may be found too strong when describing a man who regularly scourges himself once a week or oftener. Still, in a Community where this is the fashion, it is no decisive proof of unworldliness. A dislike to such as are more fervent; an undue notice and nervous horror of those little exaggerations to which pious people are liable; an inordinate esteem of the purely natural qualities—wit, energy, imagination, etc.—are much surer signs of the contrary direction of mind. Placed in a very different situation from men of the world, they judge of things, so far as it is lawful for them to judge at all, with the very same eyes as the latter. "*Ah, mon Frere!*" says Brother Seraphicus, "*on retrouve le monde au noviciat.*" Rather disappointing, but very much to be expected; no man—and a *fortiori* no number of men—being quite unworldly. All is relative, *mon Frere!* This worldly tendency is of course kept down and severely dealt with; but that those in whom it is found the most are the most opposed to the "spirit of the society," I am not prepared to affirm. Worldly-minded men are usually practical; and practical men are of great use. Certainly, among my co-novices who left, as many left on account of exaggerated fervour as of worldliness. The lofty mystic will find more difficulty in getting on with St. Ignatius than the *terre-a-terre* man of business; and yet Ignatius is mystic too.

Frere Admoniteur smites his hands together; it is the signal to begin rehearsing the points of next day's Meditation during the fifteen minutes which remain. The rehearsal does not, of course, exclude any private remarks or developments that a novice may have to give; and so the conversation goes on until the bell rings. Then commences the great silence *silentium majus*—to be observed until after breakfast next day. Novices must not speak at any time without some degree of necessity; but during the *silentium majus* they must not speak unless the necessity be absolute and immediate. All go to the private chapel, together with the Residence Fathers, and evening prayer, viz., the Litany of the Saints, is said. Then they retire to their cells and examine their consciences, as before noon. At nine the bell rings for bedtime. *Frere Reglementaire* is probably very glad to be able to put by his instrument for seven whole hours—if he does not dream of it at night. The curtains are pulled down and divide the room into as many compartments as there are beds. Even to take off their coat or *soutane*, they must withdraw behind the curtains. Lights are extinguished, one after another; you soon hear a rushing, whistling, beating sound: it is the discipline, only permitted to some by special favour, for it is

Friday to-day. All is silent again; and the novices, by order of Holy Obedience, go to sleep thinking of the next day's Meditation, with their hands crossed over their breast. And now as we retire, let me in conclusion remind you, reader, of the title which this paper bears. It is but a glimpse into the Novitiate, and the very best eyes can see but little at one glimpse—*The Weekly Register*.

THE FINANCIAL RESOURCES AND EXPENSES OF THE POPE.

The frequent rumours spread recently in regard to the alleged approaching departure of the Pope from Rome and his probable reception in a foreign retreat, have caused many inquiries relative to the financial support which he has at the Vatican and might have out of it. There is no likelihood that Leo XIII. will ever give up Rome for his residence. He understands as thoroughly as any of his predecessors that Rome and the Papacy are so intimately connected that a Pope residing outside the Eternal City would fall down to the level of the Pontiffs who tried to rule the Catholic world from the French palace at Avignon, in the fourteenth century during what was called "the second captivity of Babylon." It is very easy to understand, also, that the Spanish government should have sent a confidential note to the governors of its provinces, ordering them not to participate in any movement to induce the Pope to reside in Spain and to do everything possible to discourage the project. The Madrid authorities realize that, with the clerical Carlists who threaten it on the one side, and the Republicans on the other side, the presence of the Pope in Spain would only add to the difficulties of the government.

Leo XIII. most probably has never thought seriously of leaving the Vatican, whence he governs the Catholic world and where he enjoys the moral and financial means for that purpose. To speak only of the Papal exchequer, it must be remembered that the devotion of the faithful has always been found to be equal to its necessities. Pius IX. and his successor proudly declined to receive one cent from the 3,000,000 lire, or \$600,000, of the annual revenue which the Italian Chambers ordered by the "law of guarantees" to be set aside for the Pope, and which, since 1870, when the temporal power disappeared, has accumulated in the Italian treasury. The only financial resource of the Holy See lies in the product of the voluntary tax called Peter's Pence—a name of British origin; for the voluntary tribute which the ancient kings of England raised for the benefit of the Papacy was known under the name of "St. Peter's penning."

In 1861, just after the dismemberment of the Pontifical States, by which fifteen out of his twenty provinces were snatched from the Pope, while leaving on him an undiminished financial burden, the collection of the Peter's Pence was systematized for the first time. Previous to that epoch the Pontifical revenue, which amounted to 66,000,000 francs or lire (\$13,200,000) in 1850, had increased in 1860 to 89,000,000 francs, paid by the 3,000,000 taxable people then residing in the Papal States. Ten years later in 1870, the Pope had no subjects, no territory, and no other budget than that produced by the Peter's Pence, which was formerly only a chapter in the Holy See's budget.

The devotion of Roman Catholics throughout the world has always been up to the necessities of the situation, which requires about 7,000,000 francs (\$1,400,000) a year. The Pope, in fact, though imprisoned by his own will within the walls of the Vatican, is obliged, notwithstanding, to provide for the universal administration of the Church. He has to maintain nuncios in different capitals of the Old and the New World, to correspond with more than 1,000 episcopal sees in every part of the globe, to support missionaries abroad, to maintain at Rome the congregation and ecclesiastical tribunals which study and elucidate theological, canonical, and liturgical questions of all countries and in all languages; to pay the cardinals' salaries, and those of the dignitaries and other employees of the Pontifical court, to furnish funds for the support of some ecclesiastical schools, as well as for the keeping in good order the sacred "Casiliques," churches, and chapels, like St. Peter, St. Mary Major, St. John Lateran, and, finally, the Pope considers as one of his most imperious

obligations to preserve intact and even to improve those collections, libraries, and museums, whose artistic marvels are the glory of the Vatican and the pride of civilization.

Seven million lire, hardly \$1,400,000, appears to be rather an inadequate amount of money for the accomplishment of so many duties. Still Leo XIII. manages so as to have enough. It is true he does not spend anything for himself or for his relatives. He has even warned the latter that after his death nothing shall come to them out of the innumerable and precious gifts sent to Leo XIII. personally, from every part of the world on the occasion of his jubilee. He holds that these riches were actually offered to the Church through him as an intermediate. Many of his predecessors gave their relatives palaces, big sums of money, and titles of dukes, princes, etc. Leo XIII. was satisfied with conferring upon his nephews, even the young and brilliant Camillo, the title of Count, which helped them somewhat in contracting advantageous marriages.

The collections of St. Peter's Pence have produced on an average since 1870 a little more than 7,000,000 lire; and they never were under 6,000,000 in any year. Of that amount, two-thirds are furnished by France alone, while Italy, which is drawing such material and moral profit from the presence of the Pope at Rome that she would forcibly oppose his departure from there, contributed last year only 15,000 lire (\$3,000) to the Peter's Pence fund. No general organization is provided toward the collecting of that fund: no fixed or regular method of collection has ever been established. Everywhere the offering is free and anonymous. Two collections only take place each year in the churches, and pence or silver coins are thrown in the basket by the faithful who feel disposed to tender their offering. At the Jubilee of Leo XIII., besides the sacred vases, the clerical vestments and other precious ornaments offered to him, he received a half million francs from the single Convent of the Grande Chartreuse, near Grenoble, France, where the Carthusian monks manufacture their celebrated cordial.

From all these sources money is poured down at the Vatican in sufficient quantities to answer all requirement. Leo XIII., whose ascetic mode of living is well known, does not spend \$1,000 a year for his immediate wants. His principal mundane care, his hobby (if this word could be used respectfully), is to keep in an excellent condition the Vatican buildings. The outbuilding, called the Casino of Pius IV., built in 1560, after the designs of Michael Angelo, by that Pope who wanted to emulate the Popes of the Medicis family, is situated in a retired corner of the spacious grounds of the Vatican, and was used by Leo XIII. as a summer residence. To his great dissatisfaction, he has just been compelled to evacuate it in order to let the workmen execute some indispensable repairs. A few people hastened to predict that this moving was merely a preface to the final moving of the Papacy from Rome. But even in case Leo XIII. should think of this, the detectives of Signor Crispi surround the Vatican, and might forcibly compel the Pope to end the summer in his Casino, which will soon be in order again.

THE AMERICAN CARDINAL.

Cardinal Gibbons will be the central figure in the celebration of the establishment of the Catholic hierarchy. He is one of the best known men in Baltimore, and those who have the pleasure of knowing him personally will not be surprised to hear that not only is he beloved by the members of his own faith but that he also enjoys the respect and esteem of the whole people. His rooms in the archiepiscopal residence are fitted up with almost painful simplicity and display to a great degree the unostentation which is characteristic of the man. The distinguished prelate enjoys the distinction of being the youngest of the Cardinals. Heretofore it was almost proverbial that to become a Cardinal one must first become very old. But the present Pontiff has shown his desire of having young men assist the venerable princes of the Church in its temporal government. Cardinal Gibbons is not a young man in the strict sense of the word—for he has already passed his 50th birthday—but he is young in

comparison with his venerable colleagues in the college of the Cardinals.

Cardinal Gibbons is an American from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head. He was born in the city of Baltimore July 18, 1804, within a stone's throw of where he now reigns as head of the American Church. He was ordained a priest June 30th, 1761. He displayed such marked ability that in 1868 he was appointed Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina. Four years later he was installed as Bishop of Richmond. In 1877 he was made coadjutor Archbishop of Baltimore, assuming on the death of Archbishop Bailey, the full Archbishopric. June 29th of last year the red hat was conferred on him with imposing ceremonies in the city of his birth.

In personal appearance the Cardinal is slender and delicate. His features are clear-cut, and his kindly manners make friends wherever he goes. His ability as a writer ranks high, and no one that has read the "Faith of Our Fathers" can help being charmed with his style. As a speaker he is always clear in sentiment and simple in style. The "Faith of our Fathers" is made up principally of sermons delivered while on missionary tours in North Carolina. Since its publication more than 100,000 copies have been sold.

Cardinal Gibbons' career has been filled with many humorous and pathetic incidents. While he was an humble priest in the small country parish of Elkridge, near Baltimore, one of his characteristic actions gave him considerable fame. Small-pox broke out in the village and all the people who were able deserted the town just as rats desert a sinking ship. One old negro who was at the point of death was deserted by his friends, who left him neither food nor medicine. Father Gibbons heard of the case, and hastening to the dying man's bedside, remained with him until the last. This was not all, however, for no one would carry the corpse to the grave. Father Gibbons was not long in making up his mind; he determined to act as undertaker. So, having obtained a coffin, he placed the body in it and dragged it to the grave, performed the last rites of the Church and buried it.

There is another incident in the life of the Cardinal that he rarely touches on and for the accuracy of which we do not intend to be held responsible. The story has been told in Boston, and is old enough to be true if it isn't. While the prelate was Bishop of Richmond he was defendant in a suit relating to some church property. When he was called to the stand, the plaintiff's lawyer, a distinguished legal luminary, who still shines among legal lights of Richmond, determined to trip him up in some way. After a number of vain endeavours to involve the witness in contradictions, he struck out a plan which he thought would annoy the Bishop. He questioned Bishop Gibbons' right to the title of Bishop of Richmond. The defendant's lawyer, as a matter of course, objected to this as irrelevant, but the Bishop with a smile said that if he allowed half an hour to obtain the necessary papers, he would comply with his request. This was allowed. The Bishop left the room and in twenty minutes returned with a document which he proceeded to read with great solemnity, all the more solemn as the prayer was entirely in Latin. The plaintiff's lawyer pretended to take notes industriously. When the reading was finished he announced that the Papal bulls just read were entirely satisfactory, at the same time apologizing for his expressed doubts. The next day it leaked out that the Bishop, unable to find the Papal bulls at his residence, had brought to court and read a Latin essay on Pope Leo the Great, written by one of his ecclesiastical students and forwarded by the President of the college as a specimen of the young man's skill in Latin composition.

Cardinal Gibbons is a very liberal prelate without saying or doing anything from the established doctrine of the Roman Church.

The Cardinal's health is comparatively good at the present time, and it is understood he contemplates writing another book on the doctrines of the Church.

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Irish Affairs.

MR. BALFOUR'S RECORD.

Twenty-two members of Parliament, about eighteen priests, a very large number of professional men, editors of newspapers, lawyers, respectable tradesmen, and well-to-do farmers, some 1,600 men of the class of tenant-farmers and labourers, and some women and children, have been imprisoned, so far, under Mr. Balfour's Coercion Act.

MR. BALFOUR.

Our versatile Chief Secretary spoke as follows, at Hertford, last week: "A great French writer once stated that he had never in his life undergone any personal trouble or affliction the thought of which he could not dissipate by half an hour's reading. I cannot promise the inhabitants of Hertford that their griefs and troubles will, as doctors say, so quickly yield to treatment as that. Nevertheless, make what allowance we please for his opinion, the truth still remains, and will be testified to by every man who has acquired a taste for reading, that no more sovereign specific exists for dissipating the petty cares and troubles of life. And if we acquire—and recollect it is not an art of itself easy to acquire—but if we once acquire a universal curiosity into the history of mankind, into the constitution of the material universe in which we live, into the various phases of human activity, and into the thoughts and beliefs by which men now long dead have been actuated in the past—if we once acquire this general and universal curiosity we shall possess, I will not say a specific against sorrow, but certainly a specific against boredom. We obtain a power to put our own small troubles and our small cares in their proper place. We are able to see the history of mankind in something like its true perspective. We not only gain the power of diverting our thoughts from the small annoyances of the hour, but we gain further the inestimable gift of seeing how small, compared with the general sum of human interests, of human sufferings, and human joys, are the insignificant troubles which may happen to each one of us individuals." While Mr. Balfour was speaking these words he knew, as Mr. Shaw-Lefevre reminds him, that Mr. O'Brien lay in his solitary prison cell, denied the use of books or papers.—*Irish Catholic*.

THE IRISH VICE-ROYALTY.

No Catholic—so an Act of Parliament provides—can occupy the position of representing Her Majesty as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and there is considerable satisfaction in the reflection that no decent Englishman—"Jew, Turk or Atheist"—can be prevailed on to accept the distinguished (?) post. An English minister never has an uglier task on hand than when he has to go amongst the nobility begging for somebody to demean himself by taking on himself the duty of representing the Queen in Ireland. Of late years not a man with a shred of character to lose will take the "job," even though there is a \$150,000 salary, with perquisites and patronage, as an inducement. The minister's selection has indeed been limited to that class of the nobility who think a great deal of money and very little of character:—this is the "Jockey" class of the English aristocracy. Last week, Lord Londonderry (Jockey Castlereagh) got weary of being Balfour's puppet, and is succeeded as Queen's representative this week by another racing man, the Duke of Zetland, whose sole qualification for high office is that he is a good judge of horses and will not miss a reputation that he never had. Two facts are made emphatic by the shady histories of Irish lord lieutenants. The first is that Catholics have nothing to regret for being excluded from a position which it is a dishonour to enjoy; and the second, that the sooner the system is abolished which makes a ridiculous office necessary the better it is for England and Ireland. Let Ireland have Home Rule and men of large minds and distinguished lineage will strive for an office that is just now a "picking" to bankrupt lordlings.—*Catholic Home, Chicago*.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 29th Dec., 1886.

GENTLEMEN,—

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

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX.

HALIFAX, July 11, 1888.

DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

I have been very much pleased with the matter and form of THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. The high moral Catholic tone, the fine literary taste displayed make your paper a model of Catholic journalism. May it prosper much, so long as it keeps to its present line.

Yours very truly,

C. O'BRIEN,
Archbishop of Halifax.

FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, March 17, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

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

Believe me, yours faithfully,

JAMES J. CARRERY,
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPT. 28 1889.

PUBLISHERS NOTICE.

The Review has sent out to all subscribers in arrears their accounts for subscription, and we regret to again have to appeal to them to pay these bills promptly. The duty is a disagreeable one, but as the income of a paper is derived almost solely from the price of subscription it becomes necessary to remind our due subscribers that on the prompt payment of their bills depends our own punctuality in meeting the very heavy current expenses and maturing obligations of the paper. The price of a paper, always a small matter to the subscriber, amounts to the thousands, in the aggregate, to the publishers. The frequency with which some of the foremost religious papers in the country are compelled to make appeals of this kind testifies to the widespread prevalence of the evil.

A correspondent of the New York Catholic News sends to that journal an account of an audience had by a party of ten Canadians, whose names are given, a few weeks ago, with the Sovereign Pontiff. After some conversation with Sister Theresia, of Long Point Asylum, who was sent by the Canadian Government to visit the insane asylums in Europe, the Holy Father, turning toward the others, made, according to the correspondent, the following address:

"GENTLEMEN OF CANADA,—I regret to say it," he spoke in a grave tone, waving a finger of his right hand, "but Catholics in your country do not agree. There are too many divisions among the Catholics in Canada. There are always long, acrimonious, interminable quarrels. You are wonderfully divided. Why do these divisions exist? There is no reason for them. You ought to march together." And with a gesture he indicated that it was not so.

Mr. Lamotte, whom he seemed to address specially, said: "Holy Father, we must hope that they will end. It is one of the misfortunes of humanity." But the Sovereign Pontiff replied: "Yes, yes; but you do not agree. There are too many quarrels—too much division; yes, too much division."

There was a moment's silence, the Sovereign Pontiff still gesticulated, and apparently could not repress his astonishment and grief, caused by our religious dissensions,

The Rev. J. G. Gregory, the Anglican clergyman to whom the Bishop of Chichester addressed the letter which we publish elsewhere, reproving him for his presence at the Rev. Fulton's lecture, has written a letter in which he defends his conduct. It is only interesting as showing that the world takes a higher view than the church in this case, if Mr. Gregory be allowed to stand for the Church, and Mr. Labouchere for the world. In a late issue of *Truth*, Mr. Labouchere says:

I rejoice to find that the Bishop of Chichester has fallen into line with me in my recent attack on "Religious Obscenity." One Dr. Fulton—an American divine, if I mistake not—has delivered a lecture at Brighton which would appear, from the Bishop of Chichester's rebukes to one of his clergy who was present, to have been not only obscene but blasphemous. Now this Fulton is (unless there are two professors of religious obscenity answering to this name) the author of one of the most filthy and disgusting works in Mr. John Kensit's abominable collection. The Bishop of Chichester appears surprised that the Rev. J. G. Gregory should have allowed Fulton's observations to pass without protest. To my mind it is even more astonishing that a clergyman of the English Church, knowing, as he must have known, something of Fulton's character and writings, should have appeared at the same meeting with him. Just as I am going to press I have received the following interesting letter:—

Sir,—Your personal attack upon me and my business is assuming such a position that I feel convinced you must be led on by some other influence than the one you are so loud in proclaiming, viz., the suppression of vice. You are certainly carrying out the old adage, "No case, abuse the client." By this time most of your readers have secured copies of my exposure of the abominable and dreadful High Church Confessional, and many have written thanking me for my noble effort, and sympathising with me in the abuse, or worse, I have sustained at your hands. Your mentioning some other book, in fact all my books, has led to a most delightful inquiry by many who never before took any interest in the subject of Priestism, which is once again trying to subjugate the minds and consciences of Englishmen. The title of your paper is *Truth*. I would that you carried out that title, and published the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Sir, if the statements abominable and filthy, as you say they are, be true, why not apply your pen to an awakening of our fellow-countrymen to the danger they are in by allowing their wives and daughters—yes, and empty-headed sons—to be bamboozled by this cursed system? As a well-informed Englishman, you must know that this is no question of sectarianism, but a matter of liberty of conscience and freedom unknown when-*ever* Popery or its bastard child get the upper hand. If the *Priest in Absolution* had the power, your organ of *Truth* would soon be gagged, and the Press generally muzzled. May I ask if you are aware that the *Priest in Absolution* is still in possession of the so-called Holy Cross Society, and that it is the manual (*sic*) used for training our dear curates to hear confessions?

Trusting you will insert this in your next issue,—Yours,
JOHN KENSIT.

To this *Truth* answers:

"Mr. Kensit's previous letter to me took the form of a request for an explanation or an apology, pending the result of a reference to his solicitor, which he had either made or was about to make. I gave him my explanation, and refused an apology. He now changes his tone, and favours me with the above mixture of abuse and cant. I presume that he has thought better of his application to his solicitor, or that the result of his application has been to satisfy him of what I told him before—viz., that his filthy publications are an offence against the law and against public decency, and that if he had his deserts he would now be serving a term of imprisonment."

The proposal to form an Order of Protestant monks is to be discussed, it is announced, at the next Session in Convocation. Meanwhile the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol has pronounced himself as favourable to the project, and Lord Alwyne Compton, Bishop of Ely, states that he thinks "a monastic order of men is needed in the Church of England for mission work, especially in great towns, and that if organized on lines suggested by Convocation it will probably be secured against risks which experience has shown such bodies are liable to." The "risks" are sufficiently vaguely hinted at; but we may gather from these episcopal approbations what a parody on monasticism the new Order of St. James will be.

"The historian of the Anglican Church," says the *Weekly Register*, "When he comes to appraise its position and to estimate the gain accruing to it by the institution of monks, will have to pitch his report on a scale, reminding us of one of Mr. Matthew Arnold's reports in his official character as Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools:—'This schools has improved since I last visited it; a new duster has been added to the apparatus.'"

A worthy orator at Naples, says the *Weekly Register*, pleading for a more equal liberty for Catholic action in Italy cited the other day, the example of England. "Imitate," he said, "even that heretical country. Why there, every year, on the anniversary of the burning of the Tower of London, the effigy of the Pope is publicly given to the flames. And yet a national subscription has been opened for presenting the Catholic Archbishop of Westminster with his Pro-Cathedral!"

DR. LITLEDALE AND THE JESUIT CONSTITUTIONS.

In May last a letter on "The Jesuits and their morality," written by Dr. Littledale, the writer of the article on the Jesuits in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, was published in the *Ottawa Journal* by Dr. J. Beaufort Huribert, of that city, who will be remembered as the gentleman who lately undertook to prove that the maxim "the end justifies the means," is embodied in the teachings of the Jesuit Order. This article was referred to by Father Drummond, S.J., in the lecture on the Jesuits which he delivered in St. Mary's Church, Winnipeg, on Whit Sunday last. In his lecture Father Drummond charged that, in order to prove his point, that "the end justified the means" was incorporated in the Jesuit Constitutions, Dr. Littledale had been guilty of deliberate mistranslation and falsification of the Latin text. A memorandum of that part of Father Drummond's discourse relating to Dr. Littledale's article was forwarded to the latter gentleman by some of his Winnipeg friends, and a reply from him to Father Drummond has since been received, to which a rejoinder has just been made by Father Drummond. In view of the importance of the point involved in the dispute, and the attention at present being manifested in the Dominion regarding the Jesuit question, the controversy has been published in pamphlet form. That Father Drummond makes good his charges against Dr. Littledale, and that the latter retires from the controversy more discredited than ever in his reputation for fairness and honesty, will be made abundantly clear if we place side by side with a true reading of Part 3, Chap I., of the Constitutions—one of the disputed passages—Dr. Littledale's garbled translation. There is no need for us, nor have we space, to follow Father Drummond in tracking Dr. Littledale through all the painful maze of mistranslations. Following are the two translations based upon the received text in Latin:—

DR. LITLEDALE'S GARBLED TRANSLATION.

N. B.—The omission, indicated by the blank, covers the capitalized words which ruin Dr. Littledale's whole case, and about which he prudently keeps silence in his second letter.

It is especially conducive to improvement, and very necessary, that all should yield themselves up to perfect obedience, recognizing the Superior (whoever he may be) as in the place of Christ our Lord, and regarding him with inward reverence and affection, nor merely obeying him in the outward execution of his injunctions fully, promptly, vigorously and with fitting humility, without excuses or murmurings, though he may command things difficult and repugnant to their feelings; but shall also strive to have inwardly resignation of their own will and judgment

TRANSLATION BASED UPON THE ENGLISH "RULES OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS" (ROXHAMPTON, 1876).

N. B.—Dr. Littledale's omissions are generally italicized, the most important capitalized.

It chiefly conduces to advancement, and is very necessary, that all should give themselves to perfect Obedience, acknowledging the Superior (whoever he may be) as in the place of Christ our Lord, and yielding him inward reverence and love; and they must not only obey him in performing exteriorly the things which he enjoins entirely, readily, constantly, and with due humility, without excuses and murmurings, though he may command things hard and contrary to sensuality; but also they must endeavour to be resigned interiorly, and to have a true abnegation of their own will and judgment; conforming their will and judgment wholly to what their Superior wills and judges, in all things.

WHEREIN SIN COULD NOT BE DISCERNED,

proposing to themselves the will and judgment of the Superior, as a rule of their will and judgment; that they may be the more exactly conformed to the first and chiefest rule of every good will and judgment, which is the Eternal Goodness and Wisdom.

And in order that they may exercise themselves the more in the virtue of obedience, it is fitting, and even it is very necessary that they should obey, not only the Superior of the Society or House, but also the subordinate Officers, who have received authority from him, in all those things in which these latter have power over them; and they must accustom themselves to behold, not who he is whom they obey, but rather Who He is for Whose sake, and Whom they obey in all, that is, Christ the Lord.

and they are to accustom themselves not to consider who it is whom they obey, but rather Him for Whom and to Whom they obey in all things, which is Christ the Lord.

Dr. Littledale in concluding his case alleges that the maxim—that the end justifies the means—is to be found in the writings of such well known Jesuit authors as Busembaum, Wagemann and Gury; and that it has been so persistently acted on by the Society as to earn their expulsion from several States of Europe, as dangerous to society. "And I say this," adds Dr. Littledale, "having myself had Jesuit friends whom I would have trusted confidently in any relation of life where their specific obligations did not intervene." On this Father Drummond comments as follows: "Yes, Dr. Littledale, you may have had friends amongst us. I pass over the sneer with which you hint that they were not to be trusted when their specific obligations intervened. It is part of your present stock in trade: groundless insinuation. In the past you would have scorned such meanness. I have known all those Jesuits who were likely to have been your friends. They are, under all circumstances, as true as steel. It is not they who have changed; it is you. All of them who have ever spoken of you have echoed the '*Quantum mutatus ab illo!*' How woefully altered from that Dr. Littledale who some twenty years ago, at the eleventh anniversary of the A. P. U. C., preached a sermon on reunion, in which he drew a noble picture of the Roman Church, saying that the "zeal of her priests, her monks and her nuns . . . the faith and holiness of her leaders remain undiminished." As you neared the goal you swerved and went back. Had you

taken the decisive step of personal reunion you would have become as a little child to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. You could not have lorded it over well-meaning multitudes as a sort of independent Pope who is neither Catholic nor Protestant, who, while celebrating 'daily with wafer and chasuble,' brings out, under the auspices of the S. P. C. K., successive editions of the 'Plain Reasons' which are honey-combed with retractions without acknowledgment, with specimens of unfair controversy, with misquotations, misrepresentations, misstatements, and mistranslations, all tending to paint the Church of Rome as a lying, idolatrous, cruel, and rapacious tyrant. The glory of thus unsettling honest minds, would not indeed, have been yours, had you remained trustworthy and true; but, as an everlasting compensation your splendid gifts, would have found their proper channel in the loyal service of God, instead of being worse than wasted, and you could look forward with clean lips and hearts to the judgment seat of Christ."

DR. LITLEDALE'S ARTICLES.

It will be remembered that it leaked out some months ago that the writer of the articles on "Monasticism" and the "Jesuits," in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, was none other than the somewhat notorious Dr. Littledale, the author of "Plain Reasons Against Popery," and one of the most active and unscrupulous of anti-Catholic writers. The intelligence was received by Catholics with not a little regret. It had been claimed for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and it was understood to be the secret of its value, that the editors had allotted the treatment of each subject to the fittest man, and that this rule should have been departed from in the case of Catholic subjects, to the extent of handing them over for treatment to anti-Catholic writers, any reasonable man must regard as little short of an outrage. Even if there were any dearth of Catholic scholars and writers—and there is not—Dr. Littledale was, of all men, the last who should have been chosen to deal with any Catholic questions; for the very name, Littledale, has come to be almost commonly regarded as the synonym of prejudice, and, we are sorry to add, insincerity.

It turns out, however, notwithstanding the regret, and the strong resentment which the knowledge of the authorship occasioned amongst Catholics, that in the ninth edition of the work, which was announced with a flourish of trumpets a short time ago, Dr. Littledale has been entrusted with the treatment of a new, and a most important, Catholic subject. In the last volume of that edition it is allotted to the Rev. Dr. Littledale to give a true and impartial history of the "Vatican Council." His peculiar qualifications for the task are set forth in a letter which appears in a late number of the *Scots Observer* from the Rev. Father Cody, O.S.B., of St. Benedict's Abbey, Scotland.

"The Vatican Council," Father Cody writes, "partly because it was a peculiarly Catholic proceeding, and partly because it was conducted under the usual rules of secrecy, was an event about which rather more than the usual number of confusing rumours were circulated as news by the English press. Moreover, it defined Papal Infallibility, the most delicate subject in the whole range of modern Anglo-Roman controversy, which has been unfortunately much misunderstood by most non-Catholics in this country, and has the effect of a very red rag upon all members of the advanced Anglican Church party. Now, Dr. Littledale is an advanced Anglican. He is something more. He is a bitter controversialist against the Catholic Church; and in the course of that controversy he has made and persistently repeated such

distorted statements of Catholic belief and Catholic practice, to say nothing of Catholic history, that his opponents, and even some of his co-religionists, have found it difficult to believe in his sincerity or honesty. He is the author of the article "Jesuits," in the same *Encyclopædia*, in which he has heaped together a nauseous selection from the ignorant calumnies and three slain slanders which have been so often made against the Society of Jesus and the Catholic Church in general; and his animus upon the subject of Papal Infallibility may be sufficiently understood from the fact that not many weeks ago he declared in a public journal that 'all those who voted for the definition knew it to be an impudent falsehood.' There is no space here to show that the article in question comes fully up to such antecedents; it must suffice to state that it is a tissue of falsehood and perverted truth, compiled as appears from the authorities named at the end, from *Janus* and such like productions of the German old Catholic school, and coloured throughout with a spirit of morbid and sectarian special feeling.

"Now it does seem to a Catholic subscriber that he has a right to protest against this implied breach of contract on the part of the editor. Catholics do not expect outsiders to agree with them in their beliefs and opinions, but they do expect that a leading book of reference should state their beliefs and opinions with accuracy and impartiality."

It is worth while to refer to the promise which the editors themselves distinctly made on the subject. The preface to this ninth edition says:—"It cannot be the organ of any sect, or party in science, religion, or philosophy. Its main duty is to give an accurate account of facts, and an impartial summary of results." And, again, the preface of the index, dated February 18, 1889, and signed W. Robertson Smith, endorses the same guarantee. It says: "No effort has been spared on the part of the editorial staff to secure the accuracy and sufficiency of every contribution," and, "the list of contributors and the initials appended to the longer articles are sufficient to show that the ninth edition is the work of specialists writing from first hand knowledge." As regards at least the treatment of Catholic subjects, these promises have been sadly broken.

A word in regard to Dr. Littledale, another reference to whom we make elsewhere, will not be out of place here. We have said that his name has come to be almost synonymous with insincerity. The history of his contradictions and evasions has been made public in a pamphlet published by the Catholic Truth Society, and written by the Rev. Austin Richards entitled "Littledale *versus* Littledale," in which Father Richardson contrasts the Littledale who wrote "Words for Truth," in 1888, with Littledale, the author of "Innovations," in 1863. In the former (1888) he compares the religious Reformers to good and wise householders, who finding their house out of repair, transformed it into a healthy dwelling; while in the latter (1863) the same Littledale *proves* these very Reformers to have been a set of "utterly unredeemed villains;" that the old Church was calumniated by them; and that the Reformation was the triumph of evil over good. In 1888 Dr. Littledale claims that the Anglican Church is the "old church," and that the Catholics who refused to "reform" were "schismatics;" in 1863 he said they were "massacred" because they would not forsake the religion of their fathers. In 1888 we learn from him that the religion of the Reformers was Catholic; in 1863 he informed us that it was Protestant,—and so on through chapters of contradictions. Apart from the question of Dr. Littledale's prejudices, what is to be thought of the editors who could entrust to a man of such mental obliquity the discussion of the most difficult and most delicate of Catholic subjects?

We are sorry to see our valued contemporary, *Dumahor's Magazine*, giving place to an article so untrustworthy and misleading in its nature as that on "Canada and Her Neighbour," which appears under the signature of "Olaff Mann," Toronto, in the current number. It is the work, apparently, of an alien; certainly of no friend of the Confederation. English-speaking Canadians, the writer says, are looking "with longing eyes" to the United States as their only hope of deliverance from the French-Canadians.

"Events," we read, "are bringing the French-Canadian face to face with his fate. That this destiny is not to be French domination in North America, nor even in Canada, all will readily allow who remember the strength of the British people north of, as well as south of, the boundary line; but I feel sure the aggression of the French will produce good results. It is certain that every advance of the French-Canadians upon the British strongholds in the Eastern townships of Quebec and in Nova Scotia, Ontario, and British Columbia, as well as in every other locality along the line where the British race is strong, causes the more thoughtful among the English-speaking people to look with longing eyes to the United States, the hospitable and happy home of millions of their kindred. When the arrogant and extravagant assumption of supremacy, which is cherished by no inconsiderable number of the French-Canadians becomes more evident to the slow apprehensions of the inhabitants of Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, Ontario, and British Columbia, it will cause such an uprising as will probably put an end to the aspirations, or eventuate in the territorial absorption which is familiarly known by the single word Annexation."

In this connection, we notice also of late another feeble Yankee propagandist in the field, in the Toronto correspondent of the *New York Catholic Herald*. Themselves native Americans, it is scarcely to be expected that these correspondents should enter into, or understand, Canadian ideas or sentiments. What we may complain of is their misrepresenting and distorting the public opinion of a country in which they are aliens, and towards which they are attracted by no considerations of sentiment or of interest.

• VENICE

I have been dreaming in this city for several days. I say "dreaming" for one can scarcely convince himself that the weird surroundings and pageant-like activities of Venice are every-day existence at all. In Rome you have the remains of past grandeur; here you have the past in all its grandeur. This is partly due to the better building material used here. In Rome the travertine yields to processes of decay much faster than the almost marble quality of the stone found here. The church built to commemorate the liberation of the city from the plague nearly three hundred years ago, and called "St. Mary's of Safety," is as gorgeous in its exterior to-day as it was the day it was dedicated. It contains a grand monument to Titian, who at the age of ninety-nine years, when, as he said himself, he was just beginning to paint, was carried away by the plague and cast into the sea. Many of the palaces built five centuries ago, look like houses erected in the present century.

From the train you step into a gondola and are rowed to your hotel. The gondolas are as thick on the principal canals as are carriages on Broadway. The gondolier looks in the direction of his course and pushes his load onwards. He is a picture of grace and in his gaudy hat, white uniform, and crimson sash, looks all the world like the serenading vagabonds of story and song.

There is an indescribable charm about Venice which all feel and few care to resist. It is a place for musing and amusing. It is a fairy tale, an epic poem, a picture, an opera in stone and splash and flash of stars out of the clearest sky in the world. None leaves Venice without a sigh.

The thing of all the things to be seen in Venice, is St. Mark's. The body of the saint lies in a magnificent sarcophagus in the centre of the church. I offered up the Holy Sacrifice for my little congregation at his shrine. The four pillars that support the canopy of the main altar were taken from the church which St. Helena built in Constantinople and which was called St. Sophia now the Great Mosque of Omer, and there is no doubt of their origin. In another portion of the sanctuary they have a pillar of the old temple at Jerusalem, and in the sacristy they have the old episcopal throne used by St. Mark in Alexandria. In the treasury of the church they have altar vessels of fabulous value, gifts of kings, emperors and doges, never used and preserved with the greatest vigilance.

Near St. Mark's is the Doge's palace and on the other side of a canal a prison, both being connected by the "Bridge of Sighs." When prisoners were brought out for execution they passed over the bridge through the palace and on to the two red pillars of the balcony, from which they were hanged, if of noble birth, or to the great pillars, surmounted by the lion and the crocodile, between which, if of plebeian birth, they were dispatched. A man, named Grassi, was executed here during the Republic, and evidence of his innocence appearing ten years after his death, he was pardoned and a marble shrine of the Virgin was erected at the side of St. Mark's facing the place of execution and a light burns before it every night to indicate the remorse of the Venetian state at the judicial murder of poor Grassi. When criminals are executed the lamp burns, and before offering his head to the executioner, he turns to the Virgin and recites the "Salve Regina." I stood between the two pillars and looked up at the sweet face of the Madonna and blessed the Catholic state which could so humanize violent death.

The government of the doges lasted nearly twelve hundred years and it was the best government, taken all in all, the world has ever seen. The one glory of the state was the honor of God and the prosperity of his Church. The laws of Venice were directed to the maintenance of the laws of God and the Church. What was not against these was no crime in Venice. The effect of such civilization is felt in the Venice of to-day. It is the most religious city in Italy. The churches are full of people on Sunday and at any hour of the day you may behold old and young, men and women, soldiers and sailors, kneeling at the altars and praying with all their heart. You might as well try to uproot the Appenines as try to eradicate Catholicity from the Italian people. Those who hate the Church most are most ready to admit that the task of overthrowing Christianity in Italy is harder than anywhere else in the world.

On Sunday the 1st, I celebrated Mass for my little flock over the shrine of St. Charles Borromeo. It is a solid little church of silver. The altar, the shrine, the walls and the roof are of solid silver. We had the tomb opened and saw the remains of the great reformer of morals in northern Italy. The vestments are heavy with gold and precious stones, but the body is fast crumbling away. In the church of St. Ambrose we saw the shrine of the saint. His bones, and those of Sts. Gerasius and Protasius, lie in the same coffin. His old pulpit, from which he preached over fifteen hundred years ago and the old episcopal chair are still preserved. Before the doors of that church Justinian was made to do penance after the massacre of Thessalonica. Ambrose excommunicated him and made him humble himself before the world for the crime against the poor and defenceless of that far off city in the East. Milan is a modern city, rich and prosperous. It would remind an American of one of his own thriving towns. Religion is flourishing, the infidels, or Freemasons, as they are called here, are very modest and religion is held in veneration by the public. The priests are almost entirely the parochial clergy and they are a fine-looking body of men. Lombardy contains the brains and brawn and wealth of Italy and as she goes so goes the nation.

THE LATE MRS. W. A. MURRAY.

We announce this week, with deep regret, the death of Mrs. W. A. Murray, which took place on the afternoon of Thursday last at the family residence on Bond St., the news of which was received with wide-spread regret throughout the city. To none will the sad news cause more grief than to the large number of poor persons to whom the deceased lady gave relief from pressing want.

Mrs. Murray was ill for only a few days. The previous Thursday she went to New York to meet Mr. Murray on his return from Europe and came home apparently in the best of health. On Tuesday morning while going down town she was suddenly taken ill and returned home suffering severe pains. Inflammation had set in, but as she appeared to rally to some extent no serious alarm was taken. At 11 o'clock Thursday forenoon she was comparatively well, but in the afternoon she suddenly grew worse and at 4.45 expired.

The deceased lady was an active member of St. Michael's Cathedral congregation, and did zealous work for the cause of religion and charity. The poor of all denominations have received from her timely assistance and other kindnesses.

Last year when she went to Rome with her husband she had an audience with the Holy Father.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Murray took place on Saturday morning from the Cathedral to St. Michael's Cemetery. A large number of friends viewed the deceased for the last time as she lay in state at the family residence, 66 Bond street. The casket plate bore the inscription "Jane Ann Murray, died Sept. 19, 1889, aged 64." A second smaller plate bore the words "At Rest." At nine o'clock a solemn and impressive service was conducted at St. Michael's Cathedral, the casket being placed in the central aisle immediately in front of the altar railing. The boys and girls from Sunnyside Orphans' Home and the House of Providence attended in a body and occupied seats to the right of the altar. The building was well filled with the friends and acquaintances of the deceased, including many of Toronto's most widely known citizens, among whom were Mayor Clarke, Hon. T. W. Anglin, Mr. B. B. Hughes, Mr. John Riddell, Rev. E. A. Stafford, Mr. Andrew Crawford, Mrs. James O'Brien, Montreal; Miss Hunt and Miss Norton, St. Catharines; Mrs. Holmes and Mrs. Wigley, Brampton.

The service consisted of High Mass and requiem mass sung by Rev. Father Laurent, assisted by Rev. Father Cassidy as deacon, and Father Hand as sub-deacon. Bishop O'Mahony read the prayers for the dead and the address of the funeral service. Vicar-General Rooney and Rev. Fathers Egan, Finan (of St. Mary's) Vincent, Murray and Brother Odo, were in the sanctuary. The pall-bearers were Hon. Frank Smith, E. O'Keefe, John Foy, John Drynan, George Crawford and John McEwan, of St. Catharines. The chief mourners were Mr. W. A. Murray and his sons, Charles, William, James and John Messrs. James Murray and William Murray, of Hamilton, and William Murray, Nenagh, Ireland, nephews of the deceased. One touching incident of the funeral was the deep sorrow of some of those whom Mrs. Murray had helped in their time of need. One old lady, whom the deceased had cared for these many years, attended the services at the Cathedral, and then followed the procession to the cemetery that she might be present at the obsequies of her benefactor. R. I. P.

CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.

Archbishop Walsh was in the city last week.

St. Michael's cathedral was crowded at High Mass on Sunday last, and in the evening, at vespers, there was again a large congregation present. At the latter service Rev. Father Hand was the celebrant. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Laurent, whose subject was the "Vice of Ingratitude," and who took for his text St. Luke, chap. 17, verse 17: "Were there not ten made clean, and where are the nine? There is no one found to return and give glory to God but this stranger." Next Sunday is the Feast of St. Michael, patron of the cathedral, and it will be celebrated with special services.

Rev. Father Campbell, parish priest of Orillia, celebrated on Tuesday last, the 25th anniversary of his ordination. A

large number of the priests of the diocese were present, among whom were: Dean Harris, Father McCann, Hand, McBride, Laboreau, Gearing, McGinley, McMahon, Cassidy, Gibloy, Gibra, McEntee, Rohleder, Challandard, Teefy, O'Donoghue, O'Reilly, Slavin, the two administrators of the archdiocese, Very Rev. Fathers Rooney and Laurent. The priests of the archdiocese presented Father Campbell with a chalice and other articles used in the celebration of the mass, the value being \$500. The parishioners of Orillia also presented him with an address and a purse. Mayor Slavin read the address and Father Campbell made a suitable reply. Dean Harris preached an admirable sermon on the occasion.

Archbishop Walsh has not yet fixed the date upon which he will take possession of the Metropolitan See, and consequently the clergy of the diocese are unable to surmise with any accuracy the length of time which separates them from the pleasure of welcoming him to his new dignity. His reception will, of course, be attended by grand ceremonies, but no preparation has yet been made for them, as the date of His Grace's formal assumption of his office is still distant. The proposal to erect a new residence for the archbishop has been left in abeyance till next summer. It was considered that the year being so far advanced the winter would interrupt building operations before much work had been done.

A representative Irish Concert Company, especially organized by Professor O'Rourke, choir-master of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, will shortly visit the principal cities of America. The company is said to be a very strong one, including artists whose names are famous all over the Emerald Isle. The programme will be made up exclusively of the most popular Irish ballad and operatic music, of a stirring and inspiring sort, and besides proving a treat to all who hear it, will do much to bring into prominence the melodious and fervent music of Ireland.

SAT EST VINISSE.

To have lived!
To have felt a quickened beat
Of the heart in spring;
To have known that something sweet
Moved the birds to sing;
To have seen dim waves of heat
O'er a field of green retreat!

To have found the hiding place
Of the wild-wood rose;
To have held, a little space,
Any flower that grows;
To have known a moment's grace,
Looking in a loved one's face.

To have lived, to have lived!

Still, doth it suffice alone
That the world is fair?
O'er what fields have these hands sown?
Are they gold or bare?
And though all the flowers are frown,
If to God my heart is known,
Then shall I in truth be shown
How to live, why to live!

—Meredith Nicholson in Catholic World.

Current Catholic Thought.

CATHOLIC CELEBRATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

November next will be a memorable month for our fellow-Catholics of the United States. During that month the centennial anniversary of the establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy of the States is to be celebrated with befitting pomp and ceremony; the new University at Washington will be formally opened; and the Catholic Congress, of which Mr. W. J. Onahan, of Chicago, is chairman, will meet at Baltimore. Catholicism in the United States, which is already in such a flourishing condition, cannot fail to receive from these demonstrations an impetus that will produce lasting fruit. To the future of the University all who take an interest in the United States look with confident hope; but we are sure that practical results will also follow plentifully from the Baltimore Congress. The preparations are in the hands of capable and energetic men, and the deliberations will be conducted on a broad and generous platform. The Congress will show the unity of the entire Catholic body in religious matters, and the harmony existing between the Hierarchy, the clergy, and the laity, and it will afford an

opportunity of testifying in a public manner the loyalty of the Catholics of the United States to the constitution and laws of the land.—*Liverpool Catholic Times.*

BARNUM'S OFFER.

A temperance talker at Brooklyn repeated an offer that Barnum, the showman, had once made to New York. If they would give him the revenue that went into the tills of the saloon-keepers, he would agree "to pay the pauper tax, give each man a barrel of flour, each family a library of 100 volumes, buy each man a good suit of clothes, and each woman a silk dress, and to pay, as a bonus for the privilege, one million dollars."

Barnum expected to be cheated out of a million dollars by false returns in this business, but he nevertheless counted on a profit of seven million by the deal.

This is temperance talk; of course banks full of money are spent for liquor. But then there is a lot of misery. There are paupers, idiots, tramps, scamps, sots, and all kind of blots on our civilization. We buy these results with the money, and we get enough of them to satisfy us. Each in-

dividual has it to decide for himself whether he cares to go into that sort of trade or not.

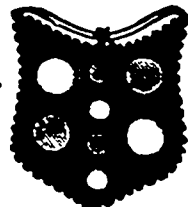
NO CURE NO PAY.

It is a pretty severe test of any doctor's skill when the payment of his fee is made conditional upon his curing his patient. Yet after having for many years, observed the thousands of marvelous cures effected in liver, blood and lung diseases, by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, its manufacturers feel warranted in selling it, as they are now doing, through all druggists, the world over, under a certificate of *positive guarantee* that it will either benefit or cure in every case of disease for which they recommend it, if taken in time and given a fair trial, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded. Torpid liver, or "biliousness," impure blood, skin eruptions, scrofulous sores and swellings, consumption (which is scrofula of the lungs), all yield to this wonderful medicine. It is both tonic or strength-restoring, and alterative or blood cleansing.

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Miss Laura Grose, 166 King w., Granulated Eye Lid; cured in 4 weeks.

Rev. Chas. Mole, Halifax, is happy to testify to the benefits received from Butterfly Belt and Actina.

A. Rogers, tobaccoist, Adelaide west, declares Actina worth \$100.

Miss Flora McDonald, 21 Wilton Ave., misses a large lump from her hand of 13 years standing.

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Mrs. J. Swift, 87 Agnes st., Sciatica for years, perfectly cured in 6 weeks.

Chas. Cosens, P.M., Trowbridge, general Nervous Debility, now enjoys good health.

Thomas Bryan, 371 Dundas st., general Debility, improved from the first day, now perfectly cured.

Wm. Cole, G.T.R., fireman, cured of Liver and Kidney troubles.

A. E. Colwell, engraver, city, Rheumatism in the knee, cured.

J. A. T. IVY, cured of nightly emissions in 6 weeks.

Your Belt and Suspensory cured me of Impotency, writes G. A.

Would not be without your Belt and Suspensory for \$50, says J. McG.

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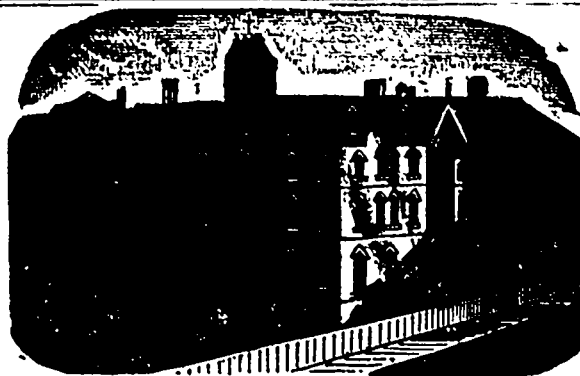
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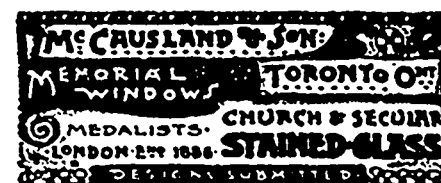
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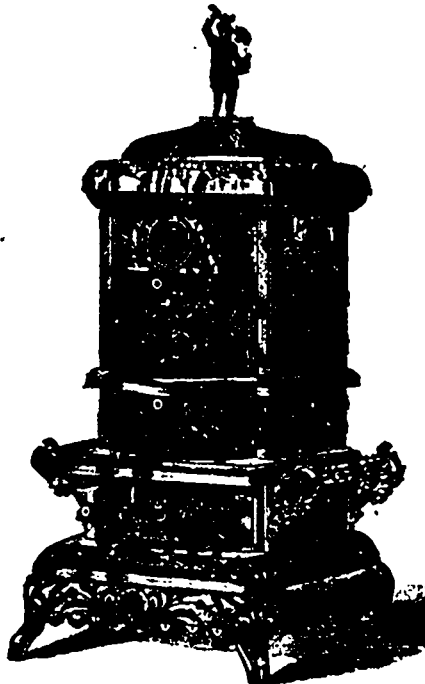
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