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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday, June 11, 1892.

No. 18

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Plans and specifications can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office of F. C. Gamble, Engineer, Victoria, B.C., on and after Friday, 1st of April, and tenders will not be considered unless made on forms supplied and signed with actual signatures of tenders.
An accepted bank cheque payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to the amount of tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party declining the contract, or failing to comply with the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.
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Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 16th March., 1892.

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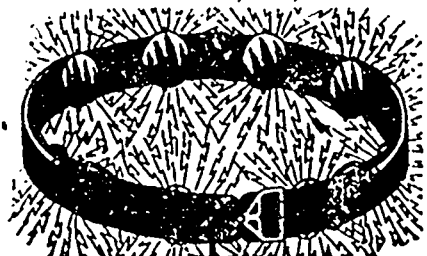
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See Review page.

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CONDÉ R. PALLEN, in *Educational Review*.

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April 20th, 1892

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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday, June 11, 1892

No. 18

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NOTES.

The motto of the friends of Ireland in America should be: Not one cent for party squabbles, but millions for peace and freedom!

The Redistribution Bill, which is a shameless gerrymander or a masterly re-adjustment, according to your point of view, passed into committee of the Commons (2nd June) by 109 to 58.

In the latter part of his inaugural address, published elsewhere in this issue, Archbishop Vaughan makes a magnificent declaration of the rights of the Church over education.

Mr. John Redmond's mission in favor of the Parnellite remnant is foredoomed to failure. In unity is Ireland's strength, and the disunionists are Ireland's worst enemies. Every dollar he gets in America delays by just so much the triumph of the Irish cause.

The *Literary Digest* comes, as ever, freighted with the very best of all that is going in the world of letters. It is not so much the newspaper man's paper as it is every man's paper. It brings the idea of the peptonized food which you cannot help assimilating.

The *Revue des deux Mondes* in an article on the proposed reconstruction of the Belgian Constitution says, among other excellent things, something which should take a place in the political code of the world:

The rule of a real representative monarchy is that no one is wise enough to be all-powerful, no one includes the people; no one includes the King; no one includes the Parliament itself.

"American overbearance" is the German expression for the pre-eminence of the United States in commercial affairs connected with the South American and West Indian nations. Germany does not like it. She objects to everybody's overbearance but her own. *Catholic News, Philadelphia.*

Protestant Ulster is built the same way.

"A Lutheran" writing to the *Globe* strives to establish a good percentage of increase for his denomination. Incidentally he makes out that, after Jews, (who increased nearly 168 per cent.) the next largest percentage of increase was made by those who returned their religion as "Protestant," by those, in other words, who are simply nothing. The largest increase is of Jews, who are largely infidel, the second of Protestants who are not Christians.

The flight of Owen Turnoy, grocer, caused a sensation in the city, especially among separate school supporters, for whom he was treasurer without bonds. He cleared with \$1,640 belonging to the board, and the trustees will have to make the money good. It was not taken from the city funds provided for separate school purposes, but was taken from the funds in connection with the new St. Vincent Academy, including Archbishop Cleary's check for \$1,000.—(*Kingston despatch*).

Bonds between friends may look to some too much like *business*, but the more *business* there is in school management the better.

Between 1 and 2 o'clock to-day the Columbian Club of Indianapolis elevated a big picture of President Harrison and started in to sing a campaign song the refrain of which intimated that "Jimmy wasn't in it." The Blaineites resented this, and massing themselves several hundred strong they charged upon the enemy. The Blaine men swept everybody before them, cutting a clear swath through the struggling mass of humanity, and outside the thunder rolled and lightning flashed; inside men and boys shrieked and fought and tore at the clothing of those in front to save themselves from going down and being trodden under the feet of the mob behind. The Blaine crowd drove everybody before it clear to the second floor. The row continued almost without intermission for an hour—*Press Despatch 7th June.*

(*London Times, loc.*)—What wasted opportunities! Why didn't that happen in Dublin!

Rev. M. P. Falling, pastor of St. James' Church, London, read a paper before the Ministerial Association there on "the Relation of Secret and Benevolent Societies to the Church." His first paragraph throws light on Mr. Falling and his company.

"(1) All secret societies inimical to the State, such as the Anarchists, Jesuits, etc., are outside the scope of this paper."

What a sweet morsel! Anarchists and Jesuits! Greater imbecility would be almost past imagination than that which links the two names in one category. Possibly, as Mr. Falling knew, that the position of the Catholic Church in regard to secret societies is absolutely impregnable, and as something anti-Romish was a positive necessity in a paper to be read to a Ministerial Association, he was reduced to the common artifice of his class, say something *bizarre* and a trifle unintelligible about something or somebody well known, and people will take you for an *esprit fort*. The scheme is not new. Balzac practised it professedly.

All through the paper there is not a word about Masonry, the mother-monster.

"IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT."

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair,
And laying snow white flowers against my hair
Would smoothe it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind with loving thought
Some kindly deed the icy hands had wrought,
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said,
Errands on which the willing feet had sped,
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words would all be laid aside,
And so I should be loved, and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn, once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully
The eyes, which chid me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore perchance
And soften in the old familiar way;
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So I might rest forgiven of all, to-night.

O friends! I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead cold brow;
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
Think gently of me, I am travel-worn,
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, O hearts estranged, forgive, I plead,
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long, to-night.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Sunday, May 29th, was a red letter day in the history of the Catholic Church in Oshawa. On that day was celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the building of that church. It was made particularly notable by the presence of Archbishop Walsh.

The Archbishop arrived the previous evening on the local train, and was met at the station by the 34th Battalion Band, and a large number of the adherents of the church. His Grace was accompanied by Vicars-General Rooney and McCann, and Fathers Moyna and Gearin. A procession was formed, led by James Gibbons on horseback followed by the band, and the two carriages in which rode the distinguished visitors. A large number of men followed on foot to the presbytery.

A large congregation attended the services Sunday morning to witness the celebration of High Mass. The Mass was sung by Vicar-General Pooney, Father Gearin acted as deacon, and Father Moyna as sub-deacon, Father Hand was master of ceremonies. At the conclusion of the Mass Mr. T. F. Leonard read an address to His Grace from the survivors of those who had planted the foundations of the church in Oshawa fifty years ago.

To His Grace the Most Rev. John Walsh, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

To receive a few words of greeting from the survivors of those who fifty years ago planted the foundations of the church in Oshawa.

It is not without mingled feelings of joy and sadness that we look back over the half century that has elapsed since the little flock gathered together to erect a monument to their faith and to provide a place for worship of Almighty God.

The mission of Oshawa originally embraced the whole county of Ontario. In course of time parishes were formed, churches erected and pastors appointed to attend the spiritual wants of the growing population of the district. Oshawa may rightly claim the parishes of Brock, Mara, Pickering, Uxbridge, and Whitby as her legitimate offspring.

God has blessed this mission with zealous and indefatigable pastors, whose patience was fully tested by a wayward flock. The works of those of them who still live and labor in the diocese do not require any special notice. Of those who have gone to their reward mention may be made of Rev. Father Proulx, who did more than any other to lay the spiritual foundations of the parish. Though his labors were great and his field of toil extensive, he furnished the Catholics of Oshawa with more ample church accommodations and greater educational facilities than they previously possessed. He it was who, thirty years ago, introduced the Sisters of St. Joseph to the parish. Their presence has been a continued blessing ever since to the young and old of the congregation.

Father Shea and Father O'Keefe, who spent the very prime of their priestly life among us, have gone to enjoy their reward. Their memory remains in benediction in our households.

Much has been done to advance the interests of the parish. It only remains, to crown our labors, to erect a new church to take the place of the one that has done service for the past fifty years. We pray that the day may not be far distant when Your Grace may be called upon to lay the corner-stone of the new edifice.

Thanking Your Grace for your presence here to-day at our jubilee service, we subscribe ourselves,

Your obedient children,

GILBERT PARRILL, PATRICK WALL,
JOHN HART, T. F. LEONARD.

Oshawa, May 29th, 1892.

In his sermon Archbishop Walsh thanked the people for their hearty welcome of the previous evening and said he was glad to share with them the joys, and sorrows also, brought up on the occasion of this celebration. His Grace appropriately spoke of the temples of ancient times, of the magnificent temple of King Solomon, and of the smaller one which succeeded it, which was grander than King Solomon's, because it was there that our Lord was presented as a child. He said that the humblest Catholic church was more blessed than any temple of antiquity because through the Holy Eucharist it was the dwelling place of the Lord Jesus. He said that every sermon preached by a Catholic priest in a Catholic church were the words of Christ Himself. He gave the

reasons why Catholics should take an interest in the celebration of the anniversary of this old church. Here it was that many of you were baptized, here great numbers of you were prepared for your first Communion, here it was that your marriages were solemnized, and here, too, were the ceremonies of the Church performed over the bodies of those who had died. He said that during the last fifty years 3,088 had been baptized, and 383 marriages recorded in the parish Register. Before closing the morning services the Archbishop made a strong appeal on behalf of the building fund. In the evening Father Moyna, of Stayner, preached an eloquent sermon.

The musical performances of the day were a revelation to all who heard them. The rendition of Mozart's Twelfth Mass in the morning was beautiful. Mrs. Daley, of Barrie, and Mrs. McKeown, (nee Mary O'Regan) of Hamilton, were the principal sopranos. Four members of the Whitby choir gave valuable assistance. A very large part of the credit of the success of the music is due to the Sisters of St. Joseph's Convent, who trained the choir. The orchestra was under the leadership of Mr. John O'Regan, and was composed entirely of Oshawa musicians. Miss Walsh presided at the organ.

On Monday morning the Archbishop visited the school where he was received by a welcome song from about one hundred pupils, and he was presented with an address and a bouquet of flowers. His Grace kindly granted the children a holiday for the remainder of the day.

Afterward he visited the church at Whitby. His Grace visited the Separate School and was received by the members of the School Board. The children sang a song of welcome to their chief pastor. His Grace addressed them in a fatherly and kindly manner, and after much salutary advice granted them a half holiday. The Archbishop retired to the church where the following address from the School Board was presented by the Chairman, J. H. Long:

To His Grace the Most Rev. John Walsh, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto:

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

We, the Trustees of the Roman Catholic Separate School for the town of Whitby, extend to Your Grace a most cordial and hearty welcome on this, the occasion of your visit to our school.

We are glad to assure Your Grace that though our school is small and does not possess all the advantages of a fully graded school, the pupils are being steadily advanced and the school is making satisfactory progress. Our excellent teacher possesses the confidence of the Board as well as of the pupils, and the best of harmony prevails; the attendance is increasing and the Catholic rate payers are giving their unanimous support to the school.

We believe this latter excellent result is mainly attributable to the renewed confidence in the school felt by the people since the advent of the Rev. J. L. Hand, whom Your Grace was pleased to appoint priest of this parish, and owing to whose wise administration of the affairs of the parish the people are a unit regarding the management of the school.

We express the hope that Your Grace may be pleased with your visit to our school, and that your stay in Whitby may be as enjoyable to yourself as it is pleasant and profitable to us.

On behalf of the Board

JAMES LONG,

Sec'y.

J. H. LONG,

Chairman.

Whitby, May 30th, 1892.

In reply the Archbishop praised the efforts of the Catholics of Whitby in behalf of education. He adverted to the interior condition of the church, at the laying of the corner stone, at which he assisted. He sanctioned the contemplated improvements, and subscribed \$25 towards their completion.

According to the facts gathered, Mass was first offered in Oshawa in 1830, in the house of the late Daniel Leonard, who was the first Catholic settler. Fathers Butler, McDonough, Gibney, and Quinlan in turn attended to the spiritual welfare of the place. Afterwards Oshawa became attached to the parish of Cobourg and was attended by Fathers Kernin and Timlin. In 1841 the first part of the present church was erected under the direction of Father Kernin. J. Hoyt and Stephen Groves were the two builders, but they received great assistance from the congregation, who furnished all the material. The principal benefactors and founders were Patrick Wall, Daniel Leonard, Denis Duella, Michael Curtin, Sr., Arthur Santry, Richard Supple, Jno. O'Regan, Sr., and Captain Dwan, of these only Mr. Wall still lives. Before the completion of the church McGregor's school-house was used for the occasional services. It was not till 1843 that a resident pastor was appointed. In that year Rev. H. Fitzpatrick took charge, leaving in 1844. He was followed by Fathers Nightingale and Bennett, after whom in 1845 Father Fitzpatrick was re-appointed, leaving the next year.

The church registered next shows that he was followed by Father Nightingale for the second time in 1846. After him came Father Smith, and then in 1848 the Rev. J. B. Proulx, uncle of Chief Justice Lacoste in the Province of Quebec. He lived in Oshawa about twelve years and carried out many important improvements. During his time the church was enlarged to its present size, and a Separate School built, a building of one story. He also purchased the lot on which the presbytery now stands, and six lots in Whitby for church purposes. In 1859 Father Laurent was appointed assistant to Father Proulx, and in 1860 Pickering and Highland Creek were made a parish, and Father Laurent was appointed the first priest. Father Eugene O'Keefe came in 1860 and established a Separate School at Whitby. The Rev. J. J. Shea came in 1862, remaining ten years. He built the present church at Whitby. Rev. J. J. McCann built the present parochial residence at a cost of \$4000, and raised the Separate School to its present height. He also purchased the new cemetery and made extensive improvements to the church at Whitby and built the present Separate School there. In 1877 Rev. J. J. McEntee was appointed, and in the following year the church was visited by Archbishop Lynch, who confirmed 70 candidates here and 150 in Whitby. In anticipation of his visit considerable improvements were made to the interior of the church. In 1880 Rev. J. J. Kelly was appointed assistant, remaining one year. In the same year Bishop O'Mahony confirmed 70 candidates in Oshawa and 70 in Whitby. In 1883 the brick stable and driving house attached to the presbytery was erected at a cost of \$1,200. In this year the parish was divided, and Whitby made into a separate parish, and Rev. P. J. McColl was appointed priest. On Ascension Thursday, 1886, Archbishop Lynch confirmed 70 candidates, and paid his last official visit to Oshawa. In 1890 Father McEntee was transferred to Port Colborne, and the Rev. J. L. Hand, the present priest took charge. In 1890 Archbishop Walsh paid his first episcopal visit to Oshawa. A large sum was spent in furnishing the house in this year, and in the month of May the new building fund was commenced, and now totals something in the neighborhood of \$3,000.

Could we see when and where we are to meet again, we would be more tender when we bid our friends good bye.

A TRIP TO NORTH CAROLINA.

FROM SNOW TO SUNSHINE.

The first letter of this interesting series went astray in the post and only now comes to hand. We hasten to present it. (Ed. C. W. R.)

A cold leaden sky, a sharp biting blast, a hard frozen road, the wistful but smiling faces of our friends are the last memory of Canada as we speed out of the little wayside station and the Michigan Central express tears along on its mad race towards the setting sun. Cosily settled in one of those delightful state rooms, one can scarcely realize that miles and miles are being left behind in so many minutes, and town, hamlet, and farmhouse fly past as in a panorama. How wondrous are the works of God! how great this poor human intellect. On through the gathering twilight, a lingering look at our last Canadian sunset, a dimness of our eyes, a suspicion of—tears—and we ask the porter for a cup of tea, that unfailing panacea for all the ills that that poor woman is prone to. It comes, borne with the utmost grace by the subtlest of waiters, affable, and paternal, who volunteers all manner of information, as he safely arranges our table that would do honour to my ladies choicest boudoir. Up go our spirits, and Canada does not seem so far away, nor do things look quite so black as a few minutes ago, we begin to think our trip will be enchanting and time will come round all too soon for our return.

We reach Windsor by star-light, and after much backing and panting and snorting, our brave steed is safely on the boat and we cross the ferry in goodly array. At Detroit we reluctantly part with our friendly porter who takes possession of our belongings, escorts us to our train a few feet across the way, and deposits us in the safe custody of our new conductor on the Cincinnati road, and leaves us with a bow. As we are about to start our Michigan Central conductor comes to our room to know how we are, expresses sorrow that we were not going on to Chicago as then we should not have to change. We thank him warmly for his kind attention, remarkable even where all were so wonderfully considerate, then with a courteous salute he bows himself out. Tucked away in our little beds we prepare to slumber, but oh! why do they heat up the trains to madness at this time of the night? Morpheus and I have always been excellent friends, nothing can disturb the sweet harmony of our intercourse, but to-night I stir, groan, and realize that I am in the South, and, dear me, it is hot. I dream I am out picking cotton, and that I want to see a blizzard or snow—or something icy—but I do not want to pick cotton. I tumble from my dreams with the rising sun and hail the coming day with joy, and gaze with eager eyes on the country outside, for we are now thundering along through Ohio. How spring-like it looks. "Green fields of growing grass," I cry with delight. "Autumn wheat" with scorn comes a voice at my side, but I take no notice. If it adds poetry to the scene what does it matter. It looks fair to eyes long used to snow, and we gaze with affection on the bright scene stretching away before us. The men are ploughing in the fields, and their cheery voices come gaily to us. The ground begins to rise, red bricked towns look down on us, factories and streams go past, town after town with their new bright paint on asphalt sidewalks, pretentious villas, sloping lawns lit up with the rising sun, have a clean, thriving, busy air that speaks well for the State and the men thereof. As we near Cincinnati, the towns or rather cities thicken and so do the porkers. I had always heard that the above-named city was another Ireland in the respect it paid to this despised animal, but now I see it verified. Here they are in numbers—look quite pleased with themselves, their bairns having delightful gambols with the train, gazing at it with wonder, then, rushing up the hills in fear they stand, another stare of amazement, then a series of evolutions, a few baby grunts, drowned by the more vigorous snorts of their enormous mammas, who look quite fierce as we lose them in a bend of the road. The train begins to slacken speed as we pass the handsome cemetery, with its park-like effect, miniature lakes, fine carriage drives, beautiful statues, great old trees backed by the hills; truly a sweet spot to take the last long sleep, away from the noisy din of the distant city, and shut in by the hills from the outside world. Cincinnati looms black and mighty as we steam into the station, and the noon sun has hard work to pierce through the dense clouds of smoke that hang over the housetops and factories. The city climbs up a hill and runs down again, railway bridges span it in all directions, far above its towers and spires. We drive slowly across town to the beautiful Queen and Crescent station, where a daily train runs to Florida, through one of the finest roads for scenic effect in the world. We get on the train and see what looks like a long row of cells, or the cabins of an ocean steamer; we are escorted to the first one and told that the state rooms have been all secured weeks ago but this will be as comfortable and—much cheaper. We look round and it seems good to be here, two sofas running across the car, racks and hooks delightfully inviting for all our female paraphernalia, three windows on a level with our heads, that we can open and shut with any assistance; "plenty of ventilation to-day," I chuckle with satisfaction. It is all strangely familiar, and then it dawns on me it is nothing else but a first-class English railway carriage. We ask the agent what they call this. A "Mann Car" he answers with

a smile. And "why not for women" I demand, slightly injured. "It is," he replies pityingly, "it is named after the inventor, 'Mann'"—and I am crushed. We are off, out and away enchanted with our treasure if it is a Mann and yet for women, we go slowly over the Ohio river and look down on the men paddling the boats far below. Up from the waters come the ringing notes of the old negro melody:

"Come lub come, the boat lies low
It lies high and dry on the Ohio
Come lub come, won't you come along with me
And I'll take you down to Tennessee."

and my thoughts fly back to other days when I little thought I should ever feast my eyes on the self same scene. We rush along now, jump the Kentucky river, and at full speed dash towards the sunny South.
D. G.

A CANADIAN DISCOVERY.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Week*, of Toronto, Can., enjoys what is known in newspaper parlance as a "scoop," that is, an exclusive item of important news. In its issue of May 20 it informs its reader that "Patrick Egan, the American envoy to Chili, has now got an indefinite leave of absence, and it is semi-officially announced that, without publicity being given to the matter, he will ultimately cease to draw pay—in other words, he has been recalled."

The enterprise of the Toronto journal will be appreciated when we state that its truly valuable piece of news has not yet reached the State department at Washington, where Mr. Egan is still supposed to be United States Minister to Chili; but there can be no doubt of its authenticity, for the *Week* is edited by Prof. Goldwin Smith, who knows as many things, even when they "ain't so," as our own omniscient Joseph Cook. Granting then, as we must, that Minister Egan has been recalled, it is interesting to learn from the same trustworthy authority, that his suspension is indirectly due to "an independent, high-class Canadian journal," to wit, the *Toronto Mail*.

A correspondent of the *Week* tells how he did the fateful deed all by his little self. He sent copies of an article in the *Toronto Mail* assailing Egan's Irish career, to the *New York Nation*, whose editor, being "a strong Home Rule Irishman," (alas, poor Godkin!) suppressed the same. Nothing daunted, the bold Canadian published an abbreviated statement of the case in the *Mail* and sent copies of it to a Santiago, Chili, journal; but as the latter "happened to be a Government organ," it was again suppressed, and the motion was shelved.

Finally, the Chilean envoy at Washington was assailed with a copy of the Toronto paper, and, mark the result:—

"Although he acknowledged its receipt, he ostensibly did nothing, two days afterwards he interviewed Mr. Blaine, and doubtless gave him a copy. By what has since transpired, they evidently arrived at a tacit understanding to this effect. Mr. Blaine: 'If these facts are published they will injure our next Presidential campaign. The independent voters who (according to the *New York Evening Post* turn the scale) will ask: Why did you appoint such a man to such a responsible post? Mr. Cleveland, the Democratic candidate, would not have done so.' We should consequently lose the next Presidential election. But, if you will suppress it and withdraw your public demand for his recall, we will let you off easily in other matters, and bye-and-bye quietly recall him. Thus you will get what you ask for, and we shall not lose voters."

There you have it, in the very words of Mr. Blaine himself as confided to the Chilean envoy and duly reported to the Toronto gentleman. As the latter solemnly observes: "Thus, indirectly, through the facts published in the *Mail*, Egan has been practically recalled, but in such a manner that the Americans have been kept in ignorance of the real truth."

"Thus indirectly" do we have to go from home to learn a piece of news about which not only the American people but even the persons most concerned, are blissfully ignorant. Will Mr. Blaine kindly lay down his dumb-bells and boxing-gloves long enough to confirm this important item of news from the wilds of Ontario?—*Boston Pilot*.

There are not many who finish their lives before they die. Very few go willingly; most are forced, and not a few are dragged to the grave. Instead of leaving the world, they are hunted out of it.—*Gotthold*.

The school has no right to teach how to read without doing more than it now does to direct the taste and confirm the habit of reading what is good rather than what is bad.—*Professor Stanley Hall*.

As modern civilization in its contemporary literature offers to those who read abundant opportunities for mental and moral degradation, the conclusion is inevitable that in teaching a child simply how to read, without attempting to develop in him a taste for good reading, the work of the school has been fatally incomplete.—*Principal G. E. Hardy, of New York*.

LOCAL.

On Wednesday, 15th, a cheap excursion will be run to Pickering on the occasion of the R. C. Picnic. We hope to see a good many taking advantage of the low rate of 50 cents for return tickets on all the ordinary trains.

St. Michael's Cathedral.

On Pontocost Sunday His Grace the Archbishop confirmed 48 boys, 30 girls and 2 adults. He was assisted by Very Rev. Vicar General McCann and Rev. Fathers Rohleder and Ryan.

Confirmation.

His Grace the Archbishop will administer the sacrament of confirmation at St. Basil's Church on Sunday 12th, inst. at 8 o'clock and at Our Lady of Lourdes at 10.45.

De La Salle Institute.

Testimonials for the Month of May

Form III. Excellent: J. Flynn, H. O'Connor, H. Chase, J. Kormann, J. Huntley, W. O'Brien, E. Kelly, W. Malone, M. Stafford, J. Wright J. Varley. Good: E. McDonald.

Form II. Excellent: W. Henry, E. O'Leary, S. O'Brien, W. Giroux, J. Ryan, J. Harnett, C. Hanrahan, F. Richard, J. Pape. Good: L. Murphy, M. Tumpane, J. Jordan, H. Trimble, A. Conlin.

Form I. Excellent: V. McGuire, J. Hennessy, W. O'Toole, J. Muldoon, J. Moriarty. Good: H. McGinn, T. Murray, W. Rouch, O. Quinn, J. McCarthy.

Separate School Board.

The Separate School board held its regular meeting on Tuesday. Very Rev. Father Rooney in the chair. The School Management Committee reported in favor of closing the De La Salle Institute for the holidays on June 28, the entrance examinations for promotion to the higher classes to take place on the 16th, 17th, and 18th of June. In view of the report of Inspector Donovan it was recommended that extra accommodation be provided at St. Patrick's School. New desks and an extra teacher at St. Helen's new School was also asked for and granted. The enlargement of St. Patrick's was referred back for more information. The inspector reported a registered attendance of 3,356, an average attendance of 2,861, and the greatest number present on any day in May, 3,139.

Catholic Y. L. Literary Association.

There was an unusually large attendance on Monday evening at the regular weekly meeting of the Catholic Young Ladies Literary Association. Mr. S. H. Clark having kindly consented to give a few readings from Tennyson. He chose for his subject "Woman in Tennyson," and read extracts from the following: "Idylls of the Kings," "The Princess," "Dora," "Rizpah," "May Queen," "The Lotus Eaters," "Godiva," and many others. These were given in a decidedly pleasing manner, his rendition of "Dora" being especially fine. The audience enjoyed the readings very much judging from the hearty manner in which they applauded every number. A few musical selections brought a very delightful evening to a close.

Next Monday evening Reverend Father Ryan of St. Michael's will deliver a lecture.

ST. ALPHONSUS CLUB BENEFIT.

A good audience was present at the Academy last Friday night to hear the performance of "Esmeralda" in aid of the St. Alphonsus Y. M. C. A.

The cast was of local amateurs and ran as follows:

Old Man Rogers (a North Carolina farmer)	Mr. J. J. McKittrick
Lyddy Ann (his wife)	Miss Annie Cummings
Esmeralda (their daughter)	Miss Eva Ward
Dave Hardy (a North Carolinian)	Mr. William Barron
Kate Desmond	Miss Mollie O'Donoghue
Nora Desmond	Miss Fannie Pringle
Jack Desmond	
Marquis de Montesson }	Mr. J. G. O'Donoghue
Estabrook (a gentleman of leisure)	Mr. W. C. McCarthy
George Dix (a speculator)	Mr. A. Cottam

"Esmeralda" is a Madison square theatre success of 10 years, and George Gaywan created the title role. It tells a pretty story of a North Carolina girl whose family is suddenly made rich by the discovery of an iron mine on their land and who is thus torn from the arms of a poor but noble lover. The girl and her family go to Paris and the lover scrapes a little money together and follows, and is starving there when the news comes that most of the iron is on his land, and he is far more wealthy than the girl. The news comes in time to save Esmeralda from a union with a mercenary marquis, which her mother is forcing on her, and the true lovers are joined never to part at last. There is also a pretty sub-plot.

The work done by the amateur actors was exceptionally good. Mr. J. J. McKittrick, as Old Man Rogers, did skilful and amusing charac-

ter work. Miss Annie Cummings gave a forceful and enjoyable impersonation of his irascible wife; Miss Eva Ward was a sweet and graceful Esmeralda and did some powerful work in the third act; Mr. William Barron handled the difficult role of the faithful lover very successfully; Miss Mollie O'Donoghue and Miss Fannie Pringle were charming as the Desmond sisters. Mr. J. G. O'Donoghue, who played two roles, was especially good as the Marquis; Messrs. Cottam and McCarthy did clever work in their respective roles.

The tuition of Prof. S. H. Clark was seen in the fact that all the performers enunciated their words loudly and clearly, and the stage management of Mr. Harry W. Rich was very good; everything went like clockwork, in fact.

The officers of the St. Alphonsus Y. M. C. A. are: President, A. Cottam; vice-president, Thomas W. Callaghan; John B. Murphy, cor. secretary; Stephen Dee, treasurer; Thomas W. Slattery, financial secretary; Daniel McLaughlin, librarian; John J. O'Brian, assistant librarian; James Mann, sergeant-at-arms.—*World*.

THORNHILL.

Rev. Father Egan holds his annual picnic in Hawthorn Springs Grove on Tuesday 14th inst.

The Separate School average for May (2861) is an increase of over 500 (more than 20 per cent) on the average at the commencement of the year.

THOROLD.

The handsome new church of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, Thorold, will be formally blessed by His Grace the Archbishop on Sunday 19th. inst. Rev. Father Sullivan has labored heroically for years on this grand building which even an ambitious might be content to regard as the crowning work of his life.

CIVILIZATION, SOCIAL ORDER, AND MORALITY
IN THE UNITED STATES.

FROM "BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE" FOR MAY.

EXACTLY a year ago an article appeared in this Magazine which in temperate language and on the proof of admitted facts showed that the corruptions of republican government had resulted in the United States in widespread despotism and anarchy. Evidently the Americans do not concede to the foreigner the candor they tolerate in their own organs of public opinion; for indignant national feeling chose to look upon that article as a calumnious impeachment.

America is well content to pose as an object-lesson to the universe. But there is a seamy side, a very seamy side, which America herself hides, and which republican orators outside of her ignore. In our former article we pointed out how the theoretical political freedom guaranteed by the Constitution has been practically nullified by political and electoral corruption; we now propose to show how social order and social morality have been contaminated by their political surroundings.

Americans boast that their President costs a great deal less than a hereditary sovereign. That is a false boast. They pay their President parsimoniously, and give him a furnished house during his term of office, the total cost of which to the nation is very small. But the indirect cost of his nomination and election, because of the enormous waste of time and money, the demoralizing habits engendered, the introduction of purely partisan politics into national relations with foreign countries—all this indirect cost is incalculable, but must be many times the cost of supporting the hereditary sovereign and the Royal Family of the United Kingdom. Further, presidential elections because of the unscrupulous individualism of the partisan politicians of all parties, are standing menaces to the internal peace of the nation.

No one who has not resided in the United States can realize how greatly the general abuse of the "inalienable right" of free speech and free press, by the practically irresponsible citizen, has deadened the finer susceptibilities of character and reduced the moral tone of the people. Generally speaking, the laws and institutions of the several States and of the Union, favor debtors and law-breakers, whose inalienable rights must not be encroached upon by those who can afford to have a debtor, or by those who have not the wit to guard their property, reputations, or persons from injury, destruction, or death.

Congress is lacking in that smooth vitality and accommodating-to-the-people elasticity, which are remarkable features of Parliament. When a change of Ministry takes place in the United Kingdom, only the heads of the great State departments resign and give way to new heads. All other officers and employes, of whatever rank, are unaffected. But in the United States when a new President comes into office there may be a complete change from top to bottom. Long service, special fitness, and other considerations, have little weight in favor of

those who can be ousted. These places are generally given to party politicians because of partisan services rendered.

It is estimated that two-thirds of the population of the United States never enter a church. Those two-thirds may be classified as irreligious or devoid of religion. The reader may estimate how many of the remaining third are really religious. The number of professed atheists is unknown, but it is said that atheistic missionaries are to be met with. The profession of agnosticism serves many as a pretext for their conduct. It is safe to hold that most of the professed Christians have very quaint ideas of the attributes of God, and are in fact idolaters. Each has his own ideal god—a flexible and comfortably fitting ideal god, who suits at all times and under all circumstances as his worshipper desires. Man's reason is self-asserting, and not to be put down in the United States, where reason reigns supreme, so it is claimed.

In the United States little or no care is taken to keep the bad from deteriorating the good. All are thrown together, and it may be for the good of the bad—so think many. The slums are receptacles of degraded outcasts, who cannot live in the country or elsewhere, and naturally drift together. There are men and woman and children whose misfortunes compel them to live as next-door neighbors to these outcasts, who are not yet depraved or necessarily even vicious. These unfortunates are tottering on the brink of the precipice, making last efforts to retain their hold upon good society. The word "society" does not properly mean only that of the *elite* of a place; but, as Webster defines it: "any community of individuals who are united together by any common bond of manners or of intercourse."

It may be that alien born inhabitants, including citizens, are oftener fined for drunkenness, and fighting with fists, but they are not such adepts as native-born in the use of revolvers, razors, and other lethal weapons. They are not greater experts in wrecking banks, making away with public moneys in treachery to those who trust them as friends or otherwise.

The boys and girls grow up like half broken colts and fillies. The girls are often so perverse as in "pure cussedness" to delight in skating upon all sorts of social ice. Many break through and socially drown, while others have to retire until their dirty linen is washed and dried. These many have another chance and may even do well; but, as a rule, they may be considered as the *demi-monde*. The stories of the unfortunate inmates of disorderly houses reflect unfavorably upon the unrestrained intercourse of the sexes, especially when girls are budding into womanhood and have not mature discretion and strength of will. The *demi-monde* finds very many recruits from the ranks of divorced wives. Owing to the unconventionality of society, a great number of black sheep of both sexes are found in the best society cliques. Social frauds are very numerous. Many little girls are outraged by human fiends; many older girls and woman are likewise victims. It may pretty safely be asserted that no other country shows such a record, even in proportion to the number of inhabitants. There are more murders in the United States in one week than in the whole United Kingdom during one year. The number of suicides is awful, and reveals the fact that the country is full of suffering humanity, hopeless and driven to despair.

Except among strict Roman Catholics, the marriage bonds sit very lightly upon the people. They are easily assumed, easily broken. School children marry before they begin to earn a living. Many marry just because they want to know what married life is, knowing that they can get a divorce whenever they want to be free. Others are not particular about any marriage ceremony as a preliminary to cohabitation, and others do not believe in it under any circumstances. The reader can picture how complicated a family relation must be when the children can be classified as "mine," "thine," and "ours."

We are too apt to think of the Americans as the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, and the high-minded and patriotic companions of Washington, but the politicians and wire-pullers of the Byzantine decadence called themselves Romans as well as the companions and colleagues of Lucius Junius Brutus.

MILLCREEK CHRONICLES.

II.

SAMMY WINTERS' MUSINGS.

SAMMY was the head boy in the Millcreek school, and as such might be expected to have an interest above the common in the new teacher. This was the case and Sammy sought to convince himself of it by being anxious about that personage's arrival. He had been down at the lake bathing most of the day, and had spoiled his fun by thinking over the arrival of the afternoon train. He didn't care to speak his mind to the other boys, knowing they would reprove him for an unseemly interest in the school, which he had to admit would open sooner than he could wish. But Sammy had a chum, Jack Downey, whom he could not honorably leave, even though since Jack was two classes farther down Sammy was obliged to reserve so serious a matter from even him. As the afternoon wore on Sammy's condition became intolerable. He was not a bit nearer a solution than when he began. After all the opportunity came through an accident, and of course Sammy may not be blamed for his agitation since his elders so often

ponder their affairs in the same state of mind, which affairs are usually disposed by the turning of a second.

It had begun to grow cold on the bench and the boys determined to go "up-town," and Sammy in his silence went along. When they came to the station road, whether from abstraction, or a half-rejected design, there is no saying, Sammy turned into it from the bank. Before he had gone ten steps he found himself alone. He could not see the others for a barn that stood on the corner, but knew, of course, the rest had gone straight on. He thought that at least Jack Downey should have come his way, and as Jack had not done so Sammy felt absolved. Then he broke into a run lest Jack should think of it. When he came to the sidewalk two hundred yards away he stopped running, feeling that the gravity of his mission demanded a soberer pace.

So he walked with his head in the air until he came to Larry Korry's Corner, which was a stopping place in Millcreek. If you were very young you stopped to talk with the youngsters sliding down Mrs. Downey's step. Sammy was eleven past. If you were older and well acquainted you went across the road to Larry's corner so that the wits might have a laugh at your expense. Sammy went across. Nobody noticed him, of course, the aforesaid wits having their attentions engaged by a stranger who had been in town for a full week, and who just then passed.

If you had business to attend you were at liberty to pursue it after having stopped at the corner. Those who were idle just stayed there to talk and vary the talk with admiration of Larry, who was thought wise because he had a long face and scarcely ever spoke except to assent to a clever saying. If Larry ever dropped his work to join a conversation, the last preceding speaker was considered honorably noticed. When the topics of the town gave out, the gossipers went over, one at a time, to the cooper shop on another corner. Larry's was number one, the cooper shop number two. Some of the best informed made calls up to number six.

Sammy, after much trepidation, asked Larry if he thought the new teacher would be coming soon. His question was received in dead silence. The others wondered whether Larry would consent to be thus personally addressed. However, Larry was kind, and since he knew nothing about the teacher's coming, of which Sammy, who was a trustee's son, knew everything, the old man simply "supposed he would be glad the old teacher was going." Sammy wasn't, but because he had been so generously relieved of his embarrassment, said he was, and as the sojourners began to talk of where the teacher would board, bolted. The teacher was pretty well discussed before Sammy reached the station, a mile off.

He got there at least an hour too soon, and if he had not sat quietly on the platform step would have been ordered away. He remained quiet a good while and at least a half-dozen people passed and said nothing to him. He began to think he was wasn't appreciated, and after reasoning for a few minutes came to the conclusion that if he didn't move he would not be disturbed, but that if he did he would most likely be ordered away from the station. So he determined to stay where he was. In half a minute he was passing the platform.

While he was wondering at his own audacity the white-haired station-master, who had passed him twice before, came along.

"Hello, sir, what are you doing here?"

"Well, you see sir, I thought I'd wait and see the next train go through, but I guess I'll go home now. It's a long time to wait."

That saved Sammy. The old gentleman advised him to go, but did it with so little asperity that he changed his mind and stayed.

The next time he met the station-master Sammy grasped the horns of the dilemma and broached the subject of the teacher. "Did he think he would come by this train?" The gentleman had not thought of the question and consequently answered in the negative. Sammy thereupon convinced him, and was not ordered away. He would like to know, though, if Sammy wouldn't see enough of his teacher after he had arrived. He was assured that it was not solicitude for the teacher, but a desire to be the first to see him that accounted for the young man's presence. He didn't say that he had been the first to see the old teacher when she came two years ago, and had told the story of how he picked her out by the green feather in her hat, to every person who gave him a chance.

The station master gave the particulars to every visitor who came before the train went, except two. One was a woman who talked so much over the purchase of her ticket just when the train was about to start, that he had no opportunity, and the other was the teacher's prospective landlord, to whom he broached the subject but beat a graceful retreat.

Sammy soon felt quite at home, and was respected by those to whom he gave particulars he had not mentioned to the station-master. He was also told about other things, which he shrewdly suspected were invented by that person in his recitals. When the train at last came in Sammy selected the farmerist looking man who wore a silk hat. He was right as usual.

When the omnibus drove away he was on the back step of it. When he got home he put on some confidential importance and went out to tell the neighbours. I heard all about it at breakfast next morning. Sammy and I got on very well.

CYNIL.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

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

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

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

The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto

The Late Archbishop Lynch.

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

The Late Rev. Father Dore of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1892.

C. O. F.

You will find elsewhere an account of the reception accorded the delegates of the Catholic Order of Foresters at Montreal. We shall have an extended notice of the history of the Order (established in 1863) in next week's issue.

THEY FIND HIM TRYING TO THE NERVES.

"HEAR CAHENSLEY has reappeared, with another explanation of his plans and intentions. If he loves his Church as he claims to, he will serve it best by keeping quiet about matters concerning this country. Irish, German and American are tired of him. Verily, he tries even our calm temper. Scat! Get out!"—*Catholic Journal, Rochester.*

Somebody has said that a man with a mission is a nuisance. The proposition goes with the addition, "especially when the mission don't belong to him." That was Cahensley's case. And another sage has said "Blessed is the man that knows enough to mind his own business."

AMERICANISM.

Blackwood's for May continues the process commenced months ago of rubbing Americanism into Americans. The wisdom that comes from seeing oneself as others see one, seemed, last time they tried it, to have been quite inaccessible to the objects of *Blackwood's* somewhat severe criticism, for they rose in anger, and in bad-mannered language, and talked back awfully. But the enemy comes gaily back to the charge that rampant Americans (we wish we could find a more convenient term for United States) have excited contempt when abroad and deserve very hard words when they take their exercise at home.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

New York Christian Union, May 21.—In this country no man has done more to imbue the Catholic Church with the American and humane spirit than Archbishop Ireland. He is a devoted Catholic. His loyalty to the Church and to the Holy See no one has ever questioned. He is not a "come-outer." But he is also loyal to America and to free institutions. He believes in education by the Church, but he believes that education by the State is better than ignorance. He is the friend of the poor and the needy, the friend of humanity, and therefore the friend of God. He is the enemy of oppression, of intemperance, of ignorance, of whatever debases and degrades mankind. And he is both a wiser and a better servant of his Church because he is a loyal American and a lover of mankind. Both he and his Church are to be congratulated on the well-earned approbation accorded him by his superior.

From a Protestant standpoint this is as much as a Catholic

bishop could hope for. But the *Union* puts cause for effect when it says the Archbishop "is both a wiser and a better servant of his Church because he is a loyal American and a lover of mankind." Both propositions are true, but the connection is faulty. It is because he is a faithful servant of Christ that he is loyal and loving. Both true loyalty and charity rest on Christian principles.

ONE FAITH, ONE LORD.

WE add ONE BISHOP. The Holy See has so clearly declared its determination to eliminate racial differences from the election of Bishops, that ulterior objection would be little less than formal schism. The illustrious Archbishop of Westminster in his inaugural address (produced elsewhere), alludes to the diversity of nationalities owning his sway. He has "French, Germans, Poles, Belgians and Dutch, Spanish and Portuguese, Greeks and Armenians, men from the North and from the South, men from the East and from the West" but all men welded by faith into the one Holy, Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church, and so it should be, and so it shall be in the Catholic Church in America. The transition has been in America more abrupt, the assertion of the principle more keenly felt, but the result will be the same.

OBSCENE PAPERS.

The Police Magistrate of Toronto shows himself worthy his position when he overrides all technical objections and declares that he will carry out the spirit of the law prohibiting exposure of indecent pictures, no matter what may be the defects of the letter of the law. Right, Colonel. Everytime you have a *prima facie* case fine them, and if they want to take refuge behind such technicalities let them appeal to higher courts. Their doing so will result in one of two good things: their being punished or the law being so amended as to include the dirty fellows.

Appropos of this no Catholic, and for that part no decent man, should twice be seen in an office or shop in which such publications as were in court the other day are left about for the entertainment of customers. Let them understand that "dirt don't pay" and they will soon stop it.

PARKMAN'S NEW BOOK.

THE immediate publication is announced of another book by Parkman, "A Half Century of Conflict." In the preface to the first volume of the series "Pioneers of France in the New World," the author has thus referred to his theme:

The expansion of New France was the achievement of a gigantic ambition strong to grasp a continent. It was a vain attempt. Long and valiantly her chiefs upheld their cause, leading to battle a vassal population, warlike as themselves. Borne down by numbers from without, wasted by corruption from within, New France fell at last; and out of her fall grew revolutions whose influence to this hour is felt through every nation of the civilized world. The French dominion is a memory of the past; and when we evoke its departed shades, they rise upon us from their graves in strange, romantic guise. Again their ghostly camp-fires seem to burn, and the fitful light is cast around on lord and vassal and black-robed priest, mingled with wild forms of savage warriors knit in close fellowship on the same stern errand. A boundless vision grows upon us; an untamed continent, vast wastes of forest verdure; mountains silent in primeval sleep; river, lake and glimmering pool; wilderness oceans mingling with the sky—such was the domain which France conquered for civilization.

We shall await anxiously the publication. It goes without saying that it will be good reading. He always wrote well. But we are curious to know whether he has got over the passion for denaturalizing French religious life, which appears to govern in his work on the Jesuits. He is always and everywhere the novelist who would never have glorified a Jesuit but that novels must have heroes.

MR. DEVLIN'S HOME RULE MOTION.

Mr. DEVLIN'S motion was calmly talked to death at 6 p. m. last Monday. The motion was never for an instant considered on its merits; the question of expediency occupied the whole field. The Canadian people, the Canadian Commons can have but one opinion on the question of Home Rule, that Home Rule which we here enjoy and which, if it has not proved a panacea, at least affords a foundation for further progress.

As for the opportuneness of the motion we have little to say. Wiser men have made worse mistakes. The open profession of one's opinions in face of overpowering odds is heroic, and, on the other hand, forlorn hopes are inexcusable blunders when nothing is to be gained. What most concerns the Irish in Canada is that the motion was not considered on its merits. Pretty sword-play and a call of time.

SENSATIONAL MR. MCCARTHY.

The debate on the Redistribution Bill was continued until 12.45 by Messrs. Masson, Paterson (Brant), Bennett, Weldon, McCarthy and Davin, and its adjournment was moved by Mr. Flint.

The only feature of the latter part of the debate was a short explanation by Mr. McCarthy, in which he refuted the charge of the Minister of Railways and Canals that he had acted treacherously in introducing the amendment without consulting his leaders. Mr. McCarthy said this was incorrect. So soon as the bill was introduced he had gone to his leaders and laid his views before them. It was quite true he had not consulted Mr. Haggart, as he had not fallen so low as to acknowledge him as his leader.

This caused quite a sensation, and the little buzz of excitement had not entirely subsided when the House adjourned.—(*Press despatch of 7th June*).

"A little buzz!" Whatever he may have intended, whatever he may in former days have been capable of, all he has effected has been a little buzz about French schools, and a little buzz about dual language, and now a little buzz about his faded prospects, and that's all.

WHAT WE MAKE THEM THINK OF US.

From the Washington, D. C., Church News.

THE *Irish Canadian* of Toronto, Canada, says "a union with the United States is rapidly becoming a question of life or death to the people of Canada." The *Canadian* compares the rate of growth of the United States and Canada, and points out the fact that while the former has increased during the ten years from 1880 to 1890 twenty-five per cent., Canada did not even hold her natural increase. The cause of the population of Canada remaining nearly stationary is the continual drain caused by immigration to this country. Our contemporary says: "Pitiful as was the spectacle of the outpour from Ireland during the famine years, still more unprecedented and deplorable is the exodus of a home-loving people from a vast country of enormous possibilities like the Dominion of Canada." The only remedy suggested is union with the United States, under whose flag men are more prosperous and happy than beneath the flag of England. Here the tillers of the soil are guaranteed better prices and artisans better wages. If the situation is correctly stated by the *Canadian*, the problem of annexation will in a short time settle itself to our entire satisfaction.—*Washington, D. C., Church News.*

If it is correctly stated or if it be correctly stated raises a question of very large dimensions.

QUEBEC'S TROUBLES.

We are pretty well acquainted with current opinion in Ontario as to the cause of Quebec's difficulties. Here is quite another story:

One of the difficulties in the Province of Quebec, at the present moment, is the impossibility of arranging in a satisfactory manner its financial troubles. When the Province was created, twenty-five years ago, we were, naturally, free from debt; the demands of the public service were insignificant, and we received from the Federal Parliament a revenue fixed at 80 cents a head. That was

amply sufficient at that time. We began to accumulate a reserve capital like the Province of Ontario. With the construction of railways, however, and the always increasing demands of a growing population, the sum paid us by the General Government has not been increased and has become inadequate, while with the extravagant expenditures which everyone knows about, and a debt of thirty millions, our Minister of Finance is at his wit's end. All this is due to an evident and undisputed vice of the Constitution. We were duped in adopting the Confederation. While we have expended hundreds of millions on railways a thousand leagues from our Province in order to transport thither at a great expense immigrants from all parts of the world—immigrants not well disposed towards us, and through whom we are outvoted in the Dominion Parliament—we have starved the Government and the population of the Province of Quebec. While we have enriched the Provinces of the West by hundreds of millions expended on public works of all sorts, we are indebt at home to the tune of thirty millions, and for our share of the debt of the Dominion Government to more than one hundred millions. . . . If the spirit of party has not blinded our representatives so that they can see nothing, and so that they have become political moles, if they do not betray the most sacred interests of the country voluntarily and knowingly, they will unite as one man to defend the millions which every day are torn from the Province of Quebec to be thrown with free hands into the gulf of the Northwest.—*La Patrie, Montreal.*

A METHODIST CATHEDRAL.

BISHOP HENRY C. POTTER, who has potted with his religion so long and so assiduously that it is now mostly pottery, writes in *The Forum* on "The Significance of the American Cathedral." He declares himself disgusted with the modern mode of making the church a "diet-kitchen" or anything else which is purely utilitarian. As he had a moment before been pleading for the promotion of "upward-reaching thought," "out of which came penitence and prayer and faith"—"and all the rest," he gives us safely to infer that the "diet-kitchen" (however useful otherwise) does not conduce to heavenly ideas.

He asks in his first paragraph:

Am I really exaggerating what I may call the public or social manifestation of religion, its organized expression, as it widely prevails among us, when I say that the Church, in the popular conception, consists mainly of a huge auditorium with a platform and a more or less dramatic performer, and a congregational parlor and a parish kitchen?

No, you you are not exaggerating, but you cannot hope for an honest answer. It is really asking too much. You cannot bring "the Church" to pronounce so speedy judgment on itself. It will certainly object, refuse, deny. Bishop Potter would rehabilitate "the church" by the building of a vast cathedral, which Methodist America wants as a witness of (we enumerate) its faith, position, dignity, honesty, integrity, and so on. "She wants the visible institution which at once testify and bear witness for those things, and that in their most majestic and convincing propositions." And he proposes that some such monument be built.

When some such monument is built the lines of the Tower of Babel will be used as far as they will go.

IS HOME RULE ROME RULE?

THE political journals that are declaiming against Home Rule in Ireland have all taken up the unjust and bigoted shibboleth, viz., that "Home Rule means Rome Rule." Long ago the same cry was raised: but its injustice was made so eminently manifest, by the fact of Sir Isaac Butt and Charles S. Parnell being Protestants, that it has not been seriously considered or much heard these late years. Lord Salisbury, however, has given a new impetus to the cry by his ingenious and untruthful address to the ladies of the Primrose League. As the time for the general elections is fast approaching, the religious fanaticism of English Dissenters is appealed to for the protection of Ulster against the machinations of Rome and Archbishop Walsh. The journals in Canada which have no political friends or supporters, but, like the *Mail*, cater for the cravings of unscrupulous bigots, and make a precarious living by constant inciting to a war of creeds and races, these journals have welcomed Lord Salisbury's dishonest speech to their columns, and no doubt shall keep on

ringing the changes: that Home Rule means Popish ascendancy: as long as it may be supposed the cry will be useful in determining votes or sympathies for the perpetuation of Coercion laws at the next general election.

The *Mail* has already devoted several columns to endorsing the attack made by Lord Salisbury on Catholic toleration, and his dishonest prophecy of the evils Ulster would suffer at the hands of a Catholic majority. The noble lord must be perfectly satisfied in his heart and conscience that in no part of the British Empire at least, has a Catholic majority ever attempted to coerce or ill-treat a minority of Protestants, nor is it by any means likely that the Irish Catholics, who are proverbial for toleration, in always choosing for membership or for leadership men of merit, without regard to religion, will now undergo a change both of nature and character, when called upon to legislate for the healing of the wounds and building up the strength and the life of their long-suffering country. It must be as patent to England's premier as it is to Mr. Gladstone, and to others, that no Protestant in Ulster shall ever suffer the width of a hair's breadth, in pocket or in conscience, from Catholic legislation in Dublin; and therefore we claim that the utterances at the Primrose League were both misleading and dishonest, and without excuse even on the score of political exigency.

On last Friday's issue of the *Mail* it is claimed that "Ulster is divided into two parts" reminding us of Caesar's commentaries, which begin with *Divisa est Gallia in tres partes*. "The larger portion," it goes on to say, "is what is originally known as 'the Plantation,' which colony was founded by James I. and the inhabitants of which are mainly of Scotch and English extraction. This comprises the counties of Antrim, Armagh, Down, Fermanagh, Londonderry and Tyrone. Containing together a population of 1,234,000, or 26 per cent. of the population of Ireland." The *Mail* does not tell us that there is about an equal number of Catholics and Protestants in these six counties, which would leave the percentage not 26 per cent., but rather about 15 per cent. of the population of Ireland. And the *Mail*, following England's Premier, will tell us that Ireland's life and liberties, and prospects as a nation, must be sacrificed for the sake of the opposition, whether just or unjust, of this little handful of people, who are not Irish, but "of Scotch and English descent." Why should those people, for the plantation of whose fathers all the rightful owners of the country were dispossessed and banished, why should this handful of usurpers and foreigners keep the rest of Ireland under subjection? Or why should their protests or opposition be listened to, against the expressed wishes of the millions whose fathers were for centuries oppressed by foreign legislation, and who are now on the eve of national emancipation?

The *Mail* says: "the Protestants of Ireland now comprise 24 per cent. of the population, and it has been variously calculated that they own between 33 and 50 per cent. of the wealth of the country." Does the *Mail* seriously wish, or intimate, that the continuance of such a state of things is desirable? That one-fifth of the inhabitants should own one-half of the wealth of the country, and that four-fifths of the population should live on the other half. However, considering the treatment meted out to Catholics in the past history of Ireland, Catholics ought to be thankful to own anything or to be alive at all. Anthony Froude, when lecturing in New York, said "the great mistake made by English statesmen was that they had not exterminated the entire Celtic race."

Nothing can equal in merit the offering of our sorrows to Him who saved us by His own. *St. Francis de Sales*.

Though you should have given all you possessed to the poor, still your offering would be as nothing in the sight of God compared with that of him who had converted but one single soul.—*St. John Chrysostom*.

CARDINAL MANNING'S SUCCESSOR.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF ARCHBISHOP VAUGHAN

(Concluded)

You have been good enough in your address to allude to the works that have been accomplished in the diocese of Salford. The explanation of their success is to be found, under God, in the union and hearty co-operation, between the clergy and all classes of the laity, in everything we undertook. All worked generously together with one mind and heart. Your loyal words and profession of dutiful affection give me every reason to believe that I shall find in London as genuine and vigorous a co-operation as that which existed in Salford. If co-operation be needed in every diocese, how much greater the need in such a diocese as this! I refer to the great educational, social, and religious problems that urgently demand attention and clamour for solution. First, there is the whole question of Church, the whole future of Catholicism in England, and for the British Empire the choice between Christianity and the reign of rationalism. Christian education is at this moment on an inclined plane. The influences of a powerful minority seek to banish the teaching of definite, doctrinal Christianity from the national system of education. The majority seem to lack the courage of their convictions, or their mind is in a haze as to the real issue at stake. Were it otherwise they would never permit the Legislature to place the public purse at the disposal of the School Boards, while a starvation allowance is dealt out to the Christian schools. We are told that the Board schools also are Christian, because they read the Bible. But pagans might study the literature of the Bible and know its history and its beauties by heart, just as we study *Livy*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, and *Homer*, without thereby becoming pagans. Unless the scholars in the Board schools be taught to believe with divine faith and to practise the doctrines of the Bible—for instance, the absolute need of grace and of using the means to acquire it, the necessity of baptism, without which a man cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven; the obligation to hear the Church if he will not be as a heathen and a publican; that he who does not believe shall be condemned; that if we refuse to do penance we shall all likewise perish,—unless the scholars be taught to believe and live up to these and other doctrines revealed in the Bible, whatever else they may learn, they are not taught the Christianity of the Bible. The issues at stake being, therefore, such as we see, no Catholic can be permitted to be indifferent or to remain inactive in the educational struggle before us; whether you are rich or poor, whether you have children of your own or not, you are all bound by patriotism and religion to press into a service on which the existence of Christian England depends. I am not speaking simply of public elementary education. I lay down a general principle, a Catholic education for every Catholic, be his place in the social order what it may. And each one of you is the guardian before God of this principle. You cannot in the England of to-day pass through life and decline your responsibility. You may shirk it for the moment, but God will find you at last, to your terror. The highest interests of the Commonwealth are involved in your conduct. For, depend upon it, the truest and staunchest Catholics are the strongest ramparts against the forces of evil that beset society; they are always among the most loyal defenders of the throne, which represents the majesty and authority of God and the reign of law and order over society. But to perpetuate a race of genuine Catholics you must have genuine Catholic education. Next we have what is called the social question.

Out of it, one the one side, has sprung Socialism, with all its hideous portents of folly and injustice. Many good but partially informed philanthropists have been deceived and entangled in its meshes. We must be tender and careful with such men, while we endeavour to cut the meshes and release them. But the social question is none the less a vital question, one of the greatest national questions of the day, affecting as it does the whole *status*, spirit, and health of modern society. No power on earth is better able to deal with it than the Catholic Church. Happily we are not in doubt as to the course to be pursued. Leo XIII has luminously traced out the great broad lines of the treatment to be used in its solution. He has set forth the main principles and precepts, and has placed them within our hands as healing and strength-giving remedies. The evils to be dealt with under the social question are to be found everywhere, but perhaps nowhere within the British Empire in a more acute and dangerous form than in London—this huge conglomerate of cities and towns with a population going on for six millions. How many of the millions in this great metropolis are friendless and godless in the world? Their conditions of life, both as to habitation, food, sentiment, and environment, are a living reproach to our opulent civilisation, and create a menace to the social fabric. Much has been written to elucidate the problem, many experiments have been made, confident theories have been put forward. I gladly recognize the new and vigorous philanthropy which is at work in all manner of ways. But, for myself, I think we have not yet reached the bottom; our feet are not yet on the bed-rock of the solution. The Catholic Church in London is, indeed, but a small fraction of the population. Still we must contribute our quota of zeal and exertion towards the solution of this as of all other great national questions. We are pledged to Our Lord Jesus Christ, the healer of the nations, to apply

as far as we can here in London all the remedies which He has left as an inheritance to His Church for the welfare and salvation of the world. The Catholics of London need no urging in this direction from me. A fortnight ago the Duke of Norfolk and a committee of gentlemen called together a meeting to decide upon a memorial to the late Cardinal. They at once determined that it should be something to form an element in the solution of the Social question. On that platform and in that room were united together men of all shades of political and private opinion. All differences were sunk in the presence of a desire to contribute something towards the national and Christian work of social regeneration in London. The initiative taken by you, my Lord Duke, and by your committee, representing the Catholic clergy and laity, and other friends and admirers of the late Cardinal, has already pledged us to make the poor and their welfare one of the chief planks in our platform. What is this but to declare that we are, above all things human and Christian? Lastly, we must bear ever in mind the direct mission of the Catholic Church to this country. We are the representatives of the old religion; we are all of us "Ambassadors for Christ." We are under two millions in a population of thirty millions who are estranged from our Faith, ignorant of our tenets, still blinded by deep-seated prejudices. Our duty is to spread light and knowledge by every means in our power, and to accompany our efforts with constant prayer and works of charity. England, thank God, is still a religious country, England is still Christian. A deep religious spirit still breathes through the souls of millions belonging to the Anglican Establishment and to the Dissenting bodies. We must honour their increasing activities and their lavish expenditure. A widespread movement, a religious revolution, dating from within the memory of the living in process; it is lifting and carrying an integral part of the population towards Catholicism. No man can hinder this. Where the spirit of God is, there is liberty. If men choose to return to the old Faith and practices, which covered England with joy of spirit and contentment for a thousand years, who shall say that in England they are not free to return as they were to depart? And who shall forbid the Church to unite in fervent prayer in their behalf and to do all in her power to light up their way and to make straight and easy their path? On the other hand, it is to be found that a much larger proportion of the English population is at present living a stranger to all religious ordinances. Millions and millions are sunk in as pitiable a plight as that of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers when the missionaries of Gregory the Great landed on the coasts of Kent. Multitudes have lost almost the sense of humanity, and are leading material lives sunk in spiritual darkness, as though there were for them no Christ any longer in the world. Yet these are of our own flesh and blood, of our own race and nation. They are as capable of being raised to noble and Christian ideals of life as ourselves; nothing is needed but to surround them systematically and continuously with the same chances and opportunities which have nurtured and led us to what we have become. Legislation, political economy, philanthropy, have each of them their place in the scheme of social regeneration. But bear this well in mind—that redemption and salvation, for this world and the next, is through Jesus Christ, the God-Man; and that He has sent His Bride, the Catholic Church, into the world to be the ordinary means of drawing all men to Himself.

Here then is the programme, the beneficent mission, not of my Episcopate, for I may be dead within a year, but of the Catholic Church in England. She counts upon no arm of flesh, but upon the Power and goodness of God alone. One condition, however, is demanded of ourselves. That in the service of God and our neighbour we be all closely united in faith and in active charity. For myself, I hope never to forget that I am the Archbishop of many nationalities gathered together in London—French, Italian, German, Polish, Belgian and Dutch, Spanish and Portuguese, Greek and Armenian, men from the North and the South, from the East and from the West. I shall honour and respect the nationalities of all. More than this; I rejoice in the thought and take courage, when I consider that, through the Providence of God, the two main constituent elements of my flock are composed of the Celtic and the Anglo-Saxon or Norman races. I rejoice and take courage for this reason, because I feel that, as the British Army attains its highest pitch of excellence for indomitable valour, intrepidity, and staying power, from the happy blending in a common service of two races whose virtues are supplementary of each other, so will the Church of God in England rise to her Divine mission by a similar blending of the Christian virtues of these same races. What- ever, then, be the racial or political differences and aspirations, I shall know how to respect just freedom and constitutional liberties; but I shall look to you all, to stand shoulder to shoulder whenever it is a question of prosecuting works of faith and charity in behalf of God or man. When blessed Peter addressed men of all nations under heaven assembled in Jerusalem, he spoke to them in one common language, which was understood by all. I also desire to speak in one common language which shall be understood by all tongues and nationalities assembled in this metropolis—the language of charity, which is the language of God Himself. If you will hearken to this language, when addressed to yourselves, our own internal organisation, the education and the social questions, and the conversion of souls will be promoted beyond your most sanguine expectations. By the union of forces we

shall accomplish much, which neither Archbishop, clergy, nor laity, taken separately and alone, could ever hope to achieve. In conclusion his Grace called upon the priests and upon the religious of both sexes to beseech of God to pour forth an abundance of the grace of faith and charity upon the whole of England; upon the multitude of our teachers of both sexes, engaged in the education of youth, to remember that their work is a true apostolate, if they will only pray to have the mind and heart of an apostle, and if they will follow our lead, and upon the laity of every class and degree to be all "of one mind and one heart in the Lord," and to hold fast to one another and to the Church with the indissoluble glue of charity, commending them to Blessed Peter, the ancient patron of the sovereigns of England and of the whole English race, that he may be with them in the work which he expects at their hands, to St. Joseph, and to the Most Glorious Virgin Mary, that she may look down with pity on her dowry, and once more unite us all in the faith and love of her Son, Jesus, the Saviour of the world.

CATHOLIC FORESTERS.

ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION AT MONTREAL OF DELEGATES TO THE HIGH COURT

—ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY THE MAYOR.

MONTREAL, June 6.—The city is thronged to-night with members of the Catholic Order of Foresters, who are here to attend the session of the High Court, which opens to-morrow. Over three hundred delegates arrived from the West this evening and were given an enthusiastic welcome by the local courts. When the train bearing the delegates arrived at the Grand Trunk station Mayor McShane, in behalf of the city, welcomed them and read the following address:—

Gentlemen, In the name of the people I welcome you heartily to Montreal, and I must thank you sincerely for having selected our good city wherein to hold your 9th annual session. Your order, gentlemen, has only been in existence for a short time, and has already acquired a wonderful development. The seed which you have sown not long since in the great and admirable American republic has sprung up into a tree of classical proportions, and it is beneath its branches, which spread far into our beloved Canada, that you now come to labor towards the consolidation of so grand and noble an undertaking, so full of good results for all who take part in it, and especially for the labouring classes of our community. There are 22,000 Catholic Foresters in your order, all of whom are true and noble citizens. Such a membership is certainly praiseworthy, and I hope it will continue to increase as I have no doubt it will, because it is in the interest of the public weal that generous men should unite in vast numbers, as you are doing, for the advancement of truth. I sincerely trust that you will enjoy yourselves while in our midst, and that you will retain of your sojourn in our city a pleasant and lasting remembrance. Again on behalf of the citizens of Montreal I give you a warm greeting."

After the address of welcome a procession was formed and the local Foresters escorted their visiting brethren to the City Hall. The procession, which numbered over two thousand, marched through the leading streets and was witnessed by a large turnout of spectators. Acting-Mayor Nolan received the delegation in the City Council chamber and presented an address welcoming them to the most Catholic city in the continent of America.

High Chief Ranger Cahill, of Chicago, who responded, thanked the Foresters and the citizens for their splendid reception. He referred to the rapid growth of the order, and expressed the conviction that before long it would be extended, not only over the United States and Canada, but Europe.

The High Court will not commence its business session until to-morrow evening. The High Court officers in attendance are:—Mr. E. J. Cahill, of Chicago, High Chief Ranger; John T. Kelly, Milwaukee, Vice High Chief Ranger; J. J. Dollan, Chicago, High Secretary; Henry Detmer, St. Louis, High Treasurer; Dr. Brand, Chicago, High Physician; John C. Schubert, Thomas J. Cannon, and John Bedmore, members of the Board of Directors.

—Then for duty I trusted again;

For who should stand if God were to frown on the twice-told failures of men?
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

In our eyes the man who suffers serves God, and consequently serves society like him who prays; he performs a ministry of expiation, a sacrifice, whose merit rebounds on us; and we trust less for our safety to the lightning conductor above our housetops than to the prayer of the poor woman and her little children who are sleeping on a truss of straw in the garret under our roof.—Frederic Osnam.

"It is a sad weakness in us," says George Eliot, "after all, that the thought of a man's death hallows him anew to us; as if life were not sacred too—as if it were comparatively a light thing to fail in love and reverence to the brother who has to climb the whole toilsome steep with us, and all our tears and tenderness were due to the one who is spared that hard journey."

CONNOR.

"These words may be read any day upon a white slab in a cemetery not many miles from New York, but they might be read a hundred times without guessing at the little tragedy they indicate, without knowing the humble romance which ended with the placing of that stone above the dust of a poor, humble man.

In his shabby frieze jacket and rough brogans, he was scarcely an attractive object as he walked into Mr. Bawne's great tin and hardware shop one day, and presented himself at the counter with an—

"I've been tould ye advertisted for han's, yer honor."

"Fully supplied," said Mr. Bawne, not lifting his head from his account book.

"I'd work faithfully, sir, and take low wages, till I could do better, and I'd larn—I would that."

It was an Irish brogue, and Mr. Bawne always declared that he never would employ an incompetent hand.

Yet the tone attracted him. He turned briskly, and, with his pen behind his ear, addressed the man, who was only one of fifty who had answered his advertisement for four workmen that morning:

"What makes you expect to learn faster than other folks, are you any smarter?"

"I'll not say that," said the man; "but I'd be wisum' to; an' that would make it asier."

"Are you used to the work?"

"I've done a bit of it."

"Much?"

"No, sir, I'll tell no lie. Tim O'Toole hadn't the like of this place; but I know a bit about tins."

"You are too odd for an apprentice, and you'd be in the way, I calculate," said Mr. Bawne, looking at the brawny arms and bright eyes that promised strength and intelligence. "Besides, I know your countrymen—lazy, good-for-nothing fellows who never do their best. No, I've been taken in by Irish hands before, and I wont have another."

"Thim its God Himself 'll have to be bringin' thim over to me in His two arms," said the man despairingly, "for I've tramped all the day for the last fortnight, an' sorra a job can I get, and that's the last penny I have, sir, an' it's but a half wan."

"As he spoke he spread his palm open, with an English half-penny in it.

"Bring whom over?" asked Mr. Bawne, arrested by the odd speech, as he turned upon his heel and turned back again.

"Jist Nora and Jamsey."

"Who are they?"

"The wan's me wife, the other me child," said the man. "O sir, just try me! How'll I bring 'im over to me, if no wan will give me a job? I want to be armin', an, the whole big city seems agin it, an' me wid arms like thim."

He bared his arms to the shoulder as he spoke, and Mr. Bawne looked at them, and then at his face.

"I'll hire you for a week," he said; "and now, as it's noon, go down to the kitchen and tell the girl to give you some dinner—a hungry man can't work."

With a blessing the new hand obeyed, while Mr. Bawne, untying his apron, went upstairs to his own meal. Suspicious as he was of the new hand's integrity and ability, he was agreeably disappointed. Connor worked hard, and actually learned fast. At the end of the week he was engaged permanently, and soon was the best workman in the shop.

He was a great talker, but he did not drink nor waste his money. As his wages grew, he hoarded every penny, and wore the same shabby clothes in which he had made his first appearance.

"Beer costs money," he said one day, "and ivery cent I spind puts off the bringin' Nora an' Jamsey over, an' as for clothes, thim I have mast do me. Betther no coat to me back than no wife an' boy annyhow; and its slow work savin'."

It was slow work, but he kept at it all the same. Other men, thoughtless and full of fun, tried to make him drink; made a jest of his saving habits, coaxed him to accompany them to places of amusement, or to share their Sunday frolics.

All in vain. Connor liked beer, liked fun, liked company; but he would not delay that long looked for bringing of Nora over, and was not "manno enough" to accept favors of others. He kept his way, a martyr to his one great wish, living on little, working at night on any extra job by which he could earn a few shillings, running errands in his noon-tide hours of rest, and talking to any one who would listen to him of his one great hope, and of Nora and little Jamsey.

At first the men who prided themselves on being all Americans, and on turning out the best work in the city, made a sort of butt of Connor, whose ways and verlaney were indeed often laughable. But he won their hearts at last, and when one day, mounting a work-bench, he shook his little bundle, wrapped in a red kerchief, before their eyes, and shouted, "Look at that boys. I've got the whole at last! I'm goin' to bring Nora and Jamsey over at last! Whorooo! I've got it!" all felt sympathy in his joy, and each grasped his great hand in cordial

congratulations, and one proposed to treat all round, and drink a good voyage to Nora.

They parted in a merry mood, most of the men going to comfortable homes. But Connor's resting-place was a lodging-house, where he shared a crazy garret with four other men, and in the joy of his heart the poor fellow exhibited his handkerchief, with his hard earned savings tied up in a wad in the middle, before he put it under his pillow and fell asleep.

When he awoke in the morning he found his treasure gone; some villain, more contemptible than most bad men, had robbed him.

At first Connor could not believe it lost. He searched every corner of the room, shook his quilt and blankets, and begged those about him to "quit jokin' and give it back."

But at last he realized the truth.

"Is anny man that bad that it's thaved from me?" he asked, in a breathless way. "Boys, is anny man that bad?" and some one answered; "No doubt of it, Connor; its stolen."

Then Connor put his head down on his hands, and cried as if his heart would break. It was one of those sights which men never forget. It seemed more than he could bear, to have Nora and his child "put," as he expressed it, "months away from him agin."

Aut when he went to work that day it seemed to all who saw him that he had picked up a new determination. His hands were never idle. His face seemed to say: "I'll have Nora with me yet."

At noon he scratched out a letter, blotted and very strangely scrawled, telling Nora what had happened; and those who observed him noticed that he had no meat with his dinner. Indeed, from that moment he lived on bread, potatoes, and cold water, and worked as few men ever worked before. It grew to be the talk of the shop, and now that sympathy was excited every one wanted to help Connor. Jobs were thrown in his way, kind words and friendly wishes helped him mightily; but no power could make him share the food or drink of any other workman. It seemed a sort of charity to him.

Still he was helped along. A present from Mr. Bawne at pay-day "set Nora a week nearer," as he said, and this and that and the other added to the little hoard. It grew faster than the first, and Connor's burden was not so heavy. At last, before he hoped it, he was able to say, "I'm goin' to bring thim over," and to show his handkerchief, in which, as before, he tied up his earnings; this time, however, only to his friends. Cautious among strangers, he hid the treasure, and kept his vest buttoned over it night and day until the tickets were bought and sent. Then every man, woman, and child, capable of hearing or understanding, knew that Nora and her baby were coming.

There was John Jones, who had more of the brute in his composition than usually falls to the lot of man—even he, who had coolly hurled his hammer at an offender's head, missing him by a hair's breadth, would spend ten minutes of the noon hour in reading the Irish news o Connor. There was Tom Barker, the meanest among the workmen, who had never been known to give anything to any one before, absolutely bartered an old jacket for a pair of gilt vases which a peddler brought in his basket to the shop, and presented them to Connor for his Nora's mantle-piece. And there was idle Dick, the apprentice, who actually worked two hours on Connor's work when illness kept the man at home one day. Connor felt this kindness, and returned it whenever it was in his power, and the days flew by and brought at last a letter from his wife.

"She would start as he desired, and she was well and so was the boy, and might the Lord bring them safely to each other's arms, and bless them who had been so kind to him." This was the substance of the epistle which Connor proudly assured his fellow-workmen Nora wrote herself. She had lived at service as a girl, with a lady who had taken an interest in her, and taught her, as Connor told on his fingers, "the radin', an' the writin', an' be the same token, she knows all that a woman can." Then he looked up with tears in his eyes, and asked: "Do you wondher the time seems long atween me an' her, boys?"

So it was. Nora at the dawn of day—Nora at noon—Nora at night—until the news came that the "Stormy Petrel" had come to port, and Connor, breathless and pale with excitement, flung his cap in the air and shouted.

It happened on a holiday afternoon, and half-dozen men were ready to go with Connor to the steamer and give his wife a greeting. Her little home was ready; Mr. Bawne's own servant had put it in order, and Connor took one peep at it before he started.

"She hadn't the like of that at home," he said, "but she'll know how to kape it tidy."

Then he led the way toward the dock where the steamer lay, and at a pace that made it hard for the rest to follow him. The spot was reached at last; a crowd of vehicles blockaded the street; a troop of emigrants came thronging up; fine cabin passengers were stepping into cabs, and drivers, porters, and all manner of employees were yelling, and shouting in the usual manner. Nora would wait on board for her husband, he knew that.

The little group made their way into the vessel at last, and there, amid those who sat watching for coming friends, Connor searched for the two so dear to him, patiently at first, eagerly but patiently, but by-and-by growing anxious and excited.

"She would niver go alone," he said, "she'd be lost entirely; I bid her wait, but I don't see her, boys; I think she's not in it."

"Why don't you see the captain?" asked one, and Connor jumped at the suggestion. In a few minutes he stood before a portly, rufous man, who nodded to him kindly.

"I'm lookin' for me wife, sir," said Connor, "an' I can't fin' her."

"Perhaps she's gone ashore," said the captain.

"I bid her wait," said Connor.

"Women don't always do as they are bid, you know," said the captain.

"Nora would;" said Connor; "but maybe she was left behind. Maybe she didn't come. I somehow think she didn't."

At the name of Nora the captain started. In a moment he asked.

"What is your name?"

"Pat Connor, sir."

"And your wife's name was Nora?"

"That's her name, an' the boy wid her is Jamsey, sir," answered Connor.

The captain looked at Connor's friends, and they looked at the captain. Then he said huskily: Sit down my man; I've got something to tell you.

"She's left behind?" asked Connor.

"She sailed with us," said the captain.

"Where is she thin?"

The captain made no answer.

"My man," he said, "we all have our trials; God sends them. Yes—Nora started with us."

Connor said nothing. He was looking at the captain now, white to his lips.

"It's been a sickly season," said the captain. "We have had illness on board—the cholera. You know that."

"I didn't. I can't rade; they kep' it from me,"

"We didn't want to frighten him," said one in a half whisper.

"You know how long we lay at quarantine?"

"The ship I kem in did that," said Connor. "Did you say Nora had gone ashore? Ought I to be lookin' for her, captain?"

"Many died; many children," went on the captain. "When we were half way here your boy was taken sick."

"Jamsey," gasped Connor.

"His mother watched him night and day," said the captain, "and we all did all we could, but at last he died; only one of many. There were five buried that day. But it broke my heart to see the mother looking out upon the water: 'It's his father I'm thinkin' of,' said she, 'he's longin' to see poor Jamsey.'"

Connor groaned.

"Keep up if you can, my man," said the captain. "I wish any one else had it to tell rather than I. That night Nora was taken ill also; she grew worse fast. In the morning she called me to her. 'Tell Connor I died thinkin' of him,' she said, 'and tell him to meet me.' And my man, God help you, she never said anything more—in an hour she was gone."

Connor had risen. He stood up, trying to steady himself; looking at the captain with his eyes as dry as two stones. Then he turned to his friends:

"I've got me death, boys," he said, and then dropped to the deck like a log.

They raised him and bore him away. In an hour he was at home on the little bed which he had made ready for Nora, weary with her long voyage. There at last, he opened his eyes. Father Dominic, who had been summoned, was holding his hand; old Mr. Bayne bent over him, and the room was full of Connor's fellow-workmen.

"Better, Connor?" asked the priest.

"A dale," said Connor. "I'm aisy now; I'll be wid her soon. And look ye, boys, I've larnt one thing, God is good. He wouldn't let me bring Nora over to me, but He's takin' me over to her and Jamsey; don't you see it, an' her standin' on the other side to welcome me?"

And with these words Connor stretched out his arms—perhaps he did see Nora—Heaven only knows—and so died.—*Catholic Home Almanac.*

Poor Ireland! What preserved it three hundred years ago and during three hundred years of persecution? Fidelity to the Vicar of Jesus Christ, fidelity to Rome, fidelity to the changeless See of Peter. The arch of the faith is kept fast by that keystone, which the world would fain strike out if it could, but never has prevailed to do so, and Ireland has been sustained by it; and to this day among the nations of the Christian world there is not to be found a people so instinct with faith and so governed by Christian morality as the people of Ireland.—*Cardinal Manning.*

The Church's infallibility applies to the sphere of morals in exactly the same manner and degree as to that of faith. In both spheres there are two elements to be considered: the divine and the human. Faith is the conformity of the intellect to divine truth; morality is the conformity of the will to divine law. Unless that truth can be with certainty known, there is no such thing as a reasonable faith; and unless that law can be with certainty known, there is no such thing as a reasonable morality.—*Mercin-Marie Snell.*

EXCOMMUNICATION.

THE ONE EXCOMMUNICATED "BECOMES IN THE EYES OF THE CHURCH AS A HEATHEN AND PUBLICAN."

The word "excommunication" has been on the lips of many lately, but we fear that not all have clearly understood what the term means. We have met with Catholics even, whose notions on the subject are dim and hazy, and we may therefore be doing them and others a service, if we state as briefly and as clearly as we can, the salient points of the teaching of theology on this subject.

The Church, as all the world knows, is a body corporate, and, with all bodies corporate, enacts laws for its maintenance and welfare. To enforce these laws, sanctions are required, and among the sanctions employed for this purpose by those who are responsible for the government of the Church, are included what are technically called "censures." A censure may be defined as a spiritual penalty, imposed for the correction and amendment of offenders, by which a baptized person, who has committed a crime and is contumacious, is deprived by ecclesiastical authority of the use of certain spiritual advantages. Censure therefore pre-supposes not only guilt but obstinacy, and, moreover, affects only those who by baptism have become subjects of the Church. The crime which is visited with such a grave penalty, must evidently be itself grave. Common sense tells us that punishment must not be disproportionate to the offence; rather, the punishment "must fit the crime." Hence, theologians assert that to incur a censure, the crime must be a mortal sin, either of its own nature, or on account of the probability of dangerous consequences, such as scandal or schism, or again because those in authority may have an important end in view in dealing thus severely with a particular matter, and their wishes under the circumstances must be respected. Further the crime must be external. Internal crimes belong to the *forum internum* or the tribunal of penance, whereas the *forum externum* takes cognizance of public acts only. Lastly, the crime must be not merely plotted, premeditated, or designed, but must have been carried out into execution,—in a word, it must be an accomplished fact.

A further restriction to the imposition of a censure exists in the fact that the authority in whose hands such power is vested, is required to give the delinquent due warning. Canon Law indeed requires a triple warning, or at least one, which it must be expressly stated, is meant to take the place of three. In case the censure is incurred by a delinquent on the commission of an act *ipso facto*, the law already promulgated is considered a standing and sufficient warning, though even in this case the culprit commonly receives a personal warning, that he may have the opportunity of defending himself, if he chooses.

Censures are divided into *excommunications, suspensions and interdicts*. We are dealing with the first of these only, and with that special form of it, in which the offender has been excommunicated publicly and by name. Excommunication then is an ecclesiastical censure by which a subject is cut off from the communion of the Church and deprived of the benefits of fellowship. He becomes, in the eyes of the Church, as a heathen and publican: "If he will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and publican." (Mat. xviii. 17). But what is meant precisely by being cut off from the Church? To answer this question, we must distinguish between those who belong to the *soul* and those who belong to the *body* of the Church. The aggregate of all those who are living on the earth at any particular moment in the state of grace belong to the *soul*, the aggregate of those who are in external and visible union with the Sovereign Pontiff belong to the *body*. Those consequently who are in the *soul* of the Church may not be in the *body*, and those, conversely, who are in the *body* may not be in the *soul*. For all mortal sins exclude from the *soul* of the Church, but only those mortal sins which incur a censure exclude also from the *body*. It may, perhaps, seem strange to say that an excommunicated person may still belong to the *soul* of the Church. It is a very exceptional case, we admit, but we have only to bear in mind that ecclesiastical judges are human, and, as *humanum est errare*, may pronounce a sentence which is unjust, either because the person who is supposed to have committed the crime, did not commit it, or because he is supposed to be contumacious, while as a matter of fact he may have been disposed to make amends for his fault and have sought reconciliation in the Sacrament of Penance. It may also happen that the excommunicated person may have repented after the imposition of the penalty, but has been unable as yet to obtain the relaxation of the censure.

With regard to the effects of excommunication, we need only mention a few: several of those set forth in standard theological works no longer obtain practice, and have fallen into desuetude. In the first place, he who has been publicly excommunicated and by name, derives no benefit from the *common* suffrages of the Church,—that is to say, from prayers offered by the public ministers of the Church or by private individuals on behalf of the faithful in general. The doctrine of the communion of saints teaches that the members of the Church triumphant, the Church suffering, and the Church militant, are all members of one great family, subjects of one great King, that all the members of the Church militant have a share in the good works of the rest, as far as this is possible. All good works done in the state of grace have a threefold profit. They merit an increase of sanctifying grace and an increase of eternal glory, they merit part or whole of the temporal

punishment due to sin, and they have an intercessory value by which they obtain blessings, natural and supernatural, from God. Now the members of the Church militant all participate in the intercessory effects of the good works of the other members of the Church. The excommunicated, however, has no share in these, and in particular, cannot gain an indulgence. Secondly, he is forbidden the reception of the sacraments and attendance at divine service till he has been released from the excommunication. Thirdly, he cannot be buried in consecrated ground. No Catholic, therefore, can fail to see that excommunication is a penalty that carries with it terrible consequences. To incur a social stigma and to be made outcast from society is a sad calamity, but sadder far must it be for a Catholic—a sorrow's very crown of sorrow—to be placed under the ban of an excommunication, and be thus sent out from the Church, God's Paradise on earth, to wander an exile among heathens and publicans. *Bombay Catholic Examiner.*

A LIFE LESSON,

concealed under an old plank. In a day or two afterwards it was slacked and applied to the fences. It is a little thing, I know, gentlemen; and perhaps I lay too much stress upon it. But I cannot have any rational confidence in a man who will steal even a pin. I have made this communication from a sense of duty; the board can now act as it thinks best. But I cannot vote to place Mr. Elliotson in a position where so much is at stake."

After an hour's discussion, in which three or four members of the board spoke strongly in favour of Mr. Elliotson, and offered to go his security in double the amount required for the cashier, it was voted to let the choice of that officer lie over for a day, that there might be time for reflection.

Mr. Elliotson sat at his window, with his eyes fixed on the building where the directors were in session, his heart beating with an uneasy motion. He had been seated thus for nearly two hours, and was beginning to grow restless with impatience, when he saw the door open, and the gentlemen who seemed to him to hold his fate in their hands slowly emerge, and move, in little groups, lingeringly down the street.

Of these, two, who were among his warmest friends, approached his house. Now his heart became almost still, and he experienced a choking sensation. A few minutes would decide his fate. What was to be that fate? He scarcely dared hope for the best, and shrank from contemplating the worst. The two friends paused a short distance from his house, and stood for some minutes in earnest conversation. This was looked upon as a bad omen; the bearers of good news would not thus pause and linger. The poor man's suspense became terrible. At length the men separated, and one of them came towards his house with a grave and deliberate step. From the window, Mr. Elliotson could see his face. It wore a thoughtful, sober expression. His heart ceased to beat for a few moments, and the fluttered on wildly. At length the man's knock was heard at the door. Elliotson had scarcely strength to open it, and when he did so, he stood with knees smiting against each other, looking into his friend's face without the power of utterance. To relieve this suspense, which he saw to be very great, his friend said—

"There has been no election of cashier yet."

Elliotson leaned against the door for support.

"None? Why not?" he was able to ask.

"I will tell you."

"Walk into the parlor," Elliotson had now presence of mind to say, and he stepped back while the director entered. When alone, the latter said.

"I regret to say, that an unexpected objection was made by a member of the board, which would have defeated your election, had a ballot taken place. I therefore moved to have the election for cashier postponed until to-morrow; and I have come to talk to you about this objection."

"What is it?" asked Elliotson in a husky voice.

"It touches your character; is, in fact, a charge against your integrity as a man."

Philip Elliotson drew himself up calmly, while his eye became bright and steady, and his lips arched and firm.

"I am ready to meet all such charges," he said, with much dignity of manner. "I know not a single act of my life that I would fear to have canvassed. What is the allegation?"

"Some five or six years ago, there was an addition built to this house?" said the director.

"There was."

"Do you remember the fact that a load of lime was thrown down, late one afternoon, at your back gate?"

Mr. Elliotson thought for a moment, and then said—

"Yes, I remember it very well."

"Do you likewise remember taking two or three pieces of that lime for your own use, and concealing them in an out-house?"

"I do." The blood mounted to the cheek of Mr. Elliotson.

"You were seen to do this, and it is now brought forward against you, and urged as a reason why you should not be given the appointment of cashier."

Mr. Elliotson seemed stunned for a few moments. He leaned his head down upon a table, and sat almost motionless for nearly a minute, while his friend looked on with grief. When he at length raised his head, his face was pale but calm.

"I am, of course, charged with being a dishonest man," he said, in a firm voice.

"That is the inference drawn from this act."

Mr. Elliotson arose, and going to his secretary, took therefrom two account-books. One of these he opened, and, turning to an account, laid it on the table before the director, saying, as he did so,

"The plasterer who finished the addition made by my landlord to this house was named Eldred. He dealt at my store, and settled his accounts once in three months. The addition was made in June, 18—. On the tenth of July, in the same year, you see, there is a credit to his account of fifteen cents. Now I will show you the day-book entry."

The day-book was opened, when the entry stood thus:—

"James Eldred, Cr: By lime used for whitewashing at the time he was plastering my house—fifteen cents."

"I took the lime," said Elliotson, after he had exhibited this entry, "thoughtlessly. It was not my property, and I had no right to it. But I did not reflect at the time. About a month afterwards, a thought of what I had done flashed across my mind, and startled me. I saw that I had been guilty of taking another's property for my own use; and immediately made this entry. In settlement, I pointed out the matter to Eldred, and he said it was of no consequence whatever, that I was welcome to the lime, and double as much more. He did not wish the deduction made from his account; but I insisted on its being done. If you will see him, he will show you this credit on the bill I then rendered."

"May I have these books at the meeting of directors to-morrow?" eagerly asked his friend, who was trembling with delight.

"Certainly. It is but just that this charge should be fully refuted."

"Then you may set your heart at rest about the cashiership. You will certainly get the appointment. But for this matter, you would have received every vote to-day, on the first balloting."

When the directors met on the next day, and the books of Mr. Elliotson were laid open at the entry just mentioned, Mr. Gage was confounded.

"I have not a word more to say," he remarked. "Mr. Elliotson has my vote. It grieves me to think that I have wronged so upright a man."

About a year after this happy change in Mr. Elliotson's external circumstances, Herbert, the store-keeper who had obtained nearly the whole of his country custom, and accumulated quite a handsome little property, died, and his widow attempted, by means of a clerk, to carry on the business. But, in the course of a few months, her friends advised her to sell out and be content with the amount of property left to her by her husband, which was enough for her support. As soon as this fact became known to Mr. Gage, the carpenter, whose mind had never felt easy about Mr. Elliotson, he called upon the latter, and said to him, after mentioning the fact that Mrs. Herbert wished to sell out.

But Elliotson shook his head.

"Depend upon it, you ought not to let this opportunity pass. I know that you can have all my brother's consignments again, for he has told me that he was sorry that he had ever taken them out of your hands. And I have no doubt but that you can retain every one of Herbert's regular customers."

"Perhaps I might. I believe with you that the opportunity is a very good one. But it is not in my power to embrace it."

"Why?"

"Capital is required, and I have nothing but my salary."

"How much will be needed?"

"At least four or five thousand dollars; besides a credit in purchasing out the stock and good-will of the store."

"Both of these, I think, can be supplied."

Elliotson shook his head again.

"If I will get you the money and the credit you need, will you take the store?" asked Gage.

"Certainly I will," was replied.

"Then you may consider the thing as settled."

And it was settled. Mr. Elliotson took the store, and went on with the business, quite as successfully as it had been conducted by the former owner. He is now in excellent circumstances. But there are two things that he cannot understand, and which puzzle him whenever he thinks about them. One is, the cause of the sudden reverse in his fortunes that visited him so strangely, and the other is the unexpected offer of Mr. Gage to put him in business again, with as much capital and as large a credit as he needed. He often sits and ponders upon these two circumstances, but they still remain shrouded in mystery. Mr. Gage is satisfied with making restitution in his own way, without exposing the part he took in running the merchant. He never alluded to the subject, except to his brother and to the board of directors, and they felt it to be imperative on them to keep the whole thing a profound secret.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY.

The Capital Prize \$15,000 Won By A Poor Girl.

The Capital prize \$15,000.00 4th of May Drawing, " Province of Quebec Lottery " was won by Miss May Donovan, 113 Dufresne Street, Montreal.

Dame Fortune was not blind. for once. This fortune could not have fallen into better hands.

Miss Donovan belongs to a poor but highly respectable family. The father, now dead, was one of the good parishioners of Reverend J. J. Salmon, parish priest of St. Mary's, Craig Street, who takes pleasure in recalling the merits of this good man.

The mother left a widow, dependent mostly for a living on her daughter's daily labor. She, bestowing on her mother all the care that her feeble resources permitted and very often she wished to be able to do more. It was for this end that she deprived herself in order to buy a lottery ticket, not however without adding a fervent prayer. Her hopes were not in vain as we may see.

She presented herself this morning at the Lottery's Office accompanied by her mother and Reverend Father Salmon.

The prize was paid her at once as the two following certificates may show.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY.

CERTIFICATE MONTRÉAL, 6th May, 1892

of the bearer of Ticket No. 18458 \$15,000.00

DRAWING OF MAY 4TH, 1892.

I the undersigned do hereby certify that on presentation of my ticket No. 18458 which drew the first capital prize \$15,000.00 at the Drawing of May 4th instant of the Province of Quebec Lottery, I have at once been paid.

Witnesses AIME MATHIEU LOUIS PERRAULT

(signed) MARY DONOVAN, 113 Dufresne St., Montreal.

CERTIFICATE OF REVEREND J. S. SALMON.

I the undersigned, Cure, of St. Mary's Church, Craig Street, Montreal, do hereby certify that the above prize has been paid this day in my presence to Miss Mary Donovan.

MONTRÉAL, 9th May, 1892

Witnesses AIME MATHIEU LOUIS PERRAULT

(signed) JOHN J. SALMON, P. P. St. Mary's "LA PRESSE," Montreal, 6th May, 1892.

The Province of Quebec Lottery

AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE

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

BI-MONTHLY DRAWINGS FOR THE YEAR 1892

7 and 20 January, 3 and 17 February, 2 and 16 March, 6 and 20 April, 4 and 18 May, 1 and 15 June, 6 and 20 July, 3 and 17 August, 7 and 21 September, 5 and 19 October, 2 and 16 November, 7 and 21 December.

3134 PRIZES WORTH \$52,740.00 CAPITAL PRIZE WORTH \$15,000.00 TICKET, . . . \$1.00 do - - - 25 Cts.

LIST OF PRIZES.

Table listing prize amounts from \$15,000 down to \$5, and their respective frequencies.

3134 Prizes worth \$52,740 S. E. LEFEBVRE, .. MANAGER, 81 St. James St.,

CASTLE & SON MEMORIALS AND LEADED GLASS

CHURCH BELLS—TUBULAR CHIMES AND BELLS

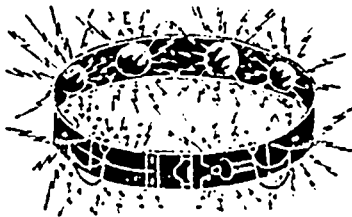
CHURCH FURNITURE MEMORIAL BRASSES FONTS LECTERNS

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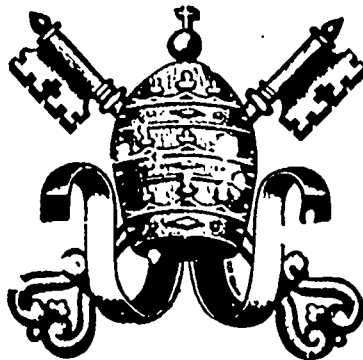


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