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# The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, Sept. 13, 1890.

No. <sup>31</sup>/<sub>32</sub>

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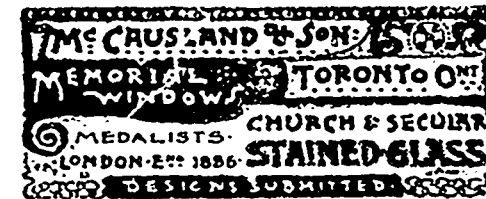
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# The Catholic Weekly Review.

Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, Sept. 13, 1890.

No. <sup>31</sup> 32

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## Notes.

THE literary papers announce that articles on Cardinal Newman will be contributed to the *New Review* by Mr. C. Kegan Paul; to the *Fortnightly* by Mr. W. S. Lilly; and to the *Contemporary* by Mr. Wilfrid Meynell.

THE Messrs. Longmans have already in the press "The Letters and Correspondence of John Henry Newman During his Life in the English Church," with a brief autobiographical memoir. These letters have been arranged and edited, at Cardinal Newman's request, by the Anglican lady who edited the letters of the late Dr. Mozley.

MOR. HOWLEY, Prefect Apostolic of Newfoundland, has gone to Rome to ask the Sovereign Pontiff whether His Holiness would consent to arbitrate in the questions at issue between the French and English fisheries. The Holy Father has replied, we believe, that if the two parties in the cause wished it he would decide the dispute with the utmost pleasure.

MR. HENRY F. BROWNSON, of Detroit, has written and published a pamphlet exposing *The Religion of Ancient Craft Masonry*, its doctrines and its aims. Pantheism, naturalism, and, to say the least of it, a dash of animalism seem to make up the medley. A key to the symbols of the craft, taken from *Les Sœurs Maçonnnes*, by Leo Taxil, is given in an appendix, which, as it is in Latin, will be, as it ought to be, "caviare to the general" reader. The esoteric are distinguished from the exoteric doctrines of the craft; and with the questionable help of some who have violated "the discipline of the secret," much is said to add force to the ecclesiastical condemnations of Freemasonry.

It is announced that the entire September number of *Merry England* will be devoted to "Sayings of Cardinal Newman" himself, prefixed to which will be a portrait of His Eminence taken a few weeks before his death by Father Anthony Pollen, of the Oratory. The "Sayings" are a collection, made from the newspapers of the last

forty years, of speeches and sermons made by His Eminence on occasions of public or personal interest, and not afterwards brought out in separate form. Leading off with an address on "Poetry" delivered in Birmingham in the 'forties, and a sermon preached at Leeds when he received seven Anglican clergymen into the Church in the 'fifties, the collection, of course, comprises the beautiful replies given by the Cardinal to the addresses presented to him when he became Cardinal.

THE principal Irish papers are urging upon the local and municipal authorities in all towns and large centres the necessity of taking prompt measures to cope with the threatened, and seemingly certain distress, which is soon to settle over the agricultural face of the Kingdom. The people, it is urged, must not be permitted to perish because of the *laissez-faire* whims of the heads of the Irish administration, but it is the duty of the municipal rulers in Dublin, Cork, Limerick, and wherever they exist, to take action, to call committees into being, and by active and vigorous measures to concentrate public attention on the woes of the people. The time is now, and not later, when the famine is already counting its victims, and the typhus is tainting the air from Mizen Head to Benmore, from Eagle Island to the Skerries. "Let us, at least," says the *Irish Catholic*, "show that we lack not energy to rule ourselves, were oppression and famine unknown."

IN another column in this number will be found the touching and heart-felt utterances which fell from Cardinal Manning on the occasion of the requiem ceremonies for the late Cardinal Newman, held at the Brompton Oratory, in London, a few weeks ago. We commend them to the perusal of our readers. There is one passage in particular which brings to mind very vividly that there now remains to us but just two of these great old men, who are the links which connect our present day with the memorable past, and that one of these is Mr. Gladstone, and the other, the speaker, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster himself. "I am not come," said his Eminence, "to pronounce orations or panegyrics. I would not, if I could. I could not, if I would. The memories of an affectionate friendship, as I have said, of more than sixty years, and the weight of old age, put it beyond my power. Few now are living who cherish such a record of the past as I can. When I was twenty years of age and he was about twenty-eight, I remember his form, and voice, and penetrating words at evensong in the University Church of Oxford. Having once seen and heard him, I never willingly failed to be there. As time went on, those quiet days passed into the conflict and tumult of the following years. My field of work was far away; but I knew his thoughts by letter, and when trials came I was not absent from him. Littlemore is before me now as fresh as yesterday. Then came the great decision, in which the toils and prayers of so many years were fulfilled and rewarded."

### CARDINAL MANNING'S PANEGYRIC OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

The Cardinal-Archbishop's discourse on Cardinal Newman, delivered at the Requiem at the Oratory, South Kensington, on Wednesday, August 20, was as follows:

We have lost our greatest witness for the faith, and we are all poorer and lower by the loss.

When these tidings came to me, my first thought was this: In what way can I, once more, show my love and veneration for my brother and friend of more than sixty years? It was not in my power to stand beside his grave. For a time I was in doubt whether this last sad and solemn rite should be in my own cathedral church, or here, as I may say, in his own home. I believe he would have wished it to be here, where the sorrow for his loss is a domestic sorrow, as of sons for a father. With their filial and private grief it is, then, most fitting that we should unite our personal and universal sorrow.

I am not come to pronounce orations or panegyrics. I would not, if I could. I could not, if I would. The memories of an affectionate friendship, as I have said, of more than sixty years, and the weight of old age, put it beyond my power.

Few now are living who cherish such a record of the past as I can. When I was twenty years of age and he was about twenty-eight, I remember his form, and voice, and penetrating words at evensong in the University Church at Oxford. Having once seen and heard him, I never willingly failed to be there. As time went on, those quiet days passed into the conflict and tumult of the following years. My field of work was far away; but I knew his thoughts by letter, and when trials came I was not absent from him. Littlemore is before me now as fresh as yesterday. Then came the great decision, in which the toils and prayers of so many years were fulfilled and rewarded.

The next time we met was in 1848. It was in Rome. He was in the Oratorian habit; simple, humble and dead to the world. Again four years passed, and I heard once more the well-known voice, sweet as of old, but strong in the absolute truth, prophesying a "second spring" in the First Provincial Council of Westminster. Why should I go on? You have known him since then in the midst of you. My last vision of him is when, as a brother and a colleague, he leaned upon my arm at the door of this church in a funeral rite well remembered by many of you, and by some of you never to be forgotten while life lasts. The last time I wrote to him, some months ago, I remember saying that his length of days was a pledge of the love of God. Such is but the beginning and close of a friendship that can have no end.

If any proof were needed of the immeasurable work that he has wrought in England, the last week would be enough. Who could doubt that the great multitude of his personal friends in the first half of his life, and the still greater multitude of those who have been instructed, consoled and won to God by the unequalled beauty and irresistible persuasion of his writings—who could doubt that they, at such a time as this, would pour out the love and gratitude of their hearts? But that the public voice of England, political and religious, in all its diversities, should for once unite in love and veneration of a man who had broken through its sacred barriers and defied its religious prejudices, who could have believed it? He had committed the hitherto unpardonable sin in England. He had rejected the whole Tudor settlement in religion. He had become Catholic as our fathers were. And yet for no one in our memory has such a heartfelt and loving veneration been poured out. Of this one proof is enough. Some one has said: "Whether Rome canonizes him or not, he will be canonized in the thoughts of pious people of many creeds in England." This is true; but I will not therefore say that the mind of England is changed. Nevertheless, it must be said that, toward a man who had done so much to estrange it, the will of the English people was changed; an old malevolence had passed into good-will. If this is a noble testimony to a great Christian life, it is as noble a proof of the justice, equity and uprightness of the English people. In venerating John Henry Newman it has unconsciously honored itself.

It is too soon to measure the work that has been silently wrought by the life of Cardinal Newman. No living man has so changed the religious thought of England. His withdrawal closes a chapter which stands alone in the religious life of this century. It has for the most part been wrought in silence; for the retiring habits of the man and the growing weight of age made his later utterances few. Nevertheless, his words of old were as "the hammer that breaks rocks in pieces," and as the light that works without a sound. It has been boldly and truly avowed that he is "the founder, as we almost say, of the Church of England as we see it. What the Church of England would have become without the Tractarian Movement we can faintly guess; and of the Tractarian Movement Newman was the living soul and inspiring genius." This sentence will be implacably resented and fiercely attacked; but it is true as the light of day. This intellectual movement was begun and sustained by one man. But for this movement Erastianism and Rationalism would by this time have reigned supreme in the national religion. The penetrating influence of this one mind has pervaded also the bodies separated from the Established Church and most opposed to it. They have been powerfully attracted, not to the Tudor Settlement, but to primitive Christianity. And the same sweet voice and luminous words have been working among them; all the more persuasively because he had rejected all things of this world, even more than themselves. He spoke to them as a simple voice of truth, which could neither be warped by prejudice nor bribed to silence.

In 1861 the following words were published in a letter to Father Newman, as he then was: "You have been a master-builder in this work, and I a witness of its growth. You remained long at Oxford, still, with all its disfigurement, so dear to both of us; but I was removed to a distance, and had to work alone. Nevertheless to you I owe a debt of gratitude for intellectual help and light, greater than to any one man of our time; and it gives me a sincere gratification now publicly to acknowledge, though I can in no way repay it." I little thought in 1861 that I should have the consolation of repeating these words, as it were, over his grave.

I have no heart, at such a time as this, to go into details. It is for others, who will hereafter give their mind to record minutely the history of this great life and all that it has done. But we cannot forget that we owe to him, among other debts, one singular achievement. No one who does not intend to be laughed at will henceforward say that the Catholic religion is fit only for weak intellects and unmanly brains. This superstition of pride is over. St. Thomas Aquinas is too far off and too little known to such talkers to make them hesitate. But the author of the "Grammar of Assent" may make them think twice before they so expose themselves. Again, the designer and editor of the "Library of the Fathers" has planted himself on the undivided Church of the first six centuries; and he holds the field: the key of the position is lost. Moreover, his hymns are in the hearts of Englishmen, and they have a transforming power. He has taught us that beauty and truth are inseparable; that beauty resides essentially in the thought, so that nothing can make that to be beautiful which is not so in the plainest words that will convey the meaning. The English people have read the thoughts through his transparent words; and have seen the beauty of Eternal Truth as it shone forth in his mind.

Thus far I have spoken of his work upon the world without; what can I, or what need I, say of his work inwardly upon the Church? You all know it and have felt it. His writings are in your hands. But beyond the power of all books has been the example of his humble and unworldly life; always the same, in union with God; and in manifold charity to all who sought him. He was the centre of innumerable souls, drawn to him as teacher, guide and comforter, through long years, and especially in the more than forty years of his Catholic life. To them he was as a spring of light and strength from a supernatural source.

A noble and beautiful life is the most convincing and persuasive of all preaching; and we have all felt its power. Our Holy Father Leo XIII knew the merits and the gifts,



both natural and supernatural, which were hidden in his humility; and to the joy of all he called him to the highest dignity next to his own.

The history of our land will hereafter record the name of John Henry Newman among the greatest of our people, as a confessor for the faith, a great teacher of men, a preacher of justice, of piety, and of compassion.

May we all follow him in his life, and may our end be painless and peaceful like his.

#### THE C. M. B. A. CONVENTION AT MONTREAL.

The convention of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association was honoured on Thursday last, the last day of its deliberations, with a visit and address from Archbishop Walsh of Toronto.

Business was devoted in the morning to the election of officers, but at 10.30 it was suspended for the reception of the distinguished prelate. He was conducted to the platform amid hearty applause. The President welcomed him to the Convention in a few words, calling the attention of the association to the fact that the Archbishop was the first prelate in Canada to join them and by that word and example he had done them great service. He thanked him for the honour of this visit.

The Archbishop said: "I am glad to be here and proud to see so many representative members of the association assembled for the promotion of its better organization and efficiency. I believe your association is a good thing for the protection of homes and of Catholic interests. It does good in a social sense by bringing Catholics to know each other better and strengthening the bonds of fraternal love and neighbourly spirit. Before the days of this association Catholic men in many parts of the country were as items, scattered amongst a non-Catholic population and almost absorbed. It has almost brought together Catholic toiler and artisan, professional and business men from all parts of Ontario and Quebec, and cemented them together in a common bond for the protection of Catholic interests. Hitherto there was a strong temptation to Catholic men to join other benefit societies of doubtful and questionable morality. I do not mean that the members were not of good character, moral and respectable, but the principles of these societies and their rules of life and conduct were not those of the Catholic Church, and exposed to danger the faith and morals of our people. Your association is in harmony with the church, and I believe it is good from a religious point. You enjoin on your members the observance of Easter duties and others, and a body conscientiously and fearlessly attending to their religious duties is a good example both in their home and in the parish. Financially, too, it is a good thing; it has been a comfort to many a desolate home; it has wiped away the widow's tear and enabled many a Christian mother to rear her children in respectability and give them a useful education. These convictions led me to join it and to promote its interests wherever I can. I am delighted with the spirit of harmony that has prevailed throughout your meetings. I trust that you may continue to prosper until the C.M.B.A. becomes co-terminous with the Dominion of Canada, and that its name will be blessed by widows and orphans for all time."

The newly elected president, Dr. J. A. MacCabe, Principal of the Ottawa Normal School then spoke a few words of welcome to His Grace, who then gave the meeting his blessing, after which he withdrew.

The business of the association was then proceeded with. The election of officers was concluded at 2 o'clock, after which the instalment of the following gentlemen took place: Dr. J. A. MacCabe, of Ottawa, president; W. P. Killaskey, of Chatham, Ont., first vice-president; Judge Rioux, of Sherbrooke, second vice-president; W. J. McKee, of Windsor, Ont., treasurer; Sam'l R. Brown, of London, secretary; J. E. Martineau, of St. Rochs, marshal; Joseph Rheau, of Amherstburg, guard; trustees, O. K. Fraser, of Brockville, Rev. M. J. Tierman, of London, and T. P. Tansey, of Montreal. Committee on laws—J. K. Barrett, of Winnipeg; Thomas Coffee of London, and R. L. Dowell, of Almonte.

Finance committee—Thos. O'Neill, of Paris; Jas. Quillivan, of Niagara Falls, and John Roman, of Hamilton. Representatives to the Supreme Council—T. J. Finn, of Montreal; J. D. O'Connor, of Stratford, and Rev. Father Murphy.

The discussion with regard to separation from the United States was put to the motion and carried by almost a unanimous vote. It will now go before the Supreme Council for confirmation and when passed a Canadian Supreme Council will be established.

The convention sent the following telegram to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.:

Conventus Societatis Catholice Mutual Beneficentie obsequium preterans sanctissimo Patri, humillime postulat ut apostolicam benedictionem largiri dignetur.

Archipiscopus

Torontonensis.

Translation:—The Catholic Mutual Benefit Society, now united in convention, are prostrated at the feet of the Holy Father, and very humbly ask that he will deign to give his apostolic benediction.

ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

In the evening the Montreal branches of the C.M.B.A. gave the visiting branches a grand banquet in the Victoria Rifles armory. Mr. J. J. Kane was in the chair. Among the guests were Mr. Coffee, Mrs. and Miss Coffee, of London; Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien; Mr. and Mrs. Tansley, Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Tansey, Mr. and Mrs. Costigan, Mr. and Mrs. Blanchet, Dr. and Mrs. MacCabe and others. The following toasts were proposed and responded to: "The Pope; Queen and Governor-General," by the Chairman; "Supreme Council," proposed by Mr. Hannan and responded to by E. J. O'Brien. "Our Grand Officers," proposed by Father Crinnon, responded to by Dr. J. MacCabe and J. O'Connor; "Our Guests," proposed by J. Coffee, of Montreal, responded to by Mr. Carlton, of St. Johns; "Our Spiritual Advisers," proposed by Dr. Larrimee, responded to by Father Brennan and Father Bleam; "The C.M.B.A." was proposed by Mr. J. J. Curran, Q.C., M.P., in a brilliant speech. He expressed the pleasure he felt in meeting the C.M.B.A. brethren from all parts of the Dominion, and wished to thank the visiting clergymen for their very kind greeting of himself. We had a country to be proud of. Its limitless territory, its varied and inexhaustible resources, and, above all, its brave men and virtuous and beautiful women. They loved Canada, their free and happy homes where bigotry had no abiding place, where if it sought to show its head it was stamped out by the voices and the votes of our intelligent and broad-minded citizens. They loved Canada without forgetting the land their fathers came from. He referred to the different races that make up our Dominion, speaking of their characteristics, and elicited prolonged cheers in speaking of Ireland. He spoke of the mission of the C.M.B.A., and its influence on the future welfare of the country, and in glowing language portrayed the union that exists and must continue to exist amongst all creeds and classes. Catholics must be united, but no true patriotism could exist unless the right hands of fellowship were extended and grasped between the Catholic and the Protestant fellow-citizens of our Canadian home. We needed each other and there was room for all men of good-will beneath our beautiful sky, on our fertile soil, within the fold of our liberty-giving constitution. The C.M.B.A. had a noble mission in its work of benevolent brotherhood and Canada would be benefited by a membership that enforced sobriety, honesty, industry and wise forethought for the future welfare of those dependent upon them. He gave this Canada first, last and always.

The leading speeches of the evening were made by Rev. Father Bleam, Dr. J. A. MacCabe, of Ottawa, Mr. Killaskey, of Chatham, Ont., and Mr. J. J. Curran, M.P. It was the intention of Archbishop Walsh to be present, but owing to a mistake made by his cabman he was driven out of the city, and on his return was too tired to attend. The evening was made pleasant by the strains of an orchestra aided with singing.

#### THE ANNUAL REPORT.

ON the assembling of the Convention for routine business

on Tuesday, the president, in his remarks with reference to the report on the progress of the society since their last meeting, said that they had then eighty-five branches with a membership of 3,120 in Canada, and that combined with the United States they had a membership of 19,000, but in the last two years they had increased the number of branches to one hundred and forty and the membership to 5,700, and united with the United States their membership numbered thirty thousand. The president further stated that their reserve fund was \$11,000, and that the amount of insurance incurred up to July 1, 1890, was \$9,896,000. The council, since its formation in February, 1880, had paid out \$303,000 to heirs of deceased Canadian families. During the remaining session of the convention, several other gentlemen spoke, laws were read and amendments discussed, after which the proceedings closed.

On Tuesday evening, under the auspices of branch 50, of Montreal, the Hon. Daniel Dougherty, of New York, delivered in the Queen's Hall his well known lecture on "Oratory." A full report of this fine lecture was sometime ago published in THE REVIEW'S columns.

#### A TRIBUTE PAID BY AN AMERICAN NAVAL OFFICER TO SISTERS OF CHARITY.

Is every spot on earth where there is human suffering to alleviate, human souls to save, human anguish to assuage, you are likely to find the zealous Catholic priest and the devoted sister. In the dense forests of Africa, which are opening up to civilization and Christianity; in the jungles of India; under the bleak cliffs of Molokai; in the crowded haunts of vice and crime and squalor in the great centres of population, these agents of God will be met. They are always working, always trying to do good to some of God's creatures. Their personal comfort or safety is a minor or secondary consideration. We find fresh proof of the self-sacrificing spirit of the good Sisters of Charity in a private letter written by an American officer stationed on the Asiatic coast. It was published by the *Baltimore Catholic Mirror*: "On Jan. 19, left Hankow and I laid up with a fever: next day anchored at Kin-Kiang, and in the morning I broke out with small-pox. Three hours later I was hustled ashore. Carried over the side in my bed, I was too sick to care very much; yet it did seem pretty hard to leave the ship that way, with never a soul to shake hands with me in parting. Kin-Kiang is one of the smallest of the river ports open to foreigners. There was no European hospital there, but the Sisters of Charity, who run a small Chinese hospital and orphanage, took me in. I was given a room in their own quarters, not very palatial, by the way, for the Sisters do not live on the fat of the land, as you may suppose; in fact, their old building was so rickety, I used to imagine, from the shaking of my bed, that it was tumbling down every time any one walked across the floor. Well, here I lay for three weeks on the flat of my back, and during the time that I had to wear a mask plastered down over my face, life was not altogether rosy, but the Sisters did everything for me. I wish I had words to express my appreciation of them; they are the most self-sacrificing people I ever met; nor would I have believed such people existed in our every day world, but only appeared in times of war, or in cases of national calamity. Don't think that on account of their kindness to me I go off in unbounded enthusiasm. The same amount of money would have bought a hundred times the comforts and attention in any large city, but it's what I know of the life they lead for others. I am ashamed of how little I know of these people. I have often seen them in different parts of the world, with their large caps (coronas), and if I thought at all, it was with an idea that they had a soft billet in some way—either there were so many at a post that the duties must be very light, or else after working hours they had a delightful nook to retire to and have a good time among themselves. How different is the reality! Their life is one of continual slaving—you can't call it labor, as no amount of money could buy such devotion for the good of others. There were four of these Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. Sister Ryan, an Irish girl, was the only one on the premises who could speak English. She had principally to do with me, as I luckily came under her department. I do believe I almost

fell in love with this woman; at any rate, I never felt so jealous of any one's time as I did of hers. Why, I used to lie awake for hours for fear she might make one of her visits while I slept, and I assure you it would have been a very great catastrophe to me, as they were angel-like in more ways than being few and far between. I used to think it hard that she could not spend more of her time with me; but when I came to understand the working of the establishment, I was heartily ashamed of the amount of her valuable time I did claim. She had charge of the hospital and dispensary; the former had fifty patients, and to the dispensary came hundreds of the poor and needy daily for medicine and to have their sores banded. One who has never been in China can form no idea of the diseases and suffering that go on here. Another Sister has charge of the orphanage—about forty little boys. A third has the laundry, and the sister superior looks out for the buildings and grounds, besides running the kitchen. Each one had more than she could do as she wished it done, and they were on the jump all day long; not only that, but they had to get up at four o'clock in the morning to find a little time for prayers; and, by the way, there was nothing ostentatious about their religion; they never forced that subject upon anyone. The Fathers would do the preaching. They were merely Sisters of Charity. Their charity was extended to all alike, the only requisite being a need for help. With all their hardships they were the most cheerful and pleasant people I've ever met; always ready for a joke, know the world thoroughly, and had no prudish, squeamish ideas. They did not reclaim the wicked by raising their hands in holy horror. Sister Ryan was the only one I got to know well, for my French was too limited to enter any discussions with the others. These people are by no means an uneducated class; many coming from the higher walks of life, have known what it is to live well, and their sacrifice is the greater. They come here for life, learn the language, mingle with the people, and work earnestly for their good—not as our missionaries, who come but for a few years, or till they have gained sufficient wealth, and only dwell in fine houses, and talk to a people who despise them.

The foreigners here, of whom there are about thirty or forty in Kin-Kiang, were very kind, and did everything they could, nearly every one calling or sending to inquire how I prospered, often sending me little delicacies. These were all English, French or Russian. The eight good American missionaries, who lived in the finest compound in the place, I never saw, nor did they ever make inquiries concerning me. They were probably too busy writing up the 'lectures' which they propose to deliver on their return to the States. I can readily see how difficult it must be to compile those figures on the number of converts. The Chinaman is no fool, if he is rugged and dirty. They have a religion ground into the bone; that is, not disturbed by the introduction of others. They may profess and do whatever they like. Thus Buddhism, Mahometism and other religions have come into the land; the country is filled with Buddhist temples and millions of their priests live at the expense of the government, yet that is not their religion. They are perfectly willing to profess anything that will help them personally, and at present Christianity is offering the highest premium."

Harrison echoes are still in my ears, and why there is not more censure on it shows the Government we live under. If the people's leaders hinted at Lynch law for Lord Clanricarde, for instance, how great would be the pious horror of the virtuous judge. Judge Harrison suggests a gloss upon his words—that he used them in a Pickwickian sense. But there they remain black and white. Such an apology would do very little for a Land Leaguer in the dock. Another grave question has arisen out of this matter. Had the judge any basis at all for his picture of East Galway? The *Daily Express* is not an unfriendly witness for him. It actually sent down a special commissioner to whitewash him. But that commissioner, sent to curse East Galway, has, like Balaam, ended by blessing it. In his letter he wrote: "There has not been any serious outrage recently in any part of the county." How is Judge Harrison to get over this testimony?—*United Ireland*.

## CHATS WITH GOOD LISTENERS.

## THE MAN WHO PASSES IT ON.

THERE are mosquitos, there are gnats, and in Texas there are red bugs. And people frequently ask why they exist. It has been answered that they are trials of patience; but it must be admitted that most patience is shown by those who do not feel their stings.

Similarly, one is tempted to ask why "the man who passes things on"—the mosquito, the red bug of civilization—is permitted to exist. How did he acquire his peculiarity? In what stagnant pond, among what poisonous weeds, were the larvae of his thoughts hatched? He is a nuisance, a barbarian, only that he is on the road to Christian civilization.

There is a traditional belief that only the ladies say unpleasant things about one another. The nineteenth century, besides discovering the genius of Dante, has done another thing: it has revealed the truth that there is more gossiping done in the average club than in the average sewing-circle; and that the men's gossip does more harm, because the men's circle generally contains one "who passes it on." The woman who hears private comments knows, as a rule, just how much to repeat and how much to suppress. If she be a gentlewoman of the Christian sort, she holds her tongue; and, at her worst, she does not use the inconsiderate remarks of her acquaintances as a ruffian would use a bludgeon. But your man with a tendency to pass things on is both a blunderer and a criminal. A very innocent thing, taken from its context and served up with a little sauce, becomes blistering and poisonous in the hands of this man.

Arcades says that Ambo told him a very amusing story about himself, and he proceeds to tell it, merely for the humor of the thing, without a tinge of malice; for he has the highest regard for Ambo.—in fact, they are old friends. But Jackanapes is one of the circle. He passes it on, and by and by he meets Ambo. "Oh, by the way," he says. "Arcades told a funny story the other day about your blunders in speaking French! He made us all laugh. Funny fellow, Arcades; but I don't like that kind of thing. I defended you,—I said you spoke French as well as most Americans. Do you?"

And so the sweet soul rattles on. Now, Arcades might laugh at Ambo's pet accomplishment till the crack of doom, and tell how he had translated *jeu d'esprit* as a "Jew of spirit," and invent other pleasant diversions; and Ambo would have laughed himself, if he could have heard it. But to hear from the lips of Jackanapes that he had been made the subject of amusement, of ridicule! The man who passes it on goes his devastating way, and the harm is done. How can Arcades explain, even if Ambo gives him the chance? No explanation will improve the matter. Ambo becomes convinced that his friend is not his heartless enemy. It is

"The little rift within the lute  
That by and by will make the music mute."

The cause of a permanent estrangement is nothing, it originated in nothing, and yet, through the influence of the pleasant man who "passes it on," it becomes a subject of heart-burning and of real distress. The man who passes it on may go to Mass every morning, but has not yet learned what Christianity means.

It makes all the difference in the world whether we smile at our friend's peculiarities—which we know is part of our friend—before his face or behind his back. The smile in either case is harmless and even affectionate; but if the man who passes it on catches it, woe to us! It is perhaps wrong—if any theologian says it is, it is,—but it seems as if the best way of treating the man who passes it on is to hold in one's heart the belief that he is an unconscious embroiderer of the truth, and to remember that other people are really kinder than they seem. Of course they are. Who hasn't had unexpected Christmas gifts from people whom he thought had always hated him? and been filled with humiliation when he remembered that he would never have thought of sending *them* anything? Yes, the world is kinder than we think—in spite of the man that passes it on.—*M. F. Egan in Arc Maria.*

## Men and Things.

Among the regular attendants at High Mass at the Brompton Oratory, in London, every Sunday during the session of Parliament, is Mr. John Morley. He goes there to hear the music and to listen to the sermons. Mr. Morley is extremely fond of sacred music, and recognizes that it is found in its highest and most beautiful form in the Catholic Church. He also experiences an intellectual pleasure in the dialectical skill of the Oratorian preachers.

It is a pleasure to note that many of the traditions and customs that earned for France the distinction of being the most Catholic country of Europe are still carefully preserved. Thus the procession of the vow of Louis XIII., which commemorates the consecration of France to the Blessed Virgin, is held every year on the Feast of the Assumption. On that day the florists' shop-windows are profusely adorned with rare white flowers, which are purchased for distribution among those who bear the sweet name of Mary. This practice recalls another not less beautiful—that of showering white blossoms from the dome of St. Mary Major, Rome, on the Feast of Our Lady of the Snow.

A peculiarly touching circumstance, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, relating to the death of Cardinal Newman is the number of poor people of both sexes and every age who went—manifestly prompted by affection and respect—to take a last glimpse of the deceased lying in state. In the throng that passed through the church on Tuesday evening was the cripple who for fifteen or sixteen years has earned his livelihood by sweeping the crossing opposite the Plough and Harrow Hotel. As with many another of these poor folks, it was with grateful recollections that he looked for the last time upon those quiet features. Before the enfeeblement of age deprived His Eminence of the pleasure of walking exercise, many a time had he stopped to give alms to the sweeper. That was eight or ten years ago; but the memory of it, and the kind manner of the charity, had not gone out of the poor man's mind.

Mr. Barraud, the well-known photographer of Oxford Street, and I, sat surrounded by celebrities (on paper) of every description, and quietly chatted over our silent companions, writes a representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

"That," said Mr. Barraud, as he handed me a beautiful portrait of Cardinal Manning, "was taken here, and it is the only time the Cardinal has ever gone to a studio. He is a fairly good sitter, and he used to teach me my Latin grammar in days gone by. Here is one of Newman. He, too, came here one day about five years ago and asked to be taken. No one knew who he was, and we were very busy. At last he grew impatient, and sent up to know when he might come in. I went down and, to my alarm, saw at once who he was. I went up to him, kissed his ring (I am a strong Catholic) and apologized. Then we went upstairs. Of all men he is the most difficult on earth to photograph. His shaven face leaves the mouth exposed. It is in the mouth all character lies. A bearded man I can do at once. A shaven man is terribly difficult. I could not manage the old Cardinal, until suddenly Father Neville, who was with him, and who was going with him afterwards to see the lions removed to their new house at the Zoo, for the old gentleman loves animals, explained to him how the beasts were moved. The Cardinal was deeply interested. Leaning his arm upon the table and his head upon his hand, he listened attentively, while a charming expression stole over his face. Now was my moment. I took two splendid ones. Suddenly he turned and quite unconsciously remarked, 'Now, don't you take me without telling me.' But the deed was done, and he was delighted with the proof. 'The photo,' he said, 'is perfect, but for one thing—it advertises my poverty,'" and Mr. Barraud pointed out how threadbare the Cardinal's coat looked.



## The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commenced by

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

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

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

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

The late Archbishop Lynch.

The late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carbery of Hamilton.

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

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion

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Mr. Swinburne's poetry, it seems, is as little read by Russians, as by English Cabinet Ministers. The Russian papers, speaking of his "Ode to the Czar," say that they have never heard of the poet. The *Vera Vremya* observes: "This precious poem is the production of a Mr. Swinburne." This is hard on Mr. Swinburne.

The popular conception here and elsewhere of Garibaldi's attack on Rome was that he was helping an enslaved people to throw off the chains in which the priests had bound them, that his cause was the cause of "Italian liberty," and that the Rome of that day was a disgrace to civilization. Did not Mr. Gladstone himself personally conduct Signor Mazzini through England? Twenty years of secret society rule, however, are telling their own tale, and the truth is becoming to be better understood. The correspondent of the *Manchester Courier*, writing from Rome to that journal, says:

"It is impossible for a Christian to live in Rome. The place is the headquarters of Atheism. The shop windows are full of shocking caricatures of the Deity; and the licence allowed to blasphemy and indecency has never been surpassed even in France in 1793." Such a state of things never yet continued to exist for any length of time in human society. It is plain that the Radical Government of Italy must end in a revolution, and that at no distant date. Whether the revolution will be a bloody or a bloodless one remains to be seen.

Following close upon the reception of the Rev. Mr. Thorpe, the Church in England has received another notable convert in Mr. C. Kegan Paul, the head of the important firm of publishers, Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., who was received into the Church the day after Cardinal Newman's death, and attended the Requiem Mass and funeral at Birmingham as a Catholic. Though very few knew that he had taken the important step, it was not, our English exchanges say, altogether unexpected. Going up to Oxford shortly after the publication of Tract X.C., and when the University was agitated by the storm of the Tractarian Movement, he

soon fell under the powerful influence of Newman's revival. Unlike the majority of Newman's admirers and disciples, however, he did not at that time feel any attraction towards the Catholic Church. He accordingly was ordained a clergyman in the Established Church, but he exercised the ministry for only a short time. He resigned his position and became an agnostic, which he remained till his reception into the true Fold. Mr. Kegan Paul is a man of learning and culture as well as an excellent man of business. Besides managing the whole of the literary department of his firm, he finds time to write original works, magazine articles, and translations. Mr. Trench, the junior partner in the firm, who attends to the non-literary department, is the son of the late Archbishop Trench, of Dublin.

SOME few years ago Mr. Paul contributed to the *Century* two striking and very appreciative articles upon Cardinal Newman and Cardinal Manning, which, it may be remembered, were accompanied by engravings of the illustrious churchmen as the frontispieces of the numbers. One phrase in his article on Cardinal Newman we recollect very well, although writing from memory. It was the sentence in which he concluded his estimate of the character of the great man who has so lately passed away—"the largest heart," he said, "the subtlest intellect, the most unselfish life I know." The news of Mr. Kegan Paul's conversion comes as no surprise to us, therefore. It comes as a proof that the power of Cardinal Newman's influence upon cultivated minds is potent even in death. The Scripture parable of the mustard-seed that falleth into the earth and dieth only to bring forth fruit, is the appropriate symbol of departed sanctity and genius such as united in the character of John Henry Newman. The bloom and the beauty of his holy life it has been our privilege to see; but the full fruits of his labours will be disclosed to later generations.

THERE is a striking and impressive cartoon in the last number of *Punch* to reach us. It is entitled "Shadowed," and shows Mr. Belfour sleeping in an arm-chair, with a sporting flask and a half burned cigar on a table beside him, and a golf-club on the floor at his feet; while over him hangs a spectre named "Potato Famine" pointing with outstretched hand to a reflection of the miseries of the Famine year of '47. Accompanying the cartoon are the following lines:

Shadowed! and not by common gloom, poor Minister!

The passing shades that chequer every course.

This spectral presence is as stern and sinister

As *Atra cura* on the rider's horse.

Before, the vision of the helpless peasant!

Behind, the famine phantom black and grim!

How should the holiday-hour, to all so pleasant,

Bring gladness true or genuine rest to him?

Who does not fear to speak of Forty-seven

When that same Shadow darkened all the isle?

It is abroad once more? avert it Heaven!

On Order's lips it chills the dawning smile:

Awakener of hushed fears and hatreds dying,

Blighter of more than Nature's genial growth

Herald of hungering lips, of children crying,

To hold thee imminent all hearts are loth.

Wake! There is need for provident provision,

For watchful eye, and for most wary hand.

In mellow autumn's interlude Elysian

The old grim shadow strikes across the land.

May heaven arrest its course, avert its terror,

And keep the statesman who this foe must fight

From careless blindness and from blundering error,

Such as of old lent aid to the Black Blight.

Special Editorial Correspondence of the REVIEW.

## In Ireland.

### VII.

#### "BY THE PLEASANT WATERS OF THE RIVER LEE."

##### BLARNEY CASTLE.

THE drive from Cork to Blarney—the Milesian Mecca—runs through a country beautified by every variety of sylvan scenery. Keeping to the banks of the Lee the visitor soon comes upon Carrigrohane Castle, a fortress founded by the McCarthys of Munster. Very little of the old place now remains. The view from a little bridge within the grounds is very beautiful. Far beneath rolls the broad river. The formidable height of rock is deceptive; no road appears; nothing on looking down but the dizzy height and the rushing water below, while beyond, as far as the eye can stretch, the scene is lovely—soft, verdant banks of green, browsing cattle, and wooded heights interspersed with stately mansions, and glorious-hued clumps of foliage in the wide demesnes.

A mile from St. Ann's stand the celebrated ruins of Blarney Castle, the grounds about which and the other points of interest near the castle are tastefully laid out and adorned. The castle itself was a seat, previous to the English invasion, of the princely house of McCarthy, Kings of Desmond and Cork, as they were sometimes styled. It was built in the fifteenth century by Cormac McCarthy, and must, before the introduction of gunpowder, have been an impregnable fortress. The principal remaining portion is the massive donjon tower, 120 feet high, which is ascended by a spiral stone staircase. The view from the summit is very fine. The peep-hole, also, on the bridge, originally a breach made by Cromwell in attacking the castle, gives a very charming view of the ruins and demesne of Blarney. The castle itself, one of the strongest fortresses in Munster, was taken by Cromwell in 1628, and bears the look of strength so utterly subdued as to remind us forcibly that the glory of Ireland belongs to other days. Of the 160 castles erected in the county of Cork, 56 were raised by Irish chieftains, and 26 of these belonged to the McCarthys. The walls of these old strongholds were of immense thickness, convenience, as one is reminded who laboriously makes his way up the narrow spiral ascent to the summit, being apparently sacrificed to strength. The fall of Blarney, like everything else connected with it, has had its poet. One of the local lamentations runs as follows:

"O Blarney Castle, my darling!  
You're nothing at all but stone,  
And a small little twist of ould ivy!  
Och wisha, ullahoo, ullagone!"

In fact Blarney, like Shandon, has become famous through its poet. Millikin, the Blarney laureate, sang its praises in the well known lyric:

"The groves of Blarney, they look so charming  
Down by the purling of sweet silent streams."

There is an additional verse to this song by Father Prout, relating to the famous "stone." Samuel Lover says that any editor who would omit it deserves to be hung up to dry on his own lines. So to avoid this fate here they are:

There is a stone there, that whoever kisses,  
Oh! he never misses to grow eloquent;  
'Tis he may clamber to a lady's chamber,  
Or become a member of Parliament;

A clever spouter he'll sure turn out, or  
An out-an-outer—'to be let alone'  
Don't hope to hinder him, or to bewilder him,—  
Sure he's a pilgrim from the Blarney Stone."

The stone that imparts such eloquence to mortals is placed beneath the battlements on the western side of the tower, though another stone, said to be of equal virtue, is kept by way of consolation in the castle. To obtain the silver-toned wheedling eloquence which comes in the kiss of the Blarney stone, the bold aspirant had, until lately, to be suspended by the heels or by ropes over the battlements, an experience which I am not disposed to believe that many visitors have been keen about. That the genuine stone could, until lately, ever have been kissed from the inside, unless by the aid of some elaborate contrivance, is, from its peculiar position, preposterous. It is both below and beyond the reach of the pilgrim. Quite recently, however, and as a result of a serious accident that befell two adventurous spirits, two iron bars have been placed horizontally, and about six inches apart between the two projecting sides of the battlement. By lying on one's back on these two bars (for, an additional difficulty, the face has to be upturned to kiss the stone) and by stretching the head and neck down and out some distance, it is possible to kiss the Blarney stone. But it is still a dangerous undertaking. To lose one's balance on the bars, a fall of 120 feet is inevitable, for strung across though they are there is an ugly yawning space of more than a foot on either side of them.

Of the stone itself, Windele says that a touch of it "creates a smooth and graceful liar of the first magnitude; a sweet and persuasive tongue to win women, full of guile and blandishment, and potential flattery." A few extracts from a conversation of rare old Father Prout, "parish priest at Watergrass hill," with Sir Walter Scott, on the history of the Blarney Stone, may not prove uninteresting:

"You behold in this block (the Blarney Stone) the most valuable remnant of Ireland's ancient glory, the most precious lot of her Phoenician inheritance! Possessed of this inheritance she may well be designated

'First flower of the earth, first gem of the sea!'

for neither the musical stone of Memnon, nor the oracular stone of Delphi, nor the lapidary talisman of the Lydian Gyges, nor the colossal granite shaped into a Sphinx in Upper Egypt, nor Stonehenge, nor the Pelasgic walls of Paestrum, offer so many attractions. The long-sought *lapis philosophorum*, compared with this jewel, dwindles into insignificance; nay, the savoury fragment which was substituted for the infant Jupiter, when Saturn had the mania for devouring his children; the Luxor obelisk; the treaty stone of Limerick, with all its historic endearments; the Zodiacal monument of Denderach, with all its astronomic importance; the Eglin marbles with all their sculpture; the Arundelian with all their lettered riches—cannot for a moment stand in competition with the Blarney block. What stone in the world, save this stone, can communicate to the tongue that suavity of speech, and that splendid effrontery, so necessary to get through life? . . . . This palladium of our country was brought here originally by the Phoenician colony that peopled Ireland, and is the best proof of our Eastern parentage. The inhabitants of Tyre and Carthage, who for many years had the Blarney stone in their possession, made great use of the privilege, as the proverbs *sides Punica, Tyriosque bilingues*, testify. Hence the origin of this wondrous talisman is of the remotest antiquity. Strabo, Diodorus, and Pliny mention the arrival of the Tyrians in Ireland about the year 883 B.C., according to the chronology of Sir Isaac Newton, and the twenty-first year after the sack of Troy."

Sir Walter Scott marvels, as well he might, how this miraculous stone got to Cork. Father Prout explains.

"It went to Minorca with a chosen body of Carthaginian adventurers, who stole it away as their best safeguard on the expedition.

They settled at Port Mahon, a spot so called from a clan of the O'Mahonys, a powerful and prolific race still flourishing in this country; just as the Nile had been previously so named from the tribe of the O'Neills, its original inhabitants. All these matters, and many more, will one day be revealed in a work on the Round Towers of Ireland. Sir, we built the pyramids before we left Egypt; and all those obelisks, sphinxes, and memnonic stones were but emblems of the great relic before you."

Sir Walter shakes his head doubtingly.

"I can convince the most obstinate sceptic, Sir Walter, of the intimate connection that subsisted between us and those islands which the Romans called *insule Balaras*, without knowing the signification of the words they thus applied. That they were so-called from the Blarney stone will appear at once to anyone accustomed to trace Celtic derivations; the Ulster King-at-Arms, Sir William Betham has shown it by the following scale." (Father Prout traced on the floor of the castle with his cane—*Ba Le A Re a N s u l E Blarnee.*)

"Prodigious!" exclaimed Sir Walter.

"Setting sail from Minorca, the expedition, after encountering a desperate storm, cleared the Pillars of Hercules, and landing in the Cove of Cork, deposited their treasure in the greenest spot and shadiest groves of this beautiful vicinity."

Sir Walter marvels how such a valuable relic was left in quiet possession at Blarney.

"They had sufficient tact (derived from this connection with the stone) to give out that in the storm it had been thrown overboard to relieve the ship in latitude 36° 14' longitude 24". A search was ordered by the senate of Carthage, and the Mediterranean was dragged without effect....."

Sir Walter, it is added, devoutly kissed the wonderful stone, visited the cave where no daylight enters and bats and badgers are forever bred, the lake, etc., and left the castle with his host for Watergrass Hill.

The demesne of Blarney is wide and extensive, and contains many pleasant walks in its charming groves. Sir George Colthurst, the present proprietor, has erected a handsome mansion in the demesne, and this has led to a curtailment of the freedom of the ordinary Cork pleasure seekers to whom the castle and grounds were at one time a popular rendezvous. A short distance from the castle is Blarney Lake, embosomed in pastoral beauty and rich in legendary lore. Tradition, speaking through the "jarvey," tells you that in this lake there dwells a famous red trout that will not rise to a fly; that enchanted cows, too, have chosen it for their habitation, and have been frequently seen browsing on its banks; that the plate-chest of the last Clancarthy who held Blarney lies buried here; that three of his race hold the secret which will never be revealed till a McCarthy is again lord of Blarney; and that every year some one of the McCarthy's walks from the lake with troubled mien hoping to be addressed. However, as nobody has ever been courageous enough to address so wonderful a personage, he returns pensively to his watery habitation. In short, "The McCarthy," like "The O'Donoghue" and "The O'Sullivan" throughout the Killarney country, is the subject of score upon score of idylls and legends.

Nearly adjoining the castle is Rockelose, an enclosure of a few acres, shaded with ever-greens, and disposed into laurel-crowned grottoes. It is said to have been at one time adorned with numerous statues whose fate Millikin has thus depicted:

"The statues gracing this noble place in,  
Tis they are vanished so neat and clean;  
For on Lapp's Island they all in style stand,  
Before the hall-door of Mrs. Deane."

The village of Blarney is a much decayed, unpretentious

place. Its chief support at the present time is the Messrs. Mahony's woolen mills, an establishment which gives employment to between seven and eight hundred hands. It is here that the "Blarney tweed" is manufactured, a texture that is much esteemed all over the world. Many tourists and influential persons have visited and been deeply interested in the working of these mills, which are the most successful and prosperous in the south of Ireland. Towards the end of the last century it is worth mentioning, that is just before England set herself to destroy the trade of Ireland, Blarney was a thriving town running thirteen mills. Now it has one. The old place is one of some antiquity. The Druids had one of their places of worship there, as the great "cromlech," or Druids' altar, over the Witches' Stairs in the Rock-close, still testifies. The Four Masters, too, I am informed, mention (A.D. 3501) the *Carrac Blarne*, or "Rock of Blarney;" while the whole neighborhood is rich in antiquities—circular raths or forts, Druidical relics, stones inscribed with Ogam characters, etc.,—many of them, unfortunately, destroyed, and others again used for some ignoble purpose.

SHANID ABOO.

#### THE ORANGE SENTINEL AND MIRACLES.

The *Orange Sentinel* is again concerned over our having given place in a late number to an article descriptive—for it chanced to be a sketch, rather than a statement of fact—of the impressive scenes at the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre during the pilgrimage season, and of the many cures worked there through the interposition, as it fervently and piously believed, of *La Bonne St. Anne* the patroness of the Lower Province. The *Orange Sentinel*, which on a previous occasion entered a grave expostulation against our custom of calling attention to these evidences, many of them unassailably attested, of the efficacy of Faith, of the potentiality of prayer, of the presence around about us of the Everlasting Arms, and of the nearness to his creatures of the great Ruler of the Universe, again calls upon us to stop our incantations and abjure our superstitions. It seems to regard as wholly reprehensible the admission into our pages of an article such as that which appeared in THE REVIEW of the 30th August; "it is published" it says, with a "view to promulgating the absurd doctrine of miracles, and regarded from that standpoint is quite as reprehensible as the publication of alleged facts as to so-called miracles, which are abhorrent to the intelligence and enlightenment of the age." We pass the tall words of the *Sentinel*, and we make no comment upon the looseness of expression or meaning, in especially the last clauses of this rather more rhetorical than intelligible sentence. We take it, however, that it is the suggestion of the occurrence, or the possibility of the occurrence, of miracles in themselves, rather than the "alleged facts," or the "so-called miracles" or the "publication" of the "alleged facts" or of the "so-called miracles" that the *Orange Sentinel* finds "abhorrent to the intelligence and enlightenment of the age"—as it understands it.

The *Sentinel* goes on to say that it some time ago challenged us as to our knowledge of the truth of a story, of the miraculous cure of a blind boy, that appeared in our columns; and that we were unable to say more than that though having, in this particular case, no personal or positive knowledge, we were nevertheless satisfied as to the entire trustworthiness of the relator of the story, who was very well known to us. "Our contemporary," it adds, "left no doubt in our mind, however, as to its thorough belief in miracles

no matter how contrary to the laws of nature, or how repugnant to reason and common sense. And not satisfied with giving reasons for the faith in itself proceeded to overwhelm us with a perfect avalanche of quotations from the writings and sayings of cardinals, archbishops, etc., as to the authenticity of miracles, and why unsupported evidence of their performance should be accepted without question." It is again made evident here that the editor of the *Orange Sentinel* is writing at random, for in the whole course of the two articles which appeared in the *Review*—of the 5th and 19th of July respectively—there occurs but just *one* quotation, and that a short passage of Cardinal Newman's. Two extracts there were, however, in the second article which the *Sentinel* might have concerned itself with; not extracts from the writing of any churchman, priest, bishop, or cardinal, but from the *Montreal Star and Gazette*, narrating as matters of news three cases of miraculous cures of recent occurrence at Ste. Anne de Beaupre. One was the case of a Miss Elvina Proteau, cousin of the Rev. Abbe Lalberte of the Grand Seminary, and who had been a patient for two years in the Hotel Dieu, Montreal, suffering from incurable paralysis. Another was the case of a boy, Auguste Plessis of 108 Wolfe st., who suffered from an acute nervous complaint, and whose cure, effected at the shrine, was announced to be complete. The third was that of a boy, Stanislaus Lafrance, of 303 Maisonneuve st., who for two years, it is said, could not use his left leg, which had become shorter and powerless from inflammatory rheumatism, and who, after receiving Holy Communion at the shrine at Beaupre, was able to return to his seat without the aid of his crutches.

These cases, it was added, were widely known in Montreal, one being the cousin of a respected clergyman, and having undergone treatment at the Hotel Dieu from the most distinguished physicians; and with the circumstances of the others recorded with street, name, and number, it is strange that the *Orange Sentinel* should be so silent about them.

"After (the *Sentinel* continues) the *Review's* confession of faith it would be useless to continue the argument. It believes in miracles, although personally the editor has never seen one performed, or cannot himself vouch that there ever was one performed. Nevertheless, he is prepared to accept the truth of the stories on mere hearsay evidence, because the teachings of his church say that miracles are regularly performed, not only by the Creator but by minor saints, who it must be remembered owe their canonization, and therefore their miraculous power to the Romish ritual that elevated them to the Calendar. We do not believe in miracles, and are not prepared to accept these fables as facts, at least until they are substantiated by the most direct and unimpeachable evidence, or until they will stand the test of the cold, hard light of scientific research. But, although we do not believe, we have no right to ridicule or find fault with our contemporary, and those good Catholics who do believe in miracles, any more than they have a right to hint that those who cannot accept these stories have an Atheistic leaning. Such conclusion must not follow. The difference of opinion is not as to the truths of Christianity as revealed, but between unreasoning belief in the unnatural on the one hand, and on the other an enquiring scepticism that demands absolute proof, or at least *a priori* evidence in support of any deviation from the immutable laws of nature as framed by the Creator."

In the light of such a profession the *Sentinel* is correct in saying that to discuss the subject further would be wholly

useless. We differ from it *totò coelo*, and there is nothing that we would wish to add to, or take from, the articles that have already appeared in reply to it. The *Sentinel*, it would seem, is of opinion that the prayers of a Christian for Divine help possess about as much virtue as the incantations of a Caffre rain-maker; and that the intercessions of saints, priests, or people are about as efficacious for any earthly purpose as, in Cato's time, were the *Collego of Augurs* and the Sacred Chickens. One thing, however, we may say, and that is that whatever claim such contentions have upon our consideration, they have none when they come from the *Orange Sentinel*. In the mouth of an avowed and an honest agnostic, they would have the merit at least of consistency, but coming from an organic exponent and defender of Protestantism they involve him in a net-work of absurdities and contradictions. If the miracles of the mediæval church are to be dismissed as forgeries, and the cures still worked at the shrines of Catholic saints as illusions, how long is the Old and New Testament—the Kohinor of Orangeism—to withstand the dissolving influence? If miracles are so improbable that we are entitled to reject without examination every alleged instance of supernatural interposition, on what grounds, and where, can the *Orange Sentinel* draw the line between sacred and profane history? The lives of the Saints were as full of miracles as the Book of Kings or the Acts of the Apostles; why does the *Sentinel* disbelieve every story which lends a support to a religion which it does not like, while insisting on the absolute truth of each single detail to be found in the Bible?

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#### ST. PETER'S.

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The greatest edifice that man has ever raised was, to Madame de Staël, the most sublime monument in Rome; and the more so because it at first baffles and disappoints the mind. "One reaches the sublime only by degrees. Infinite distances separate it from that which is only beautiful. St. Peter's is a work of man which produces on the mind the effect of a marvel of nature. In it the genius of man is glorified by the magnificence of nature." "I have never in my life," said Madame de Genlis, "seen but two things which surpassed all that my imagination could picture to me beforehand, these are the ocean and St. Peter's at Rome." I have been four or five times to St. Peter's," says Hawthorne, "and always with pleasure; because there is such a delightful, summer-like warmth the moment we pass beneath the heavy padded leather curtains that protect the entrances. It is almost impossible not to believe that this genial temperature is the result of furnace heat; but, really, it is the warmth of last summer, which will be included within these massive walls, and in that vast immensity of space, till, six months hence, this winter's chill will just have made its way thither." The visitor will find that the windows of the church are never opened, it so immense as well as so complete; that it has its own atmosphere, and needs no supply from the world without; that the most zealous professor of ventilation would admit that there was no work for him to do here. "When we dream of the climate of heaven, we make it warm without heat, and coolness without cold, like St. Peter's." "To see the Pope," exclaimed Northcote, "give the benediction at St. Peter's!—raising himself up and spreading out his hands in the form of a cross, with an energy and a dignity as if he was giving a blessing to the whole world!"—"In a Club Corner," J. P. Russell.

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

## HOW PERSEUS BECAME A STAR.

M. F. Egan, in *Catholic World*.

III.—Continued.

"EVERYBODY knows that. As soon as I learned to read I learned that I must get on or live down here in this shanty, despised—nobody. I was born of the poor; everybody looked down on the Irish boy—I'm no more Irish than they are English or Dutch or anything else—and the Irish boy had patches on his clothes, and he went to the church to which only the hewers of wood and the drawers of water went."

"And his mother was only a poor Irishwoman!" said Mrs. Mahuffy, with a flash of sarcasm.

"She couldn't help that—"

"But her son would have helped being her son, if he could."

Perseus reddened. He admitted the truth of this in his heart.

"You ought to be proud of me, mother. I've leaped over the bounds that kept me out of everything worth having. I have an assured position in the town, and my children will have all the advantages which I lacked. My wife is the most cultured woman in the town; my—"

"God help us!" interjected his mother, "you'd think he was talking of Dublin after having married a great lord's daughter! You're too ignorant to know the miserable price for which you've sold your soul. Your grandmother starved in the famine rather than change her religion, or seem to change it even for a moment. Why were we exiles? For one reason only; we kept the faith."

"I've heard all this before, mother," he said, "and there's no money in it."

"And you're leading young Frank Carney away, too," said the old woman, exhausted and despondent.

Perseus only shrugged his shoulders. He was satisfied that he had done the best he could for himself. The duty of making money was the grist recognized in Cone City. "Put money in thy purse," the spirit of the town whispered through every medium. The churches were valued according to their financial status. The Presbyterians were in the ascendant in money matters; therefore their "socials" and meetings were best attended. The Catholic priest was respected because he paid his bills promptly and would not permit himself to be cheated. The Protestant-Episcopalians were poor, and their minister was a Canadian of high-church proclivities, and though some "nice people" sat under him—people who wore diamonds and sealskin saccques—yet they were, as a rule, looked down on.

Perseus must have been stronger than he was to have escaped the fever of money-making. He saw that in a Protestant and highly total-abstaining town Colonel Brodbeck's infidelity and fondness for whisky—which was not excessive, by the way—were condoned because of his wealth. Money could do anything, he concluded; it might even open the way socially to a Catholic, provided he were not too Irish. He had a somewhat better education than the other boys at school. Father Deschamps taught a little school—he was too poor to pay a teacher—and when Perseus had left it and gone to the district school the kind priest, discerning the boy's talent, had made him read Cicero and Virgil. Father Deschamps was replaced by another pastor, and Perseus was left to the deadening influence around him. Having planned his career, he was somewhat relieved to have Father Deschamps go. And yet he never felt that he was ungrateful; he became so entirely absorbed in his desire to be rich that it seemed only right that all the world should aid. In fact, he had become his own Buddha, and he was rapidly losing himself in self.

Colonel Brodbeck admired Perseus' capabilities. "If the fellow," he said to himself, "only knew his ability, and if his confounded snobbishness did not prevent him from seeing how superior he is to these Cone City chumps, he'd get away from here as soon as possible. But he looks on the Cone City settler as one of a superior race."

The Colonel grinned sardonically, and opened a letter about the selling of the Cone City water-front to the new railroad company, whose stock was mostly owned in Chicago.

"Ah!" he said, "we shall find some work here for Perseus."

Perseus was sent to Congress. And just before the day of election the rival candidate brought out the old story about his having changed his name. Both the Cone City papers had his mother "interviewed." According to the friendly journalist, she was a "handsome old lady, living in opulence provided by an adoring son." The other journalist said that she was "a decent old woman, bowed down by her son's neglect, and living in comparative squalor." All the old woman could be induced to say was that she "would not have cared how often the boy changed his name, if he had only stuck to his religion."

This brought a card from Perseus. He protested that religion had no place in politics. His religion was his private affair. He would allow no human being to interfere between him and his God. His Irish friends, he hoped, would remember that, though an American in every fibre of his being, he loved, next to the principles of 1776, the principles of Parnell. While he lived he would oppose any State tax on church property. To be honest was the first commandment of his religion, and he hoped, in Congress, to show that this religion influenced his every act.

The card was effective; the Home Rule phrase and that about church property helped him very much, though he promised the Methodist minister to lecture at Chataqua at an early day on "The Aggressions of Rome."

To be frank, Perseus believed that he was honest; he often said to himself that people did not know how good he was. His wife's indifference to religion annoyed him. He held that a woman ought to be religious; but Clara laughed at him.

"The children shall choose their own religion," she said one evening, after what one of the Cone City functions called a "coffee." Sixty leading Cone City ladies had eaten chicken salad and ices with her from three until six, and the probable conversion of one of their number to Catholicity had been discussed. "Cora Bramber is going to turn Catholic, and I must say I admire her spirit."

"I thought you hated Catholics," Perseus said.

"I? Good gracious, no! I think they are more consistent than other denominations. And I don't see why they should be held responsible for the awful things the Jesuits and Popes did long ago. I am sure the Puritans were bad enough."

"You wouldn't want the children to be Catholics, Clara?"

"If they were rich and could do as they pleased, I think I would. But Providence, if there is a Providence, seems rather hard on people, when he makes them Catholic and poor at the same time. The children must have some religion or other. I can keep straight without religion; I've a natural tendency towards respectability, and you're a good husband; but Perseus, I wouldn't trust anybody else. I'm thinking of sending Clara to a convent school."

Perseus sat down his coffee cup in amazement—he was in the act of making a collation from the remains of the afternoon feast.

"I won't have it," he said; "it would ruin the girl's prospects, Clara. Who'd marry a Catholic here, and if she goes to a convent, she'll probably come back a Catholic."

"If there's anything that exasperates me," answered his wife, calmly washing the silver. "it's your foolish reverence for Cone City people. They're only people who come here to make a living; they're the sort of people who go to Europe every year to complete an education that was never begun at home. If Clara has money she might be a Mohammedan. Haven't you learned that yet? She'll be safe in a convent school."

"Well, I'll lose the Methodist vote, that's all."

"No you won't, nor the Baptist either. The anti-church property stand holds all denominations. Besides, haven't I given five hundred dollars for the Methodist chapel? You'll gain more Catholics than you ever had. Anyhow, I will have Clara well taken care of. I know our boarding schools too well. The nuns may make her narrow-minded, but they'll keep her gentle. These sects make their girls both narrow-minded and aggressive.

(To be continued.)



## General Catholic News

Cardinal Simor, Primate of Hungary, has given two hundred and fifty thousand francs for the erection of an orphanage in his episcopal city of Grau.

The Catholic Club of New York is to have a club house costing, with the land, \$350,000. It will contain a library 30,000 volumes. The club has 430 members.

Among the Sisters of Mercy in London, are daughters of Lord Petre, Lord Clifford, Lord Mostyn, and many other ladies of similar rank. There are also several converts.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Fitzgerald, of Little Rock, Ark., has given \$25,000 toward the building of a \$50,000 cathedral at Ft. Smith. The congregation are to raise the other \$25,000.

A movement is on foot for erecting a monument to Cardinal Newman. The Duke of Norfolk is chairman of the committee. The majority of those interested favour Westminster Abbey as the place.

J. J. Hill, the great Northern Railroad magnate, has given \$500,000 to establish a Catholic theological seminary in St. Paul. The institution is to be under the direction of Archbishop Ireland.

Archbishop Duhamel, of Ottawa, and Vicar-General Routhier leave for Rome on Monday next. Their mission, we believe, is in connection with the division of the Montreal and Ottawa diocese, and the appointment of new bishops.

Rev. Father Drummond, S.J., rector of St. Mary's Jesuit College, Montreal, is a son of the late Judge Drummond, who was one of the most distinguished judges of the Dominion. Father Drummond is 45 years of age, and a very popular priest.

Father Lodislas, one of the Capuchin Order, who arrived in Ottawa recently, has left for France and will not return until next spring, when he will bring with him a number of students for their new convent being constructed on the Richmond road.

The "imprimatur" given to a paper, pamphlet or work by a bishop means only that such writing contains nothing objectionable on the score of doctrine or morals. It in no manner implies an approval of the writer's theories, views or opinions; he alone remains responsible for them.

Three priests, viz.: Rev. Fathers Vassout, Vasset and Lecesne, have lately been served with an order of having to leave German territory. All these three excellent ecclesiastics have hitherto been engaged as professors in the Episcopal Seminary of Metz. Nothing whatever can be alleged against them except that they are natives of France.

The German Minister of Worship has paid a visit to the Monastery of Beuron, and has had a long interview with Father Radziwill, once known to the world as Prince Radziwill, and the head of a noble Polish family. It is rumoured that the object of the visit was to persuade him to leave the cloister in order to accept the vacant archbishopric of Posen.

Dr. Mann, in the *Century*, tells of a Catholic priest, Father Hamilton, who used to visit the Andersonville prison regularly, to administer the rites of the Church, to all who desired to profit by them, irrespective of creed. No other authorized representative of Christianity had enough of it, says the writer, to follow Father Hamilton's example.

The Month's Mind for the repose of the soul of John Boyle O'Reilly was celebrated at Boston Cathedral on Wednesday, Sept. 10, under the auspices of the Catholic Union of Boston. Mr. O'Reilly was a charter member of the Union,

its first secretary, and its always devoted friend. There was a pontifical mass of requiem, Archbishop Williams, celebrant.

On Tuesday evening the married ladies of the Holy Family Society met at St. Patrick's Hall, McCaul st., and presented their director, Rev. Father Corduke, with an address and a substantial proof of their regard on the eve of his departure for Boston. The rev. father replied feelingly and thanked the ladies for their kind expressions of good-will.

Mr. Parnell is blazing away at the grouse on his Avondale property. Mr. Timothy Harrington will accompany Messrs Dillon and O'Brien on their mission to the United States. It is understood that the practical, hardworking Kerry man, who is an expert in organization, is authorized to set the National League on this side on a new and more effective basis.

Just before his death Cardinal Newman joined the London Council of the Irish Industrial League, which already numbers Cardinal Manning and other prominent members of the Roman Catholic body among its supporters. The Council have decided to hold a series of meetings in the provinces during the autumn for the purpose of setting forth the objects of the League.

The consecration of St. Lawrence O'Toole Church, St. Louis, will take place early in autumn. Archbishops Ryan and Feehan will be present, together with Bishops Hennessy of Dubuque, O'Farrell of Trenton, and many other prominent ecclesiastics. Archbishop Ryan will preach. St. Lawrence O'Toole's will be the fifth Catholic church consecrated in St. Louis, the others being the Cathedral, St. Vincent's, the old College, and St. Mary's.

At the Seventh Biennial Convention of the Grand Council of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, held in Montreal last week, Dr. MacCabe, Principal of the Ottawa Normal School, was elected by acclamation to the office of Grand President for the Dominion of Canada. He was proposed by Rev. Joseph P. Molphy, of Ingersoll, seconded by Rev. Edward F. Murphy, Halifax, Mr. Finn, Montreal, and Mr. Barrett, Winnipeg. Dr. MacCabe is to be congratulated on receiving this mark of confidence in, and regard for, him shown by his brothers of the C. M. B. A. in Canada, now numbering nearly six thousand.

The Holy Father had really granted a dispensation in the abstinence of Friday, the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. But the official news reached the prelates of this country so late, although the indulgence dated of July 25th, that few of the bishops found time to promulgate it to their diocesans. So that the majority of Catholics in this country could not avail themselves of the privilege. Those who did so were constrained to recite five decades of the rosary.

The chapel of Loretto Abbey, Wellington-Place, was the scene, on Wednesday morning, of a most solemn ceremony. Eight young ladies, six of whom are Canadians, one an American and the eighth a native of Germany, passed through the ceremony which is the initiatory step towards consecrating their entire lives to the service of the church and education. The names of the novices were:—Miss Long, Collingwood, in religion Sister Mary Irene; Miss Hulm, Chicago, Sister Mary Agnes; Miss Barry, Ottawa, Sister Dorothea; Miss Riordan, Guelph, Sister Mary Pauline; Miss Lacy, Egansville, Sister Bon Igna; Miss Gumpfreit, Germany, Sister Mary Gertrude; Miss Farrelly, Lindsay, Sister Mary Pulchra; Miss Phalin, Walkerton, Sister Felicitas.

V. R. Vicar-General Rooney was the celebrant of the mass and Archbishop Walsh delivered the instructions to the candidates. He dwelt on the fact that for six months prior to the present ceremony the eight young ladies before him had been on probation. They knew then what trials they had still before them, and even now they had the privilege of withdrawing. The final step when the candidate, surrendering every pleasure of life, assumes the black veil and becomes

forever a nun takes place two years hence, and then there is no looking back.

The friends of the novices and a large number of prominent city Catholics were present during the ceremony, which lasted until 12 o'clock. There was a large gathering of priests, among them Rev. Father Kiernan (St. Mary's), Dean McCann, Rev. Father Walsh (His Grace's secretary), Rev. Father McInerney, Rev. Father Donohoe, Rev. Father McCready, Rev. Father Kiernan (Collingwood), Rev. Father Gallagher, Rev. Father O'Reilly and Rev. Father McPhillips. Within the past two years 50 young ladies have taken the veil in the Abbey.

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

	Clos.		Dep.	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.09	7.30	7.45	10.30
O. and Q. Railway	7.30	7.45	8.00	9.00
G. T. R. West	7.00	3.20		12.40
				7.10
N. and N. W.	7.00	4.10	10.00	8.10
T. G. and B.	6.30	3.45	10.40	9.00
Midland	6.30	3.30		12.30
				9.50
C. V. R.	6.00	3.20	11.20	9.35
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. W. R.	2.00	9.00	2.00	
	6.00	4.00	10.30	7.30
	11.30	9.30		8.20
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
U. S. N. Y.	6.00	4.00	9.00	5.45
	11.30	9.30	10.30	11.00
U. S. West States	6.00	9.50	9.00	5.45
	12.00			7.20

English mails will be closed during Sept. as follows: Sept. 1, 3, 4, 8, 10, 11, 15, 17, 18, 22, 24, 25, 29.

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With an entirely new and select stock of Irish, English and Scotch Tweeds, Worsted, &c.  
Good Fit & Workmanship Guaranteed  
561 Queen Street West,  
Opposite Denison Ave.

**BRODERICK & HERBERT**  
Undertakers and Artistic Embalmers  
FUNERAL DIRECTORS  
Open Day and Night - Charges moderate  
675 QUEEN STREET WEST

**POEMS**  
Pope  
Leo XIII.  
English and Latin Verse

In Morocco : \$3.50  
In Cloth : \$2.50

To be had only from office of  
**THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW**

**NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY**

Under the patronage of Rev. Father Labelle.

Established in 1881, under the Act of Quebec, 32 Vict., Chapt. 36, for the benefit of the Diocesan Societies of Colonization of the Province of Quebec.

**CLASS D**

The 38th Monthly Drawing will take place

**WEDNESDAY**

**SEPT. 17th**

At 2 p.m.

PRIZES VALUE

**\$50,000**

Capital prize—One Real Estate worth \$50,000.

**LIST OF PRIZES.**

1 Real Estate worth.....	\$5,000	5,000
1 do .....	2,000	2,000
1 do .....	1,000	1,000
1 do .....	500	2,000
10 Real Estate .....	300	3,000
30 Furniture sets .....	200	3,000
(6) do .....	100	6,000
200 Gold Watches .....	50	10,000
1,000 Silver Watches .....	10	10,000
1,000 Toilet Sets .....	5	5,000
2,307 Prizes worth .....	\$50,000.00	
<b>TICKETS</b> .....	<b>\$1.00</b>	

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

Winners, names not published unless specially authorized:

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

**The Province of Quebec Lottery**

AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE

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

**MONTHLY DRAWINGS FOR THE YEAR 1890**

FROM THE MONTH OF JULY

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

**THIRD MONTHLY DRAWING SEPTEMBER 10 1890.**

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

Ask for circulars.

**LIST OF PRIZES.**

1 Prize worth \$15,000—	\$15,000.00
1 " " " " " " " "	5,000.00
1 " " " " " " " "	2,500.00
1 " " " " " " " "	1,250.00
2 Prizes " " " " " "	500.00
5 " " " " " " " "	250.00
25 " " " " " " " "	50.00
100 " " " " " " " "	25.00
200 " " " " " " " "	15.00
500 " " " " " " " "	10.00
<b>Approximation Prices.</b>	
100 " " " " " " " "	25.00
100 " " " " " " " "	15.00
100 " " " " " " " "	10.00
999 " " " " " " " "	5.00
999 " " " " " " " "	4,995.00

**3134 Prizes worth \$52,740.00**

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

**The Father Mathew Remedy**



**The Antidote to Alcohol found at Last!**

A NEW DEPARTURE

**The Father Mathew Remedy**

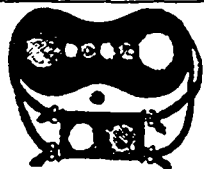
Is a certain and speedy cure for Intemperance and destroys all appetite for alcoholic liquor. The day after a debauch, or any intemperance indulgence, a single teaspoonfull will remove all mental and physical depression.

It also cures every kind of FEVER, DYSPEPSIA, and TORPIDITY OF THE LIVER when they arise from other causes than Intemperance. It is then a powerful and wholesome tonic ever use.

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

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

S. Lachance, Druggist, Sole Proprietor 1538 and 1540 Catherine st., Montreal



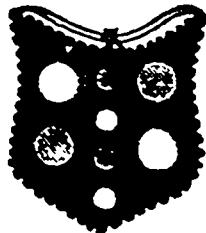
**THE CLIMAX OF ABSORPTION**



A CURE

**WITHOUT MEDICINE.**

Our appliances act as perfect Absorbents by destroying the germs of disease and removing all Impurities from the body.



All diseases are successfully treated by

CORRESPONDENCE,

as our goods can be applied at home.

**STILL ANOTHER NEW LIST.**

Senator A. E. Botsford, Sackville, advises everybody to use Actina for failing eyesight.

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

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

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

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

S. Floyd, 119 1/2 Portland st., Liver and Kidneys and Dyspepsia cured.

G. R. Glassford, Markdale, Sciatica and Dyspepsia cured in 6 weeks; 15 years standing.

Mrs. McKay, Ailsa Craig, after suffering 13 years, our Sciatica Belt cured her.

"H. S." says Emissions entirely ceased. Have not felt so well in 20 years. THESE LETTERS ON FILE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

For General Nervous Debility your Butterfly Belt and Suspensory are cheap at any price.

CATARRH Impossible under the influence of Actina. ACTINA will cure all Diseases of the Eye. Given on 15 days trial.

Combine Belt and Suspensory only \$5. Cure certain. No Vinegar or Acids used.

Mention this Paper.

Illustrated Book and Journal FREE.

**W. T. BAER & CO., 171 Queen st. West, TORONTO, ONT.**



**EXHIBITION TIME**

APPROACHING.

Important to Hotels, Boarding Houses, And Housekeepers of Toronto.

**M'KEOWN & CO.**

Are opening the fall season with a special sale of Household Linens, Blankets, Curtains, etc. Hotels, boarding houses, and others wishing to make extra accommodation for visitors, will find this a rare opportunity of purchasing Household Napery at less than wholesale prices.

Table Linens were sold 52c yard, offered 15c yard.

Damask Table Linens were sold 40c, offered at 25c yard.

Damask Table Linens were sold at 50c, clearing at 35c yard.

Bleached Damask Tablings for 40, 50, 60c, were sold from 60c to \$1 yard.

**MCKEOWN & CO.**

182 Yonge Street.

# ROYAL BAKING POWDER

**Absolutely Pure.**

A cream of Tartar Baking Powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—U. S. Government Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

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

Liverpool Service—Sailing Dates FROM MONTREAL, FROM QUEBEC.

*Barnina.....	Thur. Aug. 21	
*Oregon.....	29	
Dominion.....	Wed. " 4	Sept. 1
Vancouver..	Wed. " 10	Thur. Sep. 11th
Toronto.....	Thur. " 18	

Bristol Service, for Avonmouth Dock. SAILING DATES.

Texas.....	Aug. 23rd
Knight Companion.....	" 30th

Rates of passage per S. S. "Vancouver" Cabin \$60, to \$90.—Return \$110 to \$150, according to accommodation. By all other Steamers \$40 and \$50, according to accommodation in three and two berth rooms. Return \$80 and \$90. Intermediate \$30. Return \$60. Steerage \$20. Return \$40.

\*These Steamers have Saloon, State-rooms Music room and Bath-rooms amidships, where but little motion is felt, and carry no Cattle or Sheep  
G. W. TORRANCE, DAVID TORRANCE & Co  
18 Front St. W Gen. Agts.  
Toronto. Montreal & Portland

# ALLAN LINE

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT, 1890.

Reduction in Cabin Rates

Liverpool, Londonderry, Montreal and Quebec Service.

STEAMER	From Montreal At Daylight.	From Quebec 9 a.m.
Parisian.....	30 July .....	31 July .....
Circassian...	13 August .....	14 August .....
Sardinian....	20 " .....	21 " .....
Polynesian...	27 " .....	28 " .....
Parisian.....	3 Sep. ....	4 Sept. ....
Circassian...	17 " .....	18 " .....
Sardinian...	24 " .....	25 " .....

### RATES OF PASSAGE.

Montreal or Quebec to Liverpool. Cabin, from \$45.00, to \$80.00, according to accommodation. Intermediate, \$34. Steerage, \$20.00. Return Tickets, Cabin, \$95.00 to \$150.00.

Passengers are allowed to embark at Montreal, and will leave Toronto on the Tuesday Morning Express, or if embarking at Quebec, leave on the Wednesday Morning Express.

H. BOURLIER,

GENERAL WESTERN AGENT

Corner King and Yonge Street  
TORONTO

# MOTHERS, WIVES DAUGHTERS LISTEN!

If you want to lighten your labor on washday; if you want to save fuel and wear and tear on the clothes,

## Use Sunlight Soap

You will be astonished at the ease with which the clothes are washed, no matter how dirty, without any boiling or scalding.

Try it, taking care to follow directions.

Beware of Imitations. There is only one "Sunlight" Soap Be sure you get it.

# CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

### TO THE EDITOR:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully,  
T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

## Niagara River Line

In connection with Vanderbilt System of Railways  
SINGLE TRIPS

On and after Thursday, May 15, steamer

### CIBOLA

will leave Yonge-street wharf (daily except Sundays) at 7 a.m., for Niagara and Lewistown, connecting with trains on New York Central and Michigan Central Railways for Falls, Buffalo, New York, etc.

Tickets at all principal offices.

JOHN FOY, MANAGER.

FOR

Painting, Graining, Glazing, Kalsomining, Plain and Decorative Paper Hanging, & Etc.

CALL ON

J. W. MOGAN

310 KING STREET EAST.

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

**CATARRH**

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



### SAVED FROM AN INSANE ASYLUM.

COLUMBIA CITY, IND., Oct. 18, 1887.  
A lady well known to many of whose family I am a friend, was afflicted with a nervous disease for a long time and cured at last by Rev. Pastor Koenig. The circumstances were so peculiar that I will give a short history of the case. The lady's sickness started about the end of 1881, the symptoms being unusual anxiety in connection with sleeplessness, which had such an effect on her mind that delusions made their appearance. It was therefore necessary to watch her day and night for fear that she might harm herself, and in the month of August she had to be brought to an insane asylum. After a three-months' trial her condition had not improved in the least, and she was taken home again. About this time the Rev. Pastor Koenig was asked to treat the lady, and in the month of January, '84, she had so much improved by his treatment that she could sleep again, and the excitability and delusions were growing perceptibly less, she had the last of such an attack in the latter part of that month, and to-day she is a healthy person that will always remember the great blessing bestowed upon her by the Rev. Pastor Koenig.

She does not wish to have her name made public, and, therefore, asked me to make this statement in her name.

REV. A. M. ELLERING.

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

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

**KOENIG MEDICINE CO.,**  
54 W. Madison cor. Clinton St., CHICAGO, ILL.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Price \$2 per Bottle, 6 Bottles for \$8.

Agents, Lyman & Co Toronto