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# - The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. II.

Toronto, Saturday, Jan. 12, 1889.

No. 48

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## NOTES.

From the last Irish exchanges to hand we learn that on Friday, the 21st ult., the anniversary High Mass for the late Bishop of Hamilton, Ontario (the Right Rev. Dr. Carbery), was celebrated in the Dominican Church, Limerick. The celebrant at Mass was Rev. J. O'Dwyer, O.P.; Very Rev. T. Smith, O.P., Provincial, presided. There were a large number of priests in attendance. The designs for the Memorial Chapel of the late Bishop of Hamilton, whose remains lie interred close by the Church of St. Saviour's, Limerick, are by Mr. A. M. Hennessey, architect, and are of a very fine and admirable description. The style is Gothic, lighted up with a floriated rose window of novel yet exquisite design. The section elevation shows the interior looking from St. Joseph's aisle, the exterior face is topped with an ornamental cross, underneath which, and over the rose window, is a plinth containing the Episcopal Arms of Hamilton, mantled by the Roman hat, etc. The Altar of the Blessed Sacrament is extremely ornate with a floriated canopy, and crocketed finials standing on a handsome table of marble. The tabernacle is richly carved. In the side is a floriated window of small dimensions. The chapel is to be forty feet high with grooved ceiling, and opened up at the chancel arch on the Gospel side of the church.

We have the authority of the papers, says an English exchange, for saying that the Protestant Bishop of Sydney, on arriving in his diocese, has announced his intention of shortly resigning his See; and that he has accepted the proposal of the Bishop of Rochester to act as his assistant Bishop. Dr. Barry, the paragraph adds, is expected in London about Easter. Thus the "returns of the killed and wounded" are increased by one who has hardly yet even snuffed the smoke of the battle—"the battle from afar." In future, the *nolo episcopari* ought to be modified by a qualification: *nolo episcopari—*

*in partibus.* William Pitt, at a juncture when the first Napoleon was threatening to invade England, received a deputation of volunteers, who stated certain conditions under which they were willing to serve. One of these was, that they should never be required to leave the country. "Except, I suppose, gentlemen, in case of invasion," suggested Pitt. Readers will remember the talk, all of the tallest, at the consecration of Dr. Barry. Never had the Archbishop of Canterbury been more unctuous; never did the assisting Prelates more feelingly persuade themselves how Catholic and Apostolic is the Anglican system. "Go forth, dear brother," they wept, "and, fearless of danger, show the aborigines the beauties of the continued Church of St. Augustine." And now the sequel, which we give in the words of a non-Catholic journalist, explaining the end of Dr. Barry's missionary career:—"The health of Mrs. Barry has been very indifferent, and she has found both the climate and the society of Sydney very uncongenial."

The Christmas Eve reception of the Sacred College and of the Prelates present in the city by Leo XIII., we learn from the *Weekly Register* London was made the occasion of a solemn repetition of His Holiness's protest against all the conditions that surround his person and his office in Rome. The audience is perhaps the most important in the year. This Christmas, twenty-five Cardinals and almost a hundred and fifty Bishops, Generals of Religious Orders, and private Prelates, the Vatican household, the Guards, and one or two veterans of the late little Pontifical Army, assembled to kiss the feet of the Pontiff, and to hear from him a summary of the chief affairs of the Holy See as they stand at the beginning of another year. The procession into the hall of audience was majestic, and the Pope himself, full of activity and life, wore the most splendid jewels of the Jubilee—the pectoral Cross, given by the Emperor of Brazil, containing unique gems. The address of the Cardinals was read by the Dean of the Sacred College, Cardinal Sacconi, and His Holiness rose to his feet to reply. He spoke, as he developed his subject, with even more than his wonted vigour and fire, using the gesture which is natural to him, and which expresses so well the unconsciousness of his Italian temperament. "To-day, more than ever before," said His Holiness, "is there explicit and systematic war against the Catholic religion and all that belongs to it. Against every existing religious institution are attacks multiplied by means either legislative or administrative. Nothing has been spared—not even those pious foundations of which the aim is the extension to remote regions of the blessings of faith."

The Holy Father referred in the course of his speech to the Anti-Slavery Congress and to his own position, and during the homage that followed, the missionary Capuchin, Cardinal Massaia, aged and paralytic, who gave his life and spent his strength for Africa, would not be dispensed from kneeling at the feet of the Pontiff, and could with difficulty be raised. With this Christmas audience ended the year of the jubilee.

## CONTEMPORARY PHILOSOPHY.

BY L'ABBE A. M. BENSA.

Translated from the French for the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW  
by M. Paul Graeme.

"La source de tous nos maux, meme politiques est l'ignorance, et plus enaore les demi lumieres, qui se reconnaissent a leur violence et a leur presumption."—*De Bonald.*

Since the establishment of Christianity the spirit of evil has modified, over and over again, its plan of attack. With a craft and a perseverance worthy of him who "was a murderer from the beginning" and who "is a liar and the father of lying," it has always adapted its manœuvres to the particular circumstances which accompanied the successive development of the work of God for the salvation of mankind.

Appearing suddenly upon the face of the earth, when the thickest darkness enveloped it, Christianity brought forth to the desolate world all truth, all order and all happiness; a society divinely organized, a legislation as mild as it was energetic, a ministry as devout as it was powerful.

Christianity comes forth like the fabled Minerva, from the first day of its birth it possesses all its grandeur and all its force. The spirit of evil, however, hopes to overthrow it by gradual attacks.

From the side of the idolaters who repulse it brutally without attempting to know it, arise innumerable sects which labour to corrupt a part of its doctrines and practices springing therefrom. They accept the divine institution of Christianity; but substituting practically the spirit of the individual for the spirit of God, each sect distorts some of its dogmas. This is the first phase of the war which the genius of Evil wages against the Church. This epoch extends from the first to the fifteenth century of the Christian era: it is the epoch of *partial heresies*.

The evil spirit attacks Christianity in each of its dogmas. The reality of the Incarnation, the Trinity of the divine persons, the divinity of Jesus Christ, the unity of His person in His double nature, original sin, the necessity of supernatural grace, the liberty of man under grace and predestination, all the principal points of the Christian doctrine become in turn the object of its rage. But its rage is powerless against the Church and against the Truth, of which she is the guardian and infallible mistress. Having shaken the weak by its blasphemies and carried into the abyss the rash who trifled with the danger, each heresy expired at the foot of the rock upon which the Church is built. Christianity, the vanquisher of false doctrines, tames at the same time the ferocity of the passions. Christian civilization gains everywhere. It recasts the civilizations to its own image. Order, law, mildness, and consequently liberty succeed, in the regenerated societies, to the anarchy, the tyranny, the cruelty of pagan barbarity.

But the spirit of evil is far from considering itself beaten. To the greatness of its losses it proportions the violence and the malice of its new attacks. It enrolls a phalanx of humanists whom it has intoxicated with the charms of pagan literature. This intoxication, extinguishing in many souls Christian reason, exposes them to all the seductions of sensuality and pride. These preparations being well advanced, Wicliffe sketches a new plan of campaign, Luther and Calvin complete, develop, and execute it. Henceforth the evil spirit does not stop at a few dogmas of faith, in particular. It erects into a principle that which forms the very essence of heresy, that is to say, the revolt of the individual reason against divine authority. It has become convinced by an experience of fourteen centuries that no error can solidly establish itself in the world, so long as a living authority subsists in the middle of the people to protect them against the lies of error. Then, what does the genius of evil do? It *denies* this protecting authority and directs all its efforts to this one sole end—to banish it from the earth. It denies not only the necessity of such authority, not only its actual legitimacy, but even its absolute possibility.

It makes its unfortunate dupes believe, not only that no authority has been divinely established upon earth to interpret and defend the divine teaching, but such an authority is impossible, absurd, essentially contrary to the inviolable rights of the human conscience. This is the plan of war of the second epoch: overthrow of all religious authority; idolatry of the individual mind; *radical heresy*.

Thus far the spirit of error has manœuvred upon theological ground. Upon this battlefield it has been beaten and confounded by phalanxes of invincible doctors; in the first epoch by the Iræneuses, the Athanasines, the Gregories, the Jeromes, the Augustines, the Bernards; in the second epoch, by the Ecks, the Emsers, the Canos, the Bellarmins, the Suarez, the Bossuets. Then it abandons the lofty regions of theological science and takes refuge in the domain of natural reason. There it commences a war, as perfidious as it is infuriated, against what it designates by the name of *scholasticism*.

Through the medium of Bacon and Descartes, the evil spirit boldly maintains before the astonished world, that the human race in the previous centuries had learned nothing; that up to that moment it had even ignored the only legitimate means of establishing science; it is necessary to recast the human mind entirely to find for it new faculties in order to discover and demonstrate the truth.

The new plan is adopted. Men will not be wanting to put it in execution. Ignorance, sloth, pride, and all the other vices find in it very easily their motive. This is the epoch of *philosophism* or *philosophy in revolt*.

The insurrection of philosophism against God, inaugurated in the 17th century, assumed large proportions only in the 18th. In passing to the 19th it has retained the same principles but modified its tactics. The sophists of the 18th century, in starting their philosophy against Christian truth, tried at least to discuss or pretend to discuss. In the double movement of their polemics, directed at the same time to the destruction of Christianity and to the substitution of a purely natural order, they essayed to give grounds for their negations and their assertions, they attempted to convince the old faith and the old science of falsehood. The sophists of our century do not consider themselves bound to take so much trouble. Reproducing against Christian science and civilization the calumnies of their fathers of the preceding century, they dispense themselves from bringing forward even the semblances of proofs in support of their systems, though these systems are full of paradoxes and incredible hypotheses.

There are, therefore, in this third epoch two clearly distinct phases: the first is that of *pure philosophism*; the second of *fanatic philosophism*.

Several causes have obliged the spirit of evil to renounce the great theological contests and to confine itself in the narrow circle of natural philosophy. At first, as we have just said, the assaults of the evil spirit against Christianity under the theological form were victoriously repulsed all along the line. The vanquished enemy was therefore, compelled to abandon the field of his shame. Error impoverished necessarily the intellect. It lowered its aim, weakened its force, smothered its noble inspirations. The blindest minds in the obstinacy of error have still a secret sentiment of their fear and their dishonour. This sentiment renders them timid even in the transports of their boldness. This sentiment inspires them with an insurmountable aversion to questions where they lie to themselves and deny their reason. Theology, the queen of sciences, demands, in order to be serious, varied knowledge, profound studies, an intellect long exercised in the most elevated speculations of natural and supernatural metaphysics. The science of theology, having the sources of its demonstrations in the holy books, in the Councils, in the Fathers, in history, in reason illuminated by faith, employs more or less in its service all the other sciences. Minds enfeebled and contracted by radical errors are no longer capable of studies so deep and so extended.

The idolatry of the individual reason, even when it is engaged upon statefical matters, lead equally to the

abandonment of sacred science and limits the created intellect to researches alone of the individual reason. The Bible was formerly for the heterodox, as for Catholics, the supreme rule of moral and religious doctrines. But for the Catholics, it was the Bible interpreted by the Church, that is to say by the Sovereign Pontiffs, the Councils, the Doctors. The Bible so understood gave a character of marvellous expansion, a social and encyclopædic character to Christian science, all the time retaining it upon ground truly theological, whereas the study of the Bible, according to the heterodox fashion, isolated each individual and separated him from the Fathers, from tradition, from history, and from Christian society past and present. Then each, Bible in hand, had to consult only himself. Then individual reason is everything. The theological character disappears from science; science becomes exclusively rationalistic.

Finally, what is the cause whence arises the theological principle of the second epoch? Revolt against all religious authority. Great pride renders minds incapable of submitting to any rule of which they were not themselves the authors, or at least the interpreters, which comes to the same thing. Now, theological science is founded entirely upon the authority of God, revealing Himself to us through the authority of the Church. The sovereign principle of the second epoch was compelled, therefore, to bring about the definite abandonment of the theological ground and to pen up science in the wretchedness of the isolated *ego*. The idolatry of the *ideological ego* stripped, by the force of reason, of the theological fringes with which it formerly appeared, becomes thus the only rule of science to those whom all call by anti-phrasis *freethinkers*.

The method generally followed by these men, whom we would like to call, the hornets of philosophy, is therefore a species of blind enthusiasm clothed in some scientific form, which listens only to the inspirations of the isolated *ego* and justifies its assertions only by the simple illusions of the isolated *ego*. It is ignorance reduced to a system; it is *methodical ignorance*.

### THE O'DWYER.

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY, M. P.

#### I.

About the time that the *Mayflower* left the shores of England there was, as every one knows, a sort of centrifugal force at work generally in the old country, which began to send the worshippers of unfavoured sects hither and thither to find a better home than their own land promised to afford them. It was not very long after the Pilgrim Fathers of fame made their way across the Atlantic that another shipload of Pilgrim Fathers, to whose names fame has been less liberal, set out likewise on a westward voyage, but got no further than the south coast of Ireland. There they landed, and pushing a little inward, founded an Anglo-Protestant colony, which retains some of its peculiar and distinctive features up to the present day.

It would be superfluous to say that during the troublesome times which followed the outbreak of the French Revolution, the sympathies of our colonists went wholly and ardently with the cause of law and order, the Crown and the Throne. Nowhere was "Boney" more detested than in this loyal town; and after Napoleon, the man most abhorred was probably Charles James Fox. When the Irish rebellion broke out, with the unsuccessful attempts of the French in Bantry Bay and Killala, a great many loyal persons in the town were honestly of opinion (as a great many loyal persons in London were likewise) that Fox was one of the principal instigators of the wicked Irish, and that the good King George the Third ought to have had him executed out of hand. To increase the fervour of loyalty the town was filled with soldiers, and the officers were billeted among the principal families, who received their red-coated guests with delight. The

ladies of the place, especially the unmarried ones, loved the military quite as much as Offenbach's *Grande Duchesse* did; and some of them would have been well content that civil war should have been prolonged forever if it secured to them the delightful society of the handsome young officers at ball and rout, for walks and rides. On the other hand, it is perhaps almost unnecessary to say that if Miss Meredith and Miss Eastwood delighted in the officers, and detested the rebels, Molly O'Byrne and Nora Connor, the serving-women, took a different view of the situation, and in their secret hearts detested the officers and delighted in the rebels.

Mrs. Eastwood had special and extra reasons for loyalty, and for hatred of rebellion, as well as these reasons which were common to all her friends of her own sex. She was the widow of Colonel Eastwood, who had borne arms honourably in the service of His Gracious Majesty, and had been with General Wolfe at Quebec. A lady, therefore, who was actually receiving for herself and her two daughters His Majesty's pension, was engaged by every principle of duty, honour, morality, virtue, and religion, to abhor rebellion, especially when that rebellion, iniquitous in itself, was yet made more guilty by the odious favour of France. Moreover, her eldest daughter, Esther Eastwood, had been for some time engaged to the gallant young cavalry officer, Captain Lockhart, now quartered in the town. Now, Captain Lockhart was a very eligible personage. He was tall, he was handsome, he was of good English family, he had a considerable fortune of his own; and he seemed to be much in love with the tall, handsome, showy Esther, whose flashing white teeth alone ought to have bitten into any susceptible bosom, to say nothing of the brilliancy of her eyes, the captivation of her curls, the symmetry of her ankles—and at that stage of fashion ankles counted for a good deal in a girl's attractions, for the dresses recognized the existence of lower limbs, and were made to display them. Daisy Eastwood, the younger sister, had not yet apparently succeeded in captivating any one in particular, and had flirted harmlessly with whole battalions of His Majesty's Hessian allies, of whose language she could not speak three words. Girls in England, Ireland and America had not got into the way of reading Schiller and doting on Heine then. Indeed, one reason for their not doting on Heine may have been that Heine then was not born.

It would be hard for us here thoroughly to understand how dear and precious to the womankind of the town I am describing were the friendly attentions and services of "the officers." The whole south of Ireland was under Martial Law. You could hardly cross your own threshold without military authority; you had to give the counter-sign half-a-dozen times before you got from the pump in the square to the finger-post outside the walls.

When night set in, the military precautions and restrictions were of course doubled—quadrupled. If Daisy Eastwood wanted to send her maid across the street with a message to the friend of her bosom, the lass had to trip it under the protection of a military guard. Unauthorized persons wandering about at night were liable to be arrested, and, indeed, dealt with exactly as it might happen to suit the humour of the nearest officer in command. Bayonets glittered at every street corner; muskets clanked on every paving-stone. In the midst of all this, the little town beamed and sparkled with revelry. Balls and parties were given everywhere—it was, who should do most to manifest loyal devotion to the martial representatives of British authority! One can have little idea how delightful all this was to the girls of the place; how exquisite was the pleasure of being escorted to and from a ball by a handsome military guardian through files of saluting soldiers, who would have instantly arrested anybody less favoured and marched him or her off to—heaven knows what vileness of duration. Think of the delicious and perpetual excitement of pass-words and counter-signs, of marchings in and marchings out, of sentinels and troopers encountered everywhere, of fearful stories about new landings of the French, and new musterings of the

rebels: and in the midst of all this to have the sublime protection and the brilliant society of the young heroes in scarlet jackets who were the gods of the situation, controlling and lording it over everything, and who never seemed one bit afraid or in doubt about the satisfactory conclusion of the whole business.

Esther Eastwood and her sister were riding out one day with Esther's lover. The lover, of course, kept close to Esther's saddle. A couple of miles from the town there lay, on the left of the road, a deep valley, and out of the valley, far away, rose clear and sharp a hill which was crested by a heap of ruins. There was a keep, or square central tower, quite in ruins; there was a more modern building, partly unroofed, and looking more dreary than the keep, because it seemed like a house which modern people might have lived in and yet was miserably dilapidated, and there were some mouldering walls and broken towers. The whole mass stood out now against the violet evening sky, and was picturesque, striking and sad.

"What a dreadful old tumble-down place!" said Captain Lockhart.

"Did you never notice it before?" asked Esther, surprised at the kind of curiosity with which her lover seemed to regard a ruin so very familiar to her.

"Don't know that I ever did."

"And you have been living here ever so long, and must have passed it ever so often."

"Dressay. But I didn't notice it somehow. It's the sky to-night, or the sunset, or something that shows it off so clearly. What is it? Nobody lives there, surely."

"Oh, no; nobody lives there. It's O'Dwyer's Castle."

"Yes? Who's O'Dwyer?"

"Oh, well—O'Dwyer; *The O'Dwyer*, you know."

"Dear child, I haven't the least notion. Who is *The O'Dwyer*, and why doesn't he have his castle repaired? It's a capital site, you know. He might make a very fine place of it. But it would mop up an awful lot of money to put it to rights."

"Dear, stupid Ted! *The O'Dwyer* hasn't any money, and it's gone to rack and ruin; and he's out of the country this ever so long."

"Cut and run from the creditors, I suppose? Poor old boy! Perhaps it comes hard upon him to live far away."

"But, Ted," broke in Daisy, "he isn't old. He's young and very handsome, I've been told. He was dreadfully poor, and the Castle all went to ruins, and he couldn't do anything; and he went abroad, and is in the French or the Austrian army. One of our servants has often told me all about him; she says she is a twenty-fifth cousin of his, or something of that kind; and I think mamma knew him when he was a boy. Mamma can tell you all about him; but she shakes her head sadly over him."

"Thank you, Daisy, but I don't think I much care to hear any more about Mr. O'Dwyer."

Both the sisters broke into a pretty, merry laugh.

"Now, then, girls, what's the fun?" asked the good-humoured soldier.

"Oh, Ted, you know," said Daisy, "he isn't *Mr. O'Dwyer*."

"Isn't he? Surely he isn't *Mrs. O'Dwyer*?"

"Nonsense!"

"Well, I don't know his present rank, *Monsieur le Capitaine*, or *Derhoch-und-wohl geborne Herr Hauptmann*—anything you like."

"Oh, I don't mean that! But it would be a dreadful offence to call him *Mr. O'Dwyer*. I only wish my maid Nora heard you! He is *The O'Dwyer*—the one O'Dwyer, the chief O'Dwyer. To call him *Mr. O'Dwyer* is far worse than it would be to call you Corporal Lockhart."

"Then I beg *The O'Dwyer's* pardon, and I am sorry for offending him, especially as he is hard up, poor fellow."

So the O'Dwyer dropped out of the conversation for the time, and was forgotten. Captain Lockhart did not apply to Mrs. Eastwood for information on the subject; it was easier to start Mrs. Eastwood with a theme than to stop her, once started.

(To be continued.)

## THE MEMOIRS OF DANIEL O'CONNELL.

### II.

His letters show O'Connell visiting with Sir H. Parnell, the Bishop of Norwich—"a fine, lively old fellow, full of anxiety for Catholic Emancipation"—speaking an hour with Cobbett, whom he pronounces a bold, clear-headed fellow, with views distinct and well-mentioned; sitting at Lord Stourton's dinner-table, between his host and the Duke of Norfolk, "feasted and flattered to the highest degree," assured by Lord Stourton that neither Pitt nor Fox was his equal, and by Charles Butler (the first Catholic at the Bar of England since 1688, an eminent conveyancer) that there had been nothing like him since Lord Chatnam. These compliments were retailed only to his wife, who, doubtless—after the manner of wives—insisted on hearing them as her particular perquisite. Again, in Ireland, he is breakfasting at Kilmac-thomas, "a town belonging to the Beresfords—but the people belong to us." Such waving of green boughs was never seen, such shouting never heard. He is in the thick of the fight, urging on his forty shilling freeholders to the poll, voters who behaved so gallantly that Shiel confessed he had not expected to find such virtue under rags. The vengeance of the landlords for the pluck of these men was the exaction of arrears of rent and eviction from their homes. O'Connell installs his Order of Liberators to protect them, seeing that they were threatened with extermination by the *Maid*, the organ of Attorney-General Saurin, which asserted that as the Protestant landlords had made these freeholders, so they could exterminate them for daring to call their souls their own, by a process which would take but seven years of accomplishment.

In these letters to his wife, full of his struggles, and triumphs, and disappointments, O'Connell always has a few lines to spare for a happy jest, or an outburst of delight at picturesque scenery, still more for separate tender messages to each of his children. At a Catholic charity ball at Cork, he has sly smiles over the dancing of Mr. Stephen Coppinger with Madame Wyse, contrasting the gentleman's "sepulchral aspect and funereal step" with the lady's "airy Italian dancing." This Knight of the Rueful Countenance inspired many a merry joke, as appears from O'Connell's remark at the meeting of the Committee for the first Catholic cemetery ever permitted in Ireland: "I think we should all feel grateful to Mr. Coppinger for lending us his countenance."

The letter to the Knight of Kerry, in which O'Connell complains of the hopelessness of a policy of conciliation, is instructive and interesting. In it he says:—

I am growing weary of being temperate, moderate, and conciliatory to no one useful purpose, and without having obtained any one single advantage. These qualities seem now to me to be worse than useless. They promise immunity to our enemies, and give no promise of active support to our friends. . . . We never, never, never got anything by conciliation. I do solemnly assure you that I have the strongest and most quiet conviction that temperateness, moderation, and conciliation are suited only to precipitate our degradation, but that if we want to succeed we must call things by their proper names—speak out boldly, let it be called intemperately; and rouse in Ireland a spirit of *action* which will bring all our people to show, in a legal manner, their detestation of that truly *English* and quite *un-Irish* policy, which, for the sake of a few worthless statesmen and supernumerary persons would continue the worst possible system of government in Ireland.

In another letter he says: "We are a strange people, perhaps the most sensitive in the world to the kindly and affectionate motives of the heart, but we can be fierce, too." An interesting memorandum, found among the papers of O'Connell's friend, Fitzpatrick, relates how that friend was struck by the news that O'Connell was himself to stand for the county of Clare. He saw at a glance all that was bound to occur; that O'Connell would succeed, and, full of this conviction, he "raised his hat reveren-

tially at the sacred name," and exclaimed, "GREAT GOD, THE CATHOLICS ARE AT LAST EMANCIPATED!" Acting on the idea at once, Fitzpatrick organized a subscription, and in ten days twenty-eight thousand pounds were realized.

The most interesting among these valuable letters are those addressed to the above-mentioned friend as throwing a strong light on the sincerity and integrity of O'Connell's character as a public man. The letters were private, written to a friend from whom he concealed nothing, and the writer never imagined they would be published. They show the immense powers possessed by the Liberator, and the scrupulously honest manner in which he dispensed the favours and rewards which he was able to confer. For himself he would accept nothing. To Fitzpatrick he writes:—

I believe that office (of Chief Baron) or that of Master of the Rolls will be offered to me to-morrow, when Lord Mulgrave returns from Windsor. . . . My friends may know that I do not intend to accept office while Ireland is so totally unredressed. I nail my colours to my country's mast.

In a postscript he adds:—

My heart is sad at the sacrifice I now make. If she were alive (his wife) I should have my reward and my consolation, but *her* memory casts a protection about me which will prevent me from abandoning my struggles for Ireland, save with my life.

After the domestic sorrow referred to the great heart of O'Connell lived under a cloud, but he fought on a main. Catholic Emancipation was passed by his almost superhuman efforts, and Repeal was striven for; but though his power and his brilliant wit were as wonderful as ever, he had not that happy "go" and gladness of spirit in his work which are so delightfully evident in his written outpourings to his wife at Darrynane. At one time he thought of throwing up all further dealings with the world and retiring to the Cistercian Monastery of Mount Melleray; but this idea was relinquished, and he followed his first vocation. These volumes will be precious to all who wish to know particulars of the Lichfield House contract, of his correspondence with Dr. Hale, the great John of Tuam, to discover O'Connell's own opinion of the materials with which he had to accomplish his memorable work—to all, in short, who desire to understand the whole life's work and purpose of the great Tribune of the Irish people, who arose in evil days to clear the way for later reformers, men even more purely devoted to Ireland, more nobly moved by a spirit of entire self-abnegation than he.—*Miss Rosa Mulholland in London Weekly Register.*

#### MR. JOHN HENEY OF OTTAWA HONOURED.

Notwithstanding the extremely inclement weather of last evening, says the *Ottawa Citizen* of Monday, the Irish Temperance Society, on Sussex street, immediately opposite the Basilica, was well filled by the friends and well-wishers of the veteran Alderman—the Dean of the Corporation of Ottawa—all inspired by the one feeling, of respect and veneration for him, and to do honour to him whom it had pleased the Venerable Patriarch of Jerusalem, with the sanction and approval of His Holiness the Pope, to honour. The occasion was the conferring of the title and insignia of "Knight of the Sacred and Military Order of the Holy Sepulchre" on "Honest John Heney," in consideration of his many services to religion, but notably on account of his services to "religion's handmaid," total abstinence.

The chair was occupied by the venerable Apostle of Temperance, Rev. Father Molloy, O.M.I., supported by the president of the temperance society, Mr. John O'Reilly, and the secretary, Mr. Leyden. Amongst those present in the body of the hall were Rev. Fathers Pallier, O.M.I., Coffey and McGovern, Hon. R. W. Scott, Hon. John Costigan, Minister of Inland Revenue; Sir John Thompson, Minister of Justice; Messrs. J. J. McGee, T. P. French, Alderman O'Leary, M. F. Walsh.

The proceedings were opened by Rev. Father Molloy, who delivered a short address eulogistic of the services

and virtues of Mr. Heney, whom he had known intimately for nigh half a century. F. R. E. Campeau, who had been specially delegated to confer the honour, then explained the nature of the Order, and at his request the Rev. Father Molloy, in a few well chosen words and with the blessing of the Holy Father, handed the parchment and insignia to Chevalier Heney. The new Chevalier expressed the high sense of honour which he felt in being thus honoured beyond his merits. Loud and long continued applause greeted the veteran teetotaller.

Calls were then made upon Hon. Mr. Scott, Father Coffey, Hon. Mr. Costigan, Father McGovern (who apologised for the absence, owing to other important engagements, of the Very Rev. Vicar-General Routhier, who administers the archdiocese in the absence of the Archbishop), Sir John Thompson, and others; all of whom spoke in praise of the recipient of the honour of knighthood. Mr. President O'Reilly spoke of the great honour which had been conferred upon the Society in the person of their past president. Father Molloy then referred to the solemnity of the occasion, a solemnity which he had only realized since the proceedings opened. "Guardian of the Tomb wherein lay the Saviour of Mankind!"—that was the honour, the enviable honour, he said, which had been conferred upon Mr. Heney. The proceedings were then closed by prayer, Father Molloy reciting the first parts of the Lord's prayer, the Angelical salutation and Gloria, all present giving the latter parts of the same.

#### BOOK REVIEWS.

*Hoffman's Catholic Directory*; Milwaukee: Hoffman Bros.

We have received from the publishers a copy of their valuable Directory, which comes to us for 1889 with an important enlargement, namely, the official reports of all dioceses of Canada and Newfoundland. The ecclesiastical calendar is printed in black and red, and the publication, which is now very complete, will be found a valuable book of reference.

*The Catholic Family Annual*. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

To well arranged and well printed calendars of the Feasts and Holy days of the ecclesiastical year, the Annual for 1889 adds a variety of interesting Catholic reading. Among the biographical sketches is one of the late Archbishop Lynch. The engravings of St. Mark's at Venice and the cathedral of St. Burgos are particularly good.

*The Catholic Annual for 1889*. Edited by James Britten. London: Catholic Truth Society.

A daintier little volume than the English annual for 1889 could hardly be desired. Like all the Catholic Truth Society's publications it is wellprinted, and is bound in red, in the same style as Mr. Oldcastles' biographies of the Holy Father and Cardinals Manning and Newman. The clergy list it contains is, of course, that of Great Britain. The character of the reading matter is most useful and varied. To a review of the incidents of the Papal Jubilee and to short sketches of the Saints and Beati of 1888, are added notes on points of law affecting Catholic interests and the poor, accounts of various Catholic social works, and a list of the principal events of 1888, besides a number of sketches and stories. The Annual is adorned with tiny little panel engravings of the English martyrs and larger ones of Don Bosco and the Holy Father. The coloured frontispiece of the Holy Father is exceedingly beautiful.

*Catholic Worship*, by Rev. O. Gester, translated from the German by Rev. Richard Brennan, LL. D. New York: Benziger Bros.

In this little work, the author, in the form of questions and answers, explains the sacraments, ceremonies, and festivals of the Church. It will prove especially useful to the conductors of Catholic Sunday School classes. The price is, paper, 15c., cloth, 25c.

## The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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All advertisements will be set up in such style as to insure the tasteful typographical appearance of the REVIEW, and enhance the value of the advertisements in its columns.

Remittances by P.O. Order or draft should be made payable to the Editor.

### LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 20th Dec., 1886.

GENTLEMEN,—

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

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,  
Archbishop of Toronto.

### FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, March 17, 1887

MY DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

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

Believe me, yours faithfully,

JAMES J. CANNERY  
Bishop of Hamilton

### CALENDAR

Of the Ecclesiastical Province of Toronto, for the 10 days ending January 22nd.

Abbreviations:—Ap., Apostle; P., Pope; B., Bishop; C., Confessor; D., Doctor; V., Virgin; M., Martyr.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	CALENDAR OF THE FEASTS.
13	SUN.	I. after Epiphany. Octave of Epiph.
14	Mon.	St. Hilary, B. D.
15	Tues.	St. Paul, First Hermit.
16	Wed.	St. Marcellus I., Pope.
17	Thur.	St. Anthony, Abbott.
18	Fri.	Chair of St. Peter at Rome.
19	Sat.	St. Canute, King, M.
20	SUN.	II. after Epiph. HOLY NAME OF JESUS.
21	Mon.	St. Agnes, V. M.
22	Tues.	SS. Vincent and Anastasius, MM.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JAN. 12, 1889.

The Ecclesiastical Province of Toronto, by an Apostolic Indult of 24 May, 1885, uses in the public services of the Church the calendar of the City of Rome, with the modifications imposed by the general liturgical rules of the Church. We will each week publish, as above, the feasts and fasts of the coming ten days, being assured that such publication will be of the greatest use to many of our readers who may not be conversant with the peculiar arrangements of the Roman Calendar.

Our Catholic benevolent and total abstinence societies might dispense, without loss of dignity, with such titles as "Grand Worthy Patriarch" and "Grand Master" conferred upon their executive members. The plumage is a trifle fantastical, and belongs by right to the Freemasons and to the Orange illuminati.

The suspicion is beginning to arise, says an English exchange, that a good deal of the bitterness with which the

Catholic religion is attacked in Italy can be traced to the fact of the Jews possessing a powerful influence over the press. In Rome, as in other capitals, they have obtained an undisputed supremacy in journalism. The director of the *Riforma*, Signor Crispi's official journal, is the Jew Primo-Levi. The *Tribuna* has at least three Jews on its editorial staff; the leading writer on the *Opinione* is a Jew; the *Fanfulla* and the *Diritto* have also Jewish editorial contributors. The *Italia* is owned by the Jewish banker, Obeght. The Jew Friedlander is manager of the Stefani Telegraphic Agency, and Reuter's Roman correspondent is the Jew Arbib.

It is from these sources that foreign readers receive their intelligence of Catholic affairs in the Eternal City. It is not strange that they are often deceived. The Jews are the money-lenders to the nations of Europe. They control legislation and manufacture public opinion. It is undeniable that behind the throne of each of the great Powers of Europe there stands a Jew. Disraeli, with Semitic pride, pointed to the fact in a fine chapter in "Coningsby."

### HOME RULE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Mr. Gladstone, in a speech which he delivered in London just a short time before his departure for Italy, again administered a grave rebuke to the politicians who go about to inflame Protestant jealousy of the Catholic religion in connection with the Irish question. The ex-Premier's words were evidently prompted by a perusal of the recent speeches of Lords Hartington and Hamilton in Liverpool, the key-note of which was that the Catholics of Ireland are not to be trusted with the lives and liberties of the Protestant minority. This statement is no doubt an effective one enough when addressed to the intelligences of Orangemen, but it will not bear the test of history. Looking back nearly a hundred years Mr. Gladstone was able to assure his hearers that nowhere were the Catholic claims more popular in those days than in Belfast; and that nowhere was there greater indignation than in Antrim at the attempts then made by the British Government, as in these days they are made by the Tories and Unionist Liberals, to sow religious dissensions, in order to defeat the national movement. "Not only a more ungenerous (said Mr. Gladstone) but a more absurd imputation was never made on a people."

A passage quoted by an English contemporary from the correspondence of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe illustrates the feelings with which the upper classes of Irish society in that day regarded the proposal of a legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland. Sharpe was an aristocrat by birth, a Protestant in religion, and a Tory in politics. He was born in 1781, and kept up through life an active correspondence with the literary personages of the age. Two large volumes of his correspondence have lately been published. At the end of the last century Sharpe was pursuing his studies at Christ Church, Oxford, then, as now, a favourite resort of the better-off students. Writing from there to a brother in 1799, the year before the Union, he gives the following account of his Irish fellow-students: "All the Irish youth here are giving themselves infinite concern about the Union. We have one courageous hero who wishes he was at the head of the rebels, though I am certain that it is not the part of his own body he would show to the enemy. And another, who declares he would not go to Court on any account whatever; wishing,

I suppose, to mortify the King, and break the heart of the trustful Queen. I doubt not that all our Irish Christians would join the Frinck were they to invade England; and truly for that reason I rather wish the Frinck to come, as our youths would all be hanged, and Oxford have a happy riddance from a pack of abominable knaves."

"We quote this passage (says the *Weekly Register* of London), not for its virulent exhibition of national antipathy; unfortunately we are too familiar with similar displays of rancorous feeling towards Ireland before and since. But it is remarkable as incidental proof of the deep and general hostility entertained by Irish Protestant aristocrats against the Union before England bought them by bribes of money and titles." Sharpe does not give the names of his Irish companions in this letter, but in a later letter he mentions as among the men at Oxford William Vesey Fitzgerald, afterwards Lord Fitzgerald and Vesey, defeated by O'Connell in the great Clare election of 1828; and Welbore Ellis Agar, afterwards Earl of Normanton. Probably in their generous youth these men were among the nationalists. The nick-name of *rebel*, as our contemporary observes, goes for little. "Just as anyone wiser than oneself may be styled a Jesuit, so everyone who takes the side of his own country against the English is a rebel." Wallace, Bruce, Sarsfield, Joan of Arc, and a thousand others, all fall under this condemnation. "The point worthy of notice (we again quote the *Register*) is that at the end of the eighteenth century, according to authentic contemporary evidence, the educated youth among the upper classes of Protestant Irishmen preferred, in heart and voice at least, to join the enemies of England, rather than consent to the legislative extinction of their country."

Such was the public opinion in Ireland a hundred years ago on the subject of the Union. Afterwards there was obtained, by fraud and force, a Union without consent,—a Union, as Lord Byron said, which never united.

It has been learned with not a little regret that the writer of the article on "Monasticism," and on other Catholic subjects in that great work "The Encyclopædia Britannica" turns out to be none other than the somewhat notorious Dr. Littledale, the author of "Plain Reasons Against Popery" and a ritualistic clergyman of the Church of England. He has been chiefly known for some years past as an unscrupulous anti-Popery writer, whose pamphlets, although frequently refuted and exposed, have continued to form the chief stock in trade of those impotent ritualistic parsons to whom the existence of the Catholic Church is a constant source of uneasiness and of exasperation. It was understood to be the secret of the value of the Encyclopædia Britannica that the editors had allotted each subject to the fittest man. Certainly this was what was claimed for it; and that this rule should have been departed from in the case of Catholic subjects, to the extent of handing them over for treatment to anti-Popery writers, is little short of an outrage. Even if there were any dearth of Catholic scholars and writers—and there is not—Dr. Littledale was the last man who should have been chosen to deal with any Catholic questions. His name has come to be almost universally regarded as synonymous with insincerity. In a  
 'et published by the Catholic Truth Society of  
 entitled "Littledale versus Littledale," the Rev.

Austin Richardson, by contrasting Littledale, the writer of "Words for Truth," in 1888, with Littledale, the author of "Innovations," 1868, has made the public acquainted with the extent of his contradictions and evasions. In the former (1888) he compares the Reformers to good and wise householders, who, finding their house out of repair, transform it into a healthy dwelling; while in the latter (1868) the same Littledale *proves* them to have been a set of "utterly unredeemed villains;" that the old Church was calumniated by them, and that the Reformation was the triumph of evil over good. In 1888 Dr. Littledale claims that the Anglican Church is the "old church," and that the Catholics who refused to "reform" were schismatics; in 1868 he said they were *massacred* because they would not forsake the religion of their fathers. In 1888 we learn from him that the religion of the Reformers was Catholic, in 1868 he informs us that it was Protestant,—and so on through the whole catalogue of contradictions. That a man of such mental obliquity and known prejudices should have had part in the preparation of the Encyclopædia Britannica—above all, that he should have been entrusted with the discussion of Catholic subjects—will take away much from the reputation of the work.

In publishing for many weeks portions of Cardinal Newman's lectures on the traditions against Catholics the REVIEW deems that it has rendered a great service to religion in Canada. They hit off all such attacks as are most frequently aimed at us, and the Catholic who follows them will rise strengthened and refreshed from their reading. In a week or two we shall continue the series. They cannot fail to do good in such an atmosphere as we live in. The tendency of them, it is certain, will be towards the creating and fostering of a more robust Catholic spirit amongst us. The reader will find that they expose all the weaknesses, shiftings, and inconsistencies of his opponents. They are, besides, from the pen of the greatest living English prose writer, and many of the passages they contain are among the best bits in our literature.

The writer of the trenchant series of letters in the *Nation* of Dublin, "An Irish Catholic Layman," in one thus defines education:—"Education in the broadest sense is the development of the pupil—physically, intellectually, and morally—to the highest perfection of which his nature is capable. To reach this ideal, the operations should be coincident; for if you develop the physical nature of man to the neglect of the others, you make a powerful brute; if his intellectual to the neglect of the moral, a clever devil; if his moral to the neglect of the other two, a pious fool; if altogether in the way most suited to the subject, you gain the great end—'a sound mind in a healthy body,' and make a good citizen and a good man. To use the words of a great authority, you attain the result 'which enables a man to fulfil justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, public and private, of peace and war.'"

In a later number we shall publish in full his views on the subject. Than these letters on the position of the Irish Church nothing more powerful has appeared since the days of Dr. Doyle and of Archbishop McHale, of Tuam. They have attained to an enormous sale since their publication in book form.



## THE ANTI-CATHOLIC CONSPIRACIES.

It is worthy of remark—we upwards of a year ago drew attention to it; and it will well bear repetition in view of the *Mail's* constant assaults on our separate Catholic school system—that the origin of the American public school system was the work of a secret, but extensive and organized, infidel movement, which sought to reduce the country by means of it to irreligion and atheism. It is not as generally known as it ought to be; but that it is indeed so, and that in America, as in Europe, the banishment of religious teaching from the schools—which the *Mail* would see carried into execution in Canada—was meant merely as the preliminary to the destruction of the Christian idea, is sufficiently shown in the following excerpt from one of Dr. Brownson's American essays:

"It is far easier to educate for evil than for good, for children, since the fall, take to evil as naturally as ducks take to water. The enemies of religion and society understand this perfectly well, and hence, whenever in their power, they seize upon the schools, and seek to control the education of the young. To accomplish their purposes they have only to exclude religion from the schools, under the plea of excluding sectarianism, and instead of teaching religion, teach, as Frances Wright was accustomed to say, *know-ledgy*, and they may soon have a community whose thoughts and affections will be exclusively of the earth earthy.

"It is not without design that I have mentioned the name of Frances Wright, the favourite pupil of Jeremy Bentham, the famous infidel lecturer through our country, some twenty years ago; for I happen to know, what may not be known to you all, that she and her friends were the great movers in the scheme of godless education, now the fashion in our country. I knew this remarkable woman well, and it was my shame to share, for a time, many of her views, for which I ask pardon of God and of my countrymen. I was for a brief time in her confidence, and one of those selected to carry into execution her plans. The great object was to get rid of Christianity, and to convert our churches into halls of science. The plan was not to make open attacks upon religion, although we might belabour the clergy and bring them into contempt where we could, but to establish a system of state—we said *national*—schools, from which all religion was to be excluded, in which nothing was to be taught but such knowledge as is verifiable by the senses, and to which all parents were to be compelled by law to send their children. Our complete plan was to take the children from their parents at the age of twelve or eighteen months, and to have them nursed, fed, clothed, and trained in these schools, at public expense; but at any rate, we were to have godless schools for all the children of the country, to which the parents would be compelled by law to send them. The first thing to be done was to get this system of schools established.

"For this purpose, a secret society was formed, and the whole country was to be organized somewhat on the plan of the carbonari of Italy, or as were the revolutionists throughout Europe by Bazard preparatory to the revolutions of 1820 and 1830. This organization was commenced in 1829, in the city of New York, and to my own knowledge was effected throughout a considerable part of New York State. How far it was extended in other States, or whether it is still kept up I know not, for I abandoned it in the latter part of the year 1830, and had no confidential relations with any engaged in it; but this much I can say, the plan has been successfully pursued, the views we put forth have gained great popularity, and the whole action of the country on the subject has taken the direction we sought to give it. I have observed, too, that many who were associated with us and relied upon to carry out the plan, have taken the lead in what has been done on the subject. One of the principal movers of the scheme had no mean share in organizing the Smithsonian Institute and is now, I believe, one of the representatives of our government at an Italian court. It would be worth inquiring, if there were any means of ascertaining, how large a part this secret infidel society, with its members all-through the country, unsuspected by the public, and unknown to each other, yet all known to a central committee, and moved by it, have had in

giving the extraordinary impulse to godless education which all must have remarked since 1830, an impulse which seems too strong for any human power now to resist."

There are several journals in America in the forefront of the war upon the Catholic Church. These are the *Mail* of Toronto, the *Mail and Express* of New York, the *Tribune* and *Times* of Chicago, and *America*, an exclusively know-nothing paper lately established in the same city. These journals are pursuing a precisely similar policy; they regard the Pope as "a foreign potentate;" and they argue that the Church is a menace to free institutions. They explain away as superstitions and fetishes all beliefs in the miraculous and supernatural. They have as the main purpose of their work the furtherance of purely secular methods of public instruction. Under the cloak of excluding sectarianism, they clothe the question in euphemisms which mean in effect the extrusion of the Christian idea from children, and the forming of their young minds to reject as of no concern all matters soever as are not verifiable by the senses. These are the gods of these Israelites. It may, of course, be nothing more than a coincidence that the views put forth by this secret organization in 1830 are being propagated so vigorously, in Canada as in America, in our own day. It may be, we say, because with the secret Masonic and other occult conspiracies at work in our midst, there can be no approach even to certainty. One finds oneself pondering over the last sentence above quoted: "It would be worth inquiring, if there were any means of ascertaining, how large a part this secret infidel society, with its members all through the country, unsuspected by the public, yet all known to a central committee, and moved by it, have had in giving the extraordinary impulse to godless education which all must have remarked since 1830, an impulse which seems too strong for any human power now to resist."

For the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

## A NEW ORATORY.

The Percé people, headed by their curate, are about to build a shrine on the top of Mount St Arn, behind the hamlet. Its height will be of 1300 feet above the sea level. This elevation is covered by two or three feet of earth before reaching the rock, which is a conglomerate, and the loftiest point on the Gaspéan coast, lining the Gulf of St. Lawrence. This shrine will hold a statue of St Ann. The shape of the oratory is hexagonal, 36 feet radius. The chief platform, on which will stand the statue, will be 40 feet high. The way to it will be by a set of four steps ranged around the platform, on the middle of which will be set a cylindrical pedestal bearing the statue. Six Corinthian pillars will uphold a cupola of 14 feet diameter, crowned by a cross. The columns and cupola will be 44 feet high, and the whole height of the shrine 64 feet. The cupola will shelter the statue. The cross will be of gilded iron; the cupola, Corinthian cornice, the pillars and the pedestal covered in copper, half polished and half rough. This variety of colour will have a fine effect. The statue, chiselled in wood and 10 feet high, will be covered with gilt lead. From the monument the eye will enjoy a broad view of land and sea, and the shrine will be the Lady Warden (*N. D. de la Garde*) of the Gaspé Coast.

A venerable French priest has just passed away. Mgr. Ozanam died on the 26th ult., at the age of 85. This distinguished prelate, remarkable for his literary attainments and the zeal with which he evangelized the poor, was the elder brother of the founder of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. The late Miss Kathleen O'Meara's beautiful and biographical of the illustrious Catholic writer, Frederick is familiar to all English readers.

## THE NUN'S ROMANCE.

"Forget the bitter past.  
Welcome. Oh I welcome back at last—  
I filled thy place."

—*The Legend of Provence.*

You told me as the rain fell down,  
Through the quiet, sad October weather,  
And all was still in the simple town,  
As we two sat and mused together,  
How the careless knight wooed the white-faced nun ;  
How his trap was set and his game was won,  
And he held her heart in love's lithe tether.

How the two stole out to the world beyond,  
From the peace of heaven to earth's light pride ;  
How passion spent itself, and the bond  
Of love was broken, and the hearts sea tide  
Ebbd and sunk and cast on the shoal  
The woman's love and the woman's soul,  
Love wearisome now and tossed aside.

How the nun's white face, grown wan with years—  
Years steeped in the age of wild regret—  
Saw through the mist of falling tears  
High up as the heaven the minaret  
Of the cross-kissed convent tower, and turning,  
Entered, unknown, with an untold yearning,  
And bleeding feet and eye-lids wet.

Then your voice grew low and strangely tender,  
And the touching chasteness of your eyes  
Thrilled as you told how in the convent window  
The white-faced nun, in mute surprise,  
Saw herself as she was in the by-gone faith,  
Bright as Christ's bride—more strong than death—  
Strong in God's love, that never dies.

For lo! the Virgin who bore the son,  
That sin from the brows of sinners kissed,  
Had taken the place of the fallen nun,  
And trimmed her lamp and kept her tryst,  
And whitened her soul from all earthly stain,  
And led her back to the walls again,  
Her sin unknown, and she unmissed.

Then you paused, and as your eyes met mine,  
Look down in the depths of your soul I said  
To myself in silence, "Here is the shrine  
Where my heart as a virgin watched and prayed  
In the long ago, before the sin  
Of the world and its ways had entered in  
And darkened its life with its upas shade."

But the Virgin's love that shrived the soul  
Of the white-faced nun in the days of yore  
Shines in your heart as an aureole,  
And beckons me back to the golden shore  
Where you have waited, my love, in that sacred land,  
Where soul to soul to-day we stand,  
Where love is life forever more.

## MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN'S ELOQUENCE.

Thousands who may at one time or another have heard William O'Brien deliver one of his impassioned addresses in behalf of the cause of the storied isle, have perhaps little dreamed that the fiery and vehement "agitator," he is sometimes termed, is capable of an eloquence as chaste as that of Burke, and as moving as that of Demosthenes. In a recent address on the "Irish National Idea" he delivered a superb oration from which the following passage is an extract: "The Irish cause has all the passionate romances and glamour of love; it is invested with some of the sanctity of religion. No knight of chivalry ever panted for the applause of his lady with a prouder love-light in his eyes than the flashing glance with which men have welcomed their death-wound to the fierce music of battle for Ireland. The dungeons in which unnumbered Irishmen have grown gaunt and gray with torment are illumined by the faith only less absorbing than the ethereal light of the cloister, and by visions only less entrancing. The passion of Irish patriotism is blent with what is en-

nobling and divine in our being, with all that is tenderest in our associations. It is the whispered poetry of our cradles. It is the song that is sung by every brook that goes by us, for every brook has been in its day red with the blood of heroes. It is the strange voice we hear from every graveyard where our forefathers are sleeping, for every Irish graveyard contains the bones of saints and martyrs. When the framers of the penal law denied us books, and drew the thick, black veil over Irish history, they forgot the ruins themselves had made. They might give our flesh to the sword and our fields to the spoiler, but before they could blot out our traces of their sin, or efface the title deeds of our heritage, they would have to uproot to their last scrap of sculptured filigree the majestic shrines in which the old race worshipped; they would have had to demolish to their last stone the castles which lay like wounded giants to mark the spot where the fight had been the sorest; they would have had to level the pillar-towers and seal up the source of the holy wells; and even then they would not have stilled the voices of Ireland's past, for in a country where every green hill-side has been a battle-field the very ghosts would rise as witnesses through the penal darkness, and the voices of night winds would come, laden with memories of wrong unavenged, of a strife unfinished, and of a hope which only brightened in suffering, and which no human weapon could subdue. . . . What the star that shone over Bethlehem was to the eastern kings, what the vision of the Holy Grail was to the Knights of the Round Table, what the Holy Sepulchre was to the dying eyes of the Crusader fainting in the parched Syrian desert, that to the children of the Irish race is the tradition that there has been, and the faith that there will be, a golden-hearted Irish nation, a land of song, and wit, and learning and holiness, and all the fair flowering of the human mind and soul."

"Who, after reading such divine oratory," observes the *Buffalo Union and Times*, "will maintain that Irish eloquence has lost any of its ancient glory, or that Irish brain and Irish culture are in their decadence? Happy is the nation which in the hour of its bitter sorrow and humiliation can produce such gifted sons!"

## CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

Cardinal Newman made his first public appearance since his recent illness at the Oratory Church, Edgbaston, Birmingham, on Christmas Day, when he assisted at the High Mass, in his Cardinal's robes. Though evidently very feeble and tottering in his gait, his Eminence appeared to be otherwise in fairly good health and spirits, and insisted on entering and quitting the tribune by the flight of steps that is approached through the church, instead of by the private door at the back of the high altar. Gounod's "Messe Solennelle" was rendered by the choir with organ and full band.

A temperance service was held in St. Ann's Church, Montreal, on Sunday night, at which Rev. Father Strubbe delivered a powerful address. The members of the various Total Abstinence and Benefit Societies were present. In opening the clergyman read from the Apocalypse of St. John the Evangelist the vision of the beast, and stated that drunkenness alone of all sins reduced man to that level, causing envy, gluttony, lust, heartlessness, ferociousness and blasphemous defilement. The discourse fell under two heads, the greatness of the crime and the means for its suppression. No other vice could deprive man of all the elements of the divine image, love, freedom and the reasoning faculty, but drunkenness could take away all the essentials of the nature of man, the intelligence by which he knows, the affection by which he loves, and the freedom by which he acts and makes his every thought, word, and deed, reek with impurity. Drunkenness could deprive a man of the power to appeal for mercy, and its victim could receive no sacraments—a privilege not even denied to a murderer, and he alone is beyond the pale of God's mercy. Another effect was the destruction of the family, and here the preacher drew some powerful pictures of the evil effects of the vice on domestic happiness.

Dealing with the second part of his subject, he urged his hearers that they should endeavour to counteract the evil by personal abstinence and the exercise of all legal means within their power.

The Rev. Father Guillet, Director of the College of Ottawa, has declared in answer to an enquiry as to whether the Cadets wore the Zouave uniform, were drilled in the American drill, and had received a communication from Colonel Straubenzie, deputy-adjutant general, stating that for this reason they should forfeit their arms: "You can say we have had no communication from Colonel Straubenzie or the militia department on the subject you mention. We have a cadet corps who wear a special college uniform of dark blue with red facings, but they are not, and never have been, taught the American drill. They have been drilled by various people, including a sergeant from the Royal Military College, Kingston, and Capt. Bliss of the Field Battery, and these gentlemen would not be likely to teach the American drill. Connected with the College we have a Zouave company composed of the younger boys, too young to join the Cadet corps, and they practise the Zouave drill. They have a special uniform which they also wear for football and baseball." This disposes of the assertions made by the *Mail* and repeated by other journals respecting the college corps.

The Bishop of Kingston has issued, through his Secretary, the following communication to the press: Permit me to inform the public through you that a person in the garb of a priest, professing to be pastor in the Apostolic Vicariate of Pontiac, with six hundred families for his congregation, is moving about this city and the adjacent country, carrying with him priestly vestments and other requisites for the celebration of mass. The Bishop does not know this man, nor is his name or that of the mission to which he says he belongs registered in

the Ecclesiastical Directory for the Vicariate of Pontiac. He is believed to be a barber from Montreal.

## CURRENT CATHOLIC THOUGHT.

### CONFESSION TO AN ANGLICAN AND ITS RESULTS.

Confession outside of the Catholic Church is sometimes a very perilous proceeding. The papers have just reported a case in point. A watch maker who had purloined a watch left with him for repairs, repented of his evil deed, and confessed it to the Rector of the parish. As often happens, the Rector was also a magistrate. We do not know whether as rector he gave his parishioner spiritual consolation, but however this may be, as magistrate he handed him over to the secular arm by committing him for trial, and the man has just been sentenced to two months' hard labour at the assizes. This result can hardly tend to inspire confidence in erring parishioners whose pastors are magistrates, and who are encouraged to open their consciences to them for comfort and consolation.—*Liverpool Catholic Times*.

James Owen O'Connor essayed the role of Richard III. at the Monumental Theatre, Baltimore, Md., on Christmas night. He appeared upon the stage in red tights and boldly informed the audience that the winter of discontent had been made glorious summer. He was mistaken. The shower of apples which overwhelmed him was more like fall than summer, and the noise of tin horns which drowned his voice sound like a sleigh-ride party in full blast. The Great Uncrushed could not withstand this exhibition of Southern hospitality and beat a permanent retreat.—*Exchange*.



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C. EUG. PANET,

Deputy Min. of Militia and Defence

Ottawa, 5th December, 1888

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at its next session for an Act to incorporate a Company to be called "The Assets and Debenture Company of Canada," with power to buy, sell and guarantee, and advance money upon debentures or other securities, to buy and sell and advance money upon stocks, shares and assets of any description, and to guarantee payments of principal or interest or both, and to act as agents in all such matters, and for such other powers as may be incidental to the business of such corporation.

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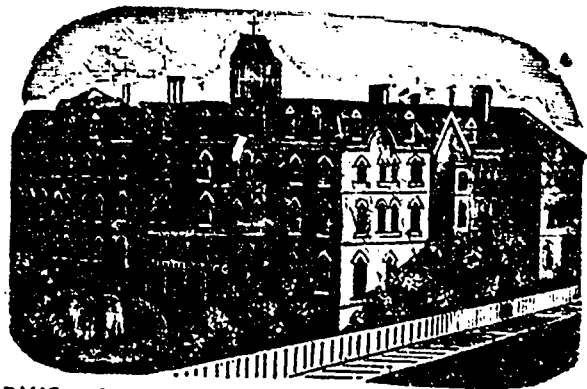
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