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Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, July 26, 1890.

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Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, July 26, 1890.

No. 25

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Notes.

THE cession of Heligoland to Germany has sharpened the appetite of other powers for the acquisition of outlying islands. Very few people have heard of Worm's Island, in the Baltic, which has belonged for many generations to the Barons of Stackelberg. Russia has long wished to form a coalition state there, but its owner once refused an offer of £1,000,000 sterling. The present proprietor has just parted with it to the Czar for a little over 1,000,000.

THE French papers appeal to the medical faculties to make preparations for the cholera, which has begun to show itself "at the gate of France," in Spain. *Les Annales Catholiques* says that the lesson taught by the carelessness with which the news of the breaking out of *la grippe* was received should be taken to heart. The French authorities on the Spanish frontier have made efforts to prevent the spread of the plague.

THE eminent Protestant authority on educational matters, Dr. Miner, speaks almost like a Catholic in the following: "It is one of the most remarkable phenomena of our perverted humanity that among a Christian people and in a Protestant land, such a question as whether the education of youth may not be secularized, should not seem as absurd as to inquire whether school-rooms should be located under water or in darksome caverns."

REFERRING to the reported Irish-American project of establishing factories, which Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly and Mr. O'Brien, of Boston, were stated to be promoting, the *Boston Pilot* says:—"So far as Mr. O'Reilly and ex-Mayor O'Brien, of Boston, are concerned, this project is all moonshine. Neither of them has ever heard of such a proposal or such an enterprise. Who started the story? And for what purpose?"

The procession of Italians on last Wednesday in New York city was not only an enthusiastic affair; it had also a political significance at the moment. Hereafter when Italians wish to honor God and His Blessed Mother by these public displays, they will have to come to America to do it. There are to be no more street religious processions in Italy. So Premier Crispi decreed a few weeks ago. He finds that they excite the hasty tempers and riotous dispositions of Garibaldians, and he cannot afford to protect them. Civic displays, masonic celebra-

tions, satanic parades and the like will continue to enjoy the protection of the law, but the religious procession will be confined to the church. Seeing the deep-rooted pleasure which Italians take in the *festas*, it looks as if Crispi had made another of those blunders in which Catholics delight. He is teaching the people effectively what manner of government they are under, and preparing them for another revolution against the powers of darkness this time. The Italian has hitherto known America as a place to which he must run to avoid the conscription, or to make money. He will know it now as a place where, though his religion may be despised by many, yet it is better treated than where it has a recognized place in the constitution.

THE New York *Catholic Review* says:—"The Toronto Orangeman who emigrated from Canada to the United States to edit the journal called *America*, is deeply concerned about his fellow-foreigners who have not as yet endeavoured to put a fence around the United States and claim it as their own. According to his statements about eighty thousand Huns have immigrated to this country since 1880, "who are indeed the lowest element under the sceptre of Francis Joseph, a class who can only be controlled by the club." If they are any worse than the Toronto Orangemen they must be indeed a pitiable set, but we should not like to accept their character as portrayed by the editor of *America*, who, in his life, has never yet been able to speak the truth concerning anything Irish or Catholic. With him, it is a constitutional impossibility to see a thing, connected with Catholicity, in its true light. It is unnecessary to argue with him, but we would point out for his benefit, that it was not the Catholic Church which brought the Huns here; in fact, she has never deported any nationality. They were brought here by American and English capitalists who thought to get a band of slaves to work in the mines, and instead found that they had caught Tartars. If the Huns are good Catholics, as *America* says, we would not be afraid to defend their character as good citizens; certainly they have shown themselves men in refusing to act as slaves of rascally, civilized, non-Catholic capitalists.

THE French-Canadians are another source of anxiety to this gentleman. Their recent victory over the Orange spirit leads him to believe that there will be a bitter struggle between Catholics and Protestants in the Dominion of Canada, and that it will end either in the disruption of the confederation or in the annexation of Canada to the United States. The wish in this case is father to the thought. The Orangemen would be glad to see Canada ruined, if ruin would be necessary to destroy Catholicity; that is, the Orangemen fashioned after the idea of the editor of *America*. Many of them have still some sense left. But there will be no trouble in Canada over religious issues. The Equal Rights party has been smashed. It never had any footing in Canada until Mr. Meredith thought to use it as a help to secure office. It didn't secure him an extra vote. On the contrary, it ruined him, and in his fall, down went the Equal Rights' Association to depths that the famous McGinty never reached. Hence, disruption and annexation, however pleasing to the mind of this gentleman, will not take place in Canada.

A STORY OF MARY AND OF MAY.

BY MARY E. MANNIN.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when a lady of middle age, dressed in deep mourning, descended the steps of the only hotel open in the town at this season of the year; for the summer influx to seaside resorts had not yet set in. She had been ordered by her physician to seek change of air in some quiet place; and, although she knew that the cause of her weary days and nights was due to no bodily ailment, she obeyed this command, hoping to find in new scenes some relief from sorrowful thoughts and painful memories.

As she walked slowly along, on her way to the beach, pausing occasionally to look at the pretty gardens, many of which were already being put in order preparatory to the arrival of their owners—mostly wealthy residents of New York, who came here to enjoy their summer holidays,—her attention was arrested by the sound of a church bell close by. "That must be the bell of a Catholic church," she said, half aloud; and, although she had not practised her religion for many years she felt impelled to turn in the direction of the sound, and soon found herself in front of a small but handsome building, surmounted by the cross, which formerly distinguished the Catholic church from all others. We say formerly, because in these latter days the long banished emblem of Christianity may often be seen on the churches of other denominations.

As she stood, irresolute, moved by an impulse to enter, yet hesitating, and unable to account to herself for the interior voice which urged her to cross the threshold, a procession of children filed out of a large gateway, on the other side of the church grounds, which she at once and correctly judged to be that of a convent school. Two Sisters walked in front of the children, who all bore bouquets, wreaths, and small baskets of cut flowers.

Almost mechanically she followed them into the church, where a blaze of lights surrounded a beautiful statue of *Mater Admirabilis*, half hidden in a wreath of lovely flowers. One by one the white-robed children advanced to the shrine, placing their offerings at Our Lady's feet. A flood of memories rushed over the woman's soul. The waxen candles shining like stars amid the bloom, the bower of fragrance wherein Mary sat enthroned, the perfume of the flowers—she knew them well, she remembered them well! It was the 1st of May, and these little girls were about to consecrate themselves anew to Mary's sweet service, and to invoke her benign protection.

The children returned from the altar steps, ranging themselves on the left-hand side of the church, in the front pews. On the opposite side about twenty boys were already kneeling, a Sister also having them in charge. The lady in black entered a pew behind them, and kneeling, made the Sign of the Cross for the first time in many years. A few old men and toil worn women came in at intervals. Presently a pale-faced priest, with two acolytes, appeared from the sacristy, and the service began.

In a few well-chosen words the priest explained the meaning of the devotion of the Month of Mary, exhorting the children to practice it through life; telling them how in after-days they would treasure as a precious remembrance these short, sweet half hours snatched from the turmoil of the day, and spent with the dearest and truest of mothers in her own flowery month of May. After this followed an act of consecration, recited in a clear, expressive voice by one of the larger girls; skilful hands then touched the organ, and a hundred childish voices uprose in wave of prayerful song.

More than one of the children marked with surprise the sudden tremor that shook the black-robed woman as she buried her face deep in her hands, while the gentle nun who knelt behind them said a fervent *Memorare* for her, whom she instinctively divined must bear the burden of a troubled soul. Lower and lower she bent her head, her whole frame shaken with convulsive sobbing. Those beautiful old canticles,—had her life been but a long, miserable dream since she last heard them, in French, in her happy convent home?

When she lifted her tear-stained face the church was deserted, the lights extinguished, only the undying sanctuary

lamp illumined the twilight gloom, from which the fair, sweet face of the Virgin Mother seemed to smile sadly but tenderly upon her. She hurried from the place, once more directing her steps to the hotel, and deferring her walk to the beach until later. After a slight repast she set forth again, longing to be alone with God and memory by the shore of that strange, sad, mysterious sea, whose ceaseless, everlasting ebb and flow seemed in harmony with the tumult of her own soul.

As she sat on the sand in the twilight, far removed from the laughing groups with which the shore was dotted, her whole life rose up, like a swift-passing panorama, before her. She saw herself in a new aspect; regret, remorse, compunction, and firm resolve followed in quick succession through her agitated mind. Once more a happy girl, she walked hand in hand with her companions in the old convent garden at Nevers, reciting the Rosary aloud or singing May canticles.

Je suis la bergere fidele.

she could hear Leonie's voice clearest of all in the chorus; and surely that was Blanche softly lisping the pretty solo:

La bergere fidele, nous appelle.

How well, too, she remembered that grand

Chretiens, nous combattons aujourd'hui sur la terre!

With what feeling they sang it, as though it might have been a Christian "Marseillaise"!

Then she arose and began to walk up and down, tears falling from her eyes. Presently she dwelt on another scene—all gaiety, light and perfume; the glamour of worldly pomp and pleasure; the reign of coquetry, of fashion, of so-called enjoyment; hours, days, months, given to frivolous amusement. No room there for childish canticles, no time for prayer; vanity her god, the pride of life her goal. After that a loveless marriage, a cruel, heartless husband; the gradual hardening of her own heart; her life and its uses unredeemed save by one unselfish passion—a mother's love for her only child. And then—oh, sharpest pang of all!—widowhood, unblest by one tender memory of the departed. An ungrateful, extravagant son, returning her lavish kindness with indifference, meeting her reproaches with insults and sarcasm; finally, an angry rupture and abandonment.

For five years she had walked the world alone, rich in its goods, none poorer in affection. From him she had received no sign. Where was he now, that wayward boy? Why, during all these years of anguish and desolation, had she never until to-day turned to God and that sweet Mother, to whom she had once been so devoted, for help and consolation? How could she have lived so barren and arid a life, untouched even by the sting of remorse, since that happy time when her dearest charge had been to deck the altar of her tender Mother, since her proudest title had been that of Child of Mary.

And her boy? She now realized how responsible she was for his downfall and possible reprobation. Had he ever learned from her a prayer? Ah, yes! there had been one, and she took comfort in the thought. When he was a very little child, while yet her own heart preserved a faint trace of its former piety, she had taught him to lisp beside her knee, "Holy Mother of God and mother, guard me, guide me, and take me, when life is over, to dwell with you in Paradise!" "Say it every day, Louis," she had enjoined him; but that was a great many years ago, and she had long since neglected to repeat it herself. Sometimes, when half awake in the early morning, she had heard the faintest echo of the pious ejaculation in her careless soul.

Lashed by thoughts like these, she walked across the long stretch of sand,—across and back again, till her tired feet warned her that she could not endure much longer. Then, seating herself on the timber of an abandoned boat, she watched the moon rise, a quivering globe of molten gold; and, suddenly waking to the time and place, found herself alone upon the sands. Wrapping her shawl more closely about her, for the wind blew sharp and fresh, she started homeward—but instead of going directly up the long street to the hotel, some strange chance, or, better, a kind Providence, led her toward the little church, now shadowy and dark amid embowering trees. The soft rays of the sanctuary lamp shone through the half-open door, making a dim path-

way of light to the vestibule, and she was fain to turn her weary steps toward this brightness before she slept.

There was no one visible; she knelt in the last pew, praying fervently. Her boy was never absent from her thoughts, but her heart seemed to cry out with a mighty longing for him to-night. "O my Mother," she murmured, "if I could once more hear him call me 'Mother!'" Something stirred in the shadows behind her, in the almost painful silence she fancied she heard a whispered "Mother!" Quickly turning her head, she peered into the darkness but saw nothing.

"Only my overwrought fancy," she thought, rising to leave the church. Near the holy water font she paused, with hand uplifted to her forehead. Again a stir in the darkness, an agonizing sigh, a whispered, tremulous "Mother!"

She was not a timid woman, and now her faculties were all alert. She felt a human presence near her. Reaching forth her hand, it rested, on a crouching figure, close to the wall,—on a mass of short, thick-curling hair,—a man's head, she knew.

"Who are you? What are you doing here?" she cried. For answer came again, but more distinctly now, that one word, thrice repeated, each time more imploringly. "Mother—mother—mother!"

"Come!" she said, dragging him to the open door, where the moonlight lay in broken lines upon the threshold.

And this was what she saw. A man, pallid, repulsive, grimy and unshaven, with matted hair and scarred and furrowed forehead,—an outcast of the streets, in soiled and tattered clothing; a pariah of the slums, whom to see was to avoid as one might Cain or Judas;—one from whom little children must have shrunk in trembling as he passed them by, so haggard, so woe-begone did he appear; yet one who, faithful to a single blessed memory of childhood, was wont, upon his weary tramp, to loiter sometimes near the shadow of the sanctuary, there to murmur, in his dull, besotted way, the words of a never forgotten prayer;—a pitiful, object thing, looking up at her now, with hope and shame and love and doubt strangely blending in his sin-veiled eyes,—yet her own boy still, as, with all the passion of a mother's heart, she clasped her arms around him!—*Ave Maria.*

The incident herein related occurred at a watering-place near New York some years ago. As one of the parties concerned died an exemplary death not long since, in France, and the other is a lay-brother in a religious institution in that country, I consider it not untimely to make the incident public.

THE ÆSTHETIC SENSE IN RELATION TO RELIGION.

A SERMON BY PERE MONSABRE.

For high philosophy, richness of language, and sublimity of thought, the third conference delivered at Notre-Dame by Pere Monsabre has probably never been surpassed by any previous discourse in the celebrated series connected with the name of this eloquent and learned Dominican. It was a splendid intellectual achievement to which justice cannot be done in a summary. "Amen of the Æsthetic Sense" was the subject.

The preacher commenced by saying that not only did man seek the true—a purpose co-natural with his intelligence. not only did he receive in respect of this aim complete satisfaction from Catholic dogma, but, being constantly in contact with created images and forms, he possessed the faculty of being moved to admiration by the splendour of the true, by that dazzling perfection of order which is called the beautiful. This was the æsthetic sense. Pere Monsabre said he had not to analyse this complex faculty, nor to determine what assistance it received from the intelligence and the imagination. It would be sufficient for him to show the action of Catholic dogma in its relation to the æsthetic sense. Catholic dogma spoke to this sense by its structure alone. Considered as an intellectual edifice, it was a marvel to which no production of the human mind could be compared. It was divine by the grandeur and majesty of its forms, the purity of its lines, the harmony of its proportions. All concurred in the harmonious beauty of this intellectual

monument. All other dogmas were grouped around the central dogma of the Incarnation in which appeared He by Whom and for Whom all things were made. The proportions were so well observed that that which belonged to nature seemed to rise above nature, and that which was supernatural seemed natural. Everything could be better seen, better understood when examined in the admirable order of this holy doctrine which revealed the sole principle of the beautiful. It brought us near to this principle and presented it under those forms which were most capable of captivating the imagination. Hence that strong excitement of the human soul towards those creations of religious art which in the Christian universe were the Amen of the æsthetic sense responding to the appeals of Catholic dogma. There was something that shocked him (the speaker) when he heard the *savant* say: "When for the first time real life is laid bare, when penetrating its structure, the wonderful mechanism of its parts is understood, this subject of contemplation suffices; one desires nothing beyond." I desire something more, exclaimed Pere Monsabre. I say with Michael Angelo: "Spreading its wings in order to soar nearer that heaven from which it came, the soul is not satisfied with that beauty which is seductive to the eyes and is as fragile as it is deceptive, but endeavours in its sublime flight to attain the principle of universal beauty." This supreme perfection in which the ideas of all beings lived and were to be sought was He who, in the words of St. Thomas, all the world calls God: *Quod ab omnibus nominatur Deus.* The æsthetic sense rose to Him as to the primary beauty. He was the ideal that hovered over the imperfections of nature and drew towards Himself the soul desirous of seeing greater beauty than that of the visible world. In the words of St. Augustine: "God is the Creator of beings, but He would not create them if He did not already know them, and He would not know them if He did not contain them." They were in Him before they appeared and spoke by their charms. They were in Him not according to their own nature, but according to their ideas. These ideas were not as some philosophers had imagined, subsistent entities, for in God nothing is that is not God. They were an immense multitude, an inseparable unity, not distinct from His essence. He contained the concept of all beings, of their forms, their laws and relationships, of their admirable order, and nothing was needed but the sovereign fiat for them to become the beauty of the world and of each of its parts.

The world, then, was a manifestation of the idea of God, in which each creature was beautiful with this beauty. The vast depths of the universe were an image of His immensity, the lustre of the celestial bodies was an image of His glory, the motion of the sea was an image of His strength, the perpetual movement of life was an image of His inexhaustible fecundity, the repose of nature was an image of His serene beatitudes; all and each of the beings that made up creation, especially those endowed with life, were an image of the numberless perfections, which in God became one perfection confounded with the Divine Being itself, from which resulted infinite plenitude and absolute simplicity—the most radiant expression of beauty. After quoting a passage from Plato, in which the Greek philosopher speaks of the high destiny of that mortal to whom it might be permitted to contemplate the beautiful, abstracted from human flesh and colours and all vain charms condemned to perish, in other words to contemplate divine beauty, Pere Monsabre declared that such a vision was not granted to any mortal in this world, but was the reward of those who had merited a glorious immortality in heaven. Developing his thesis of æstheticism in relation to the spiritual, he went on to say that all doctrine which tended to separate God from creation or to make a confusion between the cause and the effect, inevitably checked the soaring movement of the æsthetic sense towards ideal and eternal beauty and debased the human soul by directing its admiration to that which was sensual, trivial and sometimes monstrous. If God withdrew from the world, there would be nothing left but Himself. *In ipso enim vivimus, movemur et sumus.*

Next to the truth of the Creation, Catholic dogma laid down the truth of the Incarnate Word. It taught that for us and our salvation; it came down from heaven and was

made man for us. Could the Incarnate Word be otherwise than the most beautiful of all the children of men? It filled with Itself a human soul whose adorable splendour was reflected upon its face and most holy body. If the sun in the firmament bathed with gold and scarlet and purple the transparent clouds drawn over it, how, then, should the Sun of the Heaven of Heavens, of the Holy Trinity, hidden in a human soul under a veil of flesh, imbue it with the colour of its fires!

After a rapid criticism of Eastern pantheism and Western polytheism, he observed that Catholic dogma did not absorb man in God nor God in man, but showed us a Man-God in Whom the Divine and the human natures were united without confusion or mixture in one and the same person. What a marvellous type, and to what a height should the æsthetic sense be lifted before this human nature resplendent with the Divinity of which it was the dwelling! Angelico di Fiesole had more than once shed tears, Leonardo da Vinci had broken his pencils, other great artists had felt overpowered by sadness when they essayed to represent the Divine beauty of Christ, and their discouraged eyes hardly dared to rest upon those masterpieces which we now so much admire.

Catholic dogma offered to our admiration other types of beauty which, although less perfect, had nevertheless the character of supreme transcendence over those which human art was capable of embodying. First among these was a woman, similar in nature to all the other daughters of men, but endowed with such sublime graces and privileges that she effaced by her beauty all other beauty in nature. She was pure with the highest purity that could be conceived after that of God. Mary was incontestably the most perfect expression of the beauty of Christ. In all the saints this beauty was diffused according to the measure of the graces they had received. Speaking with growing warmth and animation of Christian art, Pere Monsabre said:

I need not ask you if the Christian genius had derived advantage from the stimulus it has received from the types of perfection which Catholic dogma proposes for our admiration, inasmuch as the masterpieces it has produced fill the civilised world. But I do not hesitate to say that it would have been less elevated, less bold and fertile if it had not received the impulsion of the dogma of the real, substantial, and personal presence of the Man-God amongst us. Catholic doctrine teaches us that Christ without denying Himself to heaven that recalled Him, wished to perpetuate His sojourn in this world. He is in the adorable Sacrament where His Divine beauty is concealed, but in honor of which nothing can be too beautiful. Emmanuel! Emmanuel!—God is with us! is the cry of Christian humanity. He must necessarily be annihilated to our senses. Let us, then, compensate this annihilation by unparalleled honours. Let us show Him that we believe in His hidden beauty by lavishing around it all the marvels of art. Behold the earth opens, and from its troubled depths arise the most beautiful edifices ever imagined since man began to build. The animated stone blossoms. Majestic towers, slender spires symbolise the faith and the hope of Christian humanity. Columns vigorous as forest trees lay their arms across and spread their graceful arches over the Divine Guest like a protecting canopy. Leaves and flowers burst forth from capital and frieze and a thousand figures represent the homage of creation to the Word by Whom all things were made. Nave and transept lengthen out to form a cross in honour of the Redeemer in the presence of those whom He has saved. The symbols, mysteries, and Biblical souvenirs of the Divine preparation, the historic scenes of the Gospel, the great events of Christian history come forth from the metal, the marble, the stone, the wood and ivory, spread in paintings on the vast walls, flame in the windows, in the roses of glass, and say to the Christian: He Whom the peoples of old figured forth and waited for, He Whom the most beautiful of creatures conceived and bore. He Whom thou adorest in His cradle, Whose holy word thou hearest still from the lips of the Church, He for Whose sorrows thou weepst and of Whom thou demandest pardon, He Whose arms for thee are stretched upon the cross, He in memory of Whose glorious

resurrection thou singest *Alléluia!* is there living in the tabernacle, and it is to render homage to His hidden beauty that religious art has placed all those beauties in His temples. Superb dwellings, full of visions by which the æsthetic sense is ravished; full of mysterious and sacred sounds too, by which it is deeply moved. From the height of the towers comes the voice of the bell whose vibrations murmur around a leading note—an infinity of sounds like all the voices of nature, if you could place yourself so high as to hear them all in one. Under the vaults, the organ peals—an instrument of unequalled resources. A multitude of voices issue one after the other or all together from its mighty breast; mysterious voices from on high and from afar, voices from the depths, voices strong and trembling, grave and silvery voices, voices solemn and charming. All the music of the world is imprisoned in this sacred orchestra, of which we may say with the poet:—

Cui mens divini atque os
Magna sonatorum.

In language scarcely less glowing, Pere Monsabre then spoke of the vocal music of religion, and of what he described as the "beauty of movement"—that sort of sacred chorography of the liturgic ceremonies which was at once so imposing and so solemn. The conclusion to which all these illustrations led was that "in order to raise itself to the highest and purest regions of the ideal the æsthetic sense should say *Amen* to the Divine dogma which reveals to us the true and unique principle of all beauty—*Amen* to the vigorous and fertilising influence which this dogma exercises upon the creative faculties of the human soul by the perfection of the type; that it shows us and by the affirmation of the real, substantial and personal presence of the Man-God in the midst of us."

A CHAT WITH SIR CHARLES RUSSELL.

THE new monthly part of *Cassell's Saturday Journal* contains, in its series of "Representative Men at Home," an interview with Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., M.P., who is described as a very difficult man to catch:

He himself seems to be about the last person in London likely to be able to tell you with any accuracy when you may get a quarter of an hour with him at his chambers in Lincoln's Inn. How it might be if one were a solicitor trying to get at him with a big brief I cannot say; though I am inclined to think that in that case one's way might be smoothed considerably by a gentleman who sits in an outer chamber, and whose important function is to look after the fees of the famous Q.C.

I come with no brief, however, and again and again I look in, only to find consultations going on, and persons waiting for interviews several deep. I am ushered into an apartment just under the shadow of King's College Hospital, and for a time sit patiently scanning the backs of long rows of brown-backed volumes, speculating on the life dramas in which my fellow waiters are engaged, and wondering why it is that about all lawyer's offices a certain degree of dinginess and dust seems to be deemed absolutely essential to respectability. An electric gong every now and again jerks out a summons to the famous advocate's sanctum, and the double doors admitting to it keep swinging to and fro while clerks and gentlemen in wigs and robes pass in and out.

If I am to get at Sir Charles Russell it seems clear that it will not be at his chambers, and I therefore betake myself to No. 86, Harley Street. Yes; Sir Charles is in, and will see me at once; and in another moment I am seated on a well-cushioned couch audaciously bent on cross-examining the greatest cross-examiner of the modern Bar.

"About that cross-examination," observes Sir Charles Russell, "there is a great deal of exaggeration and misapprehension in the public mind. Counsel are commonly supposed to revel in an opportunity of turning a witness inside out, and blackening his character, and raking up everything they can possibly find against him. It is all a mistake. No counsel who knows what he is about would think of going a single step beyond what is absolutely neces-

sary in this way. It is wrong; it is unpopular with the Bar; and the judges are very much against it, and juries very apt to resent it."

"No competent counsel, then, would blacken the character or expose the circumstances of a witness if he could avoid it?"

"Certainly not. And there is another point upon which a good deal of misapprehension exists, and that is with regard to the effect of cross-examination. It rarely hurts a really honest witness. People think that anything can be done by cross-examination; but, as a matter of fact, if a witness is honest, it can do very little. Speaking for myself, I can say that I never rise to cross-examine a witness with any heart or interest unless, from something I know of him from my brief or from his demeanour in the box, I have reason to believe that he is not telling the truth."

"How long have you been at the Bar, Sir Charles Russell?"

"Thirty years," is the ready reply.

"Well, now, please tell me something about your early experience. I have heard it stated that you came from Ireland and pushed your way without friends or influence of any kind. Is that so?"

"I hadn't a friend or any influence whatever in any quarter."

"And how did you push your way on?"

"By devilling for men in good practice. By the way, the fee for my first consultation I never got paid," laughed the famous advocate, who is commonly reputed to have had since that early experience fees enough to have allayed very effectually any vexation he may have felt at the time. "It was a knotty point connected with a will made before the Statute of Wills, a matter upon which I should find some difficulty in expressing an opinion now, and I fancy the man who came to me with it made a chance hit. I had just come out first in the certificate list of the year, and he took me just because I stood first, and he didn't mean to pay for it. However, it led to a valuable introduction—Mr. Yates, of Liverpool—and the late Mr. Aspinall, Recorder of Liverpool, a very able man, for whom I did a great deal. My first year I made 240 guineas, and in each of the two succeeding years I doubled my income—that is to say, the second year I made 480 guineas, and the third year just about a thousand."

"A very exceptional achievement, I should imagine, Sir Charles Russell."

"Oh, I've known one or two men who have made a thousand guineas the first year."

"Ay, but they probably have not doubled it over and over as you did."

"No, they haven't done that. There are some very absurd exaggerations abroad as to the earnings of men at the Bar. For instance, I saw it stated recently that in a single week I had received fees to the amount of 3,000 guineas."

"Yes; I saw that too, and was going to refer to it. Wasn't it true?"

"No. A tenth of that sum would be much nearer the mark. One result of such statements is that I get shoals of begging letters from all sorts of people."

"One mustn't say, I suppose, that you habitually respond very generously to such appeals, or I might bring down a greater deluge upon you."

Sir Charles Russell, I observe, however, doesn't offer any very strenuous protest against such a suggestion; indeed, if he had been in the witness box, and I had been his tormentor in wig and gown, I fancy I should have detected in his manner evidence of an uneasy consciousness of a weak point, and I should have overhauled him severely.

"What do you take to be the most important qualifications for the Bar?"

"I should say the first is health," was the reply. "A good, strong constitution. There is a great deal of hard work to be undergone."

"And you are accustomed to add to your hard work at the Bar the labours of Parliamentary life and political speaking. It is amazing that you can carry on the two."

"One of the judges, in writing to me the other day, said

he was sorry to find that I wasn't looking so well as he should like to have seen me after the vacation. 'It's all that platform speaking,' he said. I replied that I should go on speaking until I found that what I said was considered important enough to get reported verbatim, and then I should drop it. It is no trouble to speak," continued Sir Charles, "on any subject that you've a knowledge of; but, of course, if you get fully reported, your speaking must involve a good deal more care and trouble. But in any case, no doubt, political speaking does involve a certain amount of exhaustion, especially if you get under excitement as I do."

"You do get excited?"

"Oh, yes, certainly. I feel strongly on the subjects I speak about, and I doubt if there is any possibility of addressing an audience effectively without it."

A little interesting further debate on this point followed, and Sir Charles Russell was then induced to revert to the qualifications that should be possessed by a young man entering at the Bar.

"Sound health should be the first thing, and a real love of the profession should be the next. A man who has not a love of the work will be sure to find it intolerable drudgery. But a young man is not likely to have a real liking for the Bar unless he is well fitted for it; and if you ask me what are the characteristics he should possess in order to fit him for it, I should say, good, common sense, business faculties. Who was it—Swift, I think—who said that a young man who isn't good looking enough for the Army, and who has too much ability for the Church, is sent to the Bar? There is some truth in that, and the consequence is, I believe, that there is a greater amount of ability at the Bar than in either of the other professions; but much of it is ability of the wrong kind. The profession is no doubt very much overcrowded; but for those who have the requisite qualifications there is still plenty of room."

Sir Charles Russell is of opinion that mere eloquence is of less importance than is commonly supposed. There are cases in which eloquent advocacy has its value; but he is inclined to think that the importance and the power of it are very much overrated.

It is a mistake, in his judgment, to suppose that juries are very easily dazzled by oratorical fireworks. He has a great respect for juries, and he declares his emphatic belief that upon an average the ability of juries to arrive at sound judgments upon facts before them (apart from cases in which strong prejudices may exist) is quite as high as that of judges, and that it is not so easy to throw dust in their eyes as is often assumed. They don't want oratorical flourishing; they want facts put before them in a clear, telling, forcible way; and the power of thus putting facts, Sir Charles Russell believes, is of much greater importance than the ability to make a fine speech.

"And here, by the way, I may give you a very simple rule, which is really a great secret of success, in making a jury grasp the facts of your case. However intricate and complicated it may be, if you will just lay your facts before the jury in the order of their dates, you will find it will all become plain sailing. But, after all," declared Sir Charles Russell—and I thought it showed very strikingly the clear-headed, impartial judgment of the man—"far less depends on counsel than the public generally suppose. Verdicts generally go by the weight of evidence; and I can hardly recall a single case of any importance in which the result would have been different if other men had been engaged in it."

By this time the eminent lawyer has come to the end of his short leisure; and the visitor takes his leave more than ever convinced of the shrewdness and strength, the real power and merit, which have placed Sir Charles Russell in the proudest position among the advocates of his day, and made him everywhere one of the most popular and respected of men.

The Silver Jubilee of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Northrop, of Charleston, S.C., was appropriately celebrated on the 27th ult.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

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

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

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

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

The late Archbishop Lynch.

The late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carbery of Hamilton.

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

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Commencing this month we send all subscribers of THE REVIEW who are in arrears for their subscription a statement of their indebtedness, and request those who receive such to remit the amount as soon as possible.

We wish to extend the sphere and usefulness of the REVIEW, and to do this it is absolutely necessary that these accounts be promptly paid.

WE publish this week the first of a special series of Irish letters which, before their completion, will be found, we believe, of peculiar interest. The introductory letters will be descriptive in their nature, and will touch in turn upon many of the most picturesque and famous places in Ireland. Later they will turn from the picturesque and the poetical, to the practical and political. These subsequent letters will be written in the careful and conscientious endeavour to set down the simple facts, so far as they can be gathered by observation and inquiries on the spot, respecting the war, as waged at present between landlord and tenant, and the extent to which rack-renting, boycotting, and eviction is at present practised in Ireland. In this way it is hoped that the letters will be of service in assisting our readers to a judgment upon certain details, or conditions, of the Irish movement, which sometimes arise to harass and disturb men of equable minds in their endeavours to appraise aright the responsibility for whatever aberrations may mark at times the progress in that country of a great, but peaceful, revolution.

The subject receives an added interest by reason of the precarious position at the moment of the Tory Ministry. The writer of the letters, we may add, has exceptional opportunities for becoming informed upon all that pertains to the political movement in Ireland. For the rest, our readers may be assured that he will "naught extenuate, naught set down in malice."

Special Editorial Correspondence of the REVIEW.

In Ireland.

DUBLIN.

I.

No reader of this REVIEW, certainly no Irish reader, whether he be Irish by birth or by virtue of those natural sympathies which spring in the Celt, potential and deep, from the influences of blood and of breeding,—no such reader stands in need of any skilful or detailed introduction to the Dublin which fills so large a place in Irish history, in the Irish heart, and in the Irish imagination. To such an one the name and the place are already familiar; the one ever sweet to the ear, the other ever dear to the memory, alike for its antiquity—for it touches the time of the Greek geographer, Ptolemy, who wrote of it as a city in, or about, A. D. 140—for its old time grandeur, and for the historical associations that cluster around it as the seat of government in Ireland for several centuries. The birthplace of many famous men, and the theatre of many important events, there is scarcely a street or lane within its limits about which there is not something of interest to be related. It is more than probable that, at first sight, to the stranger, it may appear to be not only a beautiful and a quaint old city, but a prosperous and progressive business centre, this latter is an impression which a closer inspection, if he be a man accustomed to looking beneath the surface of things, will tend to dissipate. Dublin is in reality a city of departed glory. Its story, since the extinction of the legislative life of the nation, has been one simply of commercial and of social decadence. It will not be much longer so, we hope, but at present the Dublin of other days alone is interesting. Nowhere are the emasculating effects of the ill-starred Union more visible than in the ancient capital of the Irish kingdom. Everywhere in Ireland absenteeism, misrule, and all the evils which follow in the train of alien administration, have left their marks upon the body politic of the nation. Nations, like individuals, are subject to the laws of decay and development. The arteries of Irish activity, agrarian and industrial, have been insidiously but surely drained; with the result that over the cities, which are as the heart-centres to which these arteries converge, has come a gradual atrophy and decay. This of course opens up the question of Ireland's condition, and the problems—for there is more than one—of Irish government, of these, in good time, we shall have something to say. There are two Irelands, the Ireland of the past, and the Ireland of the present, each of them of enchaining interest. Of each of them in these letters it is hoped to speak.

The first letters will be given to the description of a few of the places which are most of interest because of their association with remarkable men, memorable scenes, or important events. The first of the series begins with Dublin. Political questions will be dealt with later, and at length, in separate letters. We have digressed from this plan here only to observe of Dublin in passing that every memorial of greatness that it to-day presents will be found to date from *before* the Union. There has been no progress since then. Nor is it easy to see how there could have been.

The best and most striking view of Dublin which will be presented the visitor is that from the south side of College Green. In front of him is the old Parliament House, now the Bank of Ireland; on his right the noble facade of Trinity College. In the centre of the space before him stands Foley's

fine statue of the patriot Henry Grattan. Inside the massive—and somewhat forbidding looking—railings that stand in front of Trinity College are seen the statues of Oliver Goldsmith and Edmund Burke; opposite the east front of the Bank rises another figure, that of the national melodist Thomas Moore, and some distance off to the left, on a massive pedestal, which breaks the vista of Dame St. an equestrian statue of William III., which has had a highly chequered and eventful history. The incidents in connection with the raising of this statue are set down at length by Mr. Sullivan in his admirable hand-book of Dublin, and may as well be related here. "This statue (we read) was erected at the expenso of the Corporation of Dublin, then an exclusively Orange and Protestant body, and inaugurated with great pomp on the 1st of July, 1701, the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne. The Lord Mayor and Corporation went in procession to the spot, accompanied by a band of music, and escorted by companies of the Dublin militia. The Lords Justices soon after arrived upon the scene, and all marched, with heads uncovered, three times around the statue, while the band played and the city bells rung out a merry peal. The ceremony closed with the firing of a volley by the Grenadiers over the head of the statue; after which the chief performers went off to a grand junketing at the Lord Mayor's house, where the pious, glorious, and immortal memory was drunk any number of times.

This was all very good fun for some people; but for others it was quite the reverse. Eyes were looking on at the sport, that flashed, not with pleasure, but with scorn and indignation. For one party the statue was a memorial of conquest, and of a revolution which gave them all the good things of the land, and made them masters of the lives and liberties of its people. For another it was a memento of defeat, spoliation, and slavery, a token of defiance, a standing insult to their feelings. As might be expected under such circumstances, it was a cause of frequent riots and disturbances, and such it continued to be for more than a hundred years. It was not long in its place when some indignities were offered to it. Many of the students of Trinity College were Jacobites in sympathy, and looked with an evil eye on the statue of him whom they regarded as an usurper; a good many others felt indignant because the hinder portions of his Majesty and his charger were turned towards the College; and they gave vent to their feelings by frequent nocturnal attacks on the monument. The 'disaffected, among the citizens, of course took their own turns at it; and the consequence was that the statue was often found in the mornings decorated with green boughs bedaubed with filth, or dressed up with hay; and sometimes a straw figure was found astride on the horse, behind the leaden figure of the Deliverer. On the night of the 25th of June, 1710, extraordinary liberties were taken with the statue. Some 'Jacobites or Tories' we are told, twisted the sword it had in one hand and wrested the truncheon from the other, daubed the face with dirt, and offered to it many other indignities. The sight of it next morning, in this delapidated condition, shocked the souls of all loyal citizens; the House of Lords met immediately and sent an address to the Duke of Wharton, the Lord Lieutenant, requesting him to offer a reward for the discovery of the perpetrators of the outrage; and on the next day a proclamation was published offering a sum of £100 for such information as would lead to their detection. The Corporation set at once about repairing the harm that had been done. They got his Majesty's face washed, his sword straightened, and a new truncheon placed in his hand; and they had these acts of re-arrangement accomplished

in a most solemn manner, in presence of the twenty-four guilds of the city. Sometime afterwards it was found that three College students were the culprits. Their defence was that, being in their cups, they had done it for a lark, and were now very sorry for it. They were fined, sentenced to a term of imprisonment, and expelled the College.'

In October, 1714, the truncheon was again wrested from the hand of the statue and broken; another reward of £100 was offered for the discovery of the perpetrators but they were never found out. The statue was at this time on a pedestal less lofty than it now occupies, and there was a range of steps on each side of it. To prevent the ill-affected from pitching filth on these steps, as was their custom, a watch-house was set up near the spot; but this proving of no avail, the statue, in 1765, was taken down, a new pedestal was erected for it, and it was then hoisted into its present elevated position.

Yet this 'lift in' the world did not save it from indignity. It would perhaps have been allowed to stand unassailed and uninjured if the ascendancy party had ceased from making it an object of public worship, and the central point of their offensive and aggravating displays. But it was long before they came to the wise resolution of abstaining from such exhibitions. "On the 12th of July, and the 4th of November" writes Mr. Gilbert, "the statue was annually coloured white," decorated with orange lilies, and with a flaming cloak and sash; the horse was caparisoned with orange streamers, and a bunch of green and white ribbons (the popular colours) was symbolically placed beneath its uplifted foot. The railings were also painted orange and blue, and every person who passed through College-Green was obliged to take off his hat to the statue." Better means than these could hardly be devised for keeping up a spirit of rancour between parties of different creeds and classes in the city and throughout the whole country. In 1798 the sword was again pulled from the statue, and one Watty Cox, the publisher of a somewhat coarse, but very spirited national magazine, made an endeavour, during a dark night, to file the King's head off. Had the neck been, as he thought it was, thin brass or bronze he would probably have succeeded, but neck and head were made of solid lead, and so the effort at decapitation made by the patriotic publisher resulted in failure. A subsequent 'outrage' was more ingeniously and successfully accomplished. The incident is thus related by Mr. Gilbert: "In 1805, the 4th of November falling on Sunday, the usual procession was postponed to the following day. At midnight on Saturday the watchman on duty on College-Green was disturbed at his post by a painter, who stated that he had been sent by the city decorator to prepare the statue for the approaching ceremony; adding that the apprehended violence of the people had rendered it advisable to have the office performed at night. Having gained access to the monument, the artist p'ied his brush industriously for some time, and, on descending, requested the watchman to take care of the painting utensils left on the statue, while he repaired to his employer's warehouse for some materials necessary to complete the decoration. The night, however, passed away without the return of the painter; and at daybreak on Sunday the statue was found completely covered with an unctuous black pigment, composed of tar and grease; most difficult to remove—the vessel which contained the mixture being suspended from a halter tied around the King's neck. This act caused the most violent excitement among the Orange Societies in the city; but, fortunately for himself,

the adventurous artist was not discovered, and the affair was chronicled as follows ' in a street ballad, to the air of the old Dublin Gaol song, 'The night before Larry was stretched':

"The night before Billy's birthday
Some friend to the Dutchman came to him
And, though he expected no pay,
He told the policeman he'd do him;
'For' said he 'I must have him in style
The job is not wonderful heavy,
And I'd rather sit up for a while
Than see him undressed at the levee:
For he was the broth of a boy.

"Then up to his Highness he goes,
And with tar he annointed his body,
So that when the morning arose
He looked like a sweep in a noddy;
It fitted him just to the skin
Wherever the journeyman stuck it,
And, after committing the sin,
'Have an eye' said he 'Watch to the bucket;
For I am not done with him yet.'

The birthday being now very nigh,
And swaddling clothes made for the hero,
A painter was sent for to try
To whitewash the face of the negro;
He gave him the brush to be sure;
But the first man so deeply did stain him
That the whitewash effected no cure,
Faith, the whole river Boyne would not clean him."

In 1821, the Lord Mayor of that time endeavoured to put a stop to these "decorations," but his efforts failed of their purpose. In 1822 its observance caused a serious riot, in which several men were wounded. In 1836 three attempts were made to blow it up; and the last of them proved a complete success. The figure of King William was blown high into the air, and its *disjecta membra* scattered about the street. His steed, too, suffered severely, but still kept its place. Next day the remains of his Majesty were picked up by sorrowing friends, and taken in a cart to College Street police-station, where a sort of inquest was held on them. The Lord Lieutenant offered a reward of £100; and the corporation one of £200 for the discovery of the perpetrators, but no information was forthcoming. The corporation then advertised for tenders for the repair of the King and his charger, and, a contractor having been found, some strengthening plasters were placed on the back and side of the horse; his Majesty's limbs were soldered together; his nose, which had been flattened, was beaten out to the required curve, and he was hoisted again into position. Since then, as the "celebrations" have been discontinued, so have the attacks on the integrity of the statue. The offensive spirit that flaunts itself in those displays has, happily, much abated; and with the discontinuance of public insults and defiance, a better feeling has grown up among the citizens of Dublin, of all creeds and classes. "Very little notice is now taken, one way or another, of the statue, but there are many," adds Mr. Sullivan, "who feel that it would be, from several points of view, an act of good taste to remove it from its present location and place it inside one of the squares. This desirable reform, we believe, will yet be effected, with the consent and good will of all reasonable men within the city."

But to return to College Green. The College is there certainly, but one looks around in vain for the famous "Green." The explanation is simple. When the College was built, the space in front of it and around it was green. There was no pavement then, no granite crossings, no tramway lines, etc.

In fact the site was then outside the city walls. From the very earliest days the Green has been the scene of the chief public displays, and of some of the most stirring events in the national history. Over this space of ground, in the olden times, and along the line of the present Dame Street, the tide of battle often rolled, when attacks were made from the sea-side upon the city. Over the same course went processions of the Sheriffs and citizens of Dublin to meet the English Viceroy when they landed, and escort them to Dublin Castle. It was the usual place of public meeting; stage-plays of both a secular and religious character were performed here by the Dublin guilds or "corporations"; and it has been stated, in reference to the Passion-Play periodically presented by the peasants of Oberammergau, in Bavaria, that a play representing the same solemn and impressive subject was occasionally performed on College Green under the supervision of the Priors of three religious houses. In later years the chief public displays in College Green were of a military character, of which the first in point of interest and importance were those of the Irish Volunteers, that famous force which overawed the government of England, and won for Ireland her brief, but bright, term of national independence. The first of these demonstrations was held on the 4th of November, 1779, and similar ones were held each recurring year, for several years afterwards, as well as on other occasions during the progress of the struggle for the emancipation of the Irish Parliament. The statue of the King was the central point for these displays; but on its pedestal were hung shields bearing such inscriptions as "Relief to Ireland," "The Volunteers of Ireland"; Motto—"Quinquaginta mille juncti, parati pro patria mori" (fifty thousand united, prepared to die for our country); "A Short Money Bill," and the celebrated "Free Trade, or else ——" placed over the cannon's mouth.

It is, perhaps, the most brilliant period of Irish history. The events of this era, the era of the Volunteers, have been graphically described by Sir Jonah Barrington, the friend and colleague of Flood and Grattan, in his "Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation," and "it was a stirring sight," says a later writer, "to see those regiments of patriot soldiery, under the command of Irish gentlemen, in a variety of splendid uniforms, with drums beating and colours flying, and steel flashing in the sunlight, wheeling into College Green to give weight and emphasis by their presence to the demand of their country for freedom. It was cheering to see the City of Dublin Artillery, under the command of their Colonel, James Napper Tardy, dashing rapidly along the streets, and taking up a position as if for action; and to notice that each piece of cannon had hung from its muzzle a label bearing that same laconic but eloquent intimation of the popular will, 'Free Trade or else—.' It was pleasant to see outside of those ordered lines immense masses of citizens, their faces aglow with patriotic enthusiasm, and to hear their joyful shouts mingling with the roar of the musketry and artillery, while Irish representatives looked on proudly from the doors and steps of their Senate. Such scenes were amongst those which have made the name of College Green famous, and dear to Irishmen in all parts of the world."

* It may be well to explain that the "free-trade" demanded by the Volunteers was a different thing from the commercial system now called by that name. It had no reference to the question of international duties, but meant freedom to trade directly from the ports of Ireland to those of the English colonies and of countries at peace with England. It was at a time when English laws framed for the destruction of the trade and commerce of Ireland, were in full operation.

From College Green we come next to the historic Irish House of Parliament, of it and of Trinity, and of those other not so well known, but historically, scarcely less interesting places, which are associated with the memories of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and of Emmet, we shall speak in a separate letter.

"SHARRID ABOO."

LEPROUS LITERATURE.

Some are in the habit of sneering at the French, by reason of the immoral literature which some French writers are constantly putting forth. This is bad indeed, and greatly to be deplored; but, have we not writers of our own, just as filthy: and do not the nasty works from Paris find translators for American use, with, also, a multitude of readers? So, likewise, we know that many, especially among the wealthier classes, read French: and here, according to Clara Bell in the *N.O. Times Democrat*, of recent date, is the base use to which even young women put this accomplishment:

Since then, nearly a quarter of a century, a knowledge of the French language has become the commonest thing in the world. Young ladies especially in all refined families read it with a vengeance. The novels of Zola, Belot, Maupassant and Cherbuliez may all be had at the Mercantile Library—works which if rendered honestly into English, would make your hair stand on end. Week in and week out, these dainty young misses troop into this library and draw out the worst and the vilest of modern French literature. A few years ago a young lady at one of the Patriarch balls was seen to drink champagne from the neck of the bottle. According to her own admission, she had read many novels of the Parisian school of to-day—than which nothing could be viler. These novels are all on tap at the Mercantile library.

Many people consider the establishment of free libraries as among the noblest of all the works to which money and labor can be applied. If such libraries are to be instruments, in the work of corrupting our people, and especially of poisoning the hearts of our young womanhood, compared to them, Leprosy is a positive boon.—*N.O. Holy Family*.

THE ROSARY.

SOME people don't like to take the medicine that would heal them, and call it nonsense. The Rosary is exactly that nonsense, which cures an amazing deal of nonsense. Call it spiritual homoeopathy if you like. Many a proud spirit has been brought down by it. Many a weak spirit has been made strong by it. Many a distracted spirit has been made recollected by it. "The weak things of this world hath God chosen to confound the strong." As to the relative number of Hail Marys, I will not give the Irish carman's solution in reply to the interrogation of the Protestant fare—that one Our Father is worth ten Hail Marys any day. There is a deeper solution. You will remember in "Ivanhoe" what a thrilling interest is created where the wounded hero, on his bed of pain, sees the whole conflict as it rages round the fortress through the eyes and heart of the Jewish maiden, who beholds and describes it with tender accents from the window of his apartment. There you have the sense of the Hail Marys. Through the pure and tender soul of the Mother, more allied to our human weakness, you behold the life, acts, and sufferings of the Son, whereby our own soul is opened to tenderness, to simplicity, to all of the mother within us; while we look on Him through her, invoking her to join our prayers with hers, the Mother and Queen, by His heavenly throne. Wonderful is the Rosary! I give you its beautiful philosophy, for so St. John Chrysostem calls Christian wisdom.

MANY a once suffering consumptive has had reason to bless that valuable preparation, T. A. SLOCUM'S OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. Every druggist sells it, whilst the office of the company at Toronto, Ontario can bear witness to the daily increasing demand for it.

THE MORNING POST ON CARDINAL MANNING.

SIR ALGERSON BORTHWICK is among the subscribers to the Jubilee Testimonial Fund, and Sir Algernon Borthwick's paper—the *Morning Post*—follows the *Daily Telegraph* in paying a public tribute to His Eminence's public influence for good:

Sixty years ago, or thereabouts, two undergraduates of Balliol left the rooms of a mutual friend and crossed the College quadrangle arm-in-arm. "Mark me," said one of those whose company they left, "those two will both live to be Archbishops." The prophecy came true many years back, for the names of the lads were Archibald Campbell Tait and Henry Edward Manning. Tait has gone before his College friend, but the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster has just celebrated the silver jubilee of his episcopate. Cardinal Manning might well have repeated yesterday the words used by his venerable brother in the purple, Cardinal Newman, when, after an expression of personal regard from numbers of his fellow-countrymen similar to that which found utterance yesterday, he exclaimed "This is a great day for me." For the address and testimonial which were presented yesterday constituted a very remarkable demonstration of esteem on the part, not only of the Cardinal's own spiritual children of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese, and of his co-religionists throughout the United Kingdom and beyond it, but also on the part of many who are not of that fold. It is not difficult, for the most superficial observer of the progress of public life in this country for many years past, to appreciate the causes which have evoked this proof of sympathy and of esteem from many who do not admit that they owe the Archbishop of Westminster any spiritual allegiance. Cardinal Manning's merits as a pastor of souls are, necessarily, known only to his own priests and his own people, and with these no one else has anything to do. But Cardinal Manning has lived a public life, apart from his ecclesiastical existence, which has been before the mind's eye of his fellow-countrymen, and he has lived it not in vain. He has declined to consider himself simply and solely as an ecclesiastic; he has aspired, and with marked success, to play a part in the public life of England which no Roman Catholic prelate since the Reformation has had either the inclination or the opportunity to attempt. Two causes especially have been near and dear to his heart, Christian education and temperance. If the England of the future is not to be an England educated without the saving influence of religious Faith, her salvation in that respect will have been accomplished by a band of men of whom Cardinal Manning is one, and not, surely, the least. Many of those whom the Cardinal is wont to describe as his "separated brethren," many of those who hold a Roman Cardinal, as such, in slight esteem owe more than some of them would care, perhaps, to acknowledge, to him who was Archdeacon of Chichester, before he took a title from "SS. Andrew and Gregory on the Calian Hill." Into the cause of temperance, too, Cardinal Manning has long thrown himself with the thoroughness which is characteristic of him, and his work in that department of philanthropic activity lives to speak for itself. In a word, he stands before the public as one of those representative Englishmen whose claim to be so considered is not within the range of dispute. That he should do so is not the less remarkable because he is the representative of a Church which the majority of his fellow-countrymen have been taught to regard with jealousy and suspicion. It is not so very long, even now, since the stormy days when Nicholas Wiseman was appointed the first Archbishop of Westminster, and yet how great is the change which has come over public feeling since Cardinal Wiseman's life was in danger at the hands of a London mob. Most Englishmen may be as little inclined now, as then, to admit the spiritual claims of Rome, but they have come, in a great measure, to recognise the fact that a man may be none the less true and loyal an Englishman because he is also a Roman Catholic. And that recognition is due in no small measure to the influence of the public life and example of Cardinal Manning.

General Catholic News

A descendant of John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, has embraced the Catholic faith in England.

The Catholic Truth society is becoming a prominent factor in religion throughout the United States.

The old *cure*, M. Niels, who was for twenty years the confessor of Louise Lateau, died recently at Bois d'Haine.

Canon Longman, Vicar-General of the Birmingham diocese, England, has been made a monsignor by the Pope.

The first pilgrimage of English Catholics to Canterbury since the Reformation took place on Monday, July 7, the feast of the Translation of the Relics of St. Thomas.

The Holy Father presented a gold medal to Cardinal Manning on the occasion of his jubilee, and also sent him his blessing.

It is reported that Rev. E. F. Carr, who recently resigned the editorship of the *Colorado Catholic*, will enter the Society of Jesus.

The total Catholic population of the state of Wisconsin is estimated by the *Catholic Citizen*, of Milwaukee, to be not less than 520,000.

Three sons of the present Earl Nelson, and the only son of the Protestant Bishop of Rochester, in England, are part of the harvest gathered within the last few years into the Catholic Church.

The population of Ceylon is 2,900,000. Every tenth man is a Christian; and out of this total of Christians (290,000) 220,000 are Catholics. These are the statistics of the *Churchman*, an Anglican paper.

The centenary of the consecration of Bishop Carroll occurs on the 15th of August, Feast of the Assumption. Dr. Carroll was the first Bishop of the United States, and his cousin, John Carroll of Carrollton, was a signer of the Declaration of independence.

A Venezuelan pilgrimage lately arrived in Rome numbering twenty persons, and is notable from the fact that it is the first ever organized in the Venezuelan regions. The pilgrims were received in audience by the Pope the week of their arrival.

It was lately reported that Cardinal Manning had expressed the desire to have his successor appointed while he was living, and for this purpose a meeting of the Cathedral Chapter is soon to take place, the choice of the Canons being apt to fall upon the Bishop of Salford, or the Cathedral's Vicar-General, or Rev. Father Lockhart. This is all gossip.

An example which might well be imitated throughout the country is the building of a gymnasium for the Young Men's Catholic Literary Association, attached to St. Peter's Church, Brooklyn. This addition will make St. Peter's one of the most complete young men's rooms in the State, and will then consist of a large reception room, parlor, billiard and pool rooms, library, gymnasium and swimming baths.

The successor of Cardinal Mermillod in the See of Geneva is said to be Abbe Jaconod, rector of the College Saint-Michel at Fribourg. Since his elevation the Cardinal has been overpowered with felicitations. A deputation of Swiss clergy arrived in Rome to congratulate him; the heads of the Capucians, Jesuits, Redemptorists, and Benedictines of Subiaco, all Swiss in origin, have also thanked the Pope for the honor done their countryman.

Work on the Observatory of the Catholic University has commenced. It has been located on the 77th meridian from Greenwich, a short distance north-east of Divinity Hall. The Observatory will be ready for use in September. It will be used for photographic and general work pertaining to astronomy. Under the direction of the Rev. George M. Searle, the accomplished astronomer of the University, the Observatory will doubtless become a valuable auxiliary in the future studies of the University.

A new religious congregation has been founded at Dole, in the Jura, France, under the title of "Nuns of the Holy Eucharist." These good religious, so far as human weakness will allow, endeavor to produce in their own life that of our Divine Lord in the Eucharist; consequently their life is one of continued adoration, thanksgiving, prayer and reparation. The official prayers in their church are exclusively liturgical, as is likewise the chant. Pius IX., of happy memory, approved this institute, encouraged and blessed it in the audience granted to the foundress, October 6, 1871.

Archbishop Cleary, of Kingston, has been invited to take part in an imposing ceremony that will take place at La Prairie on the 30th inst., when a new cemetery will be blessed. On the same day in the afternoon will take place at La Tortue the blessing of the corner-stone of a chapel to be erected in commemoration of Catherine Kakgurita, the first Indian girl who was baptised in this country. Three sermons will be preached on this occasion, one in French, another in English, and a third one in Iroquois, by the Rev. Father Burtin, O.M.I.

The Jesuit missions in India are flourishing exceedingly. In some districts the year's conversion number hundreds, even thousands. Some of the Fathers are enjoying a success which recalls the days of the Apostles, or of miracle-working saints. One Father tells of fifteen hundred baptisms in one day, and he mentions that nearly nine thousand converts at another place were waiting to receive the Sacrament. In a single district the converts number nearly thirty thousand, for two years' labor; and Father Grosjean S.J., reports that twenty Belgian priests have in two years converted fifty-five thousand idolaters.

It is refreshing, since most non-Catholics will have it that an indulgence is a permission to commit sin, to quote the dictum of Prof. Fisher, D.D., L.L.D., of the Yale Theological Seminary, one of the most eminent of Protestant divines. In a course of lectures on the influence of the so-called Reformation he touched on the subject of indulgences, and set about earnestly to disabuse the minds of his audience of a gross error regarding Catholic doctrine. One who was present at these lectures thus writes to the *Christian Union*: "At length he declared, in words which I took down stenographically from his lips—his splendid indignation and scornful emphasis those who heard him then can never forget: 'The statement that the forgiveness of sins can be bought with money is an atrocious slander!'"

Cardinal Lavignerie has written a letter to M. Georges Rolland, the engineer, and principal promoter of the scheme of constructing a railroad across the Sahara in which he says that he considers the question of opening up the Sahara and the Soudan by this means, one of capital importance to France and Algeria. He goes on to say that inasmuch as Africa has now become a field for the expansion of European ambition, it is more than ever evident that this region is one for France to deal with, seeing that other powers competing for the possession of the African continent, have already seized upon every other portion of its immense territory. The cause that he wishes above all things to triumph is that of humanity, justice, liberty and truth, but when Christian France is concerned these causes become identified, and he declares that he cannot do otherwise than take an interest in the great Trans-Sahara enterprise.

The following tribute to a devoted missionary priest in

Madras, published in the *Lucknow Express*, is all the more noteworthy, coming as it does from a Protestant source. The writer is a surgeon-major in the British Army:

"While on tour in one of the poorest *taluks* of the North Arcot District, the collector and I encamped for a few days in the village of Creput, noted as an important post during the wars of the Carnatic. In this town lives Father Darras, a devoted Roman Catholic missionary. For thirty long years has he worked in these parts, and has now around him a church and over 15,000 converts. A noble figure, with a flowing beard, well-marked features, and deep blue eyes; but his face is wrinkled and seamed like an old oak, and his complexion is tanned almost to the color of the people among whom he has worked and labored for so many years past. He is now building a large church. He is the adviser, guide, priest, and doctor of the large numbers of the poorest classes around him, and he gave the collector some startling accounts of the poverty of the villagers in his circle. We paid a visit to his little house, with its humble furniture and surroundings; and we parted from him with feelings of deep admiration, not unmixed with sympathy and regret at his lonely life. As we turned the corner on our way to camp, the fine figure of the good priest stood out in the evening light, and we saw him ringing the bell for Vespers."

Father Darras is one of many—a type of the Catholic missionary the world over. The spirit of St. Francis Xavier is yet abroad. Protestant travellers in missionary lands are sure to be deeply impressed by the apostolic life led by the Catholic clergy.

The London dock laborers, in remembrance of the labors of Cardinal Manning in their behalf, on the occasion of the great dock strike, presented to that prelate a purse of £150 in honor of his silver jubilee. The Cardinal, in accepting the gift, announced his intention to devote the money to the endowment of a hospital bed for the benefit of laborers.

The Jesuit bogey is one of the most terrible spooks in the Protestant dark closet. He is trotted out on every occasion when the faithful need to be prodded into a feeling of loyalty and worked up to the proper pitch of Anti-Catholic frenzy. We read in the English papers that one Herr Merensky, a Protestant inspector of missions, has exposed a deep-laid Jesuit plot in Africa, which, if successful, must have brought dire disaster to civilization. When the quarrel between England and Portugal was in progress, some months ago, growing out of the Serpa Pinto affair and the rival claims to the settlements on the Shire river and on Lake Nyassa, it was noticed that the European press took sides with Portugal. Herr Merensky, in a recently published pamphlet, undertook to explain this strange feature of the case thus: "The campaign against English claims and in favor of Portugal which has been entered upon in the press may in a great measure be traced to the doings of the Jesuits, who are most anxious to destroy the flourishing evangelical mission established on Lake Nyassa."

The *London Universe*, commenting on this declaration says: "When the difference about the British and Portuguese spheres of influence in Central Africa broke out about last Christmas, it will be remembered that the papers published outside Portugal, which most roundly abused England for her high-handed attitude and her oppression of the weak, were the Republican journals of France and the Liberal papers of Germany. Now the Republican government has turned the Jesuits out of France and the imperial government has turned them out of Germany, whereas in England they are as little interfered with as they were in Rome when the Eternal City was ruled by the Pope. If the Jesuits are really rich enough to hobble the whole press of the continent, they ought to be rich enough to secure their return to France, Germany and, for that matter, Switzerland, too."

As a companion piece to this silly yarn, a story is going the rounds of the Protestant papers in England, to the effect that when Count Campello denied that he had returned to the fold of Christ, the Jesuits tried to assassinate him. Of course, this tid bit of slanderous gossip was sent on its travels under the guise of a rumor. It then became a positive statement on high authority, and later developed into a historic

fact and a fit subject for comment. But there was not a word of truth in it. Our contemporary, the *Catholic Times* of Liverpool, says in regard to it: "We are always glad to notice statements of this kind; because, although one man in a hundred who reads them may be foolish enough to believe them, the other ninety-nine gain a fuller conception of the fact that those Protestants who are active opponents of the church are utterly reckless of the truth. They are ready to believe any evil told of Catholics, especially if such Catholics happen to be priests and nuns; and they are ready to bear false witness to any amount, without caring whether their calumnies have a foundation in fact or not."—*Boston Republic*.

THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOL.

RIGHT REV. J. KEANE, D. D., rector of the Catholic University at Washington, delivered a lecture at Baltimore, lately, under the auspices of the Catholic Association of that city. The subject was "The American Child and the Christian School."

Bishop Keane began by tracing in history the parallel developments of civil rights and popular institutions on the one hand, and of popular education on the other, and then pictured the full development of the former and the logical parallel development of the latter in the new world.

He said: "The people of America are fully awake to the fact that the proper training of American character is the condition of American success in the future. They know how far this depends upon the influence of church and home; but they recognize the paramount importance of the influence of the school and that the great question of the day and hour is 'How can the schools of America be fitted for the best moulding of American character?'"

"They who believe but little in the influence of religion think it sufficient to appeal to the honor of the children, their sense of propriety and of respect for the rights of others. All this is good as far as it goes, but experience has proved that it does not go far enough. These considerations must have a foundation and a sanction, and no other foundation can be found but that which God hath laid, which is Christ Jesus, Christianity alone gave power to these moral principles, and Christianity alone can preserve their influences."

"But the introduction of Christianity into our schools becomes a difficulty, because of the heterogeneous character of the people who come here with all forms of creed, or of no creed, and who must all be treated with impartial justice."

"Two policies suggest themselves. The first is the compromise policy, which would so minimize Christianity in the schools as to make it acceptable even to those who have the least Christian faith. But this policy, by minimizing the cause must also minimize the end aimed at. The second policy would be that Christianity should be taught clearly and fully in the schools; that by the fullest use of the means the fullest attainment of the end might be secured."

"In choosing between these two policies it is well to learn a lesson from what America does in regard to her political principles. People come to America from all the countries of the world, with all forms of political convictions and opinions, but America does not minimize her political principles clearly and fully, trusting to their evident truth and to the utility of their practical workings, and the result is as she hoped. All are convinced, and embrace her principles, and we have the most homogeneous people in the world. If this be true, as to our social principle, how can it be false as to religious principles?"

"No one should be coerced into Christianity, but Christianity should be taught in its fullness, that its evidentness and its beauty may of themselves win the minds and hearts of all. He would have very poor confidence in Christianity who would fear to put it to such a test, and he would do injustice to Christianity who would refuse it this much fair play."

"But, it will be argued, this is impracticable, since our people differ in their understanding of what Christianity is. Yet, it is answered, these differences do not hinder them from teaching Christianity clearly and fully in their churches. We do not seek a compromise Christianity that all our churches may be the same. Then why need we seek it that all our schools

may be the same? The American people are no worse for having separate churches; they would be no worse for having separate schools.

"But, it is objected, will not these break up the homogeneity of the American people? Not a whit more than by their having separate churches. On the contrary, the surest guarantee of union of mind and heart is each one's confidence that full justice is done his conscientious convictions; that he has to make no sacrifice of them because his neighbor believes differently.

"Compromise does not change conviction, and convictions would be sure to come into conflict if a common ground of compromise were sought. For peacesake it is better for men to agree than to disagree. It is from a system of attempted compromise that much of the recent bitterness and strife about the schools has arisen. Conciliation is to be sought, not in more compromise, but in more loyalty to the truth.

"But, it is again objected, if the schools are divided like the churches, is not the control of the state entirely put aside? Not at all. The state, while having nothing to do with the teaching of religion, should have full control over the secular part of education. The spirit of the American constitution will never tyrannize over religion, but will encourage it; and no state control need be feared that is not faithful to the constitution.

"But, it is argued, would it not be impossible to deal with the multitudes of sects? Not at all. As long as the state has to do only with the secular side of education it matters not whether there are two sects or 200 sects represented in the religious side of education. Let each teach Christianity freely and fully, and in regard to the religious homogeneity of our people do as we do with our political homogeneity. State the whole truth and leave the results to truth and to providence."



Continuation of the GREAT JULY MARK-DOWN SALE McKEOWN & CO.

During the remainder of this month we will continue our enormous

MARK DOWN SALE

In order to reduce our Stock as much as possible prior to 1st August.

Our sales this month has been unprecedented but there are lots of Goods left yet that must be closed out. We will offer unapproachable bargains in Dress Goods, Silks, Satens, Prints, Gingham, Table Linens, Sheetings, White Quilts, Lace Curtains, Flannelettes, Tennis Flannels, Check Muslin, Victoria Lawn, India Linens, Skirting and narrow Embroideries, Laces, Handkerchiefs, Corsets, Ribbons, Kid and Silk Gloves and Mitts, Ladies' summer Underware, etc, and also a special purchase of 500 doz. Ladies Balbriggan, Striped Black and Colored Cotton Hose selling 3 pair for 50 cts. this is less than half actual value.

Immense reductions in Jackets, Jersey & Waterproof Cloaks, Parasols, Ladies and Childrens Muslin Underware &c. &c.

Everything as advertised

M'KEOWN & CO.
182 Yonge Street.



SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Coal, Public Buildings," will be received until Monday, 11th August next, for Coal supply, for all or any of the Dominion Public Buildings.

Specification, form of tender and all necessary information can be obtained at this Department on and after Wednesday, 16th, instant.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied, and signed with the actual signature of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to five percent of amount of tender must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract or fail to supply the coal contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, **A. GOBEL**,
Department of Public Works, Secretary
Ottawa, 14th July, 1890

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

	Class.		Dre.	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.00	7.30	7.15	10.30
O. and Q. Railway	7.30	7.45	8.00	9.00
G. T. R. West	7.00	3.20		12.40
				7.46
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		9.30
				12.30
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	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	9.30	9.00	
	12.00			7.20

English mails will be closed during July, as follows: July 2, 3, 7, 9, 10, 14, 16, 17, 21, 23, 25, 30 and 31

John McMahon
MERCHANT TAILOR

39 King St. W., : Toron to

Advertise in

The Catholic Review
and it will pay you.

POEMS OF POPE LEO XIII.

As the Edition of these Poems is limited, and our stock is fast being depleted, we would advise those of our readers who have not yet secured one to send in their orders at once.

RUBBER BOOTS, COATS

And other Rubber Goods Repaired

-H. J. LA FORCE-

Fine Boots and Shoes Made to Order

117 Church St. - - - cor. of Queen

The Great Secret of the Canary Breeders of the Hartz **MANN'S BIRD** Manna restores song and preserves them in health. For sale by mail. Sold by druggists. Direction: Free. Bird Food Co., 405 N. 3rd St., Phila., Pa.

FITS Send at once for a FREE BOTTLE and a valuable Treatise. This remedy is a sure and safe cure and is perfectly harmless as no injurious drugs are used in its preparation. I will warrant it to cure **EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS** In severe cases where other remedies have failed. My reason for sending a free bottle is: I want the medicine to be its own recommendation. It costs you nothing for a trial, and a radical cure is certain. Give Express and Post Office Address: **H. G. ROOT M. C., 188 West Adelaide St. Toronto, Ont.**

AGENTS

Can make from \$5 to \$10 per day, by canvassing for the *Catholic Weekly Review*, apply to Business Manager.

NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY

Under the patronage of Rev. Father Labelle.

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

CLASS D

The 37th Monthly Drawing will take place

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 20th
At 2 p.m.
PRIZES VALUE

\$50,000
Capital prize.—One Real Estate worth \$50,000.00

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Real Estate worth	\$5,000	5,000
do	2,000	2,000
do	1,000	1,000
do	500	2,000
10 Real Estate "	300	3,000
30 Furniture sets	200	3,000
do	100	6,000
300 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
TICKETS		\$1.00

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.
SECOND MONTHLY DRAWING, AUGUST 13 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	\$15,000.00	\$15,000.00
1 " "	5,000	5,000.00
1 " "	2,500	2,500.00
1 " "	1,250	1,250.00
5 Prizes	500	1,250.00
25 " "	250	1,250.00
100 " "	50	1,250.00
200 " "	15	3,000.00
500 " "	10	5,000.00
Approximation Prices.		
100 " "	25	2,500.00
100 " "	15	1,500.00
100 " "	10	1,000.00
100 " "	5	4,950.00
100 " "	5	4,950.00

3134 Prizes worth \$52,740.00
S. E. LEFEBVRE, -- MANAGER,
81 St. James St., Montreal Can.



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 teaspoonful 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 therefore at powerful and wholesome tonic ever use.

When the disease is strong one bottle is enough; but the worst cases 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
1588 and 1540 Catherine st., Montreal

ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.

RAPIDE PLAT DIVISION.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for the St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office, until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on Wednesday, the 23rd day of July next, for the construction of a lift lock, weirs, etc., at Morrisburg, and the deepening and enlargement of the Rapide Canal. The work will be divided into three sections, each about a mile in length.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen on and after Wednesday, the 9th day of July next, at this office, and at the Resident Engineer's Office, Morrisburg, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

In the case of firms there must be attached to the tender, the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same, and, further, an accepted cheque on a chartered bank in Canada for the sum of \$5,000, must accompany the tender for Section No. 1, and an accepted cheque on a chartered bank in Canada, for the sum of \$2,000 for each of the other sections.

The respective accepted cheques must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted. The cheques thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order.

A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 13th June, 1890.



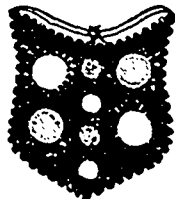
THE CLIMAX OF ABSORPTION



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. Hotsford, Sackville, advises everybody to use Actina for failing eyesight.

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

Rev. Chas. Hole, 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., froman, 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 it be without your Bolt and Suspensory for \$50, says J. McG.

For General Nervous Debility your Butterfly Bolt 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.

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.

*Sarnia.....	Thur. July 17	
*Oregon.....	" " 21	
Dominion.....	" " 31	
Vancouver.....	Wed. Aug. 6	Thur. Aug. 7th
Toronto.....	Thur. " 14	

Bristol Service, for Avonmouth Dock. SAILING DATEDS.

Idhao.....	July 19th
Ontario.....	" 31st

Rates of passage per S. S. "Vancouver" Cabin \$60, to \$40. Return \$110 to \$150, according to accommodation. By all other Steamers \$10 and \$20, according to accommodation in three and two berth rooms. Return \$30 and \$20. Intermediate \$30. Return \$60. Steerage \$20. Return \$20.

*These Steamers have Saloon, State-rooms Music room and Bath-rooms and ships, where but little motion is felt, and carry therein—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 " "

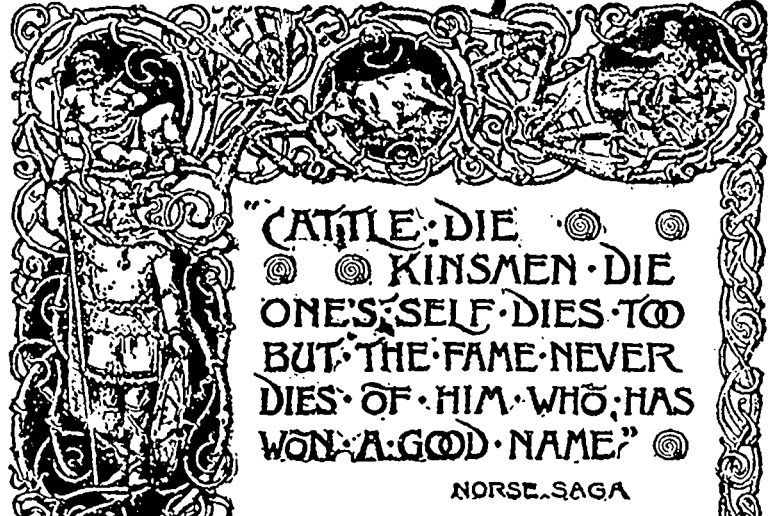
RATES OF PASSAGE.

Montreal or Quebec to Liverpool.

Cabin, from \$45.00, to \$50.00, according to accommodation. Intermediate, \$30. Steerage, \$20.00. Return Tickets, Cabin, \$25.00 to \$150.00.

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

H. BOURLIER,
GENERAL WESTERN AGENT
Corner King and Yonge Street
TORONTO



"CATTLE DIE
KINSMEN DIE
ONE'S SELF DIES TOO
BUT THE FAME NEVER
DIES OF HIM WHO HAS
WON A GOOD NAME"

NORSE SAGA

THE FAME OF NESTLE'S FOOD

WILL NEVER DIE

IT HAS WON FOR ITSELF A GOOD NAME

It came into existence twenty-three years ago in response to a great cry for help from mothers in European cities, whose children were dying from Cholera Infantum. From that time on NESTLE'S FOOD has been regarded as the safest diet and best preventive of Cholera Infantum and other Summer Complaints.

A sample will be sent to any mother mentioning this paper.

THOS. LEEMING & CO.

25 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

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.



CHICAGO, October, 1887.
I, the undersigned, C. Schwenck, suffered from a nervous trouble for eight years, and after having tried some of the leading physicians of Germany, they could give me no relief, but advised an ocean voyage, even this however, did not improve the trouble and my condition became daily more hopeless. I was about this time advised to try Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. I freely state that since using it three years ago, I have had but two very mild attacks, while formerly I had an attack every week.
CONRAD SCHWENCK, 1445 Montana St.

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.,
60 W. Madison cor. Clinton St., CHICAGO, ILL.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
Price \$1 per Bottle. 6 Bottles for \$5.

Agents, Lyman & Co Toronto

W. K. MURPHY

Funeral Director & Embalmer

407 QUEEN ST. WEST TORONTO

Diplomist in Embalming