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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Reddite qua sunt Caesaris, Caesaris; et qua sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, May 31, 1890.

No. 17

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Notes.

A DESPATCH to the newspapers on Thursday announces that the Holy See has instructed the Bishops of Canada to endeavour to lessen any existing antagonism between the English and the French.

THE reverend editor of the *St. Louis Western Watchman* will have his little joke. Speaking of the approaching marriage of Mr. William O'Brien, the *Watchman* says: "We hope his marriage to the charming Russian lady will cure William of his penchant for keeping bachelor's hall inside of jails."

WE trust that none of our readers will fail to read the open letter, which will be found in this number, addressed by Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, one of the most distinguished of English Men of Letters, to the Rev. Dr. Hyde—a name so strangely Stevensonian—in vindication of the lamented Father Damien. The second division of Mr. Stevenson's letter will appear in the following issue. An editorial article, dealing at greater length with this very important letter has had to be held over till next week owing to the demands upon our space.

THE *Mail* has laboured, mountainously, over the case of the ex-priest of Montreal, Martin, and the outcome is only a mouse. The *Gazette* of Montreal, thus impartially and briefly sums up the circumstances of his return and "mysterious disappearance": "The Rev. Mr. Martin's return and the statements he has made show that he willingly put himself in the way of the authorities of the Catholic Church, of which he was once a priest: that he willingly corresponded with them on the subject of his return to his first faith; that he willingly left his family in pursuance of the agreement arrived at on his own initiative, being provided with money for his journey by those with whom he was negotiating. He has as willingly chosen to return and resume his duty to his family. There is nothing in the case to afford just ground for a sensation, nor to give the chief actor a claim to the title of hero."

THE APPROACHING ELECTIONS.

BEFORE THE REVIEW will again reach its readers the elections for the Ontario Legislature will have been held, and the people of the Province have spoken, by their votes, upon the grave issues introduced into the contest. "It is noticeable," says the *Mail* in its leading article of last Thursday, "that in the contest now in progress the most zealous campaigners for Mr. Mowat are not the genuine Liberals but the liegemen of the Roman Catholic Church, who are fighting for the maintenance of privilege. In like manner, and for the same reason, Mr. Mowat's cause is supported by the entire French press of Quebec. Bleus, Mercierites, and Ultramontanes unite in urging the twenty thousand French Canadians who have votes in Ontario to cast them *en bloc* for the Government candidates." The *Mail* is incorrect in describing Catholics as fighting for the maintenance of "privilege," unless it be that the liberty of conscience which they seek to retain, is one and the same thing as "privilege." The platform of the party whose cause the *Mail* espouses being one of open attack upon the peaceful action of the Church and upon the freedom of will of her adherents in respect to the question of education, it is scarcely to be wondered at should it prove to be the fact that it received from those whose rights are broken in upon and threatened a determined and an adequate resistance.

The issues of the contest are of a sort, we need scarcely say, to force themselves upon the attention of the most lethargic of our people: and even those who are ordinarily the most unwilling to be disturbed by the clamour of contending political factions, will on this occasion hardly be able to close their ears to the meaning and import of the questions which are to be submitted to the electorate of the Province on Thursday next. The issue is one affecting chiefly the existence in Ontario of Separate Schools, and the retention of the educational rights enjoyed by the minority under constitutional guarantee. In the broad, the question is one of more than that. Ultimately, it is one of the natural rights, the rights of conscience of the minority, as individuals—the right belonging to them inalienably, by every law, natural and divine, to control the education of their children conformably with their sense of duty. The policy of Mr. Meredith, so far as Catholics are concerned, is directly opposed to their notions of parental right and liberty of conscience. Apart from the point of view of religious interests, and regarded in its political aspect, Mr. Meredith's programme is one whose success can be purchased only at the cost of serious consequences to the Dominion. In seeking to secure the repudiation of the conscience clauses in the Constitution Mr. Meredith attempts to undo the work, and to reopen the most disturbing question that confronted the Fathers of Confederation. To remove these guarantees is to displace the cope stone of the Constitution. Mr. Meredith in attempting it, enters upon a pre-eminently dangerous undertaking, and one in which, we believe, the heart and intelligence of the country will be arrayed against him.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF JOHN LONGWORTHY.

M. F. EGAN IN AVE MARIA.

XVII.—*Miles Weeps.*

The longer Miles thought of his desolate condition—deserted, as it were, by his own blood, cast off, as he said to himself when he had finished his fourth glass of mildly diluted Scotch whiskey,—the more indignant he became, and the more resolved he was to strike his heartless sisters the deadliest blow in his power, and to bring them to repentance by the rudest shock he could devise. This would be, as Miles well knew, to go home hopelessly intoxicated.

It would cut Mary to the heart: it would cover Esther with shame; it would forever dim all the hopes Mary had founded on the virtuous lemonade. He would have preferred to go home drunk in the daylight, in face of all the old neighbors; but, then, that might injure his political chances; for the neighbors had a great respect for the Galligan girls. As to Esther, he felt that, after Mary was subdued, he could bring her to her knees by putting the thumb-screws on Arthur Fitzgerald as a man having guilty knowledge of the murder of John Longworthy.

By and by he would go home and lie prone on the steps until Mary and Esther, returning from the O'Connors, should find him in that condition, which Mary feared more than death itself. And to-morrow afternoon he would force Bastien to confess the murder; he would name his price, and go in for hard, earnest political work. He chuckled to himself as he thought of it all. Nellie Mulligan would drop down from her high horse, too, when she found there was money in it; and if she hesitated there were plenty of girls in the world,—and any girl would think twice before she refused him.

With his back turned to the incomers and outcomers, he thus pursued mentally, as it were, the primrose path of dalliance. He was not disturbed; for the bar-tender and his friends knew that Miles was indulging in one of his solitary "sprees." But to-night his mind was unusually active; hot Scotch had not its usual charms; he let a glass stand before him until it grew cold, and he was only roused from his long reverie by the striking of a clock and an altercation between the bar-tender and a wretched-looking woman, who, coming in search of her husband, had seized a handful of sandwiches from the counter, with an oath and a threat.

Miles was drowsy, and it was midnight. Perhaps Mary and Esther were home by this time. If not, they would soon be home now. He walked in the direction of the house,—very erect as regarded his body, very shaky as regarded his legs. A light, shaded and low, always burned in the front room when his sisters were at home. It was out; he lay down on the bristle of the door-mat and went to sleep, gladdened by the thought that when he awakened he would see two pallid, tearstained faces bending over him.

At one o'clock he opened his eyes with a shiver; it was cold,—an eager and biting air blew from the East River; he sneezed and sneezed again. Why did they not come? It was a pretty time for girls to be out! He was almost sober now, and very uncomfortable. If they did not come soon he should have to go in, and the whole effect of his scene, so carefully worked up, would be lost.

He cursed the deterioration of Scotch whiskey and the activity of his own brain; another blast from the river, another sneeze, and he arose and kicked at the door. After some delay the little servant, rubbing her eyes, came and let him in. He went sullenly up to his den, defeated but not conquered.

About four hours later he was awakened by footsteps, and voices, in the hall. He did not recognize them, but they were those of Bastien and Esther.

When little Rose O'Connor had gone home, Mary and the Sisters seemed to feel that Esther had endured enough. Nellie Mulligan came into the room, with her hand clasped in that of Lize Brown, who had forgiven the injury done to her shoes. They wept and wailed together, reproached themselves, and called down maledictions on everybody who had ever spoken an unkind word to little Rose. Finally, Bastien, who stood quietly near the foot of the lounge, trying to keep a blessed candle alight—the draughts at this hour were very noticeable in the room,—was obliged to ask them to leave.

He looked at Esther's pale face and reddened eyelids, but he did not dare to ask to see her to her house. Mary, however, was anxious about Esther; and, after some hesitation, she herself requested him to take her sister away. The Sisters, too, declared that her presence was not necessary; and, seeming in a dream, Esther found herself walking slowly over the muddy sidewalks with her arm in Bastien's. The dawn was in the east; the rattle of wagons had already begun. Bastien carefully helped her across a yawning sewer, and Esther felt a new delight in being taken care of.

At first little was said. Bastien, however, could not keep long from speaking of what was uppermost in his mind.

"You need not be afraid, Esther," he said, using the name as if it were familiar with him, and it did not sound singular to her. "You have brought me nearer to your God. I have needed Him long, but He seemed so far away! You are the human link that binds me to Him."

"No," she said gently, forgetting her weariness; "there is His Son. You have never understood His love, to which the topmost round in the golden ladder is His Mother."

Bastien was struck, as if with the light that flashed on St. Paul, with the fitness of this for the need he had felt.

"I once loved a woman" (Esther started); "her name was Bianca Rinaldi—I was young then,—but we parted because I could not accept her faith. She was true and gentle and sweet; she has since married. But we parted because I could not understand why she should cling to an outworn creed."

"Do you think it still outworn?" she asked, earnestly.

"My God, no!" he answered. "It is the most vital thing on earth."

Esther looked up at him, with entire trust in her eyes; his vehemence pleased her.

"You need tell me nothing more," she began. "I understand. If you are first true to God and His inspirations I need never fear."

Then an awful sense of the boldness of her words seemed to stop her heart. His face glowed with an inward light as he turned it toward her.

"Esther!" he murmured. And at that moment Bastien was happy. "But I must tell you something; it is a long story. Let us walk slowly."

He spoke rapidly after this, and Esther listened attentively, sometimes with a grave look, at others with a smile. When they reached the house there were tears in her eyes. She gave Bastien her hand, and said, in her low tones:

"Will you read the last stanza of Adelaide Procter's 'A Woman's Question'? It is my answer. Good-bye!" And the door closed.

Miles, hearing the sound, swaggered down the hall stairs, a frowzy and dilapidated object, with bleared eyes, and an unbrushed overcoat over a rudimentary toilet. He frowned at Esther, whose gaze met his serenely.

"It's the last time you'll come into this house, if you keep hours like this, young woman! Either you or I will have to leave—that's all!"

Esther did not answer until she had reached the head of the stairs. He repeated his speech then, with an oath that struck her heart like a bullet.

"You shall leave this house, and Mary, too!" he roared. "I've got my hands on your dude of a Fitzgerald's throat, and I'll teach you to defy me!"

This stung Esther, and she forgot the bullet wound.

"You are welcome to the house, Miles," she said, looking down at him over the baluster. "I shall go and Mary with me. I am engaged to be married to Mr. John Longworthy."

"It's a lie!" Miles growled. "He's dead—"

"He is alive: I saw him to-night."

Miles sat down in the hall chair and wept aloud. The hot Scotch was having its revenge.

XIX.—*The State of Mind of John Longworthy.*

Bastien had told Esther a story which did not seem wonderful to her, spoken in the weird light of the new day. At another time the shock of finding that there was no Bastien in all America, and that Mr. von Bastien was far away, following his business in Cuba, would have been very great. But after the discovery she had made—that her heart was given

to this man, no matter what his name might be—all other things seemed usual and in the common way.

It must be remembered that Esther had thought very little of love or marriage; she had read few novels, and these of the old-fashioned kind; she knew Walter Scott and Miss Austen by heart. Love in her eyes was a spiritual and sacred thing, and also a romantic thing, untouched by those practical considerations of which the modern novel is full. It can be no longer said that the fashionable novelist encourages romance; for his pessimism has killed both sentiment and sentimentalism—the wheat and the tare.

John Longworthy had given her his heart, and she had given him hers. When he had told her the truth about himself she almost wondered why he thought it necessary to do so. Adelaide Procter's words had run through her mind before he spoke:

"Nay, answer not—I dare not hear;
The words would come too late;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So comfort thee, my Fate,
Whatever on my heart may fall,—
Remember I would risk it all."

Nevertheless, John Longworthy had gone on with his story; and as he continued it Esther recognized more and more the face whose photograph she had seen in Miles' room. There was the high, broad forehead, the kind blue eyes—the long beard and mustache were gone. John Longworthy, without his beard and mustache, and with his hair somewhat closely cropped, was not a handsome man, but he looked like one who might be trusted. There was a gleam of humour in his eyes occasionally, and he laughed a little now and then, as some of the thoughts suggested by his story rose in his mind. The low hat he wore and the rough sack coat disguised him even more than the cutting off of his beard; he ceased to trill his r's as he spoke to Esther, and listening to him as they walked along, with her fingers just touching his arm, she wondered how she could ever have disliked him. It was remarkable, too, that, anxious as she was to have Mary's opinion on all subjects interesting to her, she did not think of Mary at this epoch in her life.

John Longworthy hurried through his story, determined to be done with it as soon as possible. He did not doubt Esther's sympathy with what the world would call an unparalleled eccentricity. It did not occur to her or to him that he had done a foolish thing; indeed, ever afterward they both considered it the wisest thing he had ever done.

Longworthy had, it might be said, been born an orphan. His father and mother had quarreled shortly after he came into the world; his father had left Florence, where he was living, and started for America. The ship had been wrecked on the way, and the elder John Longworthy had gone down with it. His mother, who bitterly repented her part in the quarrel the moment after her husband had gone, died of the shock of the news of his death, and the rich little orphan was left to the care of his uncle in Liverpool. The uncle sent him to Munich and then alternately to Florence, and New Haven, in Connecticut, for his education, which was singularly diversified. He learned German and Italian well, and, having a certain fastidiousness, which he had inherited from his New England parents, he avoided the grosser temptations of life. He had acquired a hobby, which is a great safeguard for a young man; and he observed and wrote a great deal.

This hobby was the solution of the great social questions which seem to demand immediate answers—of how to adjust the relations between the rich and the poor. But riches and leisure are not conducive to hard work. He knew Italy well, and he lounged within the fascinating precincts for several years. He fell in love with Bianca Rinaldi; but he would not accept her faith, and she would not marry a Protestant. After that he had a slight Byronic attack; he read "Locksley Hall" and "Maud," and fancied that he was done with the world. And yet the world interested him, and the time came when it grew so interesting that he sought earnestly for some means of accounting for its existence. But, above all, the miseries of the poor—growing more intolerable in Italy, the country which he knew the best—oppressed and tortured him. He had come long ago to know that Virgil's prediction of the

new era to follow the birth of our Lord did not mean that the poor were to have all the luxuries typified by the Syrian roses on every bush. And, very hastily, he set down Christianity as a failure. But if Christianity had failed to make the poor rich, he saw that no power on earth had done anything for them.

He turned in a kind of despair from one philosophy to another—he found all inadequate; and he found them so, not because he was very logical or philosophical himself, but because he led a pure life, and he had got into the habit of comparing theories with their effect on life. He early found out that no religion was possible for him but the Christian religion. He had been born, as it were, a New England Congregationalist; he was logical enough to see that, though part of this opinion touched on the mainland of Christianity, there were other parts which were only quicksands over the very soft clay of Unitarianism.

He found no rest, and as he verged toward forty he did some hard thinking and some fair literary work. He returned to New York, feeling like a stranger; he began to regret that he had ever gone abroad. His long sojourn among foreigners had made him a foreigner in his own country and perverted his point of view. He saw in New York more chances for the study of social questions than in any city of Europe; he saw in that wonderful city a microcosm, full of the warring elements he wanted to study; he found, too, that he could study them through microscopes focused for other people. Talk and written words in the clubs and in the reviews seemed only to puzzle him. He often asked himself why he should not go and be poor himself—live in a tenement house, and get near to the hearts of those whose hearts and minds he wanted most to understand.

(To be continued.)

VINDICATION OF FATHER DAMIEN.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, the well-known author, has addressed the following crushing reply to Doctor Hyde, a Protestant clergyman of Honolulu, who recently wrote a shameless letter about the heroic Father Damien. Hyde's letter is given below. Mr. Stephenson writes from Sydney, Australia, under date of February 25:—

SIR,—It may probably occur to you that we have met and visited and conversed, on my side with interest. You may remember that you have done me several courtesies, for which I was prepared to be grateful. But there are duties which come before gratitude, and offences which justly divide friends, far more than acquaintances. Your letter to Rev. H. B. Gage is a document which in my sight, if you had filled me with bread when I was starving, if you had sat up to nurse my father when he laying a-dying, would yet absolve me from the bonds of gratitude. You know enough, doubtless, of the process of canonization to be aware that a hundred years after the death of Damien there will appear a man charged with the painful office of the devil's advocate. After that noble brother of mine (Father Damien) and of all frail clay shall have lain a century at rest one shall accuse, one defend him. That circumstance is unusual that the devil's advocate should be a volunteer, should be a member of a sect immediately rival, and should make haste to take upon himself his ugly office ere the bones are cold; unusual, and of a taste which I shall leave my readers free to qualify; unusual, and to me inspiring. If I had at all learned the trade of using words to convey truth and to arouse emotion you have at last furnished me with a subject. For it is in the interest of all mankind and the cause of public decency in every quarter of the world, not only that Damien should be righted, but that you and your letter should be displayed at length in their true colours to the public eye."

Mr. Stephenson then quotes Hyde's letter to Rev. H. R. Gago:

HONOLULU, August 2, 1889.

REV. H. B. GAGE:—

DEAR BROTHER,—In answer to your inquiries about Father Damien, I can only reply that we who know the man are surprised at the extravagant newspaper laudations, as if he was

a most saintly philanthropist. The simple truth is, he was a coarse, dirty man, headstrong and bigoted. He was not sent to Molokai, but went there without orders; did not stay at the leper settlement (before he became one himself) but circulated freely over the whole island (less than half the island is devoted to the lepers), and he came often to Honolulu. He had no hand in the reforms and improvements inaugurated, which were the work of our Board of Health, as occasion required and means were provided. He was not a pure man in his relations with women, and the leprosy with which he died should be attributed to his vices and carelessnesses. Others have done much for the lepers, our own ministers, the Government physicians, and so forth, but never with the Catholic idea of meriting eternal life.

Yours, etc.,

C. M. HYDE.

To deal fitly with a letter so extraordinary, I must draw at the outset on my private knowledge of the signatory and his sect. It may offend others; scarcely you, who have been so busy to collect, so bold to publish gossip on your rivals. And this is perhaps the moment when I may best explain to you the character of what you are to read; I conceive you as a man quite beyond and below the reticences of civility; with what measures you mete, with that it shall be measured you again; with you, at last, I rejoice to feel the button off the foil and to plunge home.

You belong, sir, to a sect—I believe my sect, and that in which my ancestors laboured—which has enjoyed, and partly failed to utilize, an exceptional advantage in the islands of Hawaii. The first missionaries came; they found the land already self-purged of its old and bloody faith; they were embraced, almost on their arrival, with enthusiasm; what troubles they supported came far more from whites than from Hawaiians, and to these last they stood (in a rough figure) in the shoes of God. This is not the place to enter into the degree or causes of their failure, such as it is. One element alone is pertinent, and must here be plainly dealt with. In the course of this evangelical calling—they, or too many of them, grew rich. It may be news to you that the houses of missionaries are a cause of mocking on the streets of Honolulu. It will at least be news to you, that when I returned your civil visit, the driver of my cab commented on the size, the taste, and the comfort of your home. It would have been news, certainly, to myself, had anyone told me that afternoon that I should live to drag such matter into print. But you see, sir, how you degrade better men to your own level; and it is needful for those who are to judge between you and me, between Damien and the devil's advocate, should understand your letter to have been penned in a house which could raise, and that very justly, the envy and the comments of the passers-by. I think (to employ a phrase of yours which I admire) it "should be attributed" to you that you have never visited the scene of Damien's life and death. If you had, and had recalled it, and looked about your pleasant rooms, even your pen, perhaps would have been stayed.

Your sect (and remember, as far as any sect avows me, it is mine) has not done all in a worldly sense in the Hawaiian Kingdom. When calamity befell their innocent parishioners, when leprosy descended and took root in the Eight Islands, a *quid pro quo* was to be looked for. To that prosperous mission, and to you, as one of its adornments, God had sent an opportunity. I know I am touching here upon a nerve acutely sensitive. I know that others of your colleagues look back on the inertia of your Church, and the intrusive and decisive heroism of Damien, with something almost to be called remorse. I am sure it is so with yourself; I am persuaded that your letter was inspired by a certain envy, not essentially ignoble, and the one human trait to be espied in that performance. You were thinking of the lost chance, the past day; of that which should have been conceived and was not; of the service due and not rendered. *Time was*, said the voice, in your ear, in your pleasant room, as you sat raging and writing; and if the words written were base beyond parallel, the rage—I am happy to repeat—it is the only compliment I shall pay you—the rage was almost virtuous. But, sir, when you have failed and another has succeeded; when we have stood by and another has stepped in; when

we sit and grow bulky in our charming mansions, and a plain, uncouth peasant steps into the battle under the eyes of God and succors the afflicted, and consoles the dying, and is himself afflicted in his turn, and dies upon the field of honour—the battle cannot be retrieved as your unhappy irritation has suggested. It is a lost battle, and lost forever. One thing remained to you in your defeat—some rags of common honour, and these you have made haste to cast away.

Common honour, not the honour of having done anything right, but the honour of not having done aught conspicuously foul; the honour of the inert; that was what remained to you. We are not all expected to be Damiens; a man may conceive his duty more narrowly, he may love his comforts better; and none will cast a stone at him for that. Your Church and Damien's were in Hawaii upon rivalry so to do well; to help, to edify, to set Divine examples. You having (in one huge instance) failed, and Damien succeeded, I marvel that it should not have occurred to you that you were doomed to silence; that when you had been outstripped in that high rivalry, and sat inglorious in the midst of your well-being, in your pleasant room—and Damien, crowned with glories and horrors, toiled and rotted in that pig-sty of his under the cliffs of Kalawao—you, the elect who would not, were the last man on earth to collect and propagate gossip on the volunteer who would and did.

I think I see you—for I try to see you in the flesh as I write these sentences—I think I see you leap at the word pig-sty, a hyperbolical expression at the best. "He had no hand in the reforms," he was "a coarse, dirty man;" these were your own words; and you may think it possible that I am come to support you with fresh evidence. In a sense, it is even so. Damien has been too much depicted with a conventional halo and conventional features; so drawn by men who perhaps had not the eye to remark or the pen to express the individual; or who perhaps were only blinded and silenced by generous admiration, such as I partly envy for myself—such as you, if your soul were enlightened, would envy on your bended knees. It is the least defect of such a method of portraiture that it makes the path easy for the devil's advocate, and leaves for the misuse of the slanderer a considerable field of truth. For the truth that is suppressed by friends is the readiest weapon of the enemy. The world, in your despite, may perhaps owe you something, if your letter be the means of substituting once for all a creditable likeness for a wax abstraction. For, if that world at all remember you, on the day when Damien of Molokai shall be named saint, it will be in virtue of one work—your letter to Rev. H. B. Gage.

You may ask on what authority I speak. It was my inclement destiny to become acquainted, not with Damien, but with Doctor Hyde. When I visited the lazaretto Damien was already in his resting grave. But such information as I have gathered on the spot in conversation with those who knew him well and long—some, indeed, who revered his memory, but others who had sparred and wrangled with him, who beheld him with no halo, who, perhaps, regarded him with small respect, and through whose unprepared and scarcely partial communications the plain, human features of the man shone on me convincingly. These gave me what knowledge I possess, and I learned in that scene where it could be most completely and sensitively understood—Kalawao, which you have never visited, about which you have never so much as endeavoured to inform yourself; for, brief as your letter is, you have found the means to stumble into that confession.

I imagine you to be one of those persons who talk with cheerfulness of that place which oxen and wainropes could not drag you to behold. You, who do not even know its situation on the map, probably denounce sensational descriptions, stretching your limbs the while in your pleasant parlour on Beretania street. When I was pulled ashore there one early morning, there sat with me in the boat two Sisters, bidding farewell (in humble imitation of Damien) to the lights and joys of human life. One of these wept silently; I could not withhold myself from joining her. Had you been there, it is my belief that nature would have triumphed even in you; and as the boat drew but a little nearer, and you beheld the

stairs crowded with abominable deformations of our common manhood, and saw yourself landing in the midst of such a population as only now and then surrounds us in the horror of a nightmare—what a luggard eye you would have rolled over your reluctant shoulder towards the house on Beretania street! Had you gone on; had you found every fourth face a blot upon the landscape; had you visited the hospital and seen the butt-ends of human beings lying there almost unrecognizable but still breathing, still thinking, still remembering, you would have understood that life in the lazaretto is an ordeal from which the nerves in a man's spirit shrink, even as his eye quails under the brightness of the sun; you would have felt it was (even to-day) a pitiful place to visit and a hell to dwell in. It is not the fear of possible infection. That seems a little thing when compared with the pain, the pity, and the disgust of the visitor's surroundings, and the atmosphere of physical disgrace in which he breathes. I do not think I am a man more than usually timid; but I never recall the days and nights I spent upon that island promontory (eight days and seven nights), without heartfelt thankfulness that I am somewhere else. I find in my diary that I speak of my stay as a "grinding experience;" I have once jotted in the margin, "*harrowing* is the word," and when the "Mokolii" bore me at last towards the outer world, I kept repeating to myself, with a new conception of their pregnancy, those simple words of the song: "Tis the most distressful country that ever yet was seen." And observe: that which I saw and suffered from was a settlement, purged, bettered, beautified; the new village built, the hospital, and the Bishop's home excellently arranged; the Sisters, the doctor, and the missionaries all indefatigable in their noble tasks. It was a different place when Damien came there, and made his great renunciation, and slept that first night under a tree amidst his rotting brethren, alone with pestilence, and looking forward (with what courage, with what pitiful sinkings of dread, God only knows) to a lifetime of dressing sores and stumps.

You will say, perhaps, that I am too sensitive, that sights as painful abound in cancer hospitals, and are confronted daily by doctors and nurses. I have long learned to admire and envy the doctors and the nurses. But there is no cancer hospital so large and populous as Kalawao and Kalaupapa, and in such a matter every fresh case, like every inch of length in the pipe of an organ, deepens the note of the impression; for what daunts the onlooker is the monstrous sum of human suffering by which he stands surrounded. Lastly, no doctor or nurse is called upon to enter once for all the gehenna; they do not say farewell; they need not abandon hope on its sad threshold; they but go for a time to their high calling, and can look forward as they go to relief, to recreation, and to rest. But Damien shut to with his own hand the doors of his own sepulchre.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(The second division of Mr. Stevenson's letter will be published in our next number.)

REVERENCE FOR THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

When it was reported some time ago that a notorious French actress was about to present a "religious drama" in which she would take the "part" of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the whole Christian world was shocked and scandalized. And among the protests that were made against such a profanation not the least forcible were those that came from Protestant lips. To cite one of many, the London *Telegraph* spoke as follows:

"It is difficult for those who do not belong to the Roman obedience to appreciate the horror with which they must hear of a Parisian artist posing before a Parisian audience as Holy Mary's representative. One need not, however be a Roman Catholic to understand the objections to this proposition. The Virgin Mother lives tenderly in the memories of all men, as the purest type of a high ideal, and her crowning sorrow has been the world's greatest tragedy in the traditions of nearly 2,000 years. The most vigorous asserter of secularism and free thought must respect the feelings of the Christian world on a subject so tender and so sacred in its majestic outlines. She lives in legend, she looks down on us from the canvas of

the greatest painters, and poets have brought their homage to her feet. Now the Parisians propose to make her the theme of the green-room—the topic of the boulevard,—to present an image of her based on the undoubted but utterly alien genius of the great Sarah, aided by the wigmaker, the property manager, and all the purveyors of washes and paints, with limelight effects lavishly thrown in. Voltaire threw dirt at Joan of Arc, but in this insult to the Virgin there is something more than defamation of a national heroine: it is an outrage on the feelings of one-third of the human race."

The marked development of a spirit of reverence toward the Mother of the world's Redeemer among heretical minds is one of the most consoling signs of the age in which we live. It is another proof of the great fact that those who live in heresy are beginning to realize their inconsistency, and that the struggle in the religious world is rapidly narrowing down to the conflict between Catholicity and infidelity. A logical mind, however deeply steeped in heresy, cannot fail to see that to deny that Mary is the Mother of God is to deny the whole truth and divinity of the Christian religion. For the truth of Christianity depends upon the truth that its Founder, Jesus Christ, is God; and therefore to deny that Mary, His Mother, is the Mother of God, is to deny that Jesus is God and that Christianity is true; therefore, to deny the honor of the Mother is to deny the glory of her Son, and to deny the redemption of one's own soul.

One whose heart is filled with faith and love toward the ever-blessed Mother of our Divine Lord needs not the cold, precise, formal language of reasoning and demonstration to remind him of all that belongs to her honor and dignity. The bright light of faith illuminating his soul, and the fire of love glowing within his heart, lead him on naturally and convincingly to all that concerns the mysteries of our holy religion. True Christian souls look upon our Blessed Lord as the cause of all their good; they believe Him to be the Son of God, and for that very reason God of God, Light of light, true God of true God; and therefore they value His merits and satisfaction as being infinite. And all this, to their minds, is implied by His sacred name; and thus irresistibly, but sweetly and lovingly, they say: Mary is the Mother of Jesus; Jesus is God, therefore Mary is the Mother of God.—*Ave Maria*.

NOTRE DAME DE BON SECOURS.

The season of pilgrimages will soon begin in Canada, and thousands of people, suffering from various afflictions of mind and body, will flock to the now famous shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaufre.

When the boats and trains leave their different points of departure, bearing their freight of faithful pilgrims, there are always some aching hearts left behind,—those who, from want of money or other reason, are debarred from participating in the happiness of the pilgrimage. It is to encourage such souls that I relate what happened in Montreal during the course of the summer of 1889.

A large pilgrimage of French Canadians from the United States had been to the shrine of La Bonne Ste. Anne. They had confessed and communicated at the sanctuary, and they wished to make a second Communion at the venerable shrine of Our Lady of Bon Secours, in Montreal, while on their homeward journey.

Among the pilgrims was a little blind boy, who had prayed devoutly at Ste. Anne's, but who had not regained his sight. He was resigned to the will of God, but yet he prayed with fervor to the Blessed Virgin that his eyes might be opened; and his fervor was, perhaps, never so strong as when returning sightless from Ste. Anne's, he knelt in the hallowed sanctuary of Notre Dame de Bon Secours.

When the priest came down to the railing to give Holy Communion he observed something unusual in the blind boy's face, as he had the Sacred Host on his tongue; and looking a second time, he saw the sightless eyes bright with intelligence—the boy could see! The priest, who, by a singular coincidence, happened to be the chaplain of the Nazareth Blind Institution, was greatly moved, and immediately, at the conclusion of his Mass, inquired into the matter. To his great joy it proved to be an undoubted miracle—the blind boy's sight was perfectly restored.

From which it will be seen that devoted clients of Mary will not always need to go to La Bonne Ste. Annie to be cured but may, if they ask with strong faith, expect marvels at their own altars from Her who is in truth the Health of the Sick.
— *A. M. P. in Ave Maria.*

General Catholic News

It is reported that Archbishop Walsh has in contemplation a trip to Ireland this summer in order to procure priests for the archdiocese.

The Catholic Knights of America have perfected a plan by which its members when sick or disabled will receive the sum of seven dollars a week.

Among coming pilgrimages to the Vatican not the least important are those of the Belgian and Swiss Catholic students of the Universities of Louvain and Freiburg.

Mgr. D'Hulst, rector of the Catholic University of Paris, has been appointed by Cardinal Richard to succeed Pere Monsabre as Lenten preacher at Notre Dame.

Barns & Oates announce two books by Percy Fitzgerald, whose titles promise great interest. They are "Catholic Jewels from Shakspeare," and "Words for the Worldly; or, Scriptural Jewels."

There are about fifty branches of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union in Philadelphia, Pa., with a membership of 5,000, and throughout the United States and Canada there are 500 branches aggregating 20,000 members.

Pere Didon, the Dominican whose eloquence stirred Paris in a remarkable manner four years ago and who surprised people by the suddenness with which he left the pulpit, has been writing a life of the Saviour in a monastery at Corbara.

Prof. Pettenkofer, of Munich, one of the most prominent of the sect of "Old Catholics," has recognized his errors and has made a full submission, praying that he may be reconciled to his holy mother, the Church, at the same time publishing his retractation.

The United States have now more Catholics of Irish birth and descent, in part or in whole, than Ireland itself. With their fourteen archbishops, seventy-three bishops and 8,332 priests they have the greatest body of English-speaking Catholics in the world.

Rev. Father Jones, of the Jesuit's College of Montreal, is not only an able defender of his Order, but also an adept in practical science. He has invented and patented an improved fire escape. Two of his escapes have been placed on St. Mary's College, and they were successfully tested on the 1st inst.

The new Cathedral at Carthage, in Africa, which has been lately consecrated by Cardinal Lavignerie, stands very near the spot where St. Louis died. Beneath the altar and at the foot of the episcopal throne His Eminence has put a marble slab, under which his remains will lie. There is no eulogy, only the words. "Pray for him."

Father Kenny, S.J., of Montreal is in St. Louis engaged in giving a retreat at the Convent of the Sacred Heart. Father Kenny, who is beyond compare the most eloquent pulpit orator in Canada has two brothers Jesuits in Ireland. Another brother was lost on the ill fated "Boston" on his journey to England to enter the Order.

Cardinal Gibbons has written a letter in the name of the American episcopate to his Eminence Cardinal Manning to offer the cordial congratulations of the bishops of the United States on the occasion of his approaching silver Jubilee. Cardinal Manning in reply says:—"Such a testimony from your great episcopate will cheer me, now that the day is far spent and my slender work is nearly done."

Sunday 11th inst., was the seventeenth anniversary of the consecration of Archbishop Corrigan. A cablegram says that in Rome, at the American College, the archbishop gave a banquet to celebrate the event. There was a distinguished company present. The archbishop was warmly congratulated and praised for his work in America.

The annual reunion of the Alumni of the American college of Rome was held at the Grand Hotel, Cincinnati, on May 7. Notable ecclesiastics from different parts of the United States were present to enjoy the elegant banquet and indulge in the reminiscences of college days. The American college was created in 1857, and was presented to the bishops of America by Pope Pius IX. as a home for American students, who are taught free of charge.

Cardinal Manning reports such a spread of Catholicity that he has been obliged to appeal for funds for a training college to provide the necessary clergy. Englishmen, converted from the English to the Roman Catholic Church, are gradually replacing the Irish or Belgian priests who used to fill the London parishes. It is said that there is scarcely a Catholic Church in London where one or more of the priests has not at one time been in English orders.

Speaking of Washington as the coming educational centre of the country, Bishop Keane of the Catholic University recently said:—"I see that our Methodist brethren, spurred on mayhap by the example of the Catholics, intend to build a university at Washington. I am glad to hear of it, for I think the more education the better. I also believe in free trade and competition in education, and I think the stimulus of competition between the two institutions would do great good. So long as the universities are Christian, no matter whether Presbyterian, Methodist, Catholic, or what, I believe in them, but I do not believe in the non-Christian idea of a university."

Confirmation services were held in St. Michael's cathedral and St. Mary's church on Sunday last. Eighty children received their first communion during eight o'clock mass at the cathedral, and at high mass were confirmed by Archbishop Walsh. At St. Mary's church one hundred children were admitted to their first communion at eight o'clock, and at four o'clock were confirmed by the Archbishop. The little boys and girls were tastefully attired in honour of the event, the girls in white muslin and silk, and the boys in black with bands of white ribben around the arm. On each occasion the Archbishop addressed the children on the subject of the sacrament received.

On the Feast of the Ascension at 10 a.m. at St. Patrick's Church of Montreal, the confirmation class, to the number of 275, received their First Communion, administered by the Rev. Father Toupin, S.S., and in the evening were confirmed by Archbishop Fabre. It was a sublime and edifying sight to see the children in their confirmation robes, and to hear their young voices, clearly and resonantly, renewing their baptismal vows. The large and stately edifice was filled to its utmost capacity, fully 2800 people being present, a large proportion of whom were Protestants. In addition to the above, 31 adult converts were received into the church, the whole being a grand testimony to the painstaking labours of Rev. Father M. Callahan. The singing of a choir composed of pupils of St. Patrick's school, and trained by Sister Aloysius of the Sacred Heart, an eminent musician, was much admired, their sweet voices harmonizing well with the joyful occasion.

On the following Sunday another grand service in the same church was held, when the children of the Catechism class met, and after listening to an eloquent temperance discourse by Rev. Father McCallen, S.S., the boys who had made their First Communion during the week, and others to the number of 461, advanced to the altar rails and received a pledge from him that they would abstain from using intoxicating liquors until they were 21 years of age; after which some 650 children and adults were invested with the Scapulars by the famous Dominican orator, Rev. Pere Bobanneau, assisted by Rev.

Father M. Callahan. A pleasing event then followed, when two children from the Class advanced to the altar rails, and Miss Estella Elliott presented the Rev. Pere Babonneau with a beautiful bouquet of flowers, whilst Master Heagarty, in a very clear voice, read an address thanking him for his presence among them, and praising his gift of wonderful eloquence. The gifted Dominican replied at length, thanking the children for their gift and address, and telling them that he had always a great love for the Irish race.

The gage has been thrown down respecting the new Public Schools Act in Manitoba.

The teacher of St. Joseph's Catholic school in Winnipeg filed an answer last week to the application for an injunction to prevent him continuing religious exercises in his school as being a violation of the new School act. The defendant, in his answer, admits all the allegations of fact in the plaintiff's bill, but does not admit the constitutionality of the statute thereon referred to and known as the "Public School Act." "On the contrary," he says, "I contend that the said act is *ultra vires* of the Legislature of Manitoba. I admit that if the said act is not *ultra vires* as aforesaid that it applies to the school referred to in plaintiff's bill as St. Joseph's school." The defendant then explains what the practice was before the passing of the Manitoba act, and states that denominational schools were in force, there being no public schools in the sense of state schools, each church supporting its own school. The education of children is, he says, one of the fundamental principles of the Catholic church and is considered as solely within its jurisdiction. The answer concludes: "The church regards the schools provided for by the Public schools act as unfit for the purpose of educating their children, and the children of Roman Catholic parents will not attend such schools. Roman Catholics will revert to the system in operation previous to the Manitoba act and will establish, support and maintain schools in accordance with their principles and faith as aforesaid. The religious exercises now held in St. Joseph's schools are those prescribed by the Roman Catholic church for use in schools and are the same as those used in Roman Catholic schools prior to the Manitoba act. The religious exercises have been prescribed by the advisory board referred to in the statute. I pray to be hence dismissed with my costs of suit."

The Catholic Young Ladies Literary Association, held their second Entertainment on Wednesday evening last in St. Patrick Hall, McCaul St., and, as before the hall was crowded, seating room being unattainable after 8 o'clock. The programme of selections presented by the Ladies, in which only members of the Assn. figured, was very choice, and was carried out in such a manner as would reflect credit upon professional artists, each part and number being perfect.

Miss L. O'Grady read a well prepared essay on the "Aims of our Society," defining the purposes of the Association and the reasons which gave it birth; two Tableaux by the Ladies of the Assn. solos by Misses Strong and McCann, recitations by Miss M. Dunn, and a scene from King Henry VIII. with Miss Donahue, as Catharine, Miss O'Reilly as Griffith, and Miss Small, as Patience, then followed. Where all did so well, it were invidious to particularize, but the recitations of Miss Dunn, show her to be possessed of great ability, and with a little more training, would be capable of holding her own with any elocutionist we know of. The Ladies and the Rev. Fr. Henning, their patron, are to be complimented upon the good results which are sure to ensue from their infant Association.

The Catechism class of St. Patrick's church, Montreal, is probably the largest on the continent. It numbers about 1500 children, with an average attendance each Sunday of 1300, and has a staff of 297 teachers, with Rev. Father M. Callahan as Spiritual Director, and John Dwane, Esq., (who has been connected with it for 20 years) President. Some idea may be realized of its magnitude from the following results of its labours financially, from entertainments wherein the members of the Class were the sole entertainers: Donation of \$1000 to Fathers Dowd and Toupin Jubilee: purchase of magnificent organ for their services, and several benefits to the Rev. Sisters, at which large sums were realized.

Men and Things.

Miss Mary Anderson will arrive in London early this month, and her marriage with Mr. Navarro will take place at the Brompton Oratory. Among her bridesmaids will be one of the daughters of her great friends, Lord and Lady Lytton, and her own sister. Miss Anderson has definitely announced that she will not again appear upon the stage.

Mr. T. D. Sullivan, in last week's *Dublin Nation*, indorses the statement already published that he has ceased to be the proprietor of that journal. The severance is due, he says, to the pressure of political duties which engage him in another field of action. The editorial direction in the paper is, and has been for some time, in the hands of Mr. Robert Donovan, B. A., of whom Mr. Sullivan speaks highly. Mr. Sullivan will be a contributor to the paper.

William O'Brien, M.P., is to be married in June, probably by Archbishop Croke, to Mlle. Raffalovitch, of Paris, whose name indicates that she is a Russian or Polish lady. Mlle. Raffalovitch is very wealthy, having an income of \$25,000 a year, with prospects of \$100,000 a year. She will be received into the Catholic Church before her marriage. John Dillon, M.P., will act as groomsmen. The women of Ireland are preparing to give Mr. O'Brien a splendid wedding present, and the Nationalist members of Parliament are doing likewise. Madame Raffalovitch, the bride's mother, has long been a sympathizer with the Irish cause. At the opening of "New Tipperary," she sent to Mr. Humphrey 1,000 for a feast for the school children. She has also presented to the town of Mitchelstown a bust of the late John Mandeville, by the celebrated French sculptor, Guillaume. This is to be erected on the square of Mitchelstown.

During his last journey to the Roman provinces, Pius IX, when passing through Volterra, went to visit a house he had lived in when a student. While going through the rooms he stopped in one of them and said to those accompanying him: "It was in this room that I had my first epileptic attack." He added that he had had three of these attacks. He could not celebrate Holy Mass without the assistance of a priest, and felt saddened and humiliated when in the street to hear the pitying remarks of the people: "There goes that poor priest Mastai, who is epileptic." After the third attack a long time passed and as he suffered no return of the distressing malady he went to Pius VII and implored him to order the removal of the assistant, whose presence was a source of constant humiliation. The Pope received the young priest with great kindness, looked earnestly at him for some minutes, and said: "Yes, my son, I permit you to celebrate Mass in future without the assistant. You will not be ill again." It was in remembrance of this, and in gratitude, that the priest Mastai, when he became Pope, desired to be called Pius IX.

A short time ago a newspaper writer called attention to the fact that the grave of Father Abram J. Ryan, the poet priest, at Mobile, Alabama, was overgrown and hidden from view. From that time on the last resting-place of the loved priest was carefully tended by kind hands. Later the proposition was made to erect a monument to the illustrious dead, and the Children of Mary of the Cathedral parish began raising a fund in support of this undertaking. They have progressed very satisfactorily and will no doubt be surprised in learning that there is already a monument on the grave of the priest.

It is a plain marble slab about seven and a half feet in length and three and a half feet in width, and bears the following inscription:—

REV. A. J. RYAN,
DIED APRIL 22, 1886.
PRIEST, PATRIOT, AND POET.
R. I. P.

At the head of the slab is carved in the marble the flag of the Confederacy, resting upon a rock.

The monument was placed in position last week. It came from New Orleans, and is the gift of a well-known gentleman of that city, who does not wish that his name shall in any way be associated with the benevolent act.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commenced by

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

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

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

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

The late Archbishop Lynch.

The late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carbery of Hamilton.

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

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, May 31, 1890.

SOWING THE WIND AND REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

The political campaign now in progress in the Province of Ontario is a very remarkable one, inasmuch as the platform of one of the great parties in the fight is an attack *a outrance* upon the educational rights of the Catholic minority in the Province, rights which belong to them by virtue of constitutional covenants. In a general sense the policy of Mr. Meredith's party, which seems to have united and wholly identified itself with the Equal Rights party, may be said to be one of direct antagonism to the Catholic body in all that most vitally concerns their interests politically. The amount of bigotry and prejudice abroad is pitiable; and, had it not so serious a sale when thus crystallized and set into action, would be wholly ridiculous. It is abundantly plain that the Church, and all that concerns it, is most cordially hated; and, what is more, that the Catholics, as a body, are very thoroughly distrusted. From all the platforms of their opponents it may be heard that they are an alien and a hostile body, having aims—in so far as the terrorism of their religion permits them to think at all—apart from other classes of Canadians; that in politics they are a corporate body under command of "the hierarchy;" and that they are reduced to military discipline, and marched on election days in a solid column to the polls by the drill-sergeants of "the hierarchy," who are in every case Jesuits. Or if it is not this, then it is alleged that they are a regiment of political Hessians, mere mercenaries and hirelings, whose support is to be had for the shilling. And it is in regard to this latter charge, and in the light of much that is advanced by our enemies in the newspapers against us, that we deem it an opportune time at which to leave it to our readers to determine for themselves whether some Catholics have or have not contributed by their actions in the past to the creating of an impression so full of grave injury, as we now see, to the whole body. We take the liberty of directing the attention of our readers to certain

utterances and incidents employed against us in the present campaign.

The first is an extract from a recent editorial in the *Evening Journal* of Ottawa, the chief Equal Rights organ in that place:

"It is fit at this time to review the circumstances of the appointment of the present registrar of Carleton, Mr. Coffey."

The great majority of readers of *The Journal* will remember the facts of the case well. The late registrar, Mr. Waller, died Dec. 21, 1885. His place remained vacant for a year and a half. There were a number of candidates for the position, prominent among whom was Mr. Waller's son. It was at first considered likely that young Mr. Waller would receive the appointment. Like his father, he was a Roman Catholic, and had the support of the majority of the Roman Catholic people of the city. As the provincial general election was coming on, the Protestants realized that the Mowat government was scarcely likely to deprive the Catholics of any patronage previously enjoyed by them. Inasmuch as the appointment of a Catholic to the valuable registrarship of one of the strongest Protestant counties in Ontario might possibly occasion criticism, it was not thought unatural that the announcement was delayed till after the elections, but the majority of the Protestants all along probably admitted the likelihood of Mr. Waller's eventual success and were disposed to accept the situation. Mr. Waller on all sides was thus conceded to have the inside track in the race for this desirable position, a life office worth something like \$3,000 a year, with but light, though responsible duties attached.

The appointment continued to be delayed. The provincial elections came and passed. No appointment yet. Still, the Dominion general elections were now near, and it was allowed that perhaps the Mowat government had some excuse in delaying any selection until these had passed. They came and went. Still no announcement was published. Strong representations were made to the Mowat government on the subject by leading Liberals, but without effect. It began to be evident that, to use the vernacular, there was a nigger in the fence. Then whispers commenced to circulate to the effect that the government contemplated the appointment of Mr. P. J. Coffey to the office. At first these were generally scouted. No sufficient reasons why such a selection should be made were apparent. Mr. Coffey, who was in the grocery business, had no experience qualifying him for the office; he was a Liberal, but not more prominent politically than hundreds of other party men; he was a citizen who as a young man had yet to make his weight felt in the community; he was a Catholic but another Catholic candidate had the popular support of his fellow citizens of the same creed. Why should Mr. Coffey be selected for the most valuable office in the gift of the Mowat government in Eastern Ontario, barring one, the Carleton shrievalty? The idea was laughed at.

But the report gained strength. The government after some shilly shallying declined to deny it. Popular feeling was aroused. Deputations went to Toronto to remonstrate with Premier Mowat, and, what is more suggestive, were sent to Brockville to plead with Hon. Mr. Fraser, the Catholic representative in the cabinet;.....But the Mowat government remained immovable. They could give no public reasons for the selection they were making. They could give no private reasons except, we believe, one of a peculiar character, namely that they were pledged to appoint Mr. Coffey. Pledged to whom? Silence was the answer.

Aghast, people looked for the possible motive. They found only one. Was it a creditable or even an excusable one? Had Mr. Coffey ever made any great personal sacrifice for the party? No; he had not. Was he the warm personal friend and protege of some member of Mr. Mowat's cabinet? No; he was not. Was there an irreconcilable conflict of other interests, rendering his selection necessary? Not at all. Then wherein lay the solution of the mystery? At last people began to remember that Mr. Coffey had a brother who during the provincial elections had been in a position of peculiar influence. They began to remember that Mr. Coffey's brother might have been thought to have it in his power to

turn half a dozen constituencies for or against Mr. Mowat and perhaps influence a score of others materially. They began to remember that the Rev. Father Coffey, the editor of the *London Catholic Record*, was likely to have been considered by the government the most influential exponent of provincial politics to the Catholics of western Ontario. They began to remember that the *Catholic Record* had given a red-hot support to Mr. Mowat in the campaign which once more returned him to power. And they began to ask themselves when that pledge, which the government had privately admitted, to appoint Mr. P. J. Coffey registrar of Carleton had been given, and why it was given? And they got no answer—and they never will. But they thought hard about it all. They continued to ask questions. They asked themselves what kind of politics it indicated to make appointments in this way to public positions of great responsibility. They asked what sort of politics it indicated to make this kind of return for an honest revolt of independent sentiment which for the first time in a generation elected a Liberal in Ottawa. They asked if the influence of the Catholic press was so vital to the government that outrage of the feelings of even a constituency like Ottawa was a small price to pay for it. And to such questions they, and the province as a whole, have been getting some rather significant answers since.

The appointment of Mr. Coffey was published. Against the almost unanimous voice of the people of the city, Catholic and Protestant, Conservative and Liberal—against the solid will of the people of the country against the superior claims of other candidates and co-religionists—against all considerations of business fitness and common sense—against the local welfare of the Liberal party—against the urgent personal representations of Mr. Bronson—the appointment was made. Silently, stolidly, defiantly, the wrong was consummated. So far as honest regard for the public interest, or aim for honest public administration was concerned, no less justifiable thing was ever done by Tammany in the palmiest days of Boss Tweed."

We come now to another election episode which is receiving some little ventilation at the hands of Mr. Mowat's newspapers. We refer to the circumstances in connection with the publication of the pamphlet entitled "Facts for Irish Electors," which was issued during the campaign of 1883. A Mr. M. W. Kirwan, who, it appears, was the author of this precious addition to the literature of the election, has lately made oath—no doubt under the stimulus of a small monetary consideration—relative to the preparation of the document as follows:

"I was engaged by H. H. Smith, of Peterboro, the organizer of the Conservative party for Ontario.

"My salary was to be \$100 a month. The understanding was that I should assist the Conservative party by SPECIAL APPEALS TO THE IRISH CATHOLIC ELECTORS.

"Sir John Macdonald and Mr. Meredith, the leader of the Opposition in the Ontario Legislature, were aware of the agreement.

"While I was preparing it, I had, occasionally, to make inquiries as to the nature and scope of my work from Mr. Meredith, to whom I had always easy access.

"This was during the session of the Ontario Legislature. As my researches were made in the parliamentary library, it was there that my consultations with Mr. Meredith generally took place."

It is only fair to say that Mr. Meredith has denied having authorized the preparation of this pamphlet; but we have not learned that he has denied that it was issued at the instance of his friends and published in his interests. Neither does he appear to have taken any steps to secure its withdrawal, nor to have given any public intimation of his regarding it with disapproval. The "Facts for Catholic Electors" went on to say. (The Italics and capitals are as in the pamphlet.)

"Few men will care to raise what is wrongly called the 'SECTARIAN CRY.' And yet, in this crisis it is desirable that that

'cry' should be raised; it is necessary for our own good that we all should know the party that has been the faithful sentinel of our interests, that we Catholics may act on the good old maxim of one good turn deserving another."

What follows has a curious interest in the light of Mr. Meredith's present attitude:

"In spite of all the blustering intolerance of the Reform party the Conservatives carried the Separate School Bill through the House of Assembly, and foremost in the ranks of those who fought for it we find the name of Sir John Macdonald, now Premier of the Dominion; and foremost against it we find the name of Hon. Oliver Mowat, now Premier of Ontario. Let the Catholics of Ontario ask themselves who were their best friends then.

"The Reform party was thwarted, but not beaten. In 1867 they made another attempt to extinguish the 'popish institutions of Ontario.' In that year they raised the cry of the 'Complete separation of Church and State.' This was a subtle blow at the Catholics again. They expected a grand rally to their reconstructed platform, which meant away with the Separate Schools, away with the Houses of Providence, and away with every 'Popish institution' that obtained money from the Provincial treasury. No matter whether they rescued the unfortunate, fed the hungry, clothed the naked, attended the sick—these good priests and pious nuns, who trod the road of dusty death to benefit the human race all had to go, for the Reform party demanded it."

On the subject of the Orange Incorporation Bill of 1873 the pamphlet said:

"And so the Bill fell to the ground. The Orangemen were furious. They should be conciliated, and twelve months after the Hon. Mr. Mowat returned to his first love, and passed an 'Act respecting provident and other societies.' This Act conveyed to the Orangemen all the powers that had been granted by the House to the charter of the year before. It was simply Orange incorporation under another name."

"There are thousands of Grit Orangemen who are the friends of the Reformers, and there are thousands of Grit Catholics who to this hour are under the impression that Mr. Mowat refused to incorporate the Orangemen." But let us see what he says about it himself. Speaking on February 7, 1887, he said:

"In 1858, in the old Parliament of Canada, I voted for Orange Incorporation, and here, in the first session when I have the honor to occupy my present position, I have voted the same way, and I still thought the Orange body was entitled to incorporation if it desired it."

"From the first day the Hon. Mr. Mowat entered public life to this hour he has been the frank opponent of the Irish people, Protestant and Catholic alike."

Then comes this comparison between the two leaders:

"The 'show' character of the Hon. Mr. Mowat is a pretence of liberty. What character he 'thinks' he has we do not know; what character he 'really' has his life as a politician tells. Mr. Fraser may be 'willing to trust the interests of his co-religionists' to such a man, but the Catholics, and particularly the Irish Catholics of Ontario, we believe will not. The Catholics of this Province can never have confidence in Oliver Mowat. He has always been their enemy. How different the language of W. R. Meredith, the leader of the Local Opposition, the son of an Irish Protestant. This man comes of a liberal stock. His father bequeathed \$500 to the Sisters of Mount Hope Orphan Asylum, London. The son of such a man must have breathed an atmosphere of liberal opinions. W. R. Meredith in 1823 echoed similar words to those used by Sir John Macdonald in 1866. He said in his place in the Local Legislature in January of the present year: "I recognize the right of the Catholics in this country to fair play. Any one who would adopt any other course is not a true Canadian. I recognize the right of the Catholic authorities to give their advice, and to make inquiry with respect to what books are used in our High Schools in which the children might be taught."

Further on we read :

" Mr. Meredith would, if returned to power, take an Irish Catholic into his cabinet ; Mr. Mowat ' wants no Irishman ' in his ministry. Yes, McGee was right. There can be no doubt about it.

" ' For Bigotry and Intolerance, Clear Criticism outbids Orangeism itself.' "

The interesting pamphlet concludes with this stirring flourish :

" Scotch exclusiveness should be fought foot by foot. We want to see Irishmen take their proper place in this Province. We want to see an Irish Catholic and an Irish Protestant in the Local Cabinet. We want to see the Irish Catholics and Irish Protestants, as taxpayers, receive their fair share of the emoluments of office. We want to see our people register their votes for those who have been their best friends, and keep in mind the stirring apothegm of Byron : ' THEY WHO WOULD BE FREE, THEMSELVES MUST STRIKE THE BLOW.' "

Coming down to the present campaign, the following despatch, which went the rounds a few days ago of the Canadian newspapers, would indicate that much the same sort of stratagem is resorted to in this as in other years :

As a specimen election trick a story which comes from South Essex will be interesting to the general public. At the last election, W. D. Balfour, one of Mr. Mowat's supporters, got a spurious telegram, purporting to have come from Archbishop Walsh in London, which, hawked around among the Catholic voters, brought most satisfactory results. In the present election the same game is being worked, while Mr. Balfour, to keep some favor among the Protestants, pretends to have cut the painter that tied his boat to Mr. Mowat's barque. It now turns out that the telegram referred to was not sent by Archbishop Walsh, and the Archbishop to-night told your correspondent it was sent without his knowledge. This will put Mr. Balfour in a tight place among the electors of both persuasions."

We need scarcely say that Archbishop Walsh has given no letter to be used in the above, or any other, constituency. But politicians are full of resource, and we believe that Mr. Balfour, or his supporters, have attempted to charm, in some peculiar manner, the Catholic voters in Essex.

Coming down more recently still, we would direct the attention of our readers to the circumstances attending the proceedings of a faction, exploiting themselves under the Catholic name, in this city on Sunday last. We refer to the meeting—or more correctly the *melée*—which sprang up obedient to the influence of the genius of Mr. Patrick Boyle, and which that person took it upon himself to organize in the name, and, ostensibly, in the interests of, the Catholic body, as their self-appointed head, and their ornament and leader. Under the heading " A Sunday Political Shindy," the Catholics of the city and Province, who value the good name of their religion, had the privilege of reading in the *World* newspaper this edifying paragraph : " The Catholics of Toronto have no reason to congratulate either the promoters of the meeting held yesterday afternoon in St. Vincent's Hall, or those who attended it. The proceedings were such as to disgrace any community having the slightest respect for the sanctity of the Sabbath." Equally cheerful accounts were to be found in the other newspapers. " If a riot had taken place yesterday in the vicinity of Sluter and Victoria streets"—thus began the *Mail's* report—Mr. Patrick Boyle, editor of the *Irish Canadian*, would have been the prime cause of it. As noisy and unruly a meeting as has ever been held during the present political campaign took

place on the quiet Sabbath day. The participants were all of the Roman Catholic creed and had been called together by Mr. Boyle for the purpose of selecting a candidate to represent their views in this constituency. The meeting was almost unanimous against the proposal and broke up after expressing the opinion that it was a party dodge. " The engineer of the meeting was ' hoist,' it appears, ' with his own peard ; ' " one or two gentlemen of some prominence, like Mr. O'Keefe, who were present, attended for no other purpose, if we may judge, than to fittingly denounce the action of the demagogue-in-chief who convened it.

The meeting had been called, so it was given out, for the purpose of taking steps to secure Catholic Representation, and of naming a Catholic to contest one of the city divisions in the Local House. It is encouraging to observe that the suggestion was scouted on all sides as a fatuous and an unseemly one. For the principle of race and creed representation, as *The Review* has never ceased to say, and as is coming more and more to be acknowledged, is a dangerous, a vicious, and an unpatriotic one, whether it be put forward by Mr. Patrick Boyle or the Equal Rights Party. The bane and curse of this country is the extent to which the sectionalism of race and creed enters into and divides public life, and the alienation and distrust, individual and corporate, which it inevitably and legitimately engenders. " The less we have of sectionalism or nationalism among us," says Bishop Gilmour of Cleveland, and if his words were applicable in a country like the United States, how much more so are they in Canada—" the less we have of sectionalism and nationalism among us the better. The sooner we recognize the fact that we must coalesce and blend the better for our future." This is not only the dictate of common sense, but in our case at least in Ontario, and having regard to the circumstances of the hour which beset us, it is more— it is the dictate of self-preservation. For at such a time for the Catholics to enter as a compact and aggressive religious body into the arena of politics ; to segregate themselves, civilly, as a solid mass ; to form themselves into a Catholic Party, as some knaves would form them, for purposes solely of political rapacity, would be to concede—to put it on no higher ground—all that the *Mail* and the Equal Rights agitators are urging against us, and to furnish them with a seeming and serviceable justification for even a more bitter and wanton warfare than at the moment they are waging. As between " Catholic Representation " of the sort such men would illustrate, and no representation at all, we believe the latter would be deemed a hundred fold preferable by all Catholics—and they are as ninety-nine out of a hundred—who, in addition to the orderly and dignified observance of their religion, desire also to live in their daily lives, at peace with their neighbours, and who have no wish to see the Catholic name traded upon and degraded, or a " Catholic vote " put on *blot* in the market by a handful of self-seeking and conscienceless schemers. Rightly or wrongly, the impression obtains somewhat widely that " Catholic Representation " in such hands would be quickly fashioned into an instrument for the levying of electoral blackmail. Furthermore, we should think it probable, if representation be at any time determined upon as necessary, that it will occur to most people that any movement toward that end should receive its impulse from gentlemen enjoying the confidence at least of the Catholic community. In other words, if our co-religionists in Ontario are, as some restless spirits tell us, a race of political Israelities confined within the House of Bondage and the City of Confusion, it may, at any

rate, be hoped that the modern Moses who is to lead them into the Land of Promise shall not be one visited with an acute constitutional weakness for the fleshpots of the Egyptian politicians. Our position at the moment is not all, it is to be confessed, that we shall some day make it. But so long as they are true to themselves we believe that our people may face without fear the untried future. It is the part of wisdom in the meantime to take no false step. When, in exchange for their present liberties, they allow themselves to be tied up hand and foot by a pack of political brigands, and to be bartered about between one party or another for the price they will bring, they will have accomplished a steep descent and an infinite degradation.

The above are a few out of several unpleasant circumstances with which the Catholics of Ontario find themselves confronted, and which, in the hands of their opponents, have helped to produce much of the acrimony of the present campaign. We would not be honest were we to deny that, in our judgment, they are an evidence not only of a certain vitiation of the taste and judgment of the Catholic community, but of the more painful fact that members of our own household have not been above lending a helping hand in effecting that debauchery. In a healthy and improved atmosphere of Catholic public opinion such things would not be possible; but slowly yet surely, we believe, events are making towards its betterment. In the meantime we fear it is to be confessed that much of what has happened in the past has not been exactly of a nature to exalt us in the opinion of our neighbours, nor, indeed, of ourselves.

The *New York Metropolitan* makes the following exposure of the decrease of Protestantism in the land where Puritanism once flourished: "The Bible Society, through its canvassing agents, gathers this authentic information with regard to the religious condition of different States and communities. Their report makes Maine the most ungodly State in the Union. It states that there are more than seventy towns and plantations where religious service is seldom if ever held, and that in the vast towns the people are seldom influenced by any Christian influence beyond the Bible Society agents, it is even claimed that there are towns in which not a copy of the Bible can be found." Prof. Jamnet says of the Eastern States:

"The systematized sterility of New England Protestants has resulted in remarkable social and political consequences. The Irish, Canadian, and soon the Italian Catholic immigrants, little by little, are replacing them in such a way that New England is already one-third Catholic, and the day when it will be ruled by a Catholic majority can be mathematically calculated. The Canadians have invaded peacefully and surely all that region. For a long time they confined themselves to working in the mills, but now they are turning farmers. The poor land and the cold winters have not terrified them for they are used to a rigorous climate and hard soil. They are fast becoming an important social factor in the country, a fact which will hasten annexation."

All that I have accomplished, or expect to accomplish, has been and will be by that plodding, patient, persevering process of accretion which builds the ant-heap, particle by particle, thought by thought, fact by fact—ERNEST BURNETT.

Death makes a beautiful appeal to charity. When we look upon the dead form, so composed and still, the kindness and love that are in us all come forth.

From Our Exchanges.

THE EFFICACY OF CATHOLIC PAPERS.

PERHAPS there is no class in the country which so thoroughly appreciates the value of a good Catholic journal as the priests who administer country parishes. They realize from practical experience that such a publication is the best and most powerful aid that a priest can have in the prosecution of his holy calling. Very frequently priests in remote districts, especially in the South and West, in communication with this office, express the deepest regret that the means at their command are not sufficient to enable them to place each week a copy of the *Mirror* in the hands of every Catholic family in the neighbourhood of their mission.

We have on several occasions adverted to and quoted from letters received from clergymen and intelligent laymen on the subject. These communications have borne testimony to the good effects produced by the circulation of Catholic papers among isolated members of the faith who are cut off from the frequent ministrations of the priest, and deprived of nearly all means of instruction and exhortation as to their spiritual duties. Sometimes this testimony is given in a general way, but as a rule, it applies to particular instances where measurable good has been accomplished in families whose faith was thus endangered. It is an easy matter to understand how people so situated gradually drift away from the faith. Even where parents are originally imbued with the Catholic spirit, the absence of that direct influence which is exerted by the august ceremonies of holy religion, is certain, in a majority of cases, to make itself felt, and from being earnest in the practise of special devotions by which means only, under the circumstances, can the fire of faith be kept burning, indifference and neglect follow until unfortunately, in too many cases, the vital spark itself is finally extinguished. But great as is the danger to parents, how much graver is it in the case of children! The latter have little practical knowledge of the faith, beyond such instruction as may be imparted by the parents; they have nothing of that spiritual development that is only promoted by active communication with God's Church. In the absence of these preservatives, it is not only an easy thing, but it is almost a natural one for them to go astray. With non-Catholic environs, they are sure to be influenced by their surroundings. Every consideration draws upon the slender traditional tie that binds them to the Church.—*Baltimore Mirror*.

"Ireland," writes Miss Rosa Mulholland to the *Weekly Register*, "is well pleased with the news of Mr. O'Brien's approaching marriage. We learn that Miss Raffalovitch is young, beautiful, talented and rich, as the bride of such a man as Mr. O'Brien ought to be. Mr. Balfour has been curiously unsuccessful in his attempts to shape the fate of our national leader. Instead of dying in a coercion prison, or within a year after release, the delinquent ends up in true fairy-tale fashion with the youngest and loveliest princess, who is also the heiress of her father's dominions."

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

All God's angels come to us disguised;
Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death,
One after other lift their frowning masks,
And we behold the seraph's face beneath,
All radiant with the glory and the calm
Of having looked upon the front of God.
With every anguish of our earthly part
The spirit's sight grows clearer.

—*Lowell, On the Death of a Friend's Child.*

The truest lives are those that are cut rose-diamond-fashion, with many facets answering to the many-planned aspects of the world about them.—*HOLMES, The Professor at the Breakfast-table.*

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON THEATRES.

A New York paper publishes the following letter from Cardinal Gibbons on the merits and influence of the stage:—

CARDINAL'S RESIDENCE,

408 NORTH CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE, Maryland.

In reply to your letter of inquiry asking my opinion with regard to the consistency and rightfulness of a Christian visiting the theatre, I beg to say that my knowledge of the moral effects of the play-house is derived entirely from such information as has been communicated to me by others, since I have never in all my life crossed threshold of a theatre.

I am firmly persuaded, however that some plays are not only entirely harmless, but are even elevating, refining, and instructive to a high degree in their tendency, though I must say that I fear the great majority of theatrical productions are highly pernicious and even demoralizing.

My advice to Christians, therefore, would be that they should avoid bad plays altogether, quite as carefully as they would avoid noxious food, and that they should indulge in even the best plays with very great reserve, just as they should in rich and luscious meats. I am, yours faithfully in Christ.

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS.

Lady Butler's picture of "An Irish Eviction," is attracting general attention. It is the work of one who sympathises deeply with the peasantry, as her husband, the soldier biographer of Gordon, also does.

Speaking of the power of grace, in conversions, Rev. Father Martin Callahan, at high mass in St. Patrick's church Montreal on Sunday last warned the faithful not to blindly condemn Mr. Martin for returning to the Catholic Church and his vows. Had another Martin, Martin Luther, done as much after his fall, the world to-day would not witness the sad spectacle of so many religious divisions, which are a scandal to the world, and the cause of the perdition of thousands. While Father Callahan was addressing his hearers, Mr. Martin was with his wife and children.

The Rev. Father Ignatius, O.S.B., will be a passenger by the Trave, leaving Southampton on June 12 for New York. The reverend father was ordered abroad by his medical advisers for entire rest; he nevertheless contemplates spending the first Sunday after his arrival in New York, preaching in that city, before going into the country for a few months. Later on, Father Ignatius will hold missions in many of the largest towns in the United States, commencing with New York. During the past twenty years the reverend gentleman has been much pressed in letters from all parts of the United States to visit that country.

The *Dublin Review* for April is, as usual, interesting and varied. Father Morris, S.J., opens with a good article on the disunion between the Jesuits and seculars in the reign of Elizabeth. Incidentally he has something to say of the apparent suddenness of the change effected by the Reformation. "Speaking roughly," he writes, "forty nine out of fifty priests in England let Elizabeth disserve them once more from the Holy See." *Nemo repente fit turpissimus*, and the wholesale apostasy was preceded by the reigns of Henry and Edward. Moreover, it is erroneous to suppose that Mary had settled matters during her reign. "The restoration of England to the Catholic Church by royal authority," says Father Morris, "contained in it much of the evil principle that the people must take their religion from the sovereign, and it was that false principle that set all things wrong under Henry and his two Protestant children."

Archbishop Fabre has issued a pastoral letter on the recent Longue Pointe Insane asylum fire. "This calamity being a public event must be accepted by us and by the country at large with sentiments of penance and filial submission," says the pastoral. "It might be a solemn warning to our country, in which religion is indeed being honoured and observed

generally, but in which nevertheless we have only too often to point out the existence of disorders which are becoming unbearably frequent. If we but recalled the terrible threats of our Lord against those who profane the Lord's day, we might be less surprised to see that God inflicts upon us such chastisements." After telling in brief the story of the calamity, the pastoral thanks all those who lent a helping hand in the hour of need, and orders that as the patients are now gathered here and there, and suffer considerably from the lack of all that would make their existence comfortable, a special collection be held in every church next Sunday for their relief, and asks that persons who can contribute to the comfort of the poor insane by donations of clothing and linens should send them directly to Sister Therese.

By his intended marriage with Mdlle. Sophie Raffalovich, Mr. William O'Brien, M. P., curiously enough, says the *Daily Telegraph*, will become closely related to an important Russian official and to an English poet. Mdlle. Raffalovich who is the daughter of one of the wealthiest merchants of Odessa, has two brothers, Arthur Raffalovich and Andre Raffalovich. The former who, though a Russian by birth, has been educated in France was some ten or twelve years ago private secretary to Count Schouvaloff, the then Russian ambassador in London, and now represents in Paris the Russian Ministry of Commerce. He is, besides, an eminent writer on political economy, commerce, and finance, and has contributed many articles on these subjects to various French periodicals and to a leading Paris journal of which he is the financial editor. M. Andre Raffalovich is, like his brother, a Russian subject, but has chosen to make London his home. He has devoted much of his time to the study of English literature, and to such good purpose that he has written a volume of poetry denoting literary ability of no mean order. Mdlle. Raffalovich herself has translated a number of English works into French, especially books on political and social economy.

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A voice within his breast
Whispered audible and clear,
As if to the outward ear;
"Do thy duty; that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest."

Longfellow, in *The Legend Beautiful*.

OUR HANNAH JANE.

Our Hannah Jane was thin and weak,
And ashy white her lip and cheek,
We often thought—and thought with pain,
"We soon must lose our Hannah Jane."
With change of doctors, change of air,
She sought for healing everywhere,
And, when our hopes were almost past,
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It gave us joy, it gave us hope,
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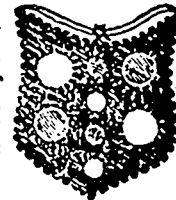


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Capital prize One Real Estate worth \$50,000.00

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1 do	2,000	2,000
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ON THE

Church in Canada.

The Catholic National Churches Angloan and Gallican The Church in Canada under French Rule

The Capitulations at Montreal and Quebec (1759-60) The Treaty of Paris, 1763 The Quebec Act, 1774, and the Speeches

on it in the English Parliament - The Church under British Rule - Territory within the Act and the Treaty Geographical and Political

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	Clos.		Dee.	
	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		7.40
				12.40
N. and N. W.	7.00	4.40	10.00	8.10
T. G. and B.	7.00	3.15	11.00	8.30
Midland	6.30	3.30		9.30
				12.30
C. V. R.	7.00	3.20	9.00	9.20
G. W. R.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
	6.00	4.00	9.00	2.00
	11.30	9.30	10.30	7.30
				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 May as follows: May 1, 5, 7, 8, 12, 14, 15, 19, 21, 22, 26 and 27.

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SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Kingston Dry Dock," will be received at this office until Friday the 27th day of June next, inclusively, for supplying, setting in place, and delivering in complete working order, the Pumping Plant in connection with the Dry Dock, now in course of construction at Kingston, Ontario, in accordance with the conditions and stipulations contained in the form of tender, and plan attached thereto; copies of which can be obtained on application to the undersigned at Ottawa, and W. O. Strong, Esq., Resident Engineer, 30 Union Street, Kingston, Ont. Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of amount of tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party declines the contract, or fail to complete the work 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, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 17th May, 1890.

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

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