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

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

Vol. V.

Toronto, Saturday Jan. 2, 1891.

No 47

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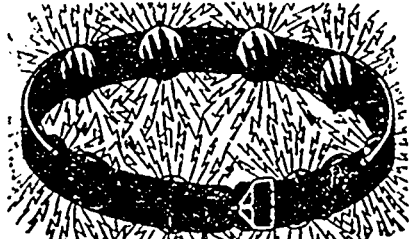
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Could not get along without it.
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 The bottle of Koenig's Nerve Tonic has been received and almost used up, and that with a decided good result. My wife could not get along without the medicine. The impression is especially cheering her, removing gloominess of mind and giving her a better appetite and color in the face.

LUCAS ABELS, Presbyterian Clergyman.
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Amongst other reforms, the apportionment of civic business into a few Permanent Departments, controlled as to officials and service immediately by competent Heads under suitable By-Laws, but ultimately by the Council, the people's representatives as a body and not as individuals.

Also the institution of a Board of Control, composed of the Mayor, the Chairman of Committees (as ex-officio members) and heads of Departments to suggest methods to Control, Reduce and Manage the Expenditure.

Reduced Taxation as far as practicable, consistent with the necessities of the City. With this view, retrench and moderate all controllable expenditures in every department of work and service.

Equitable assessment and fair taxation on all property and classes, and so as to promote the influx of Capital.

Utilizing to the best advantage City Property and Assets and Reduce the Debt and encourage improvements.

Equivalent value in work and material for monies expended.

Business-like financial arrangements to increase the credit and prosperity of the city.

An effort to procure pure water and thorough drainage to protect the health of the citizens.

To encourage manufacturing industries and induce the use of capital in the city and thus provide employment.

A readjustment of the Local Improvement System to render it fair and equitable in its operations.

To establish a judicious relief system for paupers that will at the same time protect the citizens from street beggars.

To establish a means of reformatory punishment for habitual drunkards.
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G. T. R. West	7.00	3.40		12.40		7.40
N. and N. W.	7.00	4.10	10.00	8.10		
T. G. and B.	6.30	4.30	11.10	9.00		
Midland	6.30	3.35		12.30		9.30
C. V. R.	6.00	3.40	11.55	10.15		
G. W. R.	6.00	2.00	12.10	9.00	2.00	7.30
		4.00		10.36		8.20
		9.30				
U. S. N. Y.	6.00	12.10	9.00	5.45		
		4.00	10.30	11.00		
		9.30				
U. S. West States	6.00	9.30	9.00	7.20		
		12.00				

English mails will be closed during October as follows: Oct. 1, 2, 5, 8, 12, 15, 16, 19, 22, 23, 26, 29.
 N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Saving Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such branch post office.
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The
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A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA

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Vol. V.

Toronto, Saturday Jan. 2. 1891.

No. 47

EXIT 1891.

What solemn thoughts on Time's all crushing pow'r
And priceless value of each passing hour,
Arise! with words the saddened heart to cheer,
In kindly greetings, blent with Christmas joys;
And sad reflections on earth's worthless toys,
Naught else may poet's fancy conjure here
Or bring to memory of th' expiring year.

WINTER.

Europe, all winter, felt the chilling blast
Of north winds fierce as never in the past
Swept down from Alpine heights with deafening roar.
Locked were her lakes and streams in Ice's bands
Snow buried Spain and France's sunny lands,
Unlooked-for ills to suffering thousands bore,
Crossed o'er the seas and whitened Afric's shore.

PEACE.

Tho' dismal prophets alarm spread with fear,
No deeds of carnage stained the peaceful year;
On friendly missions were arm'd war ships seen
Before High Cronstadt, greeting Russia's Czar,
In awful pomp and circumstance of war;
Or in the Sound, saluting, England's Queen.
From trumpets blare and cannon's brazen sheen.

PARNELL.

Ireland this year laments a fallen chief,
And droops in deep-felt anguish, plunged in grief
That he should sink who bade her Sun to rise;
That he, so brave, so stern, should him incline
Before the flame of love's unshadlow'd shrine
And fall like Samson or Solomon the Wise,
His fame, his country's hope, his all, the sacrifice.

SIR JOHN.

Fair Canada her chieftain's loss bewail'd;
By many worshipped, by some e'en yet assailed
For imperfections. What mortal's free from blame
Sir John took Right and Public weal for guide;
Confederation his aim, his work, his pride,
His country's glory, his only path to Fame;
Her ill-success, her faults, his only shame.

CHILI.

The flow'ry meads of Chili's blooming vales,
Where genial summer, all the year, prevails,
Were crimsoned dark with Crime and Patriots' blood.
Balmaceda, a slave to Pride and Lust,
With Freedom's banner trailing in the dust,
Usurp'd a throne, where tyrant ne'er had stood,
But raised the storm, and sank beneath the flood.

BRAZIL.

Long years, in fam'd Brazil, Dom Pedro reign'd,
The people's idol, with guilt or blood ne'er stain'd,
Whose Royal breast gave Truth and Faith a home,
Known for his gentleness, and Heaven's sweet charity,
He father'd the poor, and bade the slave go free.
The secret Lodges hurled him from the throne,
He died in exile, much wept, and blessed from Rome.

ROME.

Impiety and rapine yet hold sway
In God's chosen city where pilgrims love to pray
And thousands gather from far-off distant lands
To place their love-sent offerings at his feet.
And in His Vicar, Christ Himself to greet.
Like Paul, tho' captive, "fetter'd by those bands,"
The wide world's homage Leo still commands.

UNITED STATES.

The rolling Mississippi laughed in glee
When all Missouri intoned the jubilee
Of Kenrick, the aged High-priest—pioneer
Of Christian Faith and holy sacrifice;
Who made the altars smoke and temples rise
In far-off Western prairies. He reaps, this year,
The Golden Autumn of a grand career.

CANADA.

While other lands with dewy skies unblest'd
Were arid, unproductive, famine-pressed,
Our Tiller's hopes a bounteous harvest crown'd;
Soft summer's showers and bright suns rob'd our fields—
In all the golden treasures Ceres yields—
Rich fruits of varied hue and kind abound
While Peace and Plenty shed their blessings round.

FATHER DOWD.

Villa Maria, plung'd in silent grief,
Unreach'd, like Rachel, by solace, woe's relief;
For dead is her great Priest. His name was known
And honor'd where e'er known, and lov'd by all.
No light but Heav'n's could his great soul enthrall.
For glories earn'd, for triumphs nobly won,
On brow of Saint no brighter halo shone.

IRELAND.

A winter, dreary, desolates the vales
Of Erin, the unhappy; piteous wails
Are borne in prayer, to Mercy's throne sublime.
From men dishearten'd, their ranks by faction cleft
From weeping mothers, of love and hope bereft,
While want and discord lure their sons to crime,
They turn to Heaven and us for aid in time.

When Christmas chimes and carols rend the skies,
And God is bless'd and hymns of thanks arise,
For all his boundless mercies and plenteous store
Let charity open wide our hearts and hands
To brothers suffering in less favor'd lands,
Waft Christmas gifts to ev'ry hapless shore
That all rejoice and Bethlehem's God adore.

The room in the Palace of Brussels, where Prince Baldwin, the King's nephew, rendered his last breath, has been converted into an oratory at the desire of his mother, the Countess of Flanders. The altar is in the place formerly occupied by the bed. His little library containing his prayer-book and rosary-heads has been left untouched. The Cardinal Archbishop of Malines has blessed the chapel. The Holy Sacrifice was celebrated there for the first time on the *fete* of the Immaculate Conception.

LORD DUFFERIN'S CAREER.

SOME men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. A few, a very few, come to greatness by all three of these methods; and Lord Dufferin is one of those few. He was born in the purple, not only as to rank but as to genius. His father was the third of a distinguished line of Irish peers, or rather of Englishmen holding an Irish peerage, while his mother was the brilliant daughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, a man of strikingly original genius and of unrivalled celebrity in his time as an orator and litterateur. Lord Dufferin is the only son of these parents, and he succeeded to the family title and estates while still in his teens. No young nobleman ever entered on his career under better auspices or with a more powerful body of friends; and he was not slow to show that he knew how to make the most of all his advantages. Following the course of education that is considered de rigueur for the first rank of young patricians in England, he went to Eton and thence to Christchurch College, Oxford, the chosen seminary of the titled aristocracy. It is not commonly known, perhaps, that the word "tuft-hunter," which has now become thoroughly established as an equivalent for sycophant or toady, was originally only a slang word among the undergraduates at Christchurch College. Students at both Oxford and Cambridge who are of noble rank are privileged to wear a tassel of gold bullion, instead of black silk cord, on their "mortar board," or college cap; and this gold tassel is commonly called a tuft. Now, there were, and are still, more tufts to be seen at Christchurch College, Oxford, than at all the other colleges put together; and this fact drew to that college, either as dons or as students, a well-recognized class of men whose greatest ambition was to be on terms of intimacy with the young nobility. These servile flatterers Lord Dufferin branded with the contemptuous nickname of "tuft-hunters;" a service which, if he had done nothing else, would have entitled him to the thanks of his university. The truth is he was altogether superior to the atmosphere of luxury and privilege prevailing at Christchurch, and was impatient to make his mark by his own abilities. In the winter of 1816, the terrible year of the Irish famine, he went with a fellow-student, whom he had prevailed on to join him, straight from Oxford to Ireland, and made himself personally familiar with the actual state of affairs in that most distressful country. What he saw he made public in a very remarkable little volume called "A Journey from Oxford to Skibbereen," which did more, perhaps, than all the blue books and official reports to give the people in England a real notion of what an Irish famine meant. From that time to this Lord Dufferin has always had a soft place in his heart for the Irish peasantry, a feeling which is warmly reciprocated, though he has never done anything to court popularity in Ireland. Though not what could be called a distinguished scholar, he took his degree with honors, and almost immediately after leaving college was made a lord-in-waiting on the Queen. This gave him a commanding social position, and in 1850 he was raised to the peerage of the United Kingdom, by which he was entitled to enter upon a political career without any of the troublesome and often degrading struggles that a young and aspiring man has to go through to obtain recognition in the House of Commons. He had, in fact, not only a kind but a most judicious patron in Lord John Russell, afterwards Earl Russell, than whom no one knew better how to get a young friend on. It was Lord John Russell who secured for Lord Dufferin his place at court. It was he who got him into the House of Lords. And it was he who gave him his first opening in the diplomatic service by attaching him especially to his own mission to Vienna in 1855 when Austria was sitting on a rail between Russia and the allies about the Crimean war. This brought Lord Dufferin into such prominence that he was very well able to take care of his own fortunes ever afterwards.

Nothing gives a young public man in England such a send off, however, as to be the lucky author of "the book of the season." This Lord Dufferin accomplished with overwhelming success in 1859 with his wonderfully popular and still quite readable "letters from high latitudes."

It was the narrative of a voyage he had made to Iceland—a country then almost unknown in England—and it was the first and the best of a host of books of northern travel. It made him at once one of the most sought-after lions of London society, and also brought him into notice as a man of great powers of observation, quick sympathies, and broad, practical ideas. In the following year he was chosen by Lord Palmerston for the difficult post of British Commissioner at Syria, with a view to affording protection to the Sultan's Christian subjects, and he discharged his delicate task so skilfully that he received the thanks of the Government and was made K. C. B.

Lord Dufferin was then at the height of his social success, and no man ever enjoyed it more. There was not a grand drawing-room in London where he was not a conspicuous figure with his big nose, his strong face, his silver star and his crimson riband. Certainly he earned his popularity, for wherever he went he put life into the entertainment by his easy, good-natured manners, his vivacity, and his boyish high spirits. Here is an instance of his peculiar quality of pleasing all sorts of people. There was at that time in London a rage for making rhymes, and one of the commonest evening amusements,

even at great houses, was to propound difficult words for the assembled guests to puzzle their wits upon. One evening at a large party at the Marchioness of Ely's—the Queen's favorite lady-in-waiting—the ladies were indulging in this diversion, and the word "Timbuctoo" was proposed. No one could find a rhyme for it, and at last it was resolved, in sheer fun, to refer it to Lord Dufferin, who was supposed to know everything.

"Timbuctoo, Timbuctoo—let me see," he said, pausing for a moment to think. "Oh, yes, that is easy enough:

"I once saw a missionary
On the plains of Timbuctoo,
I quickly ate that missionary
Hat and boots and hymn book too!"

When the laughter died away that had greeted this astounding piece of doggerel, a certain sanctimonious duchess was seen shaking her head and looking very sour.

"I don't like the missionary," she said, meaning that she didn't like the introduction of a pioneer of the Gospel in such a frivolous connection. "I don't like the missionary at all."

"No, duchess," Lord Dufferin replied, "no more do I, but the Timbuctoote did."

The duchess laid aside her vinegar and laughed with the rest, explaining that she had not looked at it from the Timbuctoote's point of view; and so it all ended well. It was the merest trifle, but it illustrates better than more important reminiscences that side of Lord Dufferin's character which has helped him very much in life, the readiness to fall in with everybody's humor and to adapt himself to his surroundings.

Lord Dufferin took advantage of his brief holiday at that time to obtain what is deemed an absolute necessity for a rising man in the British public service, namely, a wife suited to share any position he might attain to. They say that whenever a man is recommended for a high post the first question the Minister at the head of the department asks is: "What sort of wife has he?" and if the answer is satisfactory he does not ask any more questions. No one understood this better than Lord Dufferin, but he made a love match, all the same, marrying a beautiful Irish girl, Miss Hamilton of Killyleagh. If he had searched the three kingdoms for a wife, with the sole idea of furthering his own worldly interests, he could not have made a happier choice than he made in his own sweetheart. She was only the daughter of an Irish squireen, a captain in the army, but in every position to which she has risen with her lord, she has adorned it and helped him to a higher one. There is no more distinguished woman in England to-day than the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, and she has no more chivalrous or devoted admirer than the man she gave her hand to 30 years ago.

From that time until this Lord Dufferin has never had a rest. He has been in continuous succession Under Secretary for India, Under Secretary for War, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and Paymaster-General, Governor-General of Canada, Ambassador at St. Petersburg, Ambassador at Constantinople, Viceroy of India and Ambassador at Rome. No man, perhaps, has ever held so many and such different offices of the first importance in the service of his country, and certainly no man ever acquitted himself in them with such uniform success. It is often said of Lord Dufferin, especially by those who have not been as fortunate as he has, that his success has been much more the result of luck than of ability, and that he has been the creature of political accidents, without which he never would have been where he is. When these lucky "accidents" happen in a regular series, however, all through a public man's career, it is only reasonable and fair to give him the credit of making the most of them for his country's benefit, even if they are not themselves attributable to his foresight and resolution. What unsuccessful men call "luck" in others will generally be found to consist of good judgment to discern an opportunity, combined with courage to seize it at the right moment. That is decidedly the case with Lord Dufferin. He always goes where he is most necessary, and, being there, he makes the very most of the situation. When in 1879 he exchanged the position of Governor-General of Canada for the seemingly far inferior one of Ambassador to St. Petersburg, many people wondered what it all meant. Punch, however, had an admirable cartoon which explained it with two words. It was called "changing guard," and represented two sentries, Lord Augustus Loftus, the retiring ambassador, and Lord Dufferin, in the bitter February snow of St. Petersburg, crossing muskets and giving one another the watchword. That watchword was "British interests," and well that sentry kept it. To him mainly is due the success of Lord Beaconsfield's policy towards Russia of "a scientific frontier" and "peace with honor."

Again, when he went as ambassador to Constantinople, a place which any second-rate diplomat might fill, what happened?

The "accident" of Arabi Pasha's rebellion in Egypt happened. Lord Dufferin went to Egypt with unrestricted powers, and he not only settled all questions arising out of that chaotic business on a basis which has so far proved immovable, but he managed to reconcile the Sultan to an arrangement which practically made Egypt a province of the British empire instead of a province of the Ottoman empire.

Yet again, when he went to be viceroy of India, what happened?

Another "accident." Things came to a crisis in the dominions of that crazy sot, King Theebaw of Burmah, and Lord Dufferin, without any ado, removed Theebaw from the throne, as if he had been a king on a chess-board, consigned him to luxurious but safe custody in a palace prison in India, and added Burmah, with its 10,000,000 people, its vast territory, and its boundless wealth, to the possessions of the Empress Victoria. Never was such a conquest made with so small an expenditure of blood or money, or with so much benefit to the conqueror. Burmah, from being in a state of utter ruin, is now a prosperous country; and the Burmese, from being a nation of slaves, are now a free people. The native name of Theebaw's kingdom is Ava, and that is why Lord Dufferin, when the honors of his exploit were awarded to him three years ago, assumed the somewhat singular title of Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. It is the only instance, in modern times at all events, of a British nobleman taking his title from the name of a whole kingdom, instead of the name of a county, a town or an estate. But then it is the only instance in modern times in which it has fallen to the lot of a British subject to add a kingdom to the empire.

It seemed a great step down when the famous viceroy, the conqueror of Burmah, with the coronet of his marquissate of Ava not yet fitted to his brow, went as ambassador to Rome. But there once more an "accident" happened of the kind which is always happening to him. The triple alliance had been formed, with the cordial approval of England, for the maintenance of the peace of Europe against the designs of Russia and the restlessness of France. But the triple alliance was not secure, and could not be secure as a permanent thing without Great Britain being in it one way or another. Italy was the weak point, because Italy was a maritime country, exposed to the naval strength of France. Great Britain could hold no dealings with Germany or Austria, because they are strictly continental and military powers, with which Great Britain has nothing to do. It was agreed on all sides that Great Britain must touch the triple alliance somewhere, and that the only possible point of contact was Italy. Lord Salisbury gave Lord Dufferin the word, and the thing was done. It is just as well understood that Great Britain will work with Italy on the sea, for the peaceful purposes of the triple alliance, as if there were a treaty to that effect; and the French are probably not sorry that it is so. Their relations with Italy have been improving ever since Lord Dufferin made the triple alliance a solid reality.

Personally, Lord Dufferin is as jolly a fellow as he was in his "Timbuctoo" days. Going by the maxim that "a woman is as old as she looks, and a man is as old as he feels," he is still quite young. He still has that North American Indian cast of countenance, not at all unlike what used to be considered the Yankee type—the Uncle Sam type, in fact—hatchet-faced, with long hair brushed back, and a fashion of beard closely related to a goatee. His hair and beard are grizzled, but he stands as straight as a ramrod and looks every one he speaks to full in the eyes, with that firm gaze that always makes everybody feel safe and easy with him. He has a large family and is a model father, a friend and companion to every member of his domestic as well as of his social circle. He is a sentimental creature, with a good deal of Sheridan's emotional quality; but never a man lived who had more of what "poor Sherry" totally lacked, namely, balance. It is, in a word, that nice balance between his emotions and his reason that has brought Lord Dufferin all his "luck."—*Edward Wakefield in Toronto Globe.*

CHRISTMAS MIDNIGHT MASS.

HOW A HARDENED HEART WAS SOFTENED BY A SISTER'S LOVE.

A young Parisian, educated in a materialistic school of medicine had let himself be carried away by the torrents of bad example. He absolutely gave up the practices of religion, and logical-minded, soon renounced the glorious faith of his father, a hero, who fell under the standard of the Sacred Heart.

The mother, sorely afflicted by the death of the head of the family, was suffering with a disease that was bringing her to her grave, and she was all the more inconsolable and sick as she felt herself powerless to restrain her son's excess of impiety.

The daughter, who understood the full extent of the poor mother's grief, and saw her unfortunate brother hastening on to damnation, approached the sick woman's bedside on Christmas eve.

"Mamma," she said, "If I could go at midnight mass at Our Lady of Victories, something tells me that the Infant of the Crib would there grant me the conversion of my brother."

"My poor child! who will go with you? I shall never go again to midnight mass."

"Well, my brother?"

"Your brother! Do you think so? He who has such a great horror for the church that at funerals he won't go in, but waits at the door—have you any hope that he will go with you?"

"I shall try to induce him."

"I don't ask anything better, but I am afraid that your eloquence, like your caresses, will be unavailing."

The medical student was in high dudgeon when he heard the pro-

position, which he called ridiculous. So much wrath, however, generally denoted a remnant of faith, the prisoner of pitiless free thought.

The young girl insisted, and overcame by her persistence, towards midnight, an hour when a man of the world does not like to say that he prefers to go to bed, the student escorted his sister on the way to mass, and sat near her so as to escort her on her return.

The very beautiful ceremony of Our Lady of Victories seemed to interest him. He looked with a sort of avidity at this forgotten spectacle, and did not get weary.

At the communion he was greatly interested; everybody filed out to approach the holy table. His row was reached; his neighbor started out, his sister, too. He found himself alone. This loneliness made a strange impression on him.

Meanwhile his sister received the Infant Jesus into the crib of her heart, and warmed him with the ardor of her prayer for the young unbeliever. On his part the freethinker, ready to proudly resist the solicitations of all the Christians assembled in the church, succumbed to the weight of the isolation in which the few neighbors had left him; let us say it—he was afraid.

A memory of childhood prevailed upon his mind, he fell on his knees, and an outburst of sobs shook his frame.

Meanwhile the young girl was returning devoutly. She saw this abundance of tears, and her brother leaning over to whisper to her. "Sister, save me! A priest! I am crushed beneath the weight of my unworthiness! A priest! A priest!"

It was the sister who had to moderate the impatience of the neophyte. At the close of the ceremony the priest was found and soon the young man was embracing his mother and saying to her. "I give you back your son."

The father's portrait seemed to smile.

No more rest was taken in that house that night, even as in the stable of Bethlehem, and at six o'clock in the morning both had returned to the same place in the church of Our Lady of Victories.

At communion everybody left his seat to approach the holy table, the student followed. The young girl remained alone kneeling, and the pavement which the night before had received tears of repentance, again was wet with tears, but they were tears of joy.

HOW BOB INGERSOLL DIVIDED THE SPOILS.

THE New York *Sun* tells the following of the well known agnostic in a celebrated case a few years ago:

When Col. Ingersoll undertook the defense of Dorsey of Star Route notoriety he was given a check for \$50,000 with the understanding that he was to employ some one to assist him and pay for such services. Ingersoll determined to employ the late John McSweeney of Wooster, O., who was the foremost criminal lawyer in the United States. Ingersoll had never met McSweeney, but he telegraphed him to come to Washington. McSweeney, although a full-blooded Irishman, had spent several years at a German university and looked like a German.

Dorsey's confidential man, George Eekers, was a German, and was expected the day before McSweeney arrived. As Eekers had some important knowledge, Col. Ingersoll was anxious to see him. He went up to the Arlington, where all of the Dorsey party were quartered, and awaited his man's arrival. Soon there entered a tall, stout man with his trousers tucked in a pair of No. 9 boots and his clothing bespattered with mud. His hair fell in ringlets to his shoulders, and his whole appearance was that of a Texas cowboy. The stranger had scarcely had time to look around him before his hand was in the grasp of Ingersoll, who said:

"I am Ingersoll."

"Yes," returned the other, "I am looking for you."

"Ah! I thought so," chuckled the Colonel. "Come right up to my room;" and without giving the guest time to register he escorted him to the room.

"One of the first things I wanted to say to you, Mr. Eekers, was in this matter of my fee. It won't be worth while to mention the amount I received to McSweeney when he comes, as he will naturally do his utmost. I propose to employ him as cheap as I can. Of course I must have him, and if it comes to pinch I would pay him \$25,000 to assist me, but I think I can get him for \$5,000, perhaps, and I am satisfied he won't refuse \$10,000 in such a case as this, if he thinks that is all he can get. He's an awful stickler for fees, though, I hear, so just oblige me and don't tell him what I got."

"Oh, certainly not," said the staid individual.

"Well, I'll see you again in a few minutes," said Ingersoll as he left the room.

A short time after he saw the name of John McSweeney on the register and sent up his card. He was directed to the same room.

"Where's McSweeney?" inquired Ingersoll, looking around hurriedly.

"That's my name," said the supposed Eekers, with a comical drawl that grated on Ingersoll's ears. What followed need not be told. Of course they divided the fee equally.

Catholic News

THE LATE FATHER DOWD.

FROM THE MONTREAL "WITNESS."

Of some men it has been said that their works were for a time, of others that their works were for all time, but of Father Dowd it can truly be said that his works are for eternity.

When the Catholics of Montreal who knew so intimately of those works, feel so deeply that they are ended on earth forever, yet mourn so profoundly at the loss of him who so long held the first place in their affections, it is a most difficult task to adequately give expression to the emotions that arise when endeavoring to write on a theme so affecting as the death of Father Dowd.

But it is not any section of the Catholics, nor indeed all the Catholics of Montreal, but the whole community of all creeds and nationalities, who feel that a great loss has been sustained, and all creeds and nationalities are touched with a common sorrow. For it is but simple justice to the memory of Father Dowd to say that his influence extended through all classes, and that those by whom he was beloved and admired were to be found in all churches, Protestant as well as Catholic, and in every rank of society. Even when sectarian disputations ran high, and when over-zealous and misguided men gave rein to their religious animosities, Father Dowd never for an instant forfeited the respect or the confidence of those most bitterly opposed to the faith he professed. And when, in the year 1887, the jubilee of his priesthood was celebrated in this city, many Protestant divines of the different sects vied with their Catholic fellow citizens in doing honor to the good priest of St. Patrick's. This fact, remarkable as it was, considering the intensity with which religious differences were often discussed, bears luminous testimony to the influence he exercised among the people.

And if to-day those differences are held with less discourtesy, while all classes live together in greater harmony and toleration of each other's views and opinions, the change must be largely attributed to the wise, kindly and consistent spirit which Father Dowd infused into all his actions in dealing with those of other religious persuasions.

But it is among the poor that the loss of Father Dowd will be most deeply felt. He was always their best friend, their wisest counselor, their most earnest advocate.

Under his ministrations men and women have grown from childhood to age, and to them his loss is irreparable. The attachment between him and his flock was founded on the most sincere fatherly love on his part, the most profound reverent affection on theirs. Indeed, it would be impossible to express in language that would not seem overwrought, the feelings of the Irish Catholics on this mournful occasion. They knew that the moving principle throughout his long and laborious life was to look after their eternal welfare. They knew that he cherished no ambition beyond the circle that circumscribed that duty, and they beheld from year to year with what untiring faithfulness he fulfilled it. Three times, it is said, he declined the offer of a mitre, preferring rather to labor as the simple parish priest of St. Patrick's in Montreal than to become a bishop over some of the most important sees in America.

Early in his career his extraordinary administrative ability marked him out, in the estimation of all who knew him, as one fitted to rise to exalted rank in the Church. But, as we have said, he was not an ambitious man. He felt that his mission was here, he knew that here he could best serve his Master and that

here he could do most good for his exiled fellow-countrymen and their descendants. How well he discharged the duties of that mission is to be seen in the many noble monuments of his piety and benevolence that are left behind him:—

"Such roofs as piety could raise
And only vocal with the Maker's praise."

In his time Father Dowd had many difficult problems to solve, many great obstacles to overcome, but he brought to bear against them an indomitable will and a spirit which no reverses could appeal. Of the purity of his motives and the strength of his convictions there never was a doubt, and of those problems and difficulties he made stepping-stones to his greatest victories. And so great was the confidence inspired by his strength of character, and so even were the results of his line of action, that his congregation came to hold the idea that "Father Dowd was right," which grew to be almost a lesser article of faith among them.

But now, his long life, full of deeds that will sanctify it forever, is ended. He is gone to his reward. We all feel how poor are the greatest tribute we can pay to his memory, but his name and his memory will be cherished as long as Catholic faith and Catholic virtue are held in reverence among the people to whom he devoted himself with heart and soul.

THE FUNERAL SERVICES.

It was nine o'clock when the grand Requiem services began in the parish church of Notre Dame, and it was not until half-past ten that they were concluded. Within the altar rails were ranged the Chancel choir from the Seminary fully three hundred voices. In addition to these there were fully one hundred priests belonging to the various orders, the Trappists, Oblats, Redemptorist, Jesuits, and Sulpicians, as well as about fifty secular priests from the various Catholic churches in the city. The prelates present were their Graces Archbishop Fabre, Archbishop Cleary Kingston, their Lordships Bishop Macdonald of Alexandria and Bishop O'Connor of Peterboro. The Archbishop of Toronto being too ill to travel sent as representative Vicar-General Rooney. With the Vicar General the journey east was a labor of love, for the dead pastor of St. Patrick's had been his parish priest in Ireland when he was a boy. This circumstance had built up between them both a bond of sympathy and friendship which only death could sever. The church itself was crowded to the very doors, the two large galleries could not afford standing room for the very large congregation, and seldom before in the history of the vast edifice had it held so large a gathering. The attendance was variously estimated, but it is probable that fifteen thousand would be near the mark. The committee of arrangements performed their duties with judgment, and with such attention to detail that from the first to the last there was not a single hitch. The various societies fell into their respective stations in the church without confusion under the direction of their marshals. The banners they carried were draped in black, and the same hue of sorrow covered the regalia worn by the officers.

The Mayor (Mr. McShane) and the City Council of Montreal arrived in a body a few moments before the solemn service was commenced. His Lordship Bishop Bond, Canon Ellegood and the Rev. Dr. Norton, the Rector of the Anglican Cathedral, attended as an official representation of the Church of England. The Rev. Mr. Ellegood, it was stated, was a fellow worker, as representing his church, with the deceased during the terrible ship fever period and the long train of distress which followed. There were also many other Protestants among those who not only visited the church but followed the remains to their final

resting place. The venerable Archbishop Fabre sang the Requiem Mass, with Father Toupin as Deacon, and Rev. Father Martin Callaghan as Sub-Deacon. The rules of the Sulpician order forbid a funeral eulogy on any of its members, and owing to that there was no sermon.

After the Mass, the Archbishop, preceded by the clergy, went to the bier in which rested the body of the dead priest. There, after the *Libera* was sung, he pronounced the final benediction upon it, and the solemn ceremony closed.

The congregation was so large that it was deemed necessary, in order to prevent a crush on its leaving the church, to open every means of exit, and Rev. Father McCallen, in a few words from the steps of the altar, gave the necessary instructions to the throng how to depart without accident.

The order of leaving the church, by the funeral procession, was as follows: First the pall bearers, the Mayor and members of the Corporation, the St. Patrick's societies, the Young Irishmen, and the Catholic Foresters, and after them the citizens. In this order the procession proceeded to St. Patrick's Church. Here the body was received by Bishop O'Connor as celebrant and conveyed to a bier in the central aisle. The *Libera* was again sung, Bishop O'Connor giving the absolution,—Rev. Father Toupin as assistant priest, Rev. Father Callaghan as Deacon, Rev. Father Jas. Callaghan as sub-Deacon, Father Quinlivan as Cross bearer, and Rev. Father McCallen as Master of Ceremonies.

It was in his own church, where he had labored so hard and so faithfully, that the grief of the congregation made itself felt, the aged members of the church, men and women, who had known the dead pastor better than the younger portion could ever know him, could scarcely control their grief. Their sobs broke through even the solemn chant of the choir, and made the scene one of expressible grief. If ever a pastor was beloved of his congregation Father Dowd was that pastor, if the sorrow expressed by his congregation is a proof. The solemn tones of St. Patrick's bells at last gave notice that the time for a final farewell was at hand.

Reverently the pall-bearers, all old friends, carried the plain deal coffin from the bier, down the aisle and along the snow-covered ground in front to the hearse, and the last start was made. The hearse with the coffin took the lead, with the pall-bearers ranged on each side. Then immediately followed the clergy of the city to the number of about fifty. In the first rank were the venerable Father Toupin, Rev. Father McCallen, and the Rev. Father James Callaghan, with Rev. Father Quinlivan and Rev. Father Martin Callaghan next. After the priests came the Seminarists to the number of one hundred and fifty. From the church up Alexander street to Dorchester street the cortege silently wended its solemn way. Thence it proceeded west. In passing the Orphans' Home the little ones, who owe, it might be said, their lives to the dead pastor, crowded the galleries and watched the remains go slowly past to the grave. Many looked at the crowded galleries and thought of the untiring zeal and boundless charity of their pastor, of whom the little ones, fed, clothed, and sheltered by his charity, was a monument never to be surpassed.

The cortege itself was a long one, none longer was ever seen in the city of Montreal, but as it wended its way slowly along to the Grand Seminary on Sherbrooke street, old men and women kept pace with it on the sidewalk, and, despite the lengthy route, saw their pastor to the last. They were not wealthy people there, or even fairly well to do. They were many of them the poor of the parish to

whose troubles, when in life, the Rev. Father had listened and lent a sympathizing ear, and helped with a willing hand. As the cortege neared the place of sepulture, the feelings of these old folks found vent in sobs and lamentations.

It is an old saying that "Happy is the corpse the rain rains on," and it would seem, in adding this tribute to the general sorrow, Nature itself had this in mind. When within a quarter of a mile of the Seminary it began to rain gently, and continued thus until the Seminary was reached. The Rev. Father Colin, superintendent of the Sulpicians in Montreal, received the body from the hands of the pall-bearers.

The grave of Father Dowd is in the basement of the Seminary chapel, in the southwest corner, the last of thirty of his brethren who had gone before. In the basement of the chapel the final adieu was given. Father Colin read the burial service of the Sulpicians and committed the remains to their final resting place.

As the cortege passed Christ Church Cathedral the bells tolled a token of respect, and this tribute from the Anglican denomination was remarked with satisfaction as an added proof to the popularity of the late pastor of St. Patrick.

It was estimated that fully three thousand young men, members of the Irish Catholic societies, were in line, and this does not include the citizens who walked behind. Chief Hughes had a guard of twenty men at Notre Dame under charge of Sergeant Beaty, and they accompanied the procession to the Seminary.

RESOLUTION OF CITY COUNCIL.

On the assembling of the City Council on Monday, after the routine, Ald. Rolland, who is an old schoolboy of St. Patrick's, rose and moved the following resolution:

That we, the Mayor and alderman of the city of Montreal, in council assembled, desire to express our sorrow and regret for the calamity that has befallen the Irish Catholic community of the city by the death of the esteemed pastor of St. Patrick's church, the Rev. Father Dowd; that we deeply feel and deplore the loss which our friends and fellow countrymen, and also the Seminary of St. Sulpice, have sustained in the removal of one so illustrious and dear to them; that we desire to convey the expression of our deepest sympathy to the Irish Catholic people of Montreal and the Seminary of St. Sulpice, of which he was so eminent a member, and beg sincerely to condole with them in their bereavement.

Resolved, that as a mark of esteem for the late parish priest of St. Patrick's, and of sympathy for his bereaved fellow-countrymen and the gentlemen of the Seminary, the Mayor and members of the council attend the funeral in a body.

Resolved, that said resolution of condolence be inscribed in the minutes of the council, and a copy thereof transmitted to the Seminary of St. Sulpice and to the clergy of St. Patrick's church, and that as a further mark of esteem the council do now adjourn.

Ald. Stevenson seconded the motion. It was an unusual thing, he said, for the council to adjourn in such cases, but Father Dowd was no ordinary man and this was no ordinary case. Therefore he believed it was proper that they should adjourn, and he believed that every citizen would approve of such an action. He had known Father Dowd for forty years, and he held that no one would ever know how much good this reverend priest had done as pastor of St. Patrick's church and as a citizen at all times ready to promote peace and harmony among the citizens of Montreal and of Canada.

Ald. Stephens endorsed what had just been said, and held that in the case of Father Dowd

the council would have been very remiss if it had neglected to show its sympathy with the bereaved congregation. Father Dowd had done great service to the city, and every one felt his loss deeply, although differing with him (the speaker) on theological matters, he was respected as a true Christian by all Protestants as sincerely as by Catholics.

Ald. Shorey reiterated the sentiments already expressed.

Ald. P. Kennedy said he wished to make a few remarks, and he would consider he was very remiss if he did not. On behalf of himself and his co-religionists and countrymen he desired to return thanks to the Protestants who had expressed such kindly sentiments about the venerable dead.

Ald. McBride said he could only endorse the remarks already made and express the hope that all would be present at the funeral.

Ald. Clendinning having spoken very highly of Father Dowd and his work, the motion was carried by a standing vote.

Further speeches of an eulogistic character were delivered by Aldermen Cunningham, Wilson, Robert, W. Kennedy, Thompson and Tansley.

The Mayor then closed the discussion with a few well chosen observations of a feeling nature and expressed the hope that the City Council would attend the funeral in all its strength. A resolution was passed asking the citizens along the line of route to close their stores during the passing of the cortege.

OTHER SOCIETIES.

At a meeting of the general committee representing the various Irish Catholic congregations of the city and the National Benevolent, Temperance and Literary societies, held in St. Patrick's hall, St. Alexander street on Wednesday evening, Dr. W. H. Hingston in the chair, and Mr. J. J. Costigan acting as secretary, it was unanimously resolved, on motion of Hon. Senator Murphy, seconded by Mr. J. J. Curran, Q. C., M. P.,

That this day has been laid to rest the mortal remains of the Rev. P. Dowd, member of the distinguished order of St. Sulpice, for forty-three years a beloved priest of St. Patrick's church, and for thirty-one years its wise and judicious pastor; that all Irish Catholics, and his parishioners in an especial manner, deplore the loss of one who was their councillor and friend, who for so long a period ministered to their spiritual needs with untiring devotion, and who for their sake twice refused the proffered mitre; that by his energy chiefly were built up around the church which he served asylums for the orphans, houses of education for our youth, houses of refuge to shelter the poor, the aged and infirm; that the vast concourse of citizens which took part in the funeral services or lined the route of the procession gave evidence of the affection and respect entertained for him by persons of every condition, creed and race; that the committee desire to place upon record their appreciation of their sympathetic acts of courtesy tendered by their fellow citizens, and more especially to thank the civic authorities for their resolutions of condolence and their attendance in a body at the funeral service. They also wish to express their gratification at the presence of His Lordship Bishop Bond and many members of the Protestant clergy on the occasion, and tender their thanks to the Rev. Dr. Norton, rector, for his kind thoughtfulness in having the bells of the Christ Church Cathedral tolled as the funeral went past.

A QUARTER OF A MILLION DOLLAR PLANT.

THE FAMILY HERALD AND WEEKLY STAR of Montreal is now comfortably settled in a fine new building, which, with its mag-

nificent equipment, cost a quarter of a million dollars, and the best of it is that it is paid for, free from any sort of incumbrance. The FAMILY HERALD AND WEEKLY STAR is an undoubtedly strong financial position.

ENTERTAINMENT AT SUNNYSIDE.

Tuesday last was a gala day in the lives of the young inmates of the Sunnyside Orphanage. Santa Claus who, during the preceding week had been so busy dispensing good things and Christmas cheer amongst almost every family in the land, on that day paid a visit to the Orphanage, and beaming faces, happy smiles and an air of thorough enjoyment was the result. A large Christmas tree had been erected in the well-decorated school room, upon which were hung toys, oranges, candies, etc., in tempting profusion, generously supplied by the management, and to this Mecca of the juvenile mind the youngsters, after having rendered a select programme, trooped, and received a well merited feast.

The vocal skill displayed by the children singing in chorus, their precision in marching, and their healthy and intelligent appearance was the cause of much favorable comment. The kindergarten exercises given by children, whose average age could not have exceeded 5 years, was a notable feature, and the recitation by a class of girls, of "Tasso's Coronation" was such as to have been creditable to a far more pretentious body. The same remarks being also applicable to the "Maypole Dance."

In manner, appearance, and speech these little orphans attested to the devoted attention, unwearied care and unceasing labors on their behalf of Mother Bernard and the good Sisters of St. Joseph in charge. "Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not" they carry out to the full, and although their life here is one of hardship and labour their reward will be proportionately great hereafter. There are at present some 315 inmates in the institution, and some idea of the skilful management exercised can be gleaned from the fact that the highest revenue received in any one year from all sources was \$4,800, a little more than \$15 per head per annum. The grant received from the City Council is but \$600, and that from the Legislature \$1000, the balance being made up from private contributions, picnics, &c. Did more of the Catholic laity visit the institution and see for themselves its scope, and the results of its work, we have no hesitation in saying private donations would be doubled, and an united effort made to induce the civic authorities to increase the city grant.

The programme was as follows:

Chorus, Little Stars are Peeping—girls; chorus, Come where the Lilies Bloom—boys; recitation, Tasso's Coronation—girls; Oft in the Sully Night—boys; Kindergarten Exercises; chorus, Jingle Bells—girls; chorus, Hark the Herald—boys and girls.

Amongst those present were noticed Revs. Dean Cassidy, Kelly and Fell, chaplain of the Home, Dr. and Mrs. McDonagh, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Dutton, Mrs. J. Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Ph. DeGruchy, J. Morgan and others.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

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

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

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

The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto

The Late Archbishop Lynch.

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

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

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JAN. 2, 1892.

RELIGION IN POLITICS.

THE Ontario press are much exercised just now over the turn politics have taken in the neighbouring Province, and the question is heard all over, on which side will the Church be found in the present crisis? The *Globe* say that it is "unpleasant to find both sides humiliating themselves to secure the support of the Roman Catholic Church." Our Liberal contemporary, in spite of its principle and determination to keep wide of the track of bigotry pursued by the *Mail*, can not help slipping in occasionally and essaying a few steps on the slippery path. It would never do, in fact it would not pay, to allow one great daily to lay undisputed claim to antagonism of Rome's pretensions.

We have not seen, nor has it been shown anywhere, that either of the parties in Quebec had so far taken any steps towards securing the patronage or support of the Church. There is not an atom of probability in the rumor set afloat that either Cardinal Taschereau or any of the Quebec Bishops has been approached by Mr. DeBoacherville, with a request that his Excellency would issue a *mandement* in approval of the new government or in condemnation of the Mercier regime. The *Globe*, however, tells us that the former gentleman, "who is a Castor or Ultramontane, is said to be intriguing for the issue of a joint Mandement by the hierarchy, while Mr. Mercier's friends are making the most of his services to the Jesuits and of the decorations which he received from the Pope." Our contemporary saves itself from the confusion of a flat denial by inserting the clause "is said." The publication of the rumor however, has the desired effect of exciting pity in the Protestant mind for the benighted French Canadian people who, the *Globe* insinuates, have not "the capacity to govern themselves according to modern ways." The admirers of "modern ways" will scarcely have the hardihood to maintain that the word "boodle" is of a mediæval coinage. It sounds very like an Anglo-Saxon term, and was imported into Quebec from free America, where people have a wonderful capacity for governing themselves "according to modern ways." It is principally because some of the leading politicians of both provinces have been falling into "modern ways" of government that so much disgrace has fallen upon our Dominion of late.

In glancing over church history we do not find that corruption in politics or embezzlement of public funds was at any time favoured or condoned by the Church. The doctrine of self-denial and of general distribution of goods "to feed the poor" has been at all times inculcated. Thus we read that in the Mediæval ages rich lands were made over to the monks, who had charge of charitable institutions. All the colleges, asylums, and religious foundations were the voluntary gifts of the seigneurs and princes, who bestowed freely of their wealth for the benefit of the uneducated and mendicant classes. Archbishop Anselm and Thomas a Becket suffered persecution, the

latter martyrdom, for contesting with the sovereign the right to lay unjust and sacrilegious hands on the patrimony of the poor. Henry VIII. succeeded in keeping attached to him the courtiers and politicians of his day, by sharing with them the spoils of the rich Abbeys which he allowed them to plunder, and the extensive boodle which he and they extracted from the sale of glebe lands and eleemosynary institutions, that were never of too great public utility or of too sacred a character to escape the grasp of their rapacity.

The ways of the Reformed Church, or what is now styled "modern ways," were never approved of in Rome; and it is very much to be regretted that some of the leaders among our Canadian politicians have of late developed so much capacity for governing themselves, not in accordance with the dictates of justice or with the teachings of the hierarchy, but rather in compliance with the evil example set them in other countries more advanced in the art of governing according to "modern ways."

But the press of Ontario has expressed much sympathy for the public men in the other Province who find themselves in the humiliating position of endeavouring to secure the "support of the Roman Catholic Church." As no example has been quoted and no facts given, we must look upon all such sympathy as simply gratuitous, and its expression as meaningless and insincere as the fabled crocodile's tears. The Ontario press might confine its sympathy to our own Province. Who could help sympathizing with the Dominion Government for not having the courage to appoint Sir John Thompson as Prime Minister, when his talents, his experience and his unimpeachable honesty all pointed that way? It must be very unpleasant indeed, as the *Globe* puts it, to find "both sides in Ontario thus humiliating themselves to secure the support of the Church."

Even the Liberal organ undertook to apologize for its illiberality by the excuse that Mr. Laurier could be tolerated because he was born and brought up a Catholic, but Sir John Thompson is a convert. What influence was the Liberal organ attempting to secure by making use of so trifling and unjust an argument in favor of the bigotry that would ostracize a good and great man because of his conversion to what his conscience approved in matters that concerned only his own inmost soul and its relations with God? Hon. David Mills, in his speech in the House of Commons on the Jesuits' Estate Act, stated that if the preachers remained quiet, and confined themselves to explaining the Gospel in their churches, there would be no agitation, or attempted legislation to nullify that Act. It is a notorious fact that both political parties in this province are hard at work six months, at least, previous to every general election, endeavouring to secure the support of the church, be it Methodist, Presbyterian, Orange or Catholic. In very few counties in this province dare a Catholic attempt to secure a nomination at a political convention; and even were he sure of the convention, what chances would he have of election? None whatever, unless he could obtain the support of the Presbyterian or Methodist church, or of both—or failing them, get a solid Orange and a solid Catholic vote. It is quite easy to explain, therefore, why Catholic members of Parliament in Ontario are like Angels' visits. They are left out solely because they cannot secure the support of the Protestant church. Why, then, should it be so very humiliating in Lower Canada to attempt, in the heat of a political contest, what is every day done in this province? The Ministerial Association can scarcely hold a meeting without projecting some law, either about Sabbath observance, or total prohibition, or some other vexed question, that it imposes on the legislators who court its influence, and require its support at the next general election.

During the sessions of the last sittings of our own Local Legislature one member, from his place on the floor of the House, complained that the Government did not keep pace with his church on the general interests of his country. If the *Globe* considers the weight of church influence in politics is out of date, and only to be found in the Middle Ages, or in Lower Canada, it is gravely mistaken, or it deliberately closes its eyes to its own surroundings, and hypocritically deprecates the mediæval condition of the French-Canadians, when it sighs out, "it is unpleasant to find both sides humiliating themselves to secure the support of the Roman Catholic Church," and that "outsiders in England and in the States may be pardoned for regarding the whole situation as one which throws doubt upon the capacity of

the French-Canadian people to govern themselves according to Modern Ways." One of the modern ways followed in England is to secure the support of the church by voting down any resolution in favor of admitting a great man and a very able lawyer like Sir Charles Russell to be Chancellor of England, or of the Earl of Ripon as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, because these prominent and most deserving gentlemen happen to be Roman Catholics. In the United States they believe in the "modern way" of never permitting a Roman Catholic to be President, no matter what battles he may have fought, or what sacrifices he may have made for the country of his birth, even on the supposition that he and his father, to the third and fourth generation were native born citizens. It is matter of slight import to the French-Canadian people what opinion outsiders in England or the United States may form as to their capacity for self-government. But those great countries have many improvements to make in the way of liberal and enlightened self-government, before they can set themselves up as paragons of perfection, and as models to be copied after by all other civilized nations.

CATHOLIC EDUCATIONAL VICTORIES IN 1891.

THERE is no feature that has given Catholics more satisfaction during the past year than the progress of Catholic education, both on this continent and also in Europe and Australia. The victories achieved by the pupils of Catholic schools cannot be classed as isolated instances of favourable circumstances, neither can they be qualified as characteristics solely of one race or nationality. The cause, is not, however, far to seek, and, sooner or later, will of necessity have to be followed by the public and other non-Catholic schools, if they wish to keep up with their Catholic-fellow citizens in the race of knowledge. It is owing to our system of educating the heart as well as the intellect, thus drawing out the best aspirations of youth, and teaching that their mental faculties and attainments are given them by the Supreme Ruler to be used and cultivated, thereby carrying out His will in whatsoever sphere of life they may be placed. Such being the case, careful study and attention to scholastic rules becomes a matter of conscience, and not a mere set task to be performed in as easy a manner as possible, to enable it to pass the teacher's inspection. Again, our children are taught by the best and most capable instructors in the world—by men and women who have devoted their lives to the service of education, and have banded themselves together in religious communities for this and similar purposes. The worth of the Sisters of Loretto in educating the children of the wealthy and middle classes have been recognized by all denominations, and to-day they stand without a peer on the continent. Pupils from the far South and distant North flock to their institutions, and their instructions are listened to by pupils from East and West. To the Sisters of St. Joseph the same remarks apply. An eminent writer said once, that, in any gathering of ladies in which he happened to be, he could invariably single out, by their ladylike deportment and innate refinement, those who had been pupils of convent schools. And that which the Sisters are doing for girls in higher education is also being performed for youths by the Lasilian Fathers, Jesuits and other orders, and with like results.

But it is to our common or free schools that we turn instinctively to see the results of Catholic education, and to compare ourselves, on an even plane, with our neighbors—even as regards the personnel of the scholars, by no means even to the public schools as regards the facilities or the revenues at their command. Have we held our own during the year? If we have done so, handicapped as we are in the matter of revenue, it is a matter for congratulation. If we have risen superior, is it not time for critics to cease their talk about the paucity of Catholic education, and turn their batteries upon the much-vaunted systems? We think so. That Catholic school pupils, pitted evenly against those from all other sources have shown their *marked* superiority a few authentic facts will demonstrate.

In February last, Mr. Maurice Pengent, educated at St. Augustine's school, Ramsgate, Eng., captured, from ninety-three competitors, one of these rare distinctions in the United States Navy known as 'Star Cadetships,' of which there are only six for the whole country. The results of the examination showed that it surpassed in brilliancy all those previously recorded.

At Malta, in an educational contest, a pupil of Catholic schools carried off the highest honours.

Five Catholic high school lads, taught by the Christian Brothers, headed the list of competitors for a late New Hampshire appointment, completely distancing the representatives of the public high school and local colleges. If all the nominations of the academies were secured, and a non-Catholic exchange, by a practical educational contest Catholic officers would ultimately predominate in both branches of the service.

A secular journal in St. Louis during the past year offered eleven prizes for the best eleven essays to be written by students of the schools in Missouri, the judges of which were all non-Catholics. The first prize, \$100, was awarded to a pupil of the Sacred Heart Convent Academy in St. Louis, and two other convent-bred girls won two of the other prizes and three of the boys taught by the Jesuits in the St. Louis University captured three more. Not one pupil of the public schools won a prize, although "some scores of essays," so the judges testify, "were received from such schools in and out of the city."

The editor of the *St. Louis Post Dispatch*, in commenting on the contest says in an editorial headed "Timely Hints to Pedagogues:—" "But the most surprising fact brought out in this contest is the inferiority of the public schools, where the art of writing does not seem to be taught. . . . The fact that the public schools do not train their pupils to write well is evidence, if not proof, that they do not train them to think well, and the principal purpose in establishing and maintaining such schools is defeated."

At the recent High School examinations in Toronto it was a lady graduate from our Catholic schools, Miss O'Rourke, who won the highest distinction, the Prince of Wales Medal. Five other Catholic school girls wrote for certificates, three for Third Class and two for Second Class, in each case being successful, and easily passing the examinations. Thus giving the pupils of Catholic schools who wrote a percentage of one hundred.

In Ireland, also, the progress of Catholic education has been remarkable.

For the last eleven years a system of holding annual examinations of the pupils of all schools in Ireland above the primary grades has been in force. The examinations are wholly voluntary. A Board of Intermediate Education appoints annually a number of Examiners who conduct examinations of all pupils that apply in certain subjects. The pupils are divided for this purpose into three grades according to age, and different papers are prepared for each grade. Prizes are awarded to a certain number of the most distinguished candidates and others who reach a prescribed standard are given certificates. Though the Protestant schools of Ireland are very richly endowed and for generations have enjoyed almost a monopoly of public support their pupils have been repeatedly distanced by those of the Catholic schools. This year the success of the latter has been especially remarkable. Lest we should appear to take a partial view of the subject we will quote from the columns of the *Belfast Witness*, which is the organ of the Presbyterian Church in Ulster. The *Witness* says:

"If we look at the boys' school alone we find that the three at the head of the list in all Ireland are Roman Catholic schools. The fourth is the Royal Academical Institution, Belfast. Then the next two are Roman Catholic, and the seventh is the Methodist College, Belfast. But not only in the totals of prizes and distinctions are the Catholic schools in the front, but in the quality of distinctions also they are not behind. The first place in the senior grade, which is the blue riband of Ireland, is held by a Roman Catholic boy. In like manner the first place in the middle grade is held by a Roman Catholic boy; while the first place in the junior grade falls to a Protestant, who, we are glad to see, belongs to Lurgan College. Then, again, gold medals for excellence in special subjects go to the Roman Catholics in the following manner. In the senior grade a Roman Catholic wins the gold medal in mathematics, wins it in English, wins it in modern languages, whilst a Protestant carries it off in classics. In the middle grade every gold medal is won by a Roman Catholic, although in mathematics it falls to a Protestant because the Roman Catholic boy is disqualified by reason of holding it last year. Then in the junior grade two out of the four gold medals for special subjects are carried off by Roman Catholics.

"There can be no mistaking the significance of these facts which appear on the surface of the report. But if we take a little pains and count up the gross results, we reach a conclusion which, even though

it should startle our readers, ought to be recorded in the most emphatic and direct manner. How many medals out of the total of fourteen awarded in the boys' division, have been carried off by Roman Catholic schools? No fewer than nine, the remaining five passing to Protestants, of which not a single one comes to Belfast." And Belfast, according to one of the fine fictions of Ulster, is a light in a wilderness of Irish intellectual darkness! "Again, out of the total amount of money, £4,561 in cash and in books, awarded by the Commissioners, how much has been carried off by Roman Catholics? £2776 against £1785 won by Protestants." "It is quite clear," the *Hittin* declares, "that Protestants will require to look to their laurels. The Roman Catholic Church," continues our Presbyterian contemporary, "is putting forth all her strength to educate her boys in the more advanced branches of education. Clongowes Wood College (a Jesuit college), one of the very finest schools in Europe, has been built up at enormous cost without a penny of State endowment. The Church has put into the field her staff of teachers, who, of course, enter upon the usual vows of celibacy, poverty and obedience. When they require University men to teach the more advanced classes they do not hesitate to employ Protestants, and on their own denominational ground they are determined to wrest, if they can, the best educational prizes out of Protestant hands. Who can blame them, and who can grudge to them the pre-eminence if they deserve it? We simply say that Protestant schools, both in Belfast and Dublin, had better look to their laurels. The Roman Catholics have not even the advantage of possessing sons of the manse."

During the coming year we may expect to see still further developments and victories to show that, as for ages past, Catholic educational institutions are in the forefront of learning, and their pupils capable of holding their own in any company.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

ON Monday it will be the duty of the citizens of Toronto to elect a mayor and council to govern the city for the year. Numbers of candidates are seeking aldermanic honors in every one of the wards of the city, and it is a difficult task sometimes, to know which of them best merits support. In the extreme west end of the city, No. 6 Ward, three men stand out prominently, namely, Ald. Maloney, Atkinson and Orr, and any votes given them will not be misplaced. In No. 5 Mr. T. K. Rogers, a leading member of St. Mary's church and an able business man, is entitled to support, and should receive it. Ald. J. E. Verrall coming in a good second. None of the other candidates in the field for this ward are worthy of support. In No. 3 Ald. Burns stands out prominent above all, the nature of his services in the Council, his ability and farsightedness having placed him, in one year, in the foremost rank of municipal legislators. The press of the city have unstintedly praised his many attempts to introduce civic reforms, making him a representative to be proud of. In No. 2 Mr. P. O'Connor and Ald. Farquhar are deserving of support, and in No. 1 Ald. Pape and Leshe. We fully trust that on Monday next these gentlemen will be elected to occupy seats in the Council for 1892.

THE Christmas musical services in the Catholic church throughout the city on Christmas Day were, as usual, of a very high order. At the Cathedral, St. Mary's, St. Basil's, and our Lady of Lourdes exceptionally good, whilst St. Paul's, St. Helen's and the Sacred Heart were up to former occasions both as regards decoration and music. In many of the churches orchestral accompaniments were secured, in addition to the choir. At St. Mary's Prof. McEvoy's painstaking work with the choir culminated in one of the grandest and most sublime musical services heard within its sacred walls. The volume of sound and brilliant attack of the choruses being worthy of special mention. The usual Christmas collection at this church amounted to \$1201.

Our sympathy is extended to the family of Mr. Frank Cicolari, and to the Kingston *Freeman* of which he was part proprietor. His death, at the early age of 30, and at a time when a career of usefulness was before him, is to be deplored. The ranks of Can-

adian Catholic journalism is a heavy loser by it. May his soul Rest in Peace.

The principal twin-aims of the Freemasons of Europe at the moment are to secularize school-teaching and to rivet the fetters on the Pontiff. The Catholic world demands the independence of its spiritual head—the Holy Father. But the Italian Government protests that it cannot have a Government inside a Government. And yet the Republic of San Marino in the heart of Italian territory is possible. Spain does not interfere with the integrity of the Republic of Andorra, nor France with that of the Principality of Monaco. The universities of England can exercise their own jurisdiction within their borders, but to the chief of a mighty universal Church even that privilege is to be denied.

Nor long ago some members of a church in New Jersey were guilty of going on a Sunday excursion. This led to their clergyman reciting the following:

O Lord, we pray that the excursion train going south on the West Jersey Railroad this morning may not run off the track and kill any church members that may be on board. Church members on Sunday excursions are not in a condition to die; and besides this it is embarrassing to a minister to officiate at the funeral of a member of the church who has been killed on a Sunday excursion. Keep the train on the track and preserve it from all calamity, that all church members among the excursionists may have an opportunity for repentance and that their sins may be forgiven.

How the congregation took these remarks we have not ascertained.

ON the feast of the Immaculate Conception the blessing and consecration of a handsome new bell took place at the Catholic church, Port Credit. Owing to the unavoidable absence of His Grace the Archbishop the ceremony was performed by Very Rev. Vicar General Rooney, assisted by Very Rev. Vicar General McCann and Rev. Fathers Trayling and Duffy. The church was very prettily decorated, and a very lucid and clear exposition of the ceremony was given by Vicar General Rooney.

ON Monday next a vote will be taken on the question of the running of street cars on Sunday. Despite the amount of literature thrown broadcast by the opponents of the measure, and of the utterances of the ministerial association, ratepayers should not allow dust to be thrown into their eyes. Sunday was made for man, and not man for Sunday, therefore what is most conducive to man's benefit should be considered, and the rule applied that of the greatest amount of good to the greatest number, with the least work to any. It must be borne in mind that in other cities where street cars run on Sundays, morality is not at a low ebb. Montreal can well afford to be compared, in point of morals, with Toronto. If cars were running on our streets on Sunday, more especially during the summer months, would not the great number of young men, living in boarding houses, likely avail themselves of the privilege and go to various parts of the city on them, instead of, as is too often the case, bringing the "growler" into their rooms, drinking and playing cards all day, winding up, not unfrequently, in a dive or brothel.

A concert, under the auspices of the Young People's Assn., for the benefit of St. Paul's church took place in their hall, Power St., on Monday evening last. Mr. J. J. Dutton made a very efficient chairman, and among the audience were noticed Rev. Father Melherney, C.S.S.R., Murray, O.S.B., O'Donoghue, O.S.B., Lynch, Hand, Jeffcott, Sheehan and Kelly. The hall was well filled, and a select programme of song, recitation and music was well rendered to an appreciative audience. Those who lent their services for the evening's enjoyment were: Messrs. McErmott, Coulter, Ramsey, Tomney and Mogan; Mrs. Waldron, the Misses Scanlon, Walker, Larkin, Kelly, Rigney, Filgiano, Thompson, Tomney, O'Hagan and Daley.

...The Sisters of St. Nicholas Home return sincere thanks for the following Christmas donations. Rev. F. P. Rooney, 1 qr. of beef, Mrs. P. Smith, \$25, 1 turkey, 1 goose and large round of spiced beef; E. O'Keefe, Esq., 1 qr. of beef; W. Ryan, Esq., 4 turkeys, 1 b'l of apples and 1 b'l of oatmeal; St. Vincent de Paul Society, St. Patrick's, \$5.00; Mr. Alex. Macdonell, \$5.00; Mrs. McConnell a donation.

At Our Lady of Lourdes.

...The church of our Lady of Lourdes, Sherbourne street, was crowded at the three morning services on Sunday last. Rev. Father James Walsh, P.P., officiated at every Mass and preached an eloquent sermon upon the life and mission of Christ at High Mass. The choir, composed of 30 trained voices, under the direction of Mr. W. S. O'Connor, quite sustained its well-known reputation for high class music. W. J. Obermer's string orchestra assisted. The Mass sung was Haydn's first. The benediction was from Gounod's Messe Solennelle. Difficult, technical and brilliant are the adjectives which may properly be used in describing the music of the Mass, and much to the credit of the young conductor and his able choir he said that as polished and finished a production it was as might be looked for in this musical city. The attacks were almost perfect, the shadings were most delicate, and altogether the chorus was excellent. The soloists were Mrs. Charles McGann, Miss McGrath, Miss Elliott, Miss Scott and Messrs. Albert Gendron and Otto Zeph.

The benediction from Gounod was a happy selection. Mrs. McGann sang the solo and led to a double chorus, which was admirably rendered.

Miss McEldery presided at the organ and materially assisted in the brilliant rendition.

Ottawa Truth Societ.

...The recently organized Catholic Truth Society of Ottawa gave the first of a series of free musical and literary entertainments, which it purposes to hold during the winter, on Thursday night last at the Catholic Lyceum. The President of the Society, Sir John Thompson, delivered the following address, which we take from the Ottawa Evening Journal:

Sir John Thompson, after referring to the establishment of the Catholic Truth Society in Ottawa and to its affiliation with the parent society in England, stated that its object was to use the press as a means of increasing the practice of the Catholic religion and extending the knowledge of what that religion really is. It will do this by paying attention to three subjects: devotion, instruction and controversy. While in a city like Ottawa it may not be necessary to give that instruction with regard to the rudiments of religion which is needed in places where such instruction is not open to all, there are aids to devotion which may be used here with profit.

The instruction which the Catholic Truth Society aims at, continued Sir John, is the instruction in their religion of Catholics themselves. In this age it is necessary, in order to the defence of the Catholic religion, in order to put the truths before those who do not understand them, that every member of the Church should not only believe what the Catholic Church believes and teaches, but should also be able to give a reason for what he believes. We proceed upon the principle that the Catholic who is the best informed in connection with his religion is best grounded in the faith and most likely to be zealous in the practice of it. It is also important to place before those who are not Catholics an accurate and simple statement of what is the Catholic belief. What protestants believe the Catholic church to be is not the Catholic church at all. What they dislike as Catholic belief is not Catholic belief. The great object of the society is to place before those who are not Catholics simple, inoffensive,

plain statements of what Catholic belief really is.

There are also, he said, the duty of attending to controversy. We engage in controversy only for the purpose of defence, and for the purpose of stating the grounds on which our belief rests, when that belief is misrepresented or attacked, not for the purpose of attacking any man's belief but for the purpose of putting plainly before those who differ from us what we believe and why we believe it. That certainly can give offense to no man Sir John added: While I say that the society inculcates upon its members great caution, let me not be understood that our object is to apologize to any man for that which we believe or that which we practice. What we do will bear examination and criticism, but it is due to the public as well as to ourselves to remove misapprehensions and misunderstandings as they arise. We shall have the publications of the Catholic Truth Society of England placed on sale in Ottawa, and also distributed gratuitously to the poor visited by the members of St. Vincent de Paul society and other similar societies. We ask you to help us in this undertaking by becoming members of the society. The membership fee has been fixed at one dollar a year, but those who so desire may subscribe a larger amount. We would, however, rather have 50 members at a dollar apiece than one at \$50 or \$100. If we meet with your sympathy and assistance, you will have no cause to feel ashamed that you have helped us in the good work.

Mr. Joseph Pope's paper on "Tradition" added to the reputation for thoroughness as a historic writer which Mr. Pope made for himself in his Jacques Cartier. Both as to matter and style it showed that Mr. Pope in his reading goes far below the surface. He first took up the tradition that until Luther's time the Bible was a sealed and unknown book and that Luther came upon it by mere chance and gave it to the world. Mr. Pope showed the falsity of this belief by detailing numerous editions of the Holy Scriptures which had appeared before Luther's time, giving in each case the date and place of publication, and supporting his statements by quoting from eminent Protestant writers. He held and gave very plausible reason for his opinion that the Middle Ages were not so dark as some good people paint them, and that the Papacy as a great power made for the good of humanity. Touching upon the widespread tradition of Catholic intolerance, he claimed that the persecutions which are laid at the door of the Catholic church were often the outcome of political than of religious causes. His paper closed with an eloquent plea to seekers after truth to examine thoroughly into the charges made against the Catholic church before giving them credence.

At the close Archbishop Duhamel spoke a few words of hearty commendation of the Catholic Truth society, congratulated the society on the success of its first public effort, and invited the ladies and gentlemen present to hand in their names as members.

C. M. B. A. News.

Following are officers of Branch No 159 C. M. B. A., Ottawa, for year 1892. Spiritual Adviser.....Rev. A. Faillier O. M. I. Chancellor.....J. P. McCarthy President.....T. J. Richardson 1st. Vice Pres.....Wm. Wall 2nd. " ".....Jno. C. Cooney Treasurer.....Jno. Byron Reading Secretary.....P. T. Connolly Ass't Rec. Sec.....C. W. Dent Financial ".....P. T. Gow Marshal.....John Moran Sr. Guard.....Wm. H. Hall Trustees.....J. B. Lynch, A. Connolly, C. McMorow, Wm. Wall Jno. C. Cooney. Representative to Grand Council Jno. P. McCarthy. Alternate, J. B. Lynch

To the Editor of the Catholic Review.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER, The following is a list of the officers for 1892 of Branch 19 C.M. B.A., Toronto.

Yours fraternally,

W. M. VALL, *Inv. Sec.*

Spiritual Adviser.....Very Rev. F. P. Rooney, V.G. Chancellor.....M. Clancy President.....D. H. Lebane 1st Vice President.....W. Moran 2nd Vice President.....R. J. Byron Treasurer.....J. Doyle Rec. Sec.....W. M. Vale, 17 Carr St. Ass't Sec.....J. B. Orr Fin. Sec.....P. P. Kirwan Marshal.....T. Walsh Guard.....T. L. Greenan Trustees.....R. J. Byron, G. Clark, J. Dermody Representative.....T. F. McMahon, M. D. Alternate.....D. H. Lebane

Communications.

Catholic Convention.

To the Editor of the Catholic Weekly Review.

SIR, -In one of the late editions of your paper appeared a letter written by one of the leading society men here in our city, on the immense amount of good to be derived from holding a convention of all the Catholic societies of the Dominion of Canada, and I thought that I could not show my approval of such a step in a more pronounced manner than by writing a similar one on the same subject.

Certainly the holding of a Catholic convention in this Dominion of ours would be one of the most beneficial ways of bringing our societies into contact with each other, and bringing them to operate hand in hand.

Much good is being derived from our associations, it is true, as they are at the present time, but cannot greater benefits on all sides be extracted from them if they can be brought to such a position as to be able to assist each other? Assuredly there can; because where there is union there is always strength. And why should we be behind in this any more than in anything else.

In the United States they are holding these conventions every year. It is true, no doubt, that the Catholics of Canada are few when compared with our brethren across the border. But that does not signify that we are to be excused, far from it. We should only endeavor the more to secure the point in view.

It may take time, but I am sure that with perseverance and good will it can be brought about in a couple of years, and perhaps in a still shorter period; for when the people join together and struggle one for the other unselfishly, they must certainly succeed, sooner or later. I am sure that after it does get in running order we will be amply rewarded for our pains in beholding the amount of good that is bound to be harvested from such an enterprise. One of the principle reasons I have in promoting the measures adopted by the writer of the first letter is that in holding a convention we shall be enabled to fortify our plans together, reap our benefits together, and then, finally, share them together. If you will kindly give space to this epistle in your valuable paper you will greatly oblige.

Your obedient servant,

WALTER W. WALSH.

Westminster Block, Winnipeg, Dec. 19, '91.

Dr. T. A. Sherrill's.

OXGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. Have you any Throat Trouble—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

Dr. T. A. Sherrill's.

OXGENIZED EMULSION OF Pure COD LIVER OIL. Have you Tightness of the Chest—Use it. For sale by all Druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

IMOGEN'S REWARD.

ELIZABETH BONIFACE IN SAN FRANCISCO "MONITOR."

"IMOGEN DUBLEY!" exclaimed Gabrielle in surprise, after glancing at the dainty card which a servant had handed her. "Tell her that I will be down in a minute, Nellie." Laying aside her brushes, and hastily removing the large apron that protected her dress from paint, she gave a little peep in the mirror to see that she was presentable, and then, with a glance of regret at the sketch she was so anxious to finish, and a half smothered wish that her visitor would not stay long, she descended to the parlor. As soon as their greeting was over, Imogen said:

"I have a particular object in calling to-day, Gabrielle. I heard yesterday, through a friend, of a girl named Alice Kerr, who is very sick, and I came to ask if you will visit her. Her parents, it appears, were Catholics, but they are dead, and the people who she is with are Protestants. I think she would like to see a priest or the Sisters, and as none of the people around here will send for them I thought you would go there and make some arrangement. I have always heard that Catholics are very desirous of having a priest when they are sick."

"Indeed I will go!" warmly responded Gabrielle, "and I thank you so much for coming to tell me of her." Then, concealing her surprise that Imogen should be bound on such an errand at all, she drew from her what little items she could about the sick girl and her surroundings.

"They think she cannot last much longer as she is in the last stages of consumption," said Imogen in answer to her questions. "These people, German Lutherans, I think, have raised her; but now that she is ill they consider her a great burthen, and are anxious to have her die quickly. She was a sewing girl, in a large store, and I think the poor thing sewed her life away for a pittance. I will leave you this card with her address," she continued, rising to go, "and I must be off as I have several other calls to make. You will let me know the result of your visit, won't you, dear?" Then with an affectionate embrace she was gone.

Gabrielle resolved to visit poor Alice that very afternoon, and was soon ready for the street. On her way there her mind was filled with wonder at the idea that Imogen, of all persons, coming to her on such an errand. They had been warm friends for years, though opposites in religious belief. Imogen called herself a "liberal Christian," while Gabrielle was a devout Catholic. They had a warm discussion on the claims of Catholicity once, but, while in her own heart Imogen acknowledged the truth of the doctrine Gabrielle so ably laid before her, freed from the calumnies with which hatred and bigotry clothed them; while she owned to herself that in the light of her friend's arguments, Protestantism was but a hollow sham, without foundation, still she was not fair minded enough to acknowledge this to Gabrielle, nor sufficiently in earnest to embrace the truth. She had not entered into the argument for the sake of being convinced, but simply to give vent to hatred against a religion of whose beauty she had not the slightest conception. Seeing that further argument would only result in ill feeling, Gabrielle let the subject drop, and since then it had never been revived between them; but Gabrielle never ceased to pray for Imogen's conversion. She knew that Imogen had lately become intimate with a "set" who prided themselves on being "liberal and "broad-minded," that she had left off attending church, and that she read many infidel books. Thus it was a matter of great wonderment that she had come to her to obtain religious consolation for Alice.

Many times in visiting Imogen, she met some of these "broad-minded" friends, who were at first disposed to be patronizing towards her, and brought forth their ideas for her enlightenment, but a few well put thrusts of Catholic truth through their "liberal" fabric, convinced them that Miss Dutard was more than a match for them when substantial proof was needed in argument. Their beautiful, consoling faith was built upon "airy nothings." They did not wish proofs, and as Gabrielle had an uncomfortable way of analyzing statements, and seeking the foundations of belief, they concluded that she was "narrow-minded" and let her severely alone.

When she reached the address given her by Imogen, she was rather at a loss how to introduce herself, but she soon found that no introduction was necessary. When she rang, a tall young woman answered the bell, and on asking for the sick girl, she was at once admitted and directed up two flights of stairs to the top floor. A hard-featured old woman sat at a hall window at the head of the second flight, knitting, while in a small, untidy looking room at the end of the hall, lay the sufferer.

Gabrielle, though startled by her wasted appearance, greeted poor Alice pleasantly, and seating herself at the bedside, explained that she had heard of her illness through a friend, and thought that it would cheer her up if she came once in awhile to read to her.

The old woman who followed Gabrielle into the room, eyed her curiously, seeming to think that she had some other motive for her visit. She seated herself at the foot of the bed, and began lamenting about the expense of Alice's sickness. Some time passed thus, and Gabrielle was beginning to despair of having a moment alone with the

sick girl, when a call from down stairs drew the old dame away, and gave her the longed for opportunity. She began hurriedly to tell Alice the real object of her visit.

"I am a Catholic," she explained, "and hearing that you are one, and that in case you desired to see a priest no one here would send for one."

The large, dark eyes were bent earnestly on Gabrielle's face, as speaking slowly and with an effort, Alice said, "No, I am not a Catholic."

Gabrielle drew back in surprise but leaned forward again with eager interest as Alice went on.

"But I wish to become one. My parents were Catholics, but my father died a short time before I was born, and my mother when I was only a few days old. They lived in this woman's house and she kept me, and raised me. I have never been baptized?"

"Are you sure of that?"

"Perfectly sure," she answered. "Mother, as I call Mrs. Wrede, does not believe in baptism and never had any of her own children baptized. When I first got sick, I told her I'd like to be baptized a Catholic, and she flew into a terrible rage. She said she would get a minister if I insisted on it, but that a priest should never enter her door. She was so angry that I have been afraid to speak of it again. Who told you about me?"

"A young lady friend heard of you through a girl that worked in the same store with you, but she seemed to think that you were a Catholic."

"I told some of the girls there that I'd like to be one, so I suppose that is how she came to say so. They have been very kind to me, and are making a collection now to keep me while I am sick."

"But would you really like to see a priest or the Sisters? I wouldn't like to send them here unless you desired to see them."

"Oh, I would love to see the Sisters very much," eagerly answered Alice. "They are so kind, and then they can prepare me before the priest comes."

"But do you think the old lady will admit them?"

"I don't know," doubtfully. "She may think they are going to assist me, and that would induce her to let them in. Anything to save her expense."

A creak on the stairs warned Gabrielle of the old woman's approach and after assuring Alice that she would do all she could, and warning her to say nothing to Mrs. Wrede about their conversation, she sat up and when the old dame entered the room they were talking about some flowers Gabrielle had brought. She soon rose to go, saying that she would come again.

It was almost dark when she reached the street. She paused for a moment thinking that she ought to go home, but when she thought how near death poor Alice seemed, decided that it would be best to get her what religious consolation she could as quickly as possible. Hastily turning her steps in the direction of the convent of some Sister of the Poor, among whom she was well known, she was soon pouring her tale into sympathetic ears. The Superioress promised to send some Sisters there next morning. She said they would take chances of being refused admission.

It happened that evening, that one of her former companions in the store called to see Alice, and found her very downcast. On inquiring the cause she was told about Gabrielle's visit, and the sick girl's fear that whoever came to administer religious consolation would be refused admission. As she spoke the tears welled up in her eyes and poured down her wasted cheeks. Poor Mary Jones had very little religion in her, but when she saw how distressed Alice was, her heart was touched. She knew well that Alice would never rise from that sick bed.

"You shall see any one you wish, Alice dear, so don't fret any more, or you'll become worse. I know a way to manage Mrs. Wrede" she said.

Bidding Alice good night, she descended to the lower floor with the fire of a decided purpose in her eye, and finding the old woman soon brought her to terms. She told her the girls in the store would not give her the money they were collecting for Alice, unless she promised to admit Sisters and Priests, or any one the girl asked for. The old woman, though considerably taken back was all suavity.

"If the young ladies think it right, of course they can come," she said. "I thought it might make her worse to have them talk to her."

"Make her worse," Mary echoed, disgusted with her duplicity. "It's the very thing that will do her good," and bidding her a curt good night, the girl was off.

So Alice was allowed to see the good Sisters, and the next day they sent a priest, who, finding her so well disposed, baptized her after a short instruction.

Some wealthy Catholic ladies became interested in her through hearing of her conversion, and filled the sick room with luxuries. They visited her and also sent their family physician, but he saw at once that she was beyond help.

When Gabrielle called again she noticed the change in Alice's surroundings and was rejoiced to hear that God had raised up kind friends for her. The room, which before had been dingy and untidy, now

looked bright and inviting. Fresh curtains had been put up, and a snowy cloth covered a small table at the bedside, on which lay bottles of fragrant toilet waters, and a large bunch of violets and maiden hair. The bedding was spotless, and poor Alice looked as sweet and fresh as kind hands could make her. Nor was this all. Alice told her that all her food was brought over from their large mansion across the street.

Gabrielle was so rejoiced at Alice's good fortune that she resolved to call and tell Imogen of it.

Miss Dudley was very glad to hear of it, but her mind was so full of another topic that she had not much time to waste on the sick girl. Holding up her left hand, on the third finger of which blazed a brilliant solitaire, she said, joyfully, "Do you know what that means, Gabrielle?"

"It means that Bert Landers has been accepted," said Gabrielle, smiling, and catching the pretty hand to get a better view of the ring, "but I had no idea . . ."

To be continued

AS OTHERS SEE US.

CATHOLIC LIBERALITY VERSUS PROTESTANT INTOLERANCE.

ONE of the most striking illustrations of the liberality of the Catholic Church in contrast with the natural bigotry and exclusiveness of Protestantism, is furnished by the different treatment of Catholics and Protestants, in the matter of educational privileges, in the two Canadian provinces of Ontario and Quebec. In Ontario, where Protestants are in the majority, Primary Catholic schools are recognized by the Government and supported under the separate system, but there are no such things as publicly-sustained Catholic high schools; or Catholic normal schools; or a Catholic Council of Public Instruction. In Catholic Quebec, on the contrary, where the population is overwhelmingly Catholic the most liberal provision is made for the Protestant minority. Under the denominational system which works so splendidly in Quebec there are State-supported Protestant elementary schools, Protestant high schools, a Protestant normal school and a Protestant Council of Public Instruction. Now in view of this striking disparity in favor of Catholic liberality one would suppose that a sense of shame not to speak of a better motive, would induce the Protestants to make haste to be at least as liberal as Catholics in their educational arrangements, especially in view of the fact that the arrangements in Quebec work so well and are so generally satisfactory.

Not at all. They are not ashamed of it because they are not aware of anything to be ashamed of. Do you say that Protestants have more privileges in Quebec than Catholics have in Ontario? That, they say at least in action, is all right, that is just as it should be. The Catholic religion, they insist, is a bad religion, full of superstition and Catholics ought not to be allowed any privileges on the part of the Government in support of Catholic religious instruction in their schools. Of course, when Catholics have the majority, as in Quebec, we Protestants have to submit and be content with equal privileges. It is only our due. But when Protestants have the majority as in Ontario it would be too much to expect us to grant equal privileges to Catholics. It is opposed to our principles. True, we have been compelled by stress of circumstances, to compromise our principles to a certain extent and to grant to Catholics a modicum of privileges in the instruction of their children. In fact it was forced upon us. But we don't like it. It is not right and it is a constant source of annoyance to us, and we shall never cease agitating the subject until this unrighteous concession is abolished. As consistent Protestants we cannot tolerate it.

Such seems to be the real *animus* of Protestantism. Our friends in Manitoba therefore, they may well say, are thoroughly consistent. They are true Protestants and we glory in them. True, their action in depriving Catholics of their parochial schools, was unconstitutional. So much the worse for the Constitution. What, they may well ask is a proper Constitution worth when the great principles of truth and justice are concerned? making themselves judges. What is a Constitution when brought face to face with the expressed opinions and preferences of a majority of the people? No; our fellow Protestants in Manitoba did right. As true Protestants they could not do otherwise. Our very name Protestant indicates our true character. Our business is to protest and to protest eternally. When we cease to protest we lose our character and our reason for being. We hate Popery with an irreconcilable hatred, and we can never cease not merely to protest against it but by every means in our power to curtail its influence and destroy its power.

The curious thing about this whole matter is that these Protestants accuse Catholics of being set in their opinions, illiberal, intolerant, not willing that others should enjoy equal privileges with themselves. They are always charging us with exclusiveness, unwillingness to unite with others, etc. Let the candid and unprejudiced judge between us. We are, indeed, exclusive in that we have a firm and undoubting faith in our principles. But while we cannot com-

promise our principles by uniting with others in a worship or in giving countenance to doctrines which we cannot conscientiously sanction, we are not so bigoted that we are unwilling that others should enjoy equal privileges with ourselves, or that we cannot associate with them on common ground on all matters which do not necessarily involve a compromise of principle. Hence it is the universal experience that Catholics are more ready to grant the fullest liberty of instruction to their Protestant fellow-citizens in government schools than Protestants are to Catholics. Look at France, Spain, Belgium, Austria, and contrast them with England, Germany, Norway, Sweden, in fact all thoroughly Protestant countries, and you must be struck with the generous liberality of Catholics and the narrow, exclusive spirit of bigotry of Protestants. There is no use of trying to deny the fact or gloss it over, or explain it away.

There stands the fact, staring us in the face. All the world sees it, all the world knows it, at least all who know the facts of the case, and one of these days, when the virus of anti-Catholic bigotry has spent itself the world will acknowledge that the Catholic Church is the great exponent of true liberality, for, while she is firmly attached to her own principles, she is willing that others who differ from her should enjoy the same liberty which she claims for herself. *New York Catholic Review.*

A QUEER CHARACTER.

TWENTY years ago Patrick O'Keefe was a comparatively poor man, says the *Savannah News*, making his living as a sailor on small vessels coasting between Savannah and neighbouring ports. To-day he is a king. He is the owner and absolute ruler of the Island of Nymph, in the Australian groups of the Pacific, almost in the heart of the tropics.

He would probably still be a resident of Savannah and a poor man but for two tragedies in which he figured as one of the principals. In 1867, as the story is told by an old-timer, he was mate of the schooner *Annie Sims*, which plied between this city and Darien.

On the schooner was a young Irish sailor named Sullivan. He and O'Keefe were apparently good friends. While near Darien loading lumber, the mate was building a cabin on the schooner and asked Sullivan what he thought of it. The sailor made a joking reply, which angered O'Keefe and a fight resulted. Sullivan got the best of it and O'Keefe went to his quarters and, securing a pistol, returned and began firing at the sailor. The latter dodged behind the new cabin several times, and finally got up and remarked to O'Keefe that he couldn't shoot anybody. But he was mistaken, for the next bullet struck him and he died in a short while. The mate was brought to Savannah, and after a long confinement in jail was tried and acquitted in the United States Court.

Afterwards, while an officer of a small steamer, he had trouble with one of the deck hands and ran him into the river, where he was drowned.

These troubles seemed to worry O'Keefe, and he determined to leave the "States," as he termed it. In 1871 he sailed away from Savannah as second mate of an American vessel bound for Liverpool, and when he bade his friends good-bye on the wharf he told them that he would never return to Savannah unless he came in his own ship.

From Liverpool he shipped to the East Indies and from there to Hong Kong. He had saved a little money by this time and began a small fruit and lumber business between the Pacific island and Hong Kong. He was successful, and after a few years secured the Island of Nymph from the natives by a trade of some sort. The Island abounds in teakwood and fruit, and O'Keefe bought a schooner and brig and started business on a big scale. His vessels ran to Hong Kong, and he soon built up an extensive trade, which he has steadily increased, until now he is reckoned as a very wealthy man. O'Keefe left behind him when he sailed away from Savannah a wife and a baby daughter, who is now a young woman. For years nothing was heard of his whereabouts.

After he began to prosper in his far away home, however, he wrote a letter and sent money to his wife. He tried to persuade her and his daughter to go to him, but they wouldn't do it. Regularly twice a year since he sends remittances for their support and keeps up a correspondence with them. Mrs. O'Keefe and her daughter live on Liberty street, near East Broad, and have an oil painting of the brig of the "King of Nymph" hanging in their parlour.

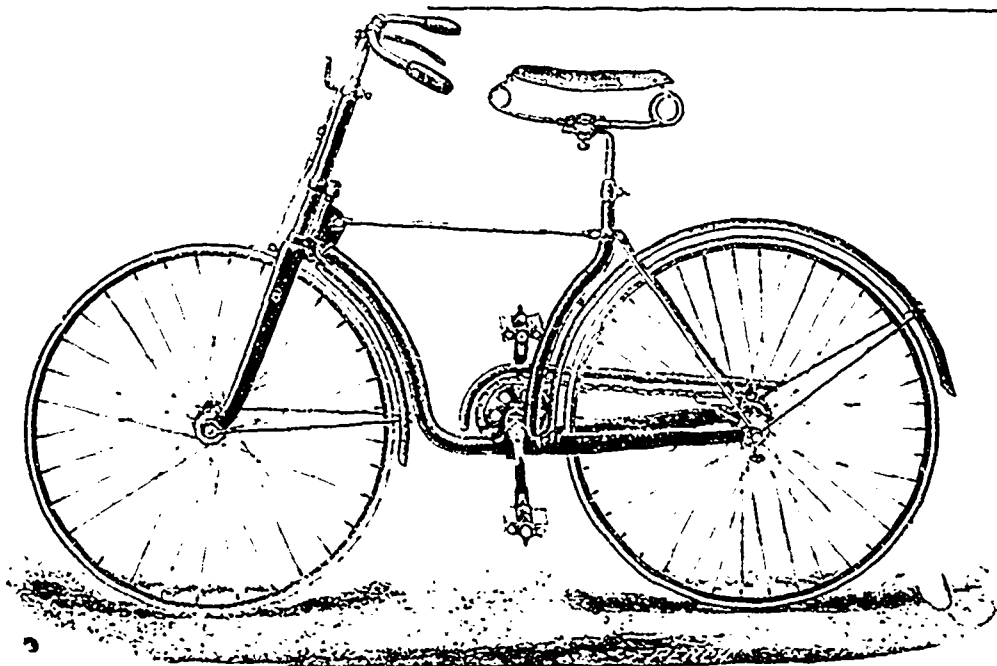
Captain Keane, of the American brig *I. W. Parker*, which is now here loading lumber for Pernambuco, told a *Morning News* reporter that he saw King O'Keefe in Hong Kong several months ago. He was boarding in the finest hotel in the city and was living in the height of elegance, having a fine driving team and every luxury which money can obtain. He spends a great portion of his time in Hong Kong, where he deposits his money, and is favourably known to all the residents of that city. He said he intended coming to America to attend the world's fair.

Besides being a trader of wealth and position, O'Keefe is the ruler of a large colony, made up mostly of Malays who swear by him. This story will be a revelation to many of Savannah's old residents, who had long since forgotten "Captain" Pat O'Keefe and thought him dead.

These Illustrations represent a portion of our Premiums which we offer for the getting up subscription clubs,

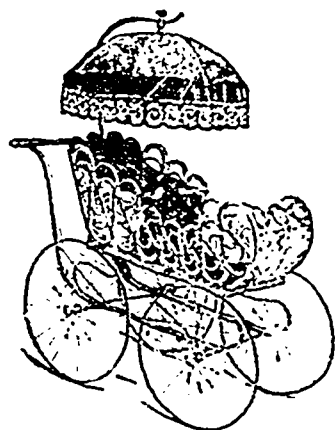
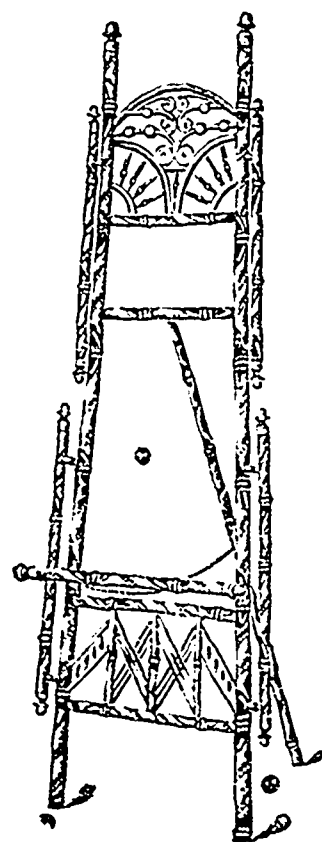
THE REVIEW, with its increased size and the new feature about to be introduced, is now in the front of Canadian journalism. We take this opportunity of thanking the many friends who have sent us in lists of subscribers, and as a still further incentive, for efforts on our behalf, we have determined to donate the following premiums to those sending in to us the number of prepaid subscribers as designated below. All these goods are of the best quality, manufactured by the well known firm of the Gendron Manufacturing Co., 7 and 9 Wellington St., Toronto,

and 1910 Notre Dame St., Montreal, and can be seen at their warerooms at either of these two cities. We ship them prepaid to any destination in Canada or the United States. We have no hesitation in saying that this is an unprecedented offer, and our reputation, we think, is sufficient to warrant the prompt fulfilment of obligations, and a guarantee that goods are as represented. We wish to double our circulation during the next six months, and take this as the most effective way of so doing, at the same time remunerating those who work on our behalf.

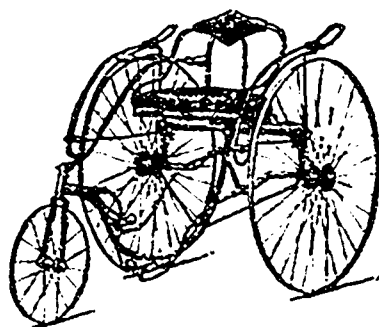


The frame is made of imported weldless steel tubing; the front and rear forks of special steel, concaved; the handle upright and bar, as also the spade handles; the swivel head and its brackets; the double rail bottom bracket; the sprocket shaft, cranks and pedal pins; the front and rear axles are all made of steel dropped forgings—the only absolutely reliable material.

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1892 Ward No. 6 1892

Your Vote and Influence are respectfully solicited for the re-election of

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AS ALDERMAN

For No. 6 Division

Election takes place on Monday January 1th

Municipal Elections

WARD NO. 6

The Votes of the Electors of Ward No. 6 are respectfully solicited in favor of the Re-Election of

ALDERMAN

ATKINSON

As Alderman for 1892

Ward No. 4

Your Vote and Influence are Respectfully Solicited for the Re-Election of

ALDERMAN

Wm. BURNS

AS

ALDERMAN FOR THE CITY OF TORONTO

WARD NO. 5

Your Vote and Influence are respectfully solicited for the Election of

T. K. ROGERS

AS

ALDERMAN FOR DIVISION NO. 5

DONALD KENNEDY

Of Roxbury, Mass., Says:

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Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
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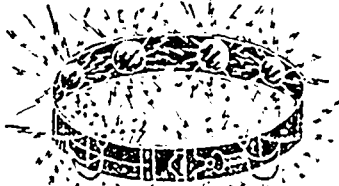
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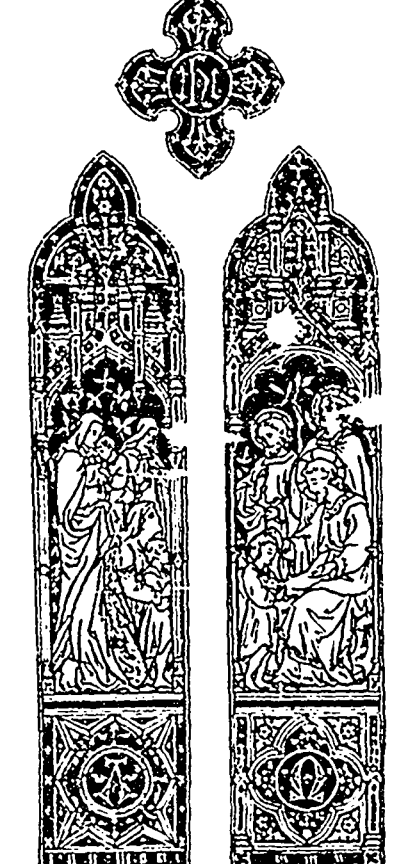
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