

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

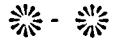
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Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, Jan. 31, 1891.

No. 52

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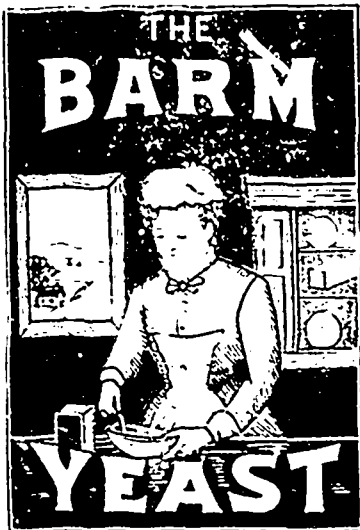


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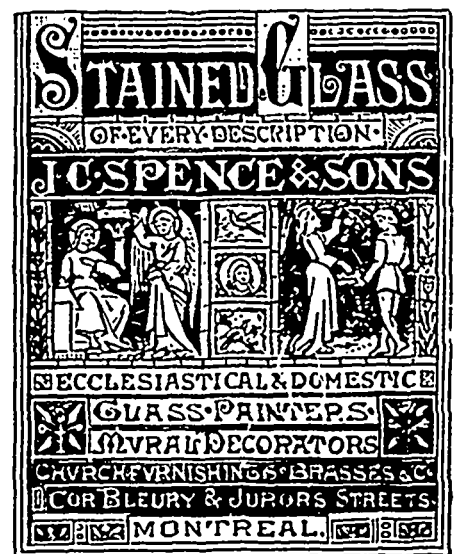
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Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, Jan. 31, 1891.

No. 51

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Notes.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

THE REVIEW, within recent weeks, has sent out to all subscribers in arrears their accounts for subscription. It is requested that these reminders be promptly responded to. By discharging their indebtedness over-due subscribers will not only greatly facilitate the REVIEW in the management of its business, but will reap the benefit themselves in the enlargement and improvement of the paper which the prompt payment of these sums—small in the individual case, but amounting to thousands in the aggregate—would enable us to undertake.

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE is busy with the foundation of what may be described as a new military order. The "Brethren of the Sahara" are to be pioneers and guardians of Christian colonies in the Western Soudan and the territories placed under French influence by recent international agreements.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE of Cashel has accompanied his subscription to a fund for the family of a Protestant rector with a scathing letter in which he reproaches Mr. Parnell for doubting the treatment of Protestants by Catholics after himself receiving a testimonial of £40,000 from them.

MR. O'BRIEN has again denied the statements published with respect to the Boulogne conference, and says that when the true character of the consultations come to be known some Irishmen will be ashamed of their fears and suspicions. He and his friends desire to bring about a settlement which shall preserve and strengthen the good understanding between Great Britain and Ireland, whilst reassuring Irish National sentiment, or none.

ARCHBISHOP WALSH of Dublin has written a letter to the *Freeman's Journal* in reply to certain statements made by that paper. The Archbishop says it is not a question whether English opinion or Irish opinion is to decide the question of leadership, but the question is whether Mr. Parnell is morally fit to lead Catholics. The *Journal* retorts that Mr. Parnell's business with Ireland is only political.

THE *Irish Catholic* of Dublin is becoming impatient and demands full disclosures as to what took place at the Boulogne and Paris conferences. It credits Messrs.

Dillon and O'Brien with the best of motives, saying that it knows they accepted no settlement, nor have they acknowledged Mr. Parnell's leadership. But it is necessary, it adds, that they should make a prompt declaration as to what took place. The formation of the new national organisation, which is to replace the discredited National League, is said to be nearly concluded.

THE Sovereign Pontiff is said to be putting the final touches to his forthcoming Encyclical on the social question, the publication of which will not be long delayed. As to the approaching Consistory, the general expectation is that it will be held in March. Nevertheless, some well-informed persons incline to believe that its date will be somewhat earlier, and that the Apostolic Nuncio at Paris will then be declared a Cardinal.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL, addressing a crowded meeting in London lately, said that though the Liberal party had been passing through a momentous crisis, he had seen no signs of abated enthusiasm or of division among its members. Principles lived while persons passed away, and a cause was not less honourable and just because a man who had rendered distinguished service turned his back upon demands which the hour's exigencies made on his magnanimity.

THE Rt. Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Bishop of Salford has raised his voice in appeal to men of every creed and party to confederate to bring about a settlement of the licensing question. Dr. Vaughan laments over the number of Catholic children in workhouses and industrial homes, or who have been sent to friendly havens in Canada, and prays that their number may soon diminish. But his hopes are not sanguine.

So long, he says, as that corrupter and destroyer, the drink-shop, is systematically established within the sight and hearing of almost every poor man's house, while perhaps the poor man's house is unfit for a human habitation. If, continues the Bishop, it be folly to quarrel and wrangle as to the mode and measure of defence while the enemy is thundering at the gate, how fatal and suicidal to be so when he is actually within the walls, slaying the population by thousands.

We are authorised to publish the following official statement of the recent clerical transfers and appointment in the archdiocese of Toronto, several of the reports in respect of which that have found their way into the papers having been more or less inaccurate:

THE Very Rev. Dean McCann is transferred from Brockton to assume the rectorship of St. Michael's Cathedral. Very Rev. Dean Cassidy from Barrie to Brockton. The Rev. W. Bergin from Newmarket to Barrie. The Rev. D. Morris from Orangeville to Newmarket. The Rev. H. J. McPhillips from Brockton to Orangeville. The Rev. F. F. Rohleder from Brock to St. Michael's Cathedral, as assistant. The Rev. R. M. Davis from "St. Mary's," Toronto, to Brock, as pastor. The Rev. L. Minehan from St. Michael's Cathedral, to "St. Mary's" as assistant. The Rev. J. F. McBride from Dixie to Brockton, as assistant, and the Rev. James Trayling from Fort Erie to Dixie, as pastor.

THE TRADUCERS OF FATHER DAMIEN.

THE bones of Father Damien are not to be allowed quiet rest, and the writer who was Christian enough to make known in the English press the slanders against the dead man's character has come again to the fore with a repetition of the calumnies. In *The Brighton Herald* appear three letters, one from this writer, and two from other sources—a Catholic priest and Mr. Edward Clifford—which may speak for themselves:—

Sir,—Allow me to thank Mr. Clifford for his recent interesting article in *The Rock* on a "Leper's Christmas." I am sorry, however, that he has again given prominence to "Father Damien." There are many faithful, holy, self-denying Protestant workers among lepers whom he might have chosen as Christian heroes without going to the corrupt and apostate Church of Rome. As I was the person in this country who made known, through the press, the unfavourable opinion that was entertained in Hawaii of the Belgian priest, I should be glad if you will kindly allow me to say that I do not think he has been "slandered," and it would have been far wiser if his name had been allowed to pass into obscurity. Dr. Hyde of Honolulu, has written to me lately, confirming what I have already made public, and what is well known in the islands. His testimony has also been confirmed by another resident in Honolulu, who assured me that the worst features of the case that had been published were quite true. This gentleman, a F. R. G. S., has just left England again for Hawaii. He spent some time at the Leper Settlement, and had frequent conversations with the medical officer, Dr. Mouritz. He told me that he has written an account of the manners and customs of these lepers, which he intends shortly to publish. The Rev. H. B. Gage wrote an article in *The Herald and Presbyter* of Cincinnati, February 20, 1889, giving facts which he had ascertained during his visits to the islands, and facts which he had learned from the Government doctor and others of a very unsatisfactory character respecting this Roman Catholic priest. Dr. Hyde has for many years resided at Hawaii, and has taken—he and his people—much interest in the stricken lepers. They have sent every Christmas, and at frequent intervals, year after year, to these poor afflicted ones, boxes of toys, clothing, books, papers, and other acceptable gifts. Dr. Hyde says that other Roman Catholic priests have had the leprosy and gone to Molokai, but they could not live with Damien. They quarrelled, threw stones, and cursed each other in the public road. He assures me that Damien did not die from some fatal development of leprosy, but that the immediate cause of death was an attack of pneumonia, for which he refused to take the remedies prescribed by the physician. The charges that Dr. Hyde has made, and which he re-affirms, he says can be corroborated by others through some authorised committee of investigation. He still declares that Damien's moral character was most unsatisfactory. Even his great apologist Mr. R. L. Stevenson, the novelist, admits that he was "ignorant, bigoted, rough in his ways, indiscreet, officious, domineering, unpopular with the Kanakas, with a mania for doctoring, with slovenly ways and false ideas of hygiene, adhering to his errors with perfect obstinacy." If Mr. Clifford had been fortunate in making inquiries, as Dr. Hyde suggests, of those persons who were in a position to know, when he visited Molokai and Honolulu, the Doctor's testimony would have been confirmed. If the estimate of Damien's character, as formed by Dr. Hyde and other residents, is false, surely the Roman Catholic mission there would have denied the truthfulness of the charges. God has, however, brought good out of evil by forcing into prominence the work of other unknown Christians, besides leading those with authority and influence to take some measure for investigating the subject of leprosy with a view to cure or extinction. Thank God, we have many self-denying Protestants labouring in the repulsive leper-fields in India, Palestine, Africa, and Norway (where I have seen them myself), besides other places. The Moravians were, I believe, the earliest missionaries in modern times who sought to comfort and help and lead the poor sufferers to Christ.

Yours truly,

W. T. McCORMICK, F. R. G. S.
Vicar of St Matthew's, Brighton; and Hon. Sec. in
England to the South African Leper Relief Fund.

Sir,—Why does Mr. McCormick write such a spiteful letter? It looks anything but well this time of year, when there should be joy and peace among all men. Had he not better leave comparison alone? There are, I know, several leper churches in Molokai, but why compare one with another? Two have been founded by the followers of Joseph Smith. The ministers are all lepers themselves, except in the case of the Catholic church, which is served by priests who are not lepers. I wish for no argument about poor Father Damien. I believe he was a good and zealous man. I had a letter myself last week. It came from Miss Amy Fowler, whom I knew very well in Brighton. In return for a small sum I had sent her, and which had been given me by a kind friend for the purpose, she writes:—"Thank you very much, dear Rev. Father, for sending the money for the poor lepers. I was very glad to have it, for it met a case I was anxious to help, and there are some lepers just going to Molokai who need warm clothes." So the young lady is working still for her poor sick friends in the Sandwich Islands. Here is a text I should like to leave on Mr. McCormick's writing-table: "Charity is patient, is kind; thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth." It harmonises with the present holy season, and fits in well with the case before us.

Yours truly,

S. JOHNSON.

The Presbytery, Bristol-road, Brighton.

Sir,—In reply to your correspondent's letter of December 20, respecting Father Damien and myself, will you allow me to state shortly that I attach *absolutely no credence* to Dr. Hyde's slander? I imagined that Mr. Stevenson's over-virulent letters would have brought out some data on which the charge of immorality was based, but in reply to them Dr. Hyde gives no such data. The only sentence bearing on this wicked calumny is the following:—"Before going to Molokai he had charge of two other parishes, where it is believed, he contracted the disease, and left behind him an unsavoury reputation." "It is believed!" Yes, and it *will* be believed, with no *attempt* as proof by that class of men and women who have their prototype in the Jews who 1,860 years ago accused Christ's mother of immorality (John viii. 41). Questioned on his death-bed concerning the matter, Damien signed a declaration that he had never at any time broken his vow of purity. For my part I believe the martyr. And I believe him all the more firmly because Dr. Hyde's other accusation, that Damien did nothing for the physical welfare of the lepers, is disproved absolutely by the Report of the Hawaiian Board of Health, which gives a minute account of his splendid work. As to Mr. Stevenson's letters, I am sorry they were written. His invective against Dr. Hyde is excessive, and as he had never seen Damien he could not be expected to know what manner of man he was. I, who knew him well, was pained at his being described as coarse, dirty, and unrefined. My remembrance is still vivid of his delicate courtesy, his airy, pleasant little room, his love of baths and cold water, and his prepossessing appearance. Your correspondent is mistaken in assuming that I made no inquiries concerning the matter of persons qualified to know the facts. I was most careful to do so, and the result was entirely satisfactory. There are certain Protestants who think they help the cause of Protestantism by slandering Roman Catholics. They no doubt please a few people who are like-minded with themselves, but they do a deep injury to the cause of true Protestantism. An inevitable reaction in favour of Romanism is always produced. In the case of Father Damien, I cannot in detail refute a rumour which never had any details as to names of accusers or particulars of crime. I can only challenge its improbability, and deny it in Father Damien's name. Your correspondent suggests that I should choose a Protestant worker among lepers as a hero. I can only say that I never heard of one who lived and died as Damien did. But I should be glad to hear such a story, and to do honour to such a man, if there be one. Father Damien's death was undoubtedly due to leprosy.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

EDWARD CLIFFORD.

3, The Terrace, Kensington W. December 27, 1890.

BISHOP SPALDING ON "EDUCATION AND THE HIGHER LIFE."

"Would that this book had been written and in my hands when I was eighteen years old," was the word of a still young and fairly successful literary worker, as he turned the last page of "Education and the Higher Life." And the word will be re-echoed by every intelligent Christian man or woman who reads this latest and best work of the Rt. Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, D. D. Higher praise could not be given it; unless, indeed, that implied in the disinterested resolution to enrich the young within our reach by a treasure whose lack in our own lives we deplore.

It is devoutly to be wished that this "Education and the Higher Life" could be put in the hands of every American Catholic young man on the eve of his departure for the world's great battlefield.

Bishop Spalding has had rarest gift of mind and heart matured and stored with knowledge and broad experience, yet retaining all their youthful sympathies. He exhorts like a sage, and sympathizes like a fellow student. Then he is intensely American, intensely modern. He gives to his country and his own time a very passion of preference. It is the best country, the best time the world has ever known.

One has no adaptations to make in dealing with Bishop Spalding's message to American youth. It is ready. The ground has been accurately surveyed; the difficulties anticipated; the advantages gauged to a nicety.

Let us take the opening chapter, "Ideals." He is addressing young men on the last day of their university life. There is a word on the illusion of youth. "But I am wrong," he quickly adds, "to call illusion that which in truth is but an omen of the divine possibilities of man's nature."

Then he inculcates that life may realize in some measure these divine possibilities, the necessity of a grand ideal. For to quote again: "This ideal, that in which our inmost souls we love and desire, which we lay to heart and live by, is at once the truest expression of our nature and the most potent agency in developing its powers."

He surveys the several false ideals which men set up to shape their lives by, as pleasure, fame, money, culture and demonstrates the inadequacy of each. "What remains then," he asks, "but the ideal which I have proposed?—Seek ye first the kingdom of God. Unless the light of Heaven fall along our way, thick darkness gathers about us, and in the end, whatever our success may have been, we fail, and are without God and without hope." The religious ideal, therefore, is the cultivation of all the virtues for the attainment of our Supreme End and the service of our fellows. Add broad scholarship, fine culture to the men of high ideals, and you have supremely effective instruments for both the purifying and the constructive work that the world needs.

Bishop Spalding thus shows the men of faith and culture what they must be, and what is the work before them.

They must understand the age, must sympathize with whatever is true and beneficent in its aspirations, must hail with thankfulness whatever help science, and art, and culture can bring; but they must also know and feel that man is of the race of God, and that his real and true life is in the unseen, infinite, and eternal world of thought and love, with which the actual world of the senses must be brought into ever-increasing harmony. Liberty and equality are good, wealth is good; and with them we can do much, but not all that needs to be done. The spirit of Christ is not merely the spirit of liberty and equality; it is more essentially the spirit of love, of sympathy, of goodness; and this spirit must breathe upon our social life until it becomes as different from what it is as is fragrant spring from cheerless winter. Sympathy must become universal; not merely as a sentiment prompting to deeds of helpfulness and mercy, but as the informing principle of society until it attains such perfectness that whatever is loss or gain for one, shall be felt as loss or gain for all. The narrow, exclusive self must lose itself in wider aims, in generous deeds, in the comprehensive love of God and man. The good must no longer thwart one another; the weak must be protected; the wicked must be surrounded by influences which make for righteousness; and the forces

of nature itself must more and more be brought under man's control. Pestilence and famine must no longer bring death and desolation; men must no longer drink impure water and adulterated liquors, no longer must they breathe the poisonous air of badly constructed houses; dwellings which are now made warm in winter must be made cool in summer; miasmatic swamps must be drained; saloons, which stand like painted harlots to lure men to sin and death, must be closed. Women must have the same rights and privileges as men; children must no longer be made the victims of Mammon and offered in sacrifice in his temple, the factory; ignorance, which is the most fruitful cause of misery, must give place to knowledge; war must be condemned as public murder, and our present system of industrial competition must be considered worse than war; the social organization, which makes the few rich, and dooms the many to the slavery of poorly paid toil, must cease to exist; and if the political state is responsible for this cruelty, it must find a remedy, or be overthrown; society must be made to rest upon justice and love, without which it is but organized wrong. These principles must so thoroughly pervade our public life that it can no more be the interest of any one to wrong his fellow, to grow rich at the cost of the poverty and misery of another. Life must be prolonged both by removing many of the physical causes of death, and by making men more rational and religious, more willing and able to deny themselves those indulgences which are but a kind of slow suicide."

Here is the only ideal of life and work broad enough for the cultured Christian man of the world; the ideal which, lived up to, will make of the material progress of the nineteenth century a cradle and not a grave.

We have quoted thus freely from the first chapter, for it strikes the keynote of the whole book. Cultivate soul, mind, body, for the uplifting of self and the world—Educate to the Higher Life.

The thought is developed in the chapters that follow. "Exercise of mind" pleads for thorough and symmetrical intellectual development. It does not slight the value of the study of physical science, nor overrate, strongly as it commends, the classics. It urges young men to "a complete, harmonious culture, the aim of which is not to make an artisan, a physician, a merchant, a lawyer, but a man alive in all his faculties, touching the world at many points, for whom all knowledge is desirable, all beauty loveable, and for whom fine bearing and noble acting are indispensable."

Then "The Love of Excellence," from which we quote this opportune word for the individual, "The worst foe of excellence is the desire to appear; for when once we have made men talk of us, we seem to be doing nothing if they are silent, and thus the love of notoriety becomes the bane of true work and right living."

There is also a word for the nation, in his plea for a national literature. "The love of excellence," and the sturdy patriotism of Bishop Spalding, make him sad for the poor imitations of the English, which we have called American literature. "Literature is a natural growth," he says, "it is the expression of a people's life and character, the more or less perfect utterance of what it loves, aims at, believes in, hopes for; it has the qualities and defects of the national spirit; it bears the marks of the thousand influences that help to make that spirit what it is, and English literature cannot be American literature, for the simple reason that Americans are not Englishmen, any more than they are Germans or Frenchmen."

"Culture and the Spirit of the Age." "Self-Culture," each furnish us with ample matter for quotation and comment.

But we pass to "Growth and Duty," where again Bishop Spalding urges on American youth their magnificent opportunities, and the obligations they imply.

"We are the new people, in whose growth what highest hopes, what heavenly promises lie! All the nations which are moving forward are moving in directions in which we have gone before them—to larger political and religious liberty; to wider and more general education; to the destroying of privilege and the disestablishment of churches; to the recognition of the equal rights, not only of all men, but of all men and women."

In scientific, industrial and commercial progress America is in the front rank.

But there is a shadow on the bright prospect. "There are aspects of our social evolution which sadden and depress even the most patriotic and loyal hearts. It would seem, for instance, with us, that while the multitude are made comfortable and keen-witted, the individual remains commonplace and weak. . . . What is the good of all this money and machinery, if the race of godlike men is to die out, or, indeed, if the result is not to be some nobler and better sort of man than the one with whom we have been all along familiar?"

On the cultured Christian man, who has had the opportunity for growth, rests the duty of answering with a noble life this question. He must strive to be "that highest kind of man, in whom soul—that is, faith, hope, love, courage, intellect—is supreme," whom America needs, and in whom she is not rich. The succeeding chapter, "Right Human Life," sets up for man the ladder whereby he can climb to the ideal just suggested.

We are glad to meet again in this volume the superb discourse on "University Education," delivered by Bishop Spalding at the laying of the corner-stone of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., May 24, 1888.

Bishop Spalding was one of the first movers in the project of an American Catholic University. His plea for the higher education of the priesthood at the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore is memorable. Through him, in Miss Mary Gwendolen Caldwell's generous gift, came the establishment of the Faculty of Divinity. None fitter than he to speak the purpose and the aim of that which puts the crown on the Catholic educational structure.

We have written descriptively of this noble book; here and there letting it speak for itself, and trying only to demonstrate the unity of purpose which binds the various essays into a sheaf of golden grain.

A CERTAIN IMPERTINENCE.

THE mistakes which the average newspaper reporter makes when he undertakes a description of any ecclesiastical function have often been commented upon. If they concerned secular proceeding they would be ludicrous, but we read without a smile that the "cruciferous" led the procession, that the officiating clergyman "put his chasuble around his neck," or that Archbishop—"wore his mitre upon his back." To these misstatements, and others, of a similar nature, we have become inured. Familiarity has dulled our impatience with the lapses of reportorial fledglings.

But there is another grievance. It is the fashion of a certain class of story writers to go far afield in search of the picturesque, and to dish for the delectation of the reading public the supposititious emotions of those voluntarily separated from the world by vows. Mr. James Lane Allen will do as well as another as an instance of these romancers. When at home this amiable gentleman adorns the famous Blue Grass region of Kentucky, and is gifted with a certain felicitous way of putting things. When he confines himself to people and scenes whereof he is competent to treat we must admit that he produces beautiful and harmless tales. It is when with a familiar pen he attempts the free description of the inner life of a Trappist monk, for instance, as in "A White Cow," that he thrusts into the glare of publicity an impossible creature that never was on sea or land.

His latest venture into fiction has for its name "Sister Dolorosa," and is equally absurd. It is so improbable—for it simply never could have happened—that it may not do much harm; but it is time that the author's impertinence was characterised as such. His publishers, the editors of the *Century*, are gentlemen of culture; but their knowledge of Catholic affairs, like his own, is very scant. They have wounded our feelings many a time without knowing it.

It is to be hoped that after this serial is concluded Mr. Allen will confine himself to the description of characters with which an inhabitant of the rather Calvinistic Blue-Grass region is more familiar.—*Sce Maria*.

THE SEIZURE OF UNITED IRELAND DESCRIBED BY THE SUB-EDITOR.

Public opinion regarding the outrage committed upon *United Ireland* while Mr. O'Brien was absent in America collecting funds for the evicted tenants is proving too much for some of those who took part in it, as will be seen in the following letter, which appeared in the *Insuppressible* :—

DEAR SIR, - I have seen in the *Cork Herald* that Mr. John O'Conner, M.P., has been labouring to minimise his responsibility in connection with the blackguard attack upon *United Ireland*. As, perhaps, the shortest way of reaching the *Cork Herald*, I send you the following unvarnished account of what happened. In the forenoon of the day upon which the office was broken into, Mr. Parnell's forces were gathering in Abbey street. Wynn's Hotel and the Ship Hotel were crowded with "gentlemen" waiting for the word of command. Before the captain of the emergency party came upon the scene the men left to support me had been bribed by a waiter from the Ship Hotel to abandon the premises. I was then alone with one brave boy, the son of the late A. M. Sullivan. This fact was known to Mr. John O'Conner, M.P., when, a few minutes after the desertion of my assistants, he knocked at the door, which I immediately opened on the chain. Through the partly opened door he shook hands with me, and in the blandest tones he begged of me, on the ground of many years of friendship, to let him in to speak a few words, which he assured me would settle the matter in dispute. I told him in an amicable but firm manner that I would not let him in, that I would let no one in. He implored me to give him an opportunity of explaining inside the door, and that I should certainly be satisfied with his explanation. I refused. He persisted, but finding me inflexible he besought me to go out and listen to his explanation outside. I had no doubt as to his object, which would have been as fully attained by my going out as by my letting him in. His last appeal was—"James, who can come between you and me?" To which I replied—"Unfortunately, Mr. Parnell has come between us. He has set friend against friend, brother against brother." After this Mr. John O'Conner, M.P., went away. In about ten minutes Mr. Parnell arrived, accompanied by a large number of men, including Mr. John Clancy, sub-Sheriff; Mr. John O'Conner, M.P.; Dr. Fitzgerald, M.P.; Henry Campbell, M.P.; Dr. Kenny, M.P.; Mr. John Keily, Mr. P. C. M'Gough, solicitor, and a crowd armed with sticks and crowbars. I cannot say whether Mr. John O'Connor, M.P., had a crowbar, but trustworthy persons have assured me that he got a crowbar at Wynn's Hotel—a hotel at which Mr. O'Connor had never, to my knowledge, put up—and that he did his best with the crowbar to force the chain. But to return to the narrative. Mr. Parnell knocked violently at the door. I opened it on the chain. He shouted—"Mr. Parnell!" he did not ask me to open the door, and I simply said—"I can't let you in." Scarcely was the last word spoken, and so that I should not have time to close the door, he plunged at it shoulderwise, and every man at his back made an instant dash at it. Myself and my youthful friend resisted with all our force. The door resounded with blows from bludgeons and iron bars, and one honourable gentleman, in his zeal for the cause of his respectable "chief," shot his stick through the door at my eye, smashing my glasses, but fortunately without blinding me. For fifteen minutes the assault and resistance continued, the yells outside being so furious that one would imagine the house was stormed by a horde of drunken savages. At length I was reinforced by three boys from the machine-room, and with their help the door was so well buttressed that Mr. Parnell, baffled, and like a raging lunatic, tried to leap over the railings. His friends held him back, but they took the cue, and down they jumped, smashed the kitchen, and rushed upstairs. Mr. D. Hishon was the first to reach the hall door, and when he opened it, Mr. Parnell, literally blind with rage, struck his friend a brutal blow with a stick plump in the face. It is true that Mr. John O'Connor, M.P., did not break in the door, for he could not. He and his party failed to do that; but he was in the foremost gang of assailants with crowbar, and he was amongst the first to rush through the house cheering and enjoying the

glorious victory. This is a simple narrative of Mr. Parnell's brilliant capture of *United Ireland*.—Yours truly,

JAMES O'CONNOR.

THE STAGE IRISHMAN.

It may be safely concluded, writes John C. Fleming in *Donahoe's Magazine*, that the beasts in New York's Central Park will not from this out be given Irish names. According to the *New York Sun* and the *New York Herald*, "Miss Murphy" arrived fully christened, while a wise park employe says many of the animals bear such names as Tip, Tim, Tom and Fan. This may be so; if it is so, it is eminently right and proper; but we have not heard that any of them were named Straus, or Cohen, or Pulitzer, while they have undoubtedly been named O'Toole, O'Brien, McGinty, Crowley and Murphy. The letter of Dr. William O'Meagher, sent to Mayor Grant complaining of the abuse, was at first treated in a humorous spirit by the press. One newspaper implied that the writer was a crank to notice such a thing; but when it was found that he belonged to the gallant Sixty-ninth regiment and fought in the war; that he was once a deputy coroner, and, apart from that, he is a gentleman of social and professional standing, they treated his protest with respect. Hence we shall hear no more of "Miss Murphy."

And now that one abuse has been corrected through your columns, shall we not hope a few others of a kindred nature may share the same? There is the stage Irishman, for instance, who should also go. The stage Irishman likes "swate" punch and falls "ashlape," and cries out "Howly Biddy," whereas the real Irishman never does so. Shakespeare says the stage should hold the mirror up to nature; but this is certainly not done in New York, or in any other American city for that matter. The Irishman off the stage never mispronounces the word sweet, or any other word in which the double e appears. He pronounces neat as if it were written "nate," it is true, and so with other words containing such diphthongs; but that is because they were so pronounced in England a hundred years ago, when the Irishman was, unfortunately, obliged to use a foreign tongue. He spoke the new language correctly, but being conservative he has, if uneducated, retained the old vowel sounds. This stage travesty is the more to be regretted as Irish-American actors and Irish-American audiences who patronize them are the principal offenders. W. J. Scanlan made a professional tour of Ireland last year, but learned nothing; for though, through the length and breadth of the Green Isle he never heard such a word used, when he came back he caused the stage Irishman to fall "ashlape" as soundly as ever. Play-wrights take pains to write Scotch and English provincial dialects correctly, and actors to learn and pronounce them correctly; but it appears anything is good enough for the Irish, and consequently we daily see men from Germany who can not speak good English sit down and write humorous stories for the magazines and newspapers in the Irish vernacular—heaven save the mark! Everything in that line goes, for the Irish have grown either very good-natured or very apathetic. The publication in all America that, above others, offends in this respect is *Puck*, and yet one may see it lying on the table of hundreds of Irish-American liquor dealers in New York City. It is *Puck* that outpunches *Punch* in its hideous caricatures of Irishmen and women, and makes them talk like savages just learning English. It is really shameful; but I repeat, "What are we going to do about it?"

It does no harm to call attention to these things, and it may do good.

Two painters each painted a picture to illustrate his conception of rest. The first chose for his scene a still, lone lake among the far off mountains. The second threw on his canvas a thundering water-fall, with a fragile birch-tree bending over the foam; at the fork of a branch, almost within the cataract's spray, a robin sat on its nest. The first was only *Stagnation*; the last was *Rest*. For in *Rest* there are always two elements—tranquillity and energy; silence and turbulence; creation and destruction; fearlessness and fearfulness. Thus it was in Christ.—*Henry Drummond, Pax Vobiscum.*

MR. T. HARRINGTON AND THE IRISH PRIESTS.

A CATHOLIC priest writes to the *Dublin Nation*:—The priests are to be held up to odium for daring to use a right that is common to them with every man in the land—aye, every bailiff and bog-trotter—namely, to act as personating agents for any candidate they may think fit on the occasion of a Parliamentary election. The "old dog"—I use Mr. Parnell's own designation of himself—has raised the cry, and every whelp that follows at his heels is taking it up. Why, we have Mr. Timothy Harrington, M. P., out-Parnelling Parnell in his own virus against the priests. In fact, Mr. Harrington is fast developing into the most approved type of rabid priest-hater. His pronouncements in America and since his return home show the bent of Mr. Harrington's mind. The stages are short and easy between priest-hating and priest-hunting, and, if Mr. Harrington has his way, there is no fear but he will soon figure in the latter capacity. With the priests driven out of Irish politics, and refused the exercise of the common rights of citizens, and with Timothy I installed as absolute dictator in matters temporal and spiritual, and made the sole guardian of the nation's honour, we shall have a happy order of things established. And when we see Parnell, Harrington, and such men join the *Times* and the bitterest Unionist prints in attacks on the Irish priesthood, we know that the end must be near, and that new Parnellism must be winning "all along the line." I had thought that the priests had done something to build up the National movement, and to put Mr. Harrington in a position from which he can assume to issue manifestoes to the Irish race and lecture the Irish Hierarchy as to their duties. I had fancied, too, that even Mr. Harrington might have felt some gratitude to the priests for the unselfish part they had taken in the movement. But Mr. Harrington has all his gratitude for the "master" and none for the men that made both him and the master. Time was when priests were at least tolerated in the movement by Mr. Timothy Harrington. This toleration on the part of Mr. Timothy Harrington was, I find, a weakness to be repented of, or a condescension to be regretted. It is well Timothy has found out his mistake in time, and that he is now rapidly making up for any former weakness. The attitude that the priests of Kilkenny and the priests of Ireland generally, have taken up towards the self-deposed leader has opened Mr. Harrington's eyes. The priests did not think with Mr. T. Harrington that anything was good enough for Ireland. They did not think that Mr. Parnell, with any crimes he might choose to commit, was still fit to be the Irish leader. They did not think that in conscience or honour they could any longer march under the banner of a man found guilty, without even attempting a defence, of one of the gravest breaches of the moral law. And for this, because their taste differs from his, Mr. Harrington rounds on the priests. Mr. Harrington says in effect that the priests had no business to use their influence against Mr. Parnell, let him be adulterer, betrayer, or what not. Had they seen their way to support Mr. Parnell, to prostrate themselves at the feet of the self-acknowledged adulterer, to prostrate their sacred profession and their country in championing this fallen idol, they would still be tolerated by Mr. Timothy Harrington and such like. "No priests in politics," except they are on the side of Parnell. This is the new gospel of Irish liberty that we are having preached since Parnell's fall. Bad as the man is, he is quite worthy of his followers.

Public attention has lately been directed to the self-sacrificing labours of Catholic missionaries in Alaska. The Fathers of the Society of Jesus and the Sisters of St. Anne have accomplished wonders in that distant region. The special agent for the Alaska division of the census was so favourably impressed by what he saw at the Catholic missions that he makes special mention of them in his report to the Department. He writes: "The success achieved by these toilers in the wilderness in the way of educating and civilizing native children is wonderful."

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto.
The Most Rev. C. O'Brien, Archbishop of Halifax.
Rt. Rev. T. J. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton.
The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto.
The late Archbishop Lynch.
The late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carbery of Hamilton.
The Rev. Father Dowd of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.
And by the leading clergy of the Dominion

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JAN. 31, 1891.

PERHAPS the most interesting and valuable portions of Mgr. Bernard O'Reilly's lately published life of the great Archbishop MacHale, of Tuam, who was designated by O'Connell "the lion of the fold of Judah," are those in which are to be found the forcible letters of the great patriot Churchman to the English press and to English public men on the condition of Ireland. Some time we may be tempted to make some extracts from these letters, but for the present we have room for only one or two. Whilst in London in 1831 Dr. MacHale had occasion to write to the *Morning Chronicle* in defence of the Maynooth College grant. Speaking of reproaches addressed to the Irish priesthood, he says:

"Selected from the humbler classes! I rejoice in the objection." Rates, and Grand Jury taxes, and the support of the paupers thrown on the country by the landlords, had destroyed all the intermediate grades of society. There were only the two extremes: the wealthy landlord class, and the toiling peasant class. "It is made a subject of reproach that the clergy are selected from the latter, whose poverty is made a crime by those who have the chief share in creating it! . . . But the average yearly cost of their education is a proof that they are taken from the better class of farmers. As it is no reproach to the son of a largely pensioned gentleman that he goes to Oxford on the Government money, why should it be one to the farmer's son that the Government pittance enables him to go to Maynooth." In reply to the allegation that the Maynooth priests were disloyal, and in other ways a contrast to those of the old school, he writes that the old priests were taunted with returning from abroad "disaffected towards the Government; and now, as these venerable men are disappearing, they are bepraised by their enemies, by a party whose sole cause of animosity is that our priests are educated at all," whether in Rome, Paris or Maynooth.

In another letter in the same year addressed to Earl Grey, the Liberal Prime Minister, who was then busy with his Reform Bill, informing him of the distress that afflicted, and the famine that menaced, many portions of the country, Dr. MacHale concluded his appeal as follows:—"The gilded saloons of London are not the places to study the wretchedness of an Irish cabin. . . . If the rich voluptuary had

been the historian of the unpitied miseries of Lazarus, we should never have been favoured with the instructive Gospel lesson."

DURING the past two or three years a number of Englishmen have distinguished themselves by their active, practical sympathy with the Irish cause. Mr. Conybeare, an English member of Parliament, spent four months in jail in Derry for his "interference" on the side of the people at evictions in Donegal. Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, another Englishman, spent several months in Galway Jail for taking sides with the people at a public meeting in Galway. Mr. Brunner, an English member of Parliament, subscribed \$5,000 to the Irish Tenants' Fund. Mr. By'es, an English newspaper editor, opened a fund in aid of the Irish National League and collected several thousand dollars. Numbers of English ladies and gentlemen have been over in Ireland at evictions and National League meetings sympathising with, helping, and encouraging the people in their struggle with the Coercionists and exterminators. All these friendly English men and women as Mr. Ford, in his paper, the *Irish World*, does well to point out, are amongst the followers and supporters of Mr. Gladstone, whom Mr. Parnell in his recent manifesto referred to as "English wolves." Upon this matter we think, as does that journal, that the feeling of the majority of Irishmen is expressed in the following extract from the recently published letter of Most Reverend Doctor O'Donnell, Catholic Bishop of Raphoe:—

"We do not believe that the English men and women who called out for Mr. Parnell's retirement deserved to be called 'wolves.' I have stood with some of them on the eviction field of Falcarragh, and I believe they are willing to make far greater personal sacrifices for Ireland than is the man who now talks about our selling him to them for a price."

In a recent libel suit heard in England an Anglican clergyman underwent a little unexpected examination at the hands of Mr. Justice Hawkins:—

Mr. Justice Hawkins said that he found in one of the plaintiff's letters the expression, "Just after Mass." Was there such a thing as "Mass" performed in the English Church?

Rev. Mr. Foot: Yes, there is the thing, but under another name. The name was the Holy Communion. He borrowed the expression of the "Mass" from one of Sir E. Elton's letters.

Mr. Justice Hawkins: In the Catholic Church one would expect that expression.

Mr. Foot: We are in that Church: we say so in the Creed.

Mr. Justice Hawkins: You profess to be a member of the Protestant Church.

Mr. Foot: No; I object to that. I protest against nothing in any man's belief.

Mr. Justice Hawkins: You do not find the word "Mass" in the Prayer Book.

Mr. Foot: Nor the word "Protestant." The word "Mass," however, is in the Prayer Book.

Mr. Justice Hawkins: Where?

Mr. Foot: In the Articles.

Mr. Justice Hawkins, severely (remembering that the Mass was only mentioned to be denounced as "a blasphemous fable"); And you think that that is an answer to my question!

POLITICS AND RELIGION.

For some time past a controversy has been carried on in certain journals as to whether a man can be a successful politician and a sincere Christian. The question is of vital importance, but before entering on its considerations a distinction must be made.

If by a successful politician is meant one who aims, through selfish motives, at promoting merely his own ends and those of his party, often regardless of the means, to be a sincere Christian for such a one, is rather a hindrance than otherwise.

If by a successful politician is meant one who has at heart the promotion of the present and future well-being of society, then in a Christian community, the expediency, and even necessity, of his Christian sincerity, is quite apparent.

This necessity arises from the nature of the measures such as those relating to the Christian education of youth, and to the laws relating to matrimony, that will from time to time be submitted to his consideration. It will be admitted that any legislation contrary to the Christian idea on these matters is subversive to the well-being of society. And yet, what do we find? That many politicians of our time try to get hold of the children, control their education, teach them every branch of education except religion, thus banishing God from the schools, and erasing His name from the hearts of the little ones.

Again the sacred bond of matrimony which lies at the root of all society, and of which St. Paul says that it is a "great sacrament in Christ and in His Church," will be guarded against loose legislation by the truly Christian politician. "What God hath joined together," says Christ, "let no man put asunder." But the anti-Christian, or normal and lukewarm Christian politician, will approve of the anti-Christian law of divorce, and thus legislate to shake the very foundation of society and take the key stone out of the arch. Hence, we are fast approaching that crisis when the world itself will be obliged, on the principle of self-protection to cry out for the sincere Christian in politics.

A sincere Christian is one who professes to follow the doctrines of Christ in faith and practice, or, in other words, to believe what Christ teaches and do what He commands. Christ Himself requires all this without any distinction as to station in life. It is therefore possible in any state of life, and, consequently in political life, to be a good Christian, serve God faithfully and save one's soul. Otherwise Christ would have required impossibilities, which is not to be supposed. This is reducing the view of those who hold the opposite opinion to the *reductio ad absurdum*. Consequently it is possible for a man to take part in the administration of public affairs, fulfil his obligations as a Christian, and use his opportunities to promote the glory of God, by introducing an element of honesty and justice where it is so much needed.

We do not find that religion condemns political life, as *malum in se*. It may, and no doubt does, afford many occasions of sin. No state is entirely exempt from temptation. But who is so likely to have the grace to resist as the true Christian? Must truly Christian men, as many have done in disgust, leave our affairs of state to the management of dishonest schemers?

To suppose that a man cannot be a successful politician, and a sincere Christian would be equivalent to supposing

that all who have been successful politicians, if Christians at all, have been bad ones, or that no successful politicians have been good Christians. This would be unjust, and uncharitable and false, as an appeal to history could amply show. This being admitted, it follows that it is quite possible for a man to be a successful politician and a sincere Christian. And not only is this merely possible, but, in a Christian country, a politician to be successful should be a good Christian. To prove this proposition would be to refute that pernicious maxim, so popular in our days, "that religion has nothing to do with politics." Religion should have much to do with politics. The Christian religion should have a good deal to do in a Christian country to form the conscience of a Christian statesman. It is not a mere superfluity in a politician to have a conscience, nor is it impertinent in him to speak and act as if he believed in God and feared His judgments, nor is it inconsistent that the principles of religion should condemn the base politician, the foul wretch, whatever his private morals, who will in public life betray his country, or support an unjust policy through plea of utility or mere expediency. Right should be carried into the Cabinet Councils of ministers, into legislative halls, into the bureaux of business, and preside at the tribunals of justice. Men should be made to feel deep in their inmost being, whether in public life or in private life, that they are watched by an All-seeing eye, and that it is better to suffer defeat than to depart in the least iota from the law of rigid justice.

Politics are simply a branch of ethics, and ethics are nothing but moral theology in its application to practical life. Politics are, therefore, of their own nature subject to the principles of the Christian religion. The Christian religion is infallible truth and justice, or what God, who is truth itself, teaches men to believe, and what God, who is justice itself, commands them to do. Being Christians we cannot deny this. Do our best we cannot reconcile religion with the feelings, wishes and motives of those who hold all religions to be false and mischievous, for every religion, in that it claims to be religion, claims to be *supreme law*, and to possess the right to demand unqualified obedience. There can be no compromise between truth and falsehood, between justice and injustice.

If a man accept religion, he must accept it as the guide of his conscience, nor can he exclude from this guidance his public acts. He can deny all religions if he chooses, and is willing to take the responsibility of doing so, but he cannot accept it and then object to its teachings, because it would modify his politics, disturb his political convictions or restrict his loyalty or patriotism; for if religion is true she has a divine right to determine that there should be nothing in a man's political career contrary to true loyalty and strict justice. Religion, therefore, as coming from God, has by its own essence, authority over kings, princes and states, and they are as much bound to obey her as are the meanest of her subjects. The Christian who demes this has not as yet the merest elementary conception of his duty.

There is religious bigotry and fanaticism as well as political profligacy, but true religion and honest politics should never be opposed to one another, but should walk in harmony, each in its own sphere, to promote the good of society in the spiritual and temporal orders. The truly Christian politician who believes what Christ has taught, and conforms his life to the maxims of the Gospel, will always labour to render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's.

"FATHER" HUNTINGTON AND HIS CRITICS.

THE crowds that throng to hear "Father" Huntington, an Anglican clergyman who has taken to himself the vows of celibacy and poverty, and who is this week in Toronto, attest how far from unpopular a little infusion of "Popery" into their exercises and methods is to a large section of the Anglican branch of the Protestant body. "Father" Huntington (of whom, however, we have no wish to seem to speak at all disrespectfully) appears, so far as we can judge, to be an American apostle of the Canon Knox-Little school of *soi-disant* Catholicism; and his presence and ministrations here in their midst in Toronto, have apparently occasioned extreme alarm to the evangelical or low-church wing of the Anglican body - the section that has most in common with the schools known as "Calvinists" and "Dissenters." So much so, indeed, did it seem in the judgment of these evangelical gentlemen that Protestantism was endangered by the presence of "Father" Huntington and the publication of views which they regard as simply insidious and incipient "Jesuitism," that while the reverend gentleman was preaching in St. Luke's church on last Sunday evening, some valiant and vigilant watchmen upon the watch towers of Protestantism patrolled around the outside of the building, handing to all persons entering or leaving the church tracts and fly leaves with such sensational headings as "Ritualism, Is it Lawful?" "Ritualism and Romanism," etc. Evidently these tracts were intended to act as a controversial emetic to "Father" Huntington's medicine. In them the reader was told that the Anglican Bishop of Toronto "has no sympathy with these Romanising practices," that he regards them as "strange and erroneous," and as "a conspiracy to un-Protestantise the principles of our church." It was added that they "are driving great numbers from the Church," and, above all, "have no warrant in the Word of God." "Why Protestant (?) clergymen of the Church of England," the tract continues, "should be so anxious to re-introduce these Romish practices of pre-reformation times (the worst times in the Empire's religious history) is a mystery which few can comprehend, particularly so when we remember that these same Romanising clergy have made a most solemn vow and promise to the contrary, before God and witnesses, at their ordination." The reader is further told, with a wealth of type and black ink, to "Beware of Ritualism!" since it is "the high-road to Rome" and "the triumph of Ritualism would be the Restoration of Popery."

"Father" Huntington, who shares, we believe, to a great extent Mr. Henry George's theories upon the subject of social reform, has been described by a critic in the *Mail* as a "High Church Socialist," and warned against attempting in America what Cardinal Manning, this writer says, has been doing in England, namely, identifying religion with "socialism." That, this rather reckless and enraged critic says, is the latest device of "modern Jesuitism," and Cardinal Manning the "modern Jesuit." Replying to this criticism "Father" Huntington a few nights ago spoke of Cardinal Manning and of the influence he exercised for good some eighteen months ago, when 150,000 workingmen were well nigh desperate in London, and said it was by his means that a collision was avoided and peace restored. "I had supposed," he said, "that any man, whatever his creed might be, would have been glad to do him honour; but if anyone fancies that I am in favour of supporting the tyranny of Rome, crushing the spirit of a free people, seeking to reduce the nations to

satraps of the Papal throne, I am sorry for his ignorance." And then he added:—"If the old Church, holding the old faith, takes a hand in trying to ward off increasing poverty the people will flock to her as in the days of old; in the name of their God they will set up their banners, and in the might of the crucified they will conquer the world."

With the views of "Father" Huntington and his critics, and these wide divergencies of opinion, and conflicts between the warring parties in the Anglican communion, we have, of course, little to do. On general principles, as we said a few weeks ago when writing of the case of the Bishop of Lincoln, our sympathies are with the Ritualists, despite the incongruities and anomalies of their logical position, if for no other reason than that their opponents are the representatives of Puritanism and the old Puritan spirit of fanaticism. On that general ground, if on none other, we can take side with "Father" Huntington, who seems to be sincere in the conviction that to make the Anglican Church less Protestant will be to make it more Christian.

THE CARDINAL NEWMAN MEMORIAL.

AS was stated in a short paragraph in our last number the Committee having charge of the Cardinal Newman Memorial has abandoned the third purpose to which the Memorial Fund was to be applied, namely, "To promote and perpetuate the study of Cardinal Newman's works by the endowment of a scholarship, or prize, or otherwise," and to substitute in its stead, in deference to the strong desire that has been found to exist in many quarters, the erection of a Memorial Church to the great Cardinal at the Birmingham Oratory. To the countless admirers of Cardinal Newman the announcement will give sincere and deep satisfaction. Not long after the Committee announced what form it had been determined that the Memorial should take, the *Weekly Register* expressed the opinion in plain words, but in no captious or complaining spirit, that a scholarship at the Oratory School and a public statue were not ends to which the Catholics of England would care to sacrifice their means. The parents of boys at the Oratory School are, as a rule, extremely well fitted to bear the expenses of the education of their sons; though if Old Boys, like the Duke of Norfolk, wish to show their gratitude by founding such scholarship, it is well and good in them to do so. As the Memorial project was first formed however, those to whom the Oratory School has not this special and personal attraction, had no alternative but that of the statue which it was suggested should be erected at Oxford. As to that, the *Register* argued with reason, that the value of a statue there would lie in Oxford's own initiative and sacrifice in putting it up. Oxford, as it said, can have a statue if Oxford likes; but why should Catholics foist on Oxford a statue it does not feel itself impelled of its own accord to set up? More acceptable than that proposal would be the placing of a bust of the great Cardinal in Westminster Abbey, the National Gallery of the dead, and this, it is pleasant to know, may yet be done. Apart, however, from that and other proposals submitted, the *Register*, speaking, evidently for a numerous and influential section of well-wishers and friends of the Memorial project, adhered to its original suggestion, which at the time of its announcement was made known in these columns, that a church should be built at the Birmingham Oratory worthy of the great fame and name of the Cardinal whose memory is indelibly associated with it. The Oratory was Cardinal Newman's chosen home; and he

himself had made plans for a church, which he was never able to translate in stone. Of the response which such an undertaking would evoke, our contemporary, writing a few days before the Committee changed their plans in conformity with these desires and suggestions, our valued and able contemporary, the *Register*, said:— "There is hardly a parish in England which will not wish to have a hand in so appropriate and inspiring a work; a work which will not only commemorate the past, but serve the future. Let even its stones preach, so that the passer-by may pause amid the bustle of Birmingham, to read an inscription which tells him that the building is erected to one of those martyrs of conscience, who, in a self-seeking age, sacrificed worldly advancement for spiritual riches, and loved truth more than many dear friends."

C. M. B. A. News.

The Supreme President and Supreme Recorder, will hereafter become ex-officio members of the Supreme Board of Trustees, and Grand Presidents and Grand Secretaries will hereafter become ex-officio members of Grand Councils.

The members of Branch 111, C. M. B. A., presented their Chancellor, the Rev. Father McPhillips, District Deputy, on the occasion of his removal to Orangeville, with a purse and an address, which was read and presented by P. J. Dolan, Rec. Sec. as a token of their esteem, and regret very much his removal from amongst them.

The following is the list of officers of Our Lady of Lourdes, Branch 144, C. M. B. A.:—

President, James A. Gorman; *1st Vice-president*, John T. O'Loane; *2nd Vice-president*, John A. Doucett; *Recording Secretary*, Isidor A. Klein, 98 Seaton St.; *Assistant Recording Secretary*, Michael J. Crottie; *Financial Secretary*, Richard G. Baigent; *Treasurer*, Wm. O'Connor; *Marshal*, Denis Regan; *Guard*, Hugh Dolan; *Trustees*, J. A. Gorman, T. J. Lee, W. O'Connor, M. J. Crottie, and Edward Wall.

Membership Report of the Grand Council of Canada for the year ending December 31st, 1890:

No. of members in good standing, Jan. 1st, 1890	4,520
" members initiated during the year 1890	1,737
" members received from other Grand Councils in '90	8
" members under suspension Jan. 1st, 1890, and reinstated since	41
" members died during the year 1890	47
" members withdrawn to other Grand Councils during 1890	20
" members resigned the Association during 1890	22
" expelled during the year 1890	131
" in good standing Jan. 1st, 1891	6,008
" branches in Canada, Jan. 1st, 1891	148

SAM. R. BROWN, Grand Sec.

London, Ont., Jan. 1st, 1891.

The following is the announcement of the object of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association as set forth by its founders, and can be found on the first page of the constitution published in December, 1876, thirteen years ago with the name of Right Rev. S. V. Ryan, Supreme Spiritual Director; Very Rev. R. E. V. Rice, C. M. Grand Spiritual Director; and Rev. P. Moynihan, District Spiritual Adviser, on the cover.

"As American citizens and co-religionists, without reference to nationality or political opinions, but as adherents to the teachings of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, we believe that no reform of valuable interest to society can be successfully prosecuted or maintained without associated effort. We are proud of our national existence, our universal liberty, our perfect equality, and our mutual dependence. In this we recognize the necessity of giving equal protection to all classes; striving earnestly to improve the moral, intellectual and social qualities of our members; endeavouring by wholesome precepts, fraternal admonitions, and substantial aid, to inspire a due appreciation of the responsibilities of life. To

do this, it shall be the object of this association to hold lectures, to establish and maintain libraries for the purpose of aiding and inducing members to acquire that knowledge which will prepare them for honourable positions in life; to create and disburse a fund for the benefit of members, bringing it within the reach of persons in all stations of life; to provide and pay a stipulated sum in case of death, which will enable every member to leave his family a competency sufficient to educate his children and place them above want and charity."

The foregoing faithfully sets forth the intentions of the founders of the C. M. B. A., and the names on the cover were a sufficient guarantee that the intentions were sincere. All three were among its earliest members, and were most active in shaping its objects and leading its members to carry out these laudable intentions.

The first named, is still the Supreme Spiritual Adviser, the latter two, we hope are in the celestial abode where by their prayers they have been perhaps influential in preserving the C. M. B. A. from unseen dangers. *The principles these men taught and which are so clearly pronounced contain powerful truths which are the basis of a combination of elements that had hitherto worked apart. "American Citizens." Every man on the Continent of North America is an American for America extends from Cape Horn to the Arctic Ocean, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans, on both sides of the Equator.*

"Without reference to nationality or political opinions." Here is the breadth of Catholicity to be a member of this association, the prime qualification, the first question asked is are you "an adherent to the teachings of the Holy Roman Catholic Church?"

If you are, and have the other qualifications it matters not whether you were born in ancient Quebec, in glorious Montreal, in bright Toronto, in Metropolitan New York, in the lovely cities of the Northern Lakes, the flourishing cities or villages of the Northern, Middle or Western states, or the wilds of Hudson Bay, it is all sufficient that you are an "adherent" of that one ancient faith. "Our Mutual dependence," humbly it is declared that we are dependent one upon another, heretofore the efforts of those whose charity had led them to organize their brethren into bands and unions so that this feature of mutual dependence could be combined for mutual assistance, had never extended beyond a single locality, here it was proposed to combine as many localities as were willing and the principle of "giving equal protection to all classes" was inaugurated, while improvement in the "moral," intellectual and social qualities" were sought to be improved by requiring all members to be practical in the exercise of the religious duties which the Church requires of her "adherents," and this was to be accomplished by "wholesome precepts" enforcing the observance of the laws of God and His holy religion, by "fraternal admonitions," giving useful lectures, furnishing Catholic literature and establishing reading circles and libraries for the purpose of better instructing members as to the "responsibilities of life," and also to prepare them for "honourable positions in life," and lastly to provide by limited and easy payments under proper rules a fund from which upon the death of a member the association would be responsible for the payment to each member's family of a competency sufficient to educate his children and place them above want and charity. Such were the intentions of the men who inspired and guided the first aims of the C. M. B. A. They intended there should be a great association of practical Catholic men, who guided by the light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, would join hands and spread their organization as far as Catholic civilization extended within the limits laid down. That it has done so to a wonderful extent cannot be denied, but the social features intended to be its greatest bulwark have not been appreciated by the majority of its members, or the C. M. B. A. would have ten times its present membership. —C. M. B. A. Weekly.

To any of our readers desiring the services of an architect, we have pleasure in recommending the new firm of Post & Holmes of this city. Mr. Post has had considerable experience as county architect at Whitby, and is well known, whilst Mr. Holmes has had a thorough training in the office of Mr. Conolly and others.

THE ORGANIST'S VIGIL.

BY DAVID BEARNE.

Conclusion.

"Oh, my Father! tell me all you know."

But the priest saw that a little stream of blood was issuing from an open wound in the man's forehead.

"Lie very quietly, my son," said Father Litchenberg. "You have hurt your head," and retiring to the sacristy he brought back a linen bandage. But it was in vain that he urged the injured man not to speak. Herr Grafmann's incessant cry was:

"Tell me, tell me quick, my Father, all you know of her."

It was little enough the old priest had to tell, but as he stanchied the bleeding wound and busied himself to make the musician comfortable, he all unconsciously healed a wound of the heart, the existence of which he had never suspected.

The woman had been an actress or singer, Father Litchenberg did not know which—had been seized with a sudden illness at her hotel lodging, had sent for a priest, made a general confession of her whole life, had lingered for a few hours, and died after receiving the last rites of the Church. The priest did not even remember her name.

"Oh! the mercy of God! the goodness of the good God!"

The organist had risen to his feet.

"Nay, my Father, I am well; I am strong now."

Father Litchenberg could not restrain him. He had taken a candle in his hand and was dragging the wondering priest to the side of the coffin.

"See, my Father; read!" he exclaimed, holding the light above the coffin-plate.

As the priest read the inscription the truth suddenly flashed upon him.

"She was your——"

"My daughter," said the organist, breaking into a flood of happy tears.

Shortly afterwards Herr Grafmann was left alone with the body of his child. Father Litchenberg had tried hard to persuade him to spend the remainder of the night in the presbytery, but in vain. Accordingly the Father left the church with the intention of getting medical assistance; first, however, he would ask one of his fellow-priest to take his place near the organist in order to be at hand if the latter required his help.

The thunder and lightning had now ceased, but heavy showers fell noisily on the church roof.

When the organist found himself alone, he arose from the chair upon which he had been sitting, and again knelt on the sanctuary step. Heavy grief flooded his soul, and yet a grief lightened inexpressibly by those few words of the Father. For more than twenty years he had mourned his daughter, his only child, dead to him, as he feared she was dead to grace. But actually to die—so near to him—in the same city, almost in the same neighbourhood, and he not to know; truly it was a bitter sorrow. Yet what could he have done for her? he asked himself. Had not the merciful providence of God arranged for the best? Had not his daily prayer been fully answered? Not fully, perhaps; but what was worth a thought beyond the magnificent fact that his child had died in the bosom of God's Church, died after humble confession, with the sacraments of the Church, with every sign, so the priest had assured him, of a true and real contrition. This was the one thought he clung to, a thought full of joyful hope, and dwelling upon it he found little room in his heart for sorrow.

It was now, however, that Herr Grafmann began to be conscious of a terrible beating and throbbing in his head, of a faintness and dizziness that made him rise from his kneeling position and stagger to the nearest seat. After a few moments of rest, he set himself to pray; but he could neither fix his thoughts nor remain where he had seated himself. How he wished he could get back to his organ, if only for a

few minutes. Only to touch its keys, he thought, would help him.

Groping his way down the nave, heavily and unsteadily, the organist reached the steps of the tribune just as the priest sent by Father Litchenberg had entered the church. But the Father made no sign of his presence, and Herr Grafmann began to climb the stairs. A slow ascent, indeed, for his temples throbbed fearfully, a heavy weight seemed to be upon his head, and it was only by clutching the hand-rail that he could keep himself from falling. Yet after an almost heroic struggle he gained the landing and staggered to the keyboard.

"*Nunc dimittis seruum tuam, Domine,*" came slowly and feebly from the organ-loft, but when the singer reached the *Gloria* the key changed to a plaintive minor.

The suffering man had begun the chant of the "*De Profundis*."

In the darkness below a door opened and shut. Father Litchenberg had returned from his errand of mercy; in another moment the doctor would be at the church.

"*Si iniquitates observaveris, Domine: Domine, quis sustinebit!*"

"*Quia apud te propitiatio est——*"

Both the Fathers started forward at the same moment. The minor had broken off suddenly. There came a long, long sigh—an articulate prayer, and then—the sound of a falling body.

When Father Litchenberg and his companion gained the tribune, Herr Grafmann was dead.—*Irish Monthly.*

General Catholic News

Ash Wednesday, this year, will fall on Feb. 11.

The head of the Dominican Order, Father Larroca, died on Thursday, last week, at Rome.

Professor F. W. Newman's account of the early life of his brother, the famous Cardinal, may be expected immediately.

The *Catholic Monthly* is a new periodical which recently began publication at Providence, R. I. It is well edited and deserving of success.

The Holy Father has sent as a New Year's gift to the Queen Regent of Spain, a mosaic of the Madonna and Child from the well-known studio in the Vatican, which has been for years the chief centre for this kind of work.

The petition to the Holy Father for the canonisation of Columbus, bears 900 signatures, including those of Archbishops and Bishops in various parts of the world. The Holy Father has written a warmly commendatory letter to the promoters of the Columbus monument at Buenos Ayres.

The anniversary of the death of Napoleon III. was celebrated at the Church of St. Augustine, Paris, on Friday last. Many prominent Imperialists, as well as deputations from several societies, were present at the Requiem Mass.

In the diocese of Hamilton, Ont., during the past year and a half, there have been erected nine new schools, six churches or chapels, three convents, three parochial residences, one new hospital and one enlarged orphan asylum. There were also added to the diocese five priests, five ecclesiastical students, three Christian Brothers, eleven Sisters of St. Joseph and four Loretto Nuns.

His Grace Archbishop Tache, of St. Boniface, Man., is still confined to his room at the Hotel Dieu, in Montreal, but is expected to be able to be out in a few days. The Archbishop was not allowed to see anyone on Friday, and the number of callers was very large. His Grace has many personal friends among the leading laymen, both Protestant and Catholics of the metropolis of Canada.

Grand Musical Vespers were given on Sunday evening last at St. Michael's Cathedral, and a Lecture by Rev. Fr. McBrady, O.S.B. The lecture was listened to with interest throughout, and it is sufficient to say, from the well known ability of the Rev. Father, that this lecture was in no way inferior to the many which he has previously delivered.

The singing was up to the high standard which the choir of St. Michael's has attained. A good collection, which will go towards defraying the expenses of the alterations going on in the Cathedral was taken up.

Rev. Father Pallier, P. P., of St. Joseph's Church, Ottawa, was stated, on Sunday, to be daily improving since he underwent an operation at Montreal for the restoration of his eyesight.

After ten o'clock mass on Sunday last at which service the above pleasing announcement was made, a large gathering of the parishioners was held in the parlor of the University of Ottawa. Hon. R. W. Scott presided. The chairman in feeling terms referred to the affection with which as parishioners they regarded their self-sacrificing priest, Father Pallier. Nor was this esteem towards him only entertained by his own flock. He was held in the highest regard by men of different congregations and different faiths. As Father Pallier's vow of poverty did not permit him to accept any material gift they had thought that it would be pleasing to him if his parishioners tendered him a heartfelt welcome and greeted him at the depot on the day of his arrival.

A committee composed of Hon. R. W. Scott, Messrs. Edward Mahon, Edward P. Stanton, T. J. Richardson, W. H. Barry was appointed to draft an address to be presented to Father Pallier in the Academic Hall of the University after his return, which is expected will take place in about two weeks time. In addition to an address the venerable pastor of St. Joseph's will be presented with a handsome writing desk for the reception room of the College.

Whenever the name of the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association is appended to an invitation, the recipient looks forward to an evening of pleasant enjoyment and instruction. Last year the entertainments given by this Association were of the very best. And this year, if we may take the one given on Wednesday evening as a sample, they bid fair to out-rival all previous efforts. The stage or platform was very prettily and artistically arranged with flowers, draperies, etc., and had the appearance of a pleasant parlour in a cozy house.

The programme commenced with an Instrumental Solo, creditably rendered by Miss Memory, followed by the solo, "Love's Dreamland," by Miss Pringle, who also, later on sang with grand effect Sullivan's "Lost Chord," for both of which she received well merited encores. Rev. Father McInerney, C. S.S. R., the spiritual adviser of the Association was to have delivered an introductory address, but being unavoidably absent, Father Krein, C. S.S. R., apologized for him and introduced the lecturer of the evening, the Ven. Dean Harris, of St. Catharines, who, at considerable inconvenience had come to Toronto to add his share in contributing to the evening's enjoyment. The able speaker, whose subject was "A pleasant evening with pleasant people," took occasion to remark that he hardly came there as a lecturer, as from their multitudinous duties, a Catholic priest, as a lecturer, was an anomaly; he would rather call it a pleasant "chat." The "chat" proved itself, on this occasion, to be far superior to nine-tenths of the "Lectures" generally given, and the audience which filled the hall on McCaul St. to overflowing, listened attentively to the words of the eloquent speaker, as in rapid succession, humour, pathos, anecdote and instruction flowed from his lips. He first took his audience with him to Italy, and recited the legendary poem of "Alonzo and Imogene," thence travelled by easy stages to Parma, giving many illustrations by the way, until Tivoli was reached, rendering the beautiful poem, so identified with Tivoli, "Sister Angela." A description of Rome then was given. The speaker brought his journeyings to a close, and coming back to this continent, delighted his hearers with renditions from "Bret Harte," of whom he was a great admirer. Bret Harte, unlike most American writers, had never written an unkind word against Catholics, and there was not one of his works that could not, with safety, be placed in the hands

of any Catholic child. He compared Bret Harte with Mark Twain, Bancroft, Parkman, Irving, and other authors, and said that whilst a vom of anti-Catholic ran through their writings, Bret Harte was entirely free from this taint. Many humorous passages were given from his writings, and the Rev. Dean concluded, amidst prolonged applause, by reciting the poem of "Truthful James and Bill Nye." A well rendered piano solo by Miss Lawlor was then given, followed by "The Three Wishes," sang by Miss Kate Clark, in the able manner for which she is noted, and for which she received a well earned encore, the evening's entertainment was brought to a close by Mrs. B. R. Emsler, who possesses great recitative ability, reciting Owen Meredith's "Aux Italiens," and in response to encores, a "Child's Story" and "Total Annihilation." The ladies who had charge of the entertainment and to whom too much credit cannot be given for the able manner in which they performed the task assigned to them were the Misses Camilla Small, L. O'Grady, and G. Duggan.

It might be well to state, for the benefit of our readers that this Association is composed exclusively of Catholic Ladies, and was established about a year ago by Rev. Father Henning, C. S.S. R. Its objects are specified in its name, the literary advancement of its members, and in this connection a class in French, under the tuition of Prof. Coutellier, has been established on Wednesday evenings of each week. The entrance fee to the Association is \$1.00, with monthly dues of ten cents, which entitles the members to all of the benefits of the Association. The officers are:—President, Miss O'Rielly; Vice-president, Miss M. F. Hart; Financial Secretary, Miss Donohue; Recording Secretary, Miss Newton; Treasurer, Mrs. Lang. The ladies have in contemplation a series of entertainments for which well known and eminent talent will be secured.

On Thursday evening last, on the eve of his departure from St. Mary's church, the Rev. Father Davis was waited upon by a deputation from St. Peter's, who presented him with an address, extolling his many and good qualities, and a beautiful silver inkstand and fittings, complete. During the short time Father Davis has been curate of St. Mary's church and its mission, St. Peter's, he has won golden opinions, and had taken a firm hold on the hearts of the people. That he will be successful in his new parish is assured, and whilst making new friends, he will, we know, have ever a kindly remembrance of the people of St. Mary's and St. Peter's church.

SIR CUPID.

Sir Cupid once, as I have heard,
Determined to discover
What kind of a man a maid preferred
Selecting for a lover.
So, putting on a soldier's coat,
He talked of martial glory;
And from the way he talked, they say,
She seemed to like—the story!

Then, with a smile sedate and grim,
He changed his style and station,
In shovel hat and gaiters trim,
He made his visitation.
He talked of this, discoursed on that,
Of Palestine and Hermon;
And from the way he preached, they say,
She seemed to like—the sermon!

Then changed again, he came to her
A roaring, rattling sailor.
He cried, "Yo, ho! I love you so!"
And vowed he'd never fail her.
He talked of star and compass true,
The glories of the ocean,
And from the way he sang, they say,
She seemed to like—the notion!

Then Cupid, puzzled in his mind,
Discarded his disguises;
"That you no preference seem to find,
My fancy much surprises."
"Why so?" she cried, with roguish smile,
"Why, prithee, why so stupid?
I do not care what garb you wear
So long as you are—Cupid!"

—Frederick E. Weatherby.

A STRANGE VERDICT.

HAVE THE JURY ARRIVED AT AN CORRECT CONCLUSION ?

There can scarcely be any doubt that the investigation of Dr. Koch the German Specialist, will lead to radical changes in the treatment of tuberculous diseases. That the eminent physician has discovered a specific for certain forms of skin diseases, the Medical fraternity have already admitted, but that he has made any advance in the treatment of pulmonary affections, they are not prepared to certify to, nor are they willing to believe that disintegrated tissues can be restored by the mere process of subcutaneous injection. On the other hand, the people at large have rushed wildly to Berlin with the firm conviction that Koch's lymph will stay the progress of advanced consumption and lend them a new lease of life. Some have been benefitted--not cured for the very simple reason that the entire nervous system is overlooked in the treatment. No character of disease that assaults the vital organs can be successfully treated without reaching the nerve centres. In this very particular, the public appears to have rendered a strange verdict in favour of Dr. Koch, strange for this reason: for many years the remedies discovered by Dr. T. A. Slocum of New York, now manufactured at 186 Adelaide street West, Toronto, have been supplied to the afflicted and so far have proved unfailing as curative agents. They have been introduced into hundreds of thousands of households free of cost, have been given grateful testimonials from numberless thankful hearts, have been publicly endorsed by successful practitioners and are to-day the indispensable articles of the family medicine chest. With such a record the haphazard verdict of the people in favour of Dr. Koch does indeed seem strange. Dr. Slocum's treatment has been common property for years, has given incalculable relief, and is still administering its generous, life-giving nourishment to stricken humanity. Consumptives or those disposed to pulmonary complaints, should consult Dr. Slocum's pamphlet and make immediate and methodical use of his remedies. Address a letter to T. A. Slocum, M. C., 186 Adelaide st. West, Toronto, and you will receive by Express two free sample bottles with full information regarding lung troubles and their proper and successful treatment.

DONALD KENNEDY, ROXBURY, MASS.

When we saw this name in our advertising columns, we felt like taking off our hats. We were also reminded of a debt of gratitude of long standing. There has never been any personal intercourse between this editor and the above named gentleman, neither has he any knowledge of us far as we are advised.

Our acquaintance, if it can be called such, began in this wise. It was a generation ago. We stood behind the counter in a tea store. A row of bottles in red wrappers occupied a shelf, of which we knew nothing. The proprietor was equally ignorant, but moved by curiosity he had uncorked a bottle. We were courteously invited to partake: Before doing so we looked to see what the "discoverer" had to say for himself. We shall not repeat his story, though its main features are still fresh in mind. We were impressed by its spirit of candour. His remedy was not a cure all. He had heard that dyspeptics were benefitted by it, but he did not recommend it for such cases. It was just that little chance expression that fixed out attention. We had been struggling in the toils of the monster dyspepsia for years. Life was a burden. We had concluded our case was hopeless. But we seized upon this straw, as drowning men will. It was a lucky providence, or a fortunate accident, whichever you prefer. The first dose satisfied us that we had found a true remedy.

We had not expected to see the end of that year. We have seen the beginning and end of many since then. We never told this story to Mr. Kennedy, but we have told it to scores who have acted upon the information and were benefitted as we were. *The Prohibition Advocate, Nov. 15.*

**THE GOOD ST. ANNE'S.
TO BE SOLD.**

A house containing twelve apartments and with all modern improvements, situated in its own grounds at five minutes walk from the pilgrimage church of the good St. Anne. There are gardens, orchard and ice-house adjoining.

Apply on the premises or to M^{me} P. Poste Restante, Ste. Anne de Beaupre.

**PISO'S CURE FOR
THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.
CONSUMPTION**

**DONALD KENNEDY
Of Roxbury, Mass., says**

My Medical Discovery seldom takes hold of two people alike! Why? Because no two people have the same weak spot. Beginning at the stomach it goes searching through the body for any hidden humour. Nine times out of ten, inward humor makes the weak spot. Perhaps its only a little sediment left on a nerve or in a gland; the Medical Discovery slides it right along, and you find quick happiness from the first battle. Perhaps its a big sediment or an open sore, well settled somewhere, ready to fight. The Medical Discovery begins the fight, and you think it pretty hard, but soon you thank me for making something that has reached your weak spot. Write me if you want to know more about it.

NOTHING LIKE IT.

MR. JOAB SCALES, of Toronto, writes: "A short time ago I was suffering from Kidney Complaint and Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach and Lame Back; in fact, I was completely prostrated and suffering intense pain. While in this state a friend recommended me to try a bottle of **Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery**. I used one bottle, and the permanent manner in which it has cured and made a new man out of me is such that I cannot withhold from the proprietors this expression of my gratitude."

WONDERFUL CURES.

FOR THIRTY YEARS.—Mrs. L. Squire, Ontario Steam Dye Works, Toronto, says: "For about thirty years I have doctored for Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia without getting any cure. I then tried **Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery**, and the benefits I have received from this medicine are such that I cannot withhold this expression of my gratitude. It acts immediately upon the Liver, and its good effects are noticed at once. As a Dyspepsia remedy I don't think it can be equalled."

**INDISPUTABLE
EVIDENCE.**

HARDENED AND ENLARGED LIVER.—Mrs. H. Hall, Navarino, N.Y., writes: "For years I have been troubled with Liver Complaint. The doctors said my Liver was hardened and enlarged. I was troubled with Dizziness, Pain in my Right Shoulder, Constipation, and gradually losing flesh all the time. All food soured on my stomach, even with the closest attention to diet. I was under the care of three physicians, but did not get any relief. A friend sent me a bottle of **Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery**, and it affords me much pleasure to inform you that the benefit I have received from it is far beyond my expectation. I feel better now than I have done for years."

NOTICE.

AGENTS

Wanted in every part of Canada to canvass for Catholic Weekly Review, from \$5.00 to \$10.00 a day can readily be made. Our list of premiums will be issued next week.

NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY

Under the patronage of Rev. Father Labelle.

Established in 1881, under the Act of Quebec, 32 Viet., Chapt. 56, for the benefit of the Diocesan Societies of Colonization of the Province of Quebec.

CLASS D
The 40th Monthly Drawing will take place
WEDNESDAY JAN. 21st
At 2 p.m.
PRIZES
\$55,000
Capital prize
\$5,000.00

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Real Estate worth	\$5,000	5,000
1 do	2,000	2,000
1 do	1,000	1,000
4 do	500	2,000
10 Real Estate "	300	3,000
30 Furniture sets	200	3,000
40 do	100	6,000
200 Gold Watches	50	10,000
Approximation Prizes		
100 silver Watches	25	2,500
100 do do	15	1,500
100 do do	10	1,000
1000 do do	10	10,000
1000 Toilet Sets	5	5,000

It is offered to redeem all prizes in cash, less a commission of 10 per cent.
Winners, names not published unless specially authorized:
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TICKETS \$1.11 TICKETS FOR \$10.00



The Antidote to Alcohol found at Last!
A NEW DEPARTURE
The Father Mathew Remedy
Is a certain and speedy cure for Intemperance and destroys all appetite for alcoholic liquor. The day after a debauch, or any intemperance indulgence, a single teaspoonfull will remove all mental and physical depression.
It also cures every kind of FEVER, DYSPEPSIA, and TORPIDITY OF THE LIVER when they arise from other causes than Intemperance. It is the most powerful and wholesome tonic ever used.
When the disease is not strong one bottle is enough; but the worst case of delirium tremens do not require more than three bottles for a radical cure.
If you cannot get from your druggist the pamphlet on Alcohol as effect on the Human Body and intemperance as a Disease, it will be sent free on writing to.
S. Lachance, Druggist, Sole Proprietor
1538 and 1540 Catherine st., Montreal

The Province of Quebec Lottery

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

MONTHLY DRAWINGS FOR THE YEAR 1891

January 14, February 11, March 11, April 8, May 13, June 10, July 8, August 12, September 9, October 14, November 11, December, 9.

EIGHTH MONTHLY DRAWING FEBRUARY 14, 1891

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

Ask for circulars.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Prize worth \$15,000	\$15,000
1 " " " 5,000	5,000
1 " " " 2,500	2,500
1 " " " 1,250	1,250
2 Prizes " " 500	1,000
5 " " " 250	1,250
25 " " " 50	1,250
100 " " " 25	2,500
200 " " " 15	3,000
500 " " " 10	5,000
Approximation Prizes.	
100 " " " 25	2,500
100 " " " 15	1,500
100 " " " 10	1,000
999 " " " 5	4,995
999 " " " 5	4,995

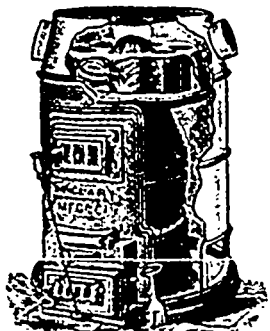
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Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express or Post Office Address. Respectfully,
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Stoves Ranges Heating Apparatus
Etc.



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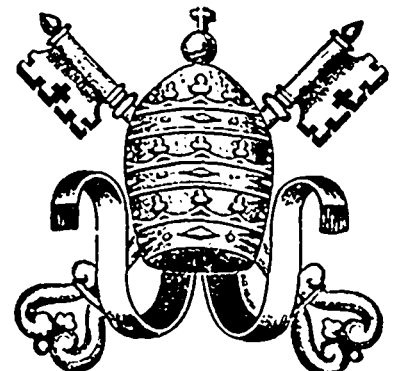
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Best Teeth on rubber, \$8; on celluloid \$10
All work absolutely painless. Vitrallized Air
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TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of January 1891, mails close and are due as follows:

	CLOCK.	DEE.
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.00 7.35	7.45 10.30
O and Q. Railway	7.30 8.15	8.00 9.20
G. T. R. West	7.00 3.20	12.40 7.40
N. and N. W.	7.00 4.10	10.00 8.10
T. G. and B.	6.30 3.45	11.10 9.00
Midland	6.30 3.35	12.30 7.30
C. V. R.	6.00 3.20	11.55 10.15
G. W. R.	a.m. p.m. 2.00 9.00	a.m. p.m. 9.00 2.00
	6.00 4.00 11.30 9.30	10.30 8.20
	a.m. p.m. 6.00 4.00	a.m. p.m. 9.00 5.45
U. S. N. Y.	11.30 9.30	10.30 11.00
U. S. West States	6.00 9.30 12.00	9.00 7.20

English mails will be closed during Jan. as follows: Jan., 1, 5, 8, 12, 15, 19, 22, 26, 29.



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Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest
CATARRH
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GARGLING OIL
LINIMENT
CURES Rheumatism, Burns, Scalds, Chills, Bruises, Frost Bites, Sprains and External Poisons, Flesh Wounds, Toothache, Cramps or Internal Pain, Bites of Animals and Insects, Galls of ALL kinds, Lambs Ears, Spasms of the Stomach, Asthma, Ringbone, Stiffness, Colic, Garget in Cows, Spavins, Pol Evil, Internal PAINS, Sweeney, Stranguria, Founder's Feet, Foot Rot in Sheep, Scratches or Grease, Itch in Poultry, Windgalls, Contraction OF THE Muscles, Fistula, Cracked Heels, Mange in Dogs, Epizootic, Chills and Fever, Sand Cracks, Caked Breasts, and many other diseases incident to human, fowl and animal FLESH.
Large bottles, \$1.00; medium 50c.; small 25c.; small size for family use 12c. Sold by all druggists and dealers in general merchandise. Manufactured by Merchant's Gargling Oil Co., Lockport, N. Y., U. S. A.
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 FROM PORTLAND FROM HALIFAX
 Oregon.....Thur. Jan. 24th | Sat. Jan. 31st
 Toronto..... " Feb. 12th | " Feb. 14th
 Sarnia..... " " 26th | " " 28th
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The Best Remedy
In this world, says J. Hober of Syracuse, N. Y.,
is Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, because my son
who was partially paralyzed three years ago and
attacked by fits, has not had any symptoms of
them since he took one bottle of the remedy. I
most heartily thank for it.

Prejudiced, yet Convinced.
So, Norwalk, Con., May, 1890.
Although I took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic
with a certain prejudice, it has done me so much
good that I must thank him for it, because now
I can sleep again. Since the terrible catastrophe
of the Johnstown flood, where I lost five mem-
bers of my family, terrible fictions occupied my
mind, so that I was since quite despondent.
But now I come to myself again, and attribute
this to the good effect of the Tonic.
Box 337. B. CUNZ, Pastor.

Our Pamphlets for sufferers of nervous dis-
eases will be sent free to any address, and
poor patients can also obtain this medicine
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This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend
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