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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. V

Toronto, Saturday, June 6, 1891.

No. 17

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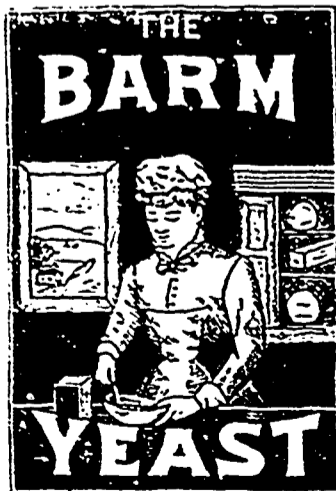
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	CLOSE.	DEPT.
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O. and Q. Railway	7.30 8.15	8.00 9.20
G. T. R. West	7.00 8.20	12.40 7.40
N. and N. W.	7.00 4.10	10.00 8.10
T. G. and B.	6.30 3.45	11.10 9.00
Midland	6.30 3.35	12.30 9.30
C. V. R.	6.00 3.20	11.55 10.15
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	11.30 9.30	10.30 11.00
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	12.00	

English mails will be closed during May as follows: May, 4, 7, 11, 14, 18, 21, 25, 28.

N. B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transmit their Savings Bank and Money Order business at the local office, nearer to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such branch post office.
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 MONTREAL AND QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL.
 Superior accommodation for all classes of Passengers.
 Liverpool Service

From Montreal		From Quebec.
Toronto	Tues. June 9th	Thur June 18
Vancouver West.	" 17th	
Sarula	" 31th	
Dominion	July 1st	
Oregon	" 8th	

Steamers will leave Montreal at daylight on the above dates, passengers can embark after 8 p. m. on the evening previous to sailing. Midship Saloons and Staterooms. Ladies rooms and Smoking-rooms on the Bridge Deck.
 Electric Light, speed and comfort.
 Rates of Passage—Cabin to Liverpool \$45 to \$80. Return \$80. Special rates for Clergymen and their families. Intermediate \$30. Return \$60. Steerage \$20. Return \$40.

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AMERICAN FAIR,
 334 YONGE ST. TORONTO

Wednesday Bargain Day made quite a sensation last Wednesday. Will be greater next. Goods sold less than any merchant buys them. That is not the only day; we have bargains every day; we are determined to reduce our great stock of goods. See the prices we are making on a few here and come and see the rest.

2,000 copper-bottom and tin tea and office pots, prices, 7c, 13c, 15c, 17c, 21c, 25c, worth 15c, 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c, and 50c. Rockingham teapots every size, from 9c each up. A splendid assortment of Rockingham ware at most popular prices. We are clearing out a great lot of sponges at 1c, 3c, up to 29c, worth 3 to 75c as usually sold. Beautiful breadboxes 59c, worth \$1. Steel-wheeled wagons, double-spoked. \$1.39, \$1.69, usually \$2 to \$2.50. Wooden-wheeled carts and waggons: waggons 34c, worth 50c; 68c worth \$1, and a large one 98c, worth \$2. Beautiful croquet sets, imported balls, 61c. 98c, \$1.14 for 4, 6 and 8 balls each. One hundred gross of Harts-horn shade rollers we have had; why, they are the best, and we sell them complete for 14c. Best 5-4 table oil-cloth 28c per yard. Joke banks for 10c, price 19c. Acme blacking 19c. Sixty-foot clothesline 10c. Three dozen clothes pins 5c. Nonsuch stove polish 9c. Matches 10c a box. Come in the afternoon all that can. Store open evenings.

W. H. BENTLEY.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY NOTICE.

I beg to call the attention of correspondents inquiring about the "COLONIZATION LOTTERY" to the fact that I have severed my connection with same about one year ago.
 I am the manager of THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY and have nothing to do with the COLONIZATION LOTTERY.
 S. E. LEFEBVRE
 Montreal, April 1891.

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 ABOUT NOURISHING FOOD

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Is now recognized as the greatest boon offered to suffering humanity. IT HAS, DOES AND WILL effect cures in seemingly hopeless cases where every other known means has failed. By its steady, soothing current, that is easily felt, it will cure:

- Rheumatism, Sciatica, Spinal Diseases, General Debility, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Nervous Complaints, Spermatorrhea, Dyspepsia,
- Liver Complaint, Female Complaints, Impotency, Constipation, Kidney Disease, Varicose Veins, Sexual Exhaustion, Epilepsy or Fits, Urinary Diseases, Lame Back.

WE CHALLENGE THE WORLD
 to show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant that we would on a giant by simply reducing the number of cells. Ordinary belts are not so. Other belts have been in the market for five or ten years longer, but today there are more Owen Belts manufactured and sold than all other makes combined. The people want the best.

Extracts From Testimonials.
 "Your Electric Belt cured a violent attack of Sciatic Rheumatism of several months' standing, in eight days."—W. Dixon, sr., Grand Valley, Ont.
 "SAVED MY LIFE when I had Muscular Rheumatism."—Mrs. Carroll, West Market Street.
 "Am much pleased with belt; it has done me a great deal of good already."—J. Scrimger, Galt, Ont.
 "Have been a sufferer for years from Nervous Headaches and Neuralgia. After trying one of your belts am more than satisfied with it. Can knock out a headache now in fifteen minutes that used to keep me in bed for days."—Thos. Gales, Crawford St., Toronto.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
 Our attention having been attracted to base imitations of "The Owen Electric Belt," we desire to warn the public against purchasing worthless productions put upon the market by unprincipled men who, calling themselves electricians, prey upon the unsuspecting by offering worthless imitations of the genuine Owen Electric Belt that has stood the test of years and has a continental reputation. Our Trade Mark is the portrait of Dr. A. Owen, embossed in gold upon every Belt and Appliance manufactured by The Owen Electric Belt and Appliance Co. None genuine without it.
 Send for Illustrated Catalogue of Information, Testimonials etc.
THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT CO.,
 71 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.
 Mention this paper.

Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

DRS. R. & J. HUNTER. of Toronto, New York, and Chicago, give special attention to the treatment and cure of Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all diseases of the throat by inhalation of medicated air.
 A pamphlet explaining their system of treatment can be had free on application. Consultation free, personally or by letter. Office hours, 10 to 4. Call or Address, 101 Bay Street, Toronto.

Extracts from a few of the many satisfactory letters received from our patients.

MRS. A. ST. JOHN. of Sunderland, Ont. says: "I was spitting blood, had a bad cough with great expectation, could hardly walk about the house without fainting, shortness of breath, high fever, great loss of flesh, had been ill for some months. I applied to Drs. R. & J. Hunter and was cured."

MR. SAMUEL HUGHES. of Oak Ridge, Ont. says: "I was a victim of Asthma for 15 years, and had tried in vain to find relief. Hearing of Dr. R. & J. Hunter's treatment by inhalation, I applied to them; their treatment worked wonders. I can now breathe with ease, sleep without cough or oppression, and am entirely cured."

MR. & MRS. W. R. BISHOP. of Sherwood, Ont. says: "Our daughter had Catarrh for 8 years. We took her to Colorado without benefit, her disease extended to the lungs. We finally consulted Drs. R. & J. Hunter; after using their treatment of inhalation for one month she began to improve. She is now cured. We heartily recommend this treatment to all those afflicted with this disease."

POEMS
 OF
POPE LEO XIII.

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

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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. V

Toronto, Saturday, June 6, 1891.

No. 17

THE CONVENT OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

The Community of the Precious Blood was founded at St. Hyacinthe, P.Q., on the 14th Sept. 1861, by Mons. Jos. La-Rocque, Bishop of Germanicopolis, and Culti Aurelia Caonette in religion, Rev. Mother Catherine Aurelia of the Precious Blood. The religious of this community lead a contemplative life and the end and aim of their Institute is to glorify the Precious Blood, shed for the salvation of souls, to honor Mary Immaculate, to offer constant adoration to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament and to pray and immolate themselves for the conversion of sinners. Their life is in a special manner a life of reparation. They live in perfect seclusion from the world and their time is divided between prayer and manual labor. Several hours of the day are devoted to prayer, meditation, recitation of the Divine Office, &c.

From an early hour in the morning until the hour for retiring to rest at night, the sisters keep up a constant adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, and at midnight they rise to spend an hour in prayer and reparation before the Tabernacle. To gain their daily subsistence, much of their time is employed in making church linen, vestments, mortuary habits, altar breads, &c., &c. In the year 1869 they were invited by the late Archbishop Lynch to establish a branch of their Institute in the Archdiocese of Toronto and began their mission in St. Mary's Parish of this city. Here they remained two years and then removed to St. Basil's Parish, occupying a house on St. Joseph St. for some years. They opened a novitiate in 1879 and on account of the number presenting themselves for admission they were obliged to seek a larger residence. In the year 1871 they removed to 113 St. Joseph st., where they have now been for ten years. Owing to their extreme poverty and leading a

life hidden and almost entirely unknown to the world, they have not had a regular monastery in Toronto, and at times they have scarce been able to obtain their daily subsistence. However kind Providence has inspired some charitable persons to assist them, and by their alms and the constant labour of the Sisters, they are enabled to gain a livelihood. Still trusting in that Providence which has never failed them in the past, and relying on the charity of their friends and benefactors, they have undertaken to enlarge their monastery and build a new chapel, so that they may fully adopt the strictly cloistered life in accordance with their holy rule and the last approbation of His Holiness Leo XIII. They are now residing at No. 18. St. Joseph st. where they will remain for some months until the completion of their monastery.

The new front addition of the building, the corner stone of which was laid last week by His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, assisted by His Lordship Bishop O'Mahony and a number of the clergy, will be 73 ft. long and 32 ft. deep. In the

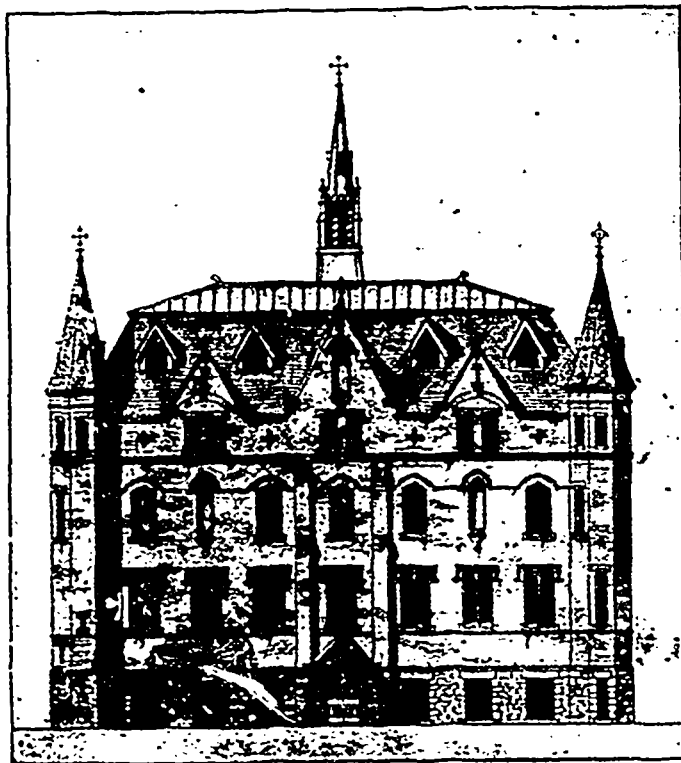
basement will be a spacious Refectory for the nuns, and Reception Parlors; and on the ground floor the chapel and sacristies. The first floor is taken up by rooms for ladies who wish to make a retreat at the Convent, and the upper floors of the whole building contain the nun's cells (or sleeping compartments).

The work will be carried out in the late English Gothic style, the materials to be used being red brick with stone dressings.

The present building will be raised one storey, and the interior remodelled throughout, so that, when finished, the whole will form a complete and perfect conventual institution.

The contractors are Messrs. John McGlue (masonry and brickwork &c.) M. A. Pigott (carpentry) and M. O'Connor (Painting and glazing). The Architects from whose plans and under whose supervision the work will be carried out are Messrs. Post & Holmes, Manning Arcade, Toronto.

It is estimated the building will be ready for occupation about Nov. 1st. next.



CONVENT OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD, ST. JOSEPH ST., TORONTO

DEATH OF CHIEF JUSTICE DORION.

SIR ANTOINE AIME DORION, Chief Justice of Quebec, died at his residence in Montreal on Sunday morning. The Chief Justice was stricken with paralysis on Friday, and hovered between life and death until Sunday, when he passed peacefully away. All the surviving members of his family were with him when he died, and he retained consciousness until the end. A short before death the last rites of the Church were performed and the Chief Justice appeared to be much consoled. He spoke cheerfully to the members of his family and to his son-in-law, Mr. Geoffrion, Q.C. One of last requests was to ask the nurse to raise him up in bed so that he might converse more freely with his family, and he expired in the arms of his nurse. The Chief

Justice literally died in harness. He was most assiduous in attending to his judicial duties, and although he was frequently urged to retire from the bench on account of his advanced age, he persisted in doing as much work as any of the other judges. There will be but one feeling amongst the members of the bar and the public generally, that by the death of Chief Justice Dorion the bench of the Province of Quebec has lost its most distinguished member, and that the Dominion has to mourn one of her most distinguished men, whose name will live in Canadian history. It is a remarkable coincidence that Sir Antoine Dorion, like his great political antagonist of former years, was stricken with paralysis almost at the same time as Sir John Macdonald. The news of Sir John's condition was carefully kept secret for fear it might hasten the end, and the Chief Justice passed away without knowing that the Canadian Premier was also at death's door.

The interment took place on Wednesday last, Archbishop Fabre officiating at the funeral ceremonies.

MARKS OF THE TRUE CHURCH.

By Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, D.D., in "Fourfold Difficulties of Anglicanism."

III.

In considering the point of Unity as it concerns the Established Church of England, it cannot but be fair to look on that Church in the character which you yourself assign to it—that, namely, of a National Church, forming a part of the one Church Catholic. Looking upon her, then, in this point of view, we are naturally led to enquire how she stands in relation to the other national churches, which with her, according to this theory, make up the Catholic Church, and with which we should therefore expect her to be one, in "origination," in "hope," in "charity," in "discipline," in "sacraments," and in "faith," in which six points, according to your Bishop Pearson, the unity of the Church consists. Now, of these, the unity of "origination" and of "hope" may be claimed alike by all Christians of whatever denomination. but can it be said that the English Church, as a body, is one with other churches even in the unity of charity? and is it not a fact almost too obvious to mention, that in point of discipline and sacraments, in point of faith and doctrine, there is no one Christian society in the world, excepting only her own offshoots and dependencies, with whom she is in communion? In former years, indeed, there was a boasted union of all the Reformed churches, the Church of England among the rest. "Blessed be God," says Bishop Hall, "there is no difference in any especial matter between the Church of England and her sister churches of the Reformation, we accord in every point of Christian doctrine without the least variation; their public confessions and ours are sufficient convictions to the world of our full and absolute agreement. The only difference is in the form of outward administration, wherein also we are so far agreed, as that we all profess this form not to be essential to the being of a Church, not seeing any reason why so poor a diversity should work any alienation of affection in us one towards another." Such was the tone and temper of the English church for many generations after the Reformation, and I suppose a very large proportion of her people, her clergy, and bishops, still in some sense make common cause with the Protestant churches of the continent; such, at least was the temper indicated by the proceedings in the matter of the Jerusalem bishopric, some forty years ago, in the course of which the Prussian government was allowed to declare without contradiction, that the English church, "both by origin and doctrine, is most intimately akin to the German Evangelical church," and the Bishop of London, preaching about the same time before the King of Prussia, exhorted his hearers "not to think or speak more uncharitably of other national churches (i. e. the Lutheran, &c.) than the fathers of their own (the English) had spoken." The same spirit also is manifested in the proceedings of the more recent Pan Anglican Synod at Lambeth, where the right hand of fellowship was held out to Protestant nonconformists at home.

Still, however, the English church cannot be said to be in communion with any of these, and, on some important points of discipline and doctrine, she is at variance with them all. This, indeed, you, and those who think with you, would be only too ready to admit; you would indignantly repudiate all suspicion of unity between the Church of England and the Protestant communions; your theory being, that those national bodies are cut off from the Catholic Church, while the English communion, on the other hand, is a branch of that Church, the Roman Church (under which general name are included, be it remembered, besides the Roman Church, strictly so called, the several national churches under its obedience) being another branch, and the Greek Church a third. so that, in spite of all seeming differences, there is a real vital unity between the English and Roman communions, so close, that they may be considered branches of the same tree, "parts" of the same "vineyard."

But, my dear friend, is this anything more than a theory—a theory on paper, contradicted by the experience of three hundred years? Is not the Church of England, in point of fact, out of communion with the Church of Rome? Nay, does she not denounce that Church, repudiate some of her doctrines, charge her with idolatry, and even call her by the name of Antichrist? And, on the other hand, does not the Church of Rome utterly deny the claim the Church of England to be of the Church Catholic, and excommunicate all her bishops, clergy and people as open heretics and schismatics? "These two branches not only have no formal or visible fraternity, union, or communion as churches, but reciprocally denounce each other as false, heretical, and Antichristian. We speak not of the writings, speculations, tracts, or opinions of individual ecclesiastics, but of the established and authorized documents of each of these would be Catholic Churches, all of which confessedly go to the denial of the Christianity, Apostolicity, and Catholicity of the other." This is evidently the language of one who is neither an English churchman nor a Roman Catholic, but it is also the language of common sense, honesty, and fairness. And, with these facts before us, I am at a loss to conceive how any one can seriously maintain the existence of vital and essential unity between the two communions.

It would not be necessary to mention the Greek Church, except that it is sometimes spoken of as a possible thing to bring about "friendly relations" between it and the Church of England. But, it is manifest that, in point of fact, not only is there at present no communion between them, but that, in every doctrine and practice in which the English Church differs from the Roman, except, of course, the one question of the supremacy, she differs also from the Greek Church; therefore, it is mere unreality to pretend that she finds in the East a sympathy denied her by the churches of the West.

But, it may be said, all this is too true; and yet this unhappy severance of England from the rest of Christendom is so far from being a token against her, that it is the consequence of her fidelity to the truth. She is separated from the churches in the Roman obedience, because those churches still obstinately adhere to the corruptions with which time has overlaid the pure faith of the Gospel: while she, on the other hand, having once participated with them in the same corruptions, has nobly arisen and purified herself, and now holds the faith in its primitive simplicity, as it was taught in the early stages of the Church. And she is separated from the other Protestant bodies because, when she thus cast aside her corruptions, she still faithfully adhered to the Apostolic type of doctrine and discipline, retaining as much of the system of the existing Church as was conformable to that type, while they on the contrary, formed to themselves a new religion, which they professed to draw straight from the Bible, and which is utterly without sanction in the records of Christian antiquity. Thus, it may be said, she stands alone, as a necessary consequence of her position, she is the one middle point of truth between two errors. This is no small pretension, representing, as it does, the Church of England in the character of the single confessor for the truth in the face of all the churches of Christendom, alone "faithful found among the faithless." Surely, a church, venturing on so bold a position as this, ought, one would think, to bear some very marked tokens of her calling to an office, which, as all must admit, it requires little short of inspiration to fulfil; and as, while error is diverse, truth can be but one, the especial mark for which we should naturally look in this sole champion of the truth, would be unity in herself.

But what is the condition in this respect of the Church of England? Is it not confessed on all hands, and bewailed the most loudly by the most devoted of her children that, on some of the most fundamental questions of the Christian religion, there exist in her "notorious doctrinal oppositions, not mere differences, not shades of opinion, not open questions, but downright, flat, patent contradictions," that she allows "one set of men to preach one doctrine, and another to preach its logical and consequential contradictory." This contradiction is so palpable, that the most uneducated have been heard to express their surprise, when a change of teachers has not brought with it a change of doctrine; and I suppose you could hardly find ten consecutive parishes in any part of the country, or name a single large town, where the same doctrines are taught from every pulpit. It has even been found necessary sometimes to furnish a bishop with a theological chart of the parish in which he was to preach, that he might know where to speak, and where to be silent, in order to bribe him into silence in one church on all "controversial subjects," he was reminded that in another, a few hundred yards distant, but in the same parish, he would have full scope for preaching what he liked—that is, what he considered to be exclusively the true and pure Gospel. Look at the rival streams of theological literature daily pouring from the press; pamphlets, magazines, and newspapers, tracts against tracts, sermons against sermons. Look at the rival societies formed for the purpose of disseminating doctrines so entirely contradictory, that the one party denounces as a "soul-destroying heresy" what the other proclaims to be "the very commencement and basis of the Christian life;" the one puts forth as "the sum and substance of the Gospel" what the other does not hesitate to characterize as an "awful delusion" and a "snare of the devil."

The fact of this absence of unity in the Church of England is so glaring and unquestionable, that it is not necessary in order to establish it, to look into the details of her disunion; at the same time it is a fact of such importance, that it ought not to be glossed over, as it sometimes is, by a sort of general formula, "acknowledging and deploring the existence of differences," without an attempt to realize the extent of those differences and their fundamental character.

It is true that many would represent them as one doctrinal disagreement, which others endeavour to magnify into formidable proportions. But what is that one doctrinal disagreement, and what does it involve? Is it not concerning the cardinal doctrine, so to speak of the Christian system, the nature and mode of man's justification? Surely, then, the question at issue between the two contending parties in the English church is nothing less than this, what the true Gospel really is, for only consider how many subjects of Christian doctrine stand, more or less immediately, in necessary connection with the doctrine of justification—original sin, the freedom of the human will, Divine grace, faith, repentance, good works, sanctification, assurance of salvation, purification after death; all these must needs be understood in senses wholly different, nay, some of them received or rejected altogether, according to the different views on this point. Farther, only to mention at present one portion of this great subject, the mode

of justification, it has been well said, that the whole tone of a man's religious character depends on his belief concerning the sacraments, and it is manifest that it must be so through every stage of his life. What can be more opposite, for instance, than the condition of childhood, with and without the belief in baptismal regeneration? In the one case, the child is taught to consider himself as cleansed from original sin, as in the favour of God and in possession of His justifying grace, which gives him power to do his duty acceptably, and which he, on his part, is bound, by doing his duty, and by using every appointed means, to cherish and to guard. In the other, he is taught to consider himself as still a child of sin, under the wrath of God, and to look upon justification as a blessing which may or may not one day be his; while, at the same time, he is told that "good works done before the grace of Christ are not pleasant to God," nor even make him "meet to receive grace;" so that one does not see what spring of energy there can be within him, nor even what motive for exertion is suggested to his mind.

In the parish in which I was born and spent the first fifteen or sixteen years of my life, the rector not only preached against the doctrine of a new birth in baptism, but also deliberately changed the words in the baptismal office which asserted it, and substituted other words of his own devising. Mr. Bennett, the well-known clergyman of Frome, asserts that the same thing was frequently done with impunity by evangelical clergymen, but the Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Philpotts, prosecuted my rector for so flagrant a breach of discipline and succeeded in having him deprived of his office and benefice for three years. The rev. gentleman spent some of this time in preaching in the Calvinist chapels in Switzerland; and at the expiration of his sentence returned to his parish, roasted an ox on the village green and proceeded to use his own prayers in administering the sacrament of baptism as before. He was allowed to do so in peace until the day of his death.

In the year 1844 a document was published in the papers signed by about 200 persons, of whom about two-thirds were clergy, which among other heretical propositions included the following. Ungodly persons have neither been born again of the spirit nor justified, although they were baptized in infancy. And "there is no scriptural authority for affirming that our Lord is present with His people at the Lord's supper, in any other manner than that in which He is present with them whenever they meet together in His name; and His Body and Blood are verily and indeed taken and received by them in that ordinance by faith, just as they are verily and indeed taken and received by them whenever they exercise faith in His atoning Sacrifice. I never heard that any of those who signed this document was prosecuted on a charge of false teaching.

Some years later Dr. Philpotts refused to induct into a living a clergyman who denied the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. The case was fought out in the Ecclesiastica Courts and carried to the final court of appeal, which decided that clergymen of the Established Church were at liberty either to teach or to deny that doctrine according to their own good pleasure. And this state of things still continues.

Such, then, is the subject on which the Church of England is divided into two parties, as we have said, absolutely antagonistic, and, if she differs upon this, on what practical point affecting the Christian life of her children can she be said to speak unanimously and distinctly?

PIONEERS OF THE SAHARA.

WHILE the scandals brought to public notice in the administration of the Italian colony in Africa, throw such a lurid light on the method of civilizing the heathen to be looked for from a laicized apostolate of progress, very different results may be expected on the other side of the continent from Cardinal Lavigerie's great project for reclaiming and evangelizing the wild tribes of the Sahara. The official orgie of robbery and massacre at Massowah is about to be investigated by a commission, which sailed on April 9; but however the responsibility for the deeds done there may be distributed among the civil and military authorities, there is no doubt either as to their character or as to the fact of their occurrence. It was but four days previous to this date that there took place at Biskra, in French Algerian territory, an interesting ceremony, linking the progress of the nineteenth century to the half-legendary traditions of mediæval Europe. The semi-barbarism existing at that epoch could only be thrust back by the sword guided by religious fervor, and the similar rule of violence to which Africa is now subjected requires to be met by similar methods of repression. The soldier monks, whose function seemed obsolete in modern society, have found a new field of activity among the horrors of the slave trade and the unchecked tyranny of brutal force prevailing in the newly-opened continent, and the moral want is no sooner created than the Protean energies of the church are directed to supplying it. The establishment of a lay Brotherhood of Sahara, resolved upon some time ago by the venerable primate of Africa, has now become an accomplished fact, and the first house of the order, called either Armed Brothers of Africa or Pioneers of the Sahara, was formally inaugurated at Biskra on Sunday, April 5. The object of the institution is,

firstly, to abolish slavery, and above all the slave trade in the western Soudan; and, secondly, to form a military agricultural corporation, charged with restoring the former productiveness of the Sahara, by the creation of new oases through the utilization of subterranean springs. Thus the association, in the words of its founder, is intended "to open up definitely to the civilized world the interior of that dark continent, access to which is still prohibited by the insuperable barriers presented by ferocious barbarism."

Biskra, situated on the borders of the province of Constantine, on the edge of that desert, has been chosen as the site of the mother house, capable of containing fifty regular inmates, besides the sick and otherwise afflicted to be received by these knight-hospitaliers of the nineteenth century. Here the cardinal has purchased a domain sufficiently extensive to give the novices practical training in the various arts and industries they will be required to practice under the arduous conditions of their future lives. "Years must pass," says the Bulletin of the French Anti-Slavery Society, "before the produce of their own labors will suffice for their wants. The pioneers must, therefore, be provided with arms, not only for self-defence, but for the chase, which will be, when far from civilization, their only means of providing themselves with meat. And to their own requirements must be added those they will be under obligation to supply for the hospitality and succor afforded to the sick, the fugitive slaves, and to the nomad communities which they will seek to attract and establish round this asylum. The really important part of the work will consist in impressing on these barbarous tribes the fact that they are not sought out in any hostile spirit, nor even from the wish to inflict well-deserved chastisement, the task of repressing brigandage being reserved for the national troops when their leaders think some such lesson necessary."

The ground purchased is outside the gates of Biskra, on the road to Tuggart, and bears the appropriate name of M'salla, in Arabic signifying a place of prayer. It contains a plantation of palms in full bearing, and is traversed in part by a small irrigation canal, being that share of the precious fluid it is entitled to from the neighboring town. Great part of it is, however, uncultivated for want of water, and measures have been already taken for its reclamation by the creation of an artificial supply. A well was sunk to a depth of fifty-three metres, the water of which, declared to be practically inexhaustible, rises naturally to within thirty-two metres of the ground, and is thence raised by machinery to the surface. A second well has also been dug in order to provide auxiliary resources. The Pioneers will therefore be trained in the methods of Saharian culture, as well as in the use of arms, while the neighborhood of the illimitable tracts of the desert will enable them to acquire the more savage accomplishments of camel riding and hunting as there practised. A certain number of resident fathers and brothers of the Algerian missionaries will organize these works, and give spiritual guidance to the establishment. The house, occupying an area of seventy metres by ten, with the kitchens and offices in outbuildings, has the ground floor solidly built of stone instead of the sun-dried mud bricks generally used by the Arabs. The opening ceremony, in which Cardinal Lavigerie was assisted by the bishop of Constantine, was attended by many African priests and missionaries, as well as by a number of Europeans, and a still greater crowd of natives. All the buildings and installations were solemnly blessed by the cardinal and twelve novices received the habit from his hands. At their head is the Vicomte Gui de Bressac, whose resolution to leave the world is ascribed to grief for the loss of his fiancée, through her untimely death of consumption. As he was a brilliant figure in the fashionable life of Paris, well known as a sportsman, and distinguished in all brilliant accomplishments, his adoption of a religious vocation has caused a great sensation, and has been the subject of wondering comment in the press. His life and that of his comrades will be assimilated as much as possible to that of the nomads among whom they will live, their table being as frugal, and their appointments in the way of furniture almost as rude as theirs. They have also adopted the veil, which is the peculiar distinctive of the Tonaregs, and whose color, white or black, marks their tribal division into two sections. Fastened like a half-mask over the face below the eyes, and almost meeting the cowl of the burnos above, it forms a valuable protection against the dust and glare of the scorching waste.

The foundation of the institution at M'salla is intended to be preliminary to its extension as its increase in means and numbers permits. For the next station the oasis of Ouargla, a remote outpost in the desert, has been decided on, and the re-occupation of a post among the Chambas, by whom the Algerian missionaries were assassinated some years ago, is also proposed. The toils and hardships to be encountered by the neophytes were dwelt upon as follows by Cardinal Lavigerie in his opening address: "Although I cannot think of addressing you a regular speech, I should reproach myself did I not praise you both in the name of religion and of France for your heroic self-abnegation. Heroism indeed you will require to brave all dangers simultaneously. In no part of the world are greater obstacles accumulated from the scorching heat of the sun, the sterility of the soil, from savage barbarism and from the horrors of a secular system of slavery. You, however, will assuredly not avail yourselves of force, either for assault or conquest; such a mission is reserved, in the regions of the

Sahara, to the French army, whose place it will be, after having suppressed piracy half a century ago in the regions of the Mediterranean, and abolished slavery in Algiers, to repulse the savage hordes which advance to the gates of our dominions with the threat of flinging us into the sea." The mission of the pioneers, despite their armed character, is pre-eminently a pacific one, but theirs are surroundings among which it is unquestionably true that peace can only be assured by being prepared for war. They are bound by no monastic vows, but are pledged to the order for a term of years, renewable at will. The Touaregs, among whom their labors will lie, have hitherto proved irreclaimable, and their irreconcilable hostility is the obstacle to the construction of the trans-Saharan railway, now again in contemplation. The attempt to subdue their savagery by contact with religious zeal and self-abnegation is an interesting experiment, even from a political and social point of view, especially as the vast region of which they are the sole inhabitants has now been placed under the exclusive protectorate of France. The agricultural reclamation of the Sahara, which is also to form part of the task of the brotherhood, will receive a fresh impetus from the discovery, within the last few days, of a great subterranean reservoir at El Golea, to the southwest of Oumrgla, not far from the region of sand hills, by which the surface of the desert is there furrowed like a tempestuous ocean. The large supply of water tapped here will suffice to render a considerable area productive, and similar discoveries may be looked for in other places. The springs which would be wasted by evaporation on the surface are here guarded by nature underground to reward the industry and enterprise of man.—
From the London Tablet.

PRIEST, PATRIOT, AND POET.

EMU, the prolific land of genius, has given birth to the poet-priest and litterateur, whose life and labours be briefly here indite. Like many another gifted Gael, he died far away from the land which birth and boyhood endeared to him by a thousand sacrifices and hallowed associations.

Loughrea, on the banks of the "lordly Shannon," claims the honour of giving birth to the Rev. Father Mullin in the year 1834, when Ireland was fast recovering from the baneful effects of the odious Penal Laws. O'Connell was then the uncrowned King of his native land. Three years before the birth of our poet, Catholic Emancipation, through the matchless statemanship of the Liberator, became a startling reality, and the middle class of Catholics, who had lost neither the virtues nor the traditions of their race, could now reasonably indulge in the hope of educating their sons for the learned profession. The parents of Michael Mullin dedicated him to the service of the Church at the baptismal font and carefully shaped his career and studies to the destined goal. His primary education was received at St. Jarlath's College, the great seminary of the west, and the *Alma Mater* of many a learned Irishman. Here young Mullin gave unmistakable evidences of the talents he possessed, and proved to his professors that his mind was cast in no ordinary mould. With an enthusiasm which overcomes all obstacles he read whatever national literature had escaped the vandalism of English officials in Ireland, and stored away this well-digested knowledge in his capacious mind for future use.

During the agitation of 1847 he entered the National Ecclesiastical Seminary at Maynooth, near Dublin, where he was destined to win high honours in scholarship, and where the higher honours and dignity of the priesthood crowned the labours of his youth and noble manhood.

It has been said with truth, that, among the six hundred students who thronged the recreation grounds and lecture halls of that noble institution, young Mr Mullin never made an enemy. His nature was such as to attract and edify all who came in close relationship with him. He was gentle and retiring as a convent girl, simple and unassuming as a child. While yet a mere youth the patriotic genius of the student began to assert itself, and the editors of the *Nation* soon discovered in him one of their most valued contributors of prose and verse. From his initial contribution "*On the Sea*" was able to take front rank among a staff of writers that had attracted the attention and commanded the admiration of Lord Macaulay and some others of his coterie.

During his connection with the *Nation* he wrote many exquisite lyrics and some ballads of superior style and sentiment. As a specimen of the latter we reproduce here the stirring and widely-popular ballad, which first appeared under one of his assumed names in the columns of the *Nation*

ARTHUR MCCOY.

While the snow-flakes of winter are falling
On mountain and house-top and tree,
Come olden, weird voices recalling
The homes of Hy-Faly to me;
The ramble by river and wild-wood,
The legends of mountain and glen,
When the bright magic mirror of childhood
Makes heroes and giants of men.

Then I had my dreamings ideal,
My prophets and heroes sublime,
Yet I found one, true, living and real,
Surpass all the fictions of time:
Whose voice thrilled my heart to its centre,
Whose form tranced my soul and my eye;
A temple no treason could enter;
My hero was Arthur McCoy.

As the strong mountain tower spreads its arms,
Dark, shadowy, silent and tall,
In our tithe-raids and midnight alarms,
His bosom gave refuge to all,
If a mind, clear and calm and expanded,
A soul ever soaring and high,
'Mid a host—gave a right to command it—
A hero was Arthur McCoy.

While he knelt with a Christian demeanor,
To his priest or Maker, alone,
He scorned the vile slave or retainer,
That crouched round the castle or throne.
The Tudor, the Guelf, the Pretender,
Where tyrants, alike branch and stem;
But who'd free our fair land, and defend her,
A nation were monarchs to him.

And this faith in good works he attested,
When Tone linked the true hearts and brave,
Every billow of danger he breasted—
His sword-flash the crest of its wave.
A standard he captured in Gorey,
A sword-cut and ball through the thigh
Were among the mementos of glory
Recorded of Arthur McCoy.

Long the quest of the law and its beagles,
His covert the cave and tree;
Though his home was the home of the eagles,
His soul was the soul of the free.
No toil, no defeat could enslave it,
Nor franchise nor "Amnes y Bill"—
No lord, but the Maker who gave it,
Could curb the high pride of his will.

With the gloom of defeat ever laden—
Seldom seen at the hurling or dance,
Where through blushes the eye of the maiden
Looks out for the lover's advance;
And whenever he stood to behold it,
A curl of the lip, or a sigh,
Was the silent reproach that unfolded
The feelings of Arthur McCoy.

For it told him of freedom o'er-shaded—
That the iron has entered their veins—
When beauty bears manhood degraded,
And manhood's contented in chains.
But he loved that fair race, as a martyr,
And if his own death could recall
The blessings of liberty's charter,
His bosom had oled for them all.

And he died for his love. I remember
On a mound by the Shannon's blue wave,
On a dark, snowy eve in December,
I knelt at the patriot's grave.
The aged were all heavy-hearted—
No check in the grave-yard was dry—
The Sun of our hills had departed—
God rest you, old Arthur McCoy

This ballad became extremely popular in Ireland. It is to be found in almost every collection of Irish ballad-poetry that has appeared during the last forty years, either in or out of Ireland.

Besides the ordinary course of studies in Maynooth, which occupies eight years, and embraces Humanities, Natural Philosophy, Logic and Metaphysics, Ecclesiastical History, Scripture and Theology, young Mr. Mullin spent a term of three years in the "Dunboyne Establishment." A certificate from this department is the highest literary honour that can be conferred on a young man in Maynooth, and is obtained only by men of marked ability. Here also, he, won distinction among the master-minds of his country, and endeared himself to his fellow students. Having completed his extra course in Dunboyne, he was appointed to a Professor's chair. For some time he lectured on English Rhetoric, with honour to himself and the great delight of the students. His health, which was never rugged, gave way about this time, and the brilliant Rev. Professor was obliged to seek the bracing air of his native fields and floods in hope of wooing back his vanished strength and intellectual vigor.

Appointed to a curacy in his native diocese of Clonsfert, he laboured with an earnestness and humility that won the admiration of his people. So well, indeed, did he succeed, as assistant pastor, that the bishop made him administrator of his own parish in Loughrea. But the man who could lecture most eloquently on learned subject, write like an inspired prophet, and labour zealously for the salvation of souls, was, by no means, a success in the administration of an important parish. His tastes and mode of thought were not in that direction, and Father Mullin soon resigned his charge into the hands of his bishop, with the understanding that he would be permitted to join a religious order in Dublin.

A few months in the close confinement of a monastery convinced him that his health was very much impaired, and that he must seek other pursuits than those of a sedentary life.

In 1864 he reached the shores of the New World, with the fame of his genius and varied attainments had preceded him, and where Archbishop McCloskey received him kindly and cordially. The Archbishop of New York made Father Mullin Professor of Metaphysics and Moral Philosophy in the Provincial Ecclesiastical Seminary at Troy. The duties of this position were too arduous for his delicate constitution so he was transferred to parochial work in New York City where, his labour being light, he devoted considerable of his time to writing for the Metropolitan press. After some time spent here, endeavoring to

"Woo back the withered flowers of health,"

his physicians urged him to go West, with the hope that the change of climate would serve to prolong his precious life. In the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, he taught a class, and wrote sketches for the *Ave Maria*.

In Chicago he became editor of the *Young Catholic Guide*, which in his hands gathered new life and vigor.

Here it was that he learned the sad news of the death of his parents in Ireland. The bereavement broke his tender and affectionate heart, and, ere its shadows had cleared away, he followed them to his reward.

He died far away from his own "sunny Erin" on the 23rd of April, 1869, and all that is mortal of him now lies in Calvary Cemetery, Chicago, Ill.

His writings, which are scattered through the pages of different magazines and periodicals in two hemispheres, have never been collected.

His best known prose work is *The Two Lovers of Flavia Domitilla*, which first appeared in the *Catholic World*, and helped, very materially, that magazine in the days of its youth. This beautiful Catholic story suffers nothing by comparison with the late Cardinal Newman's *Calista*. The plot is full of absorbing interest, and the style in which it is written attests the oft-repeated truth that "Father Michael Mullin was a perfect master of English."

A poem which he wrote, entitled "The Immaculate Conception," attracted the attention of the illustrious Cardinal Wiseman, who, in his day, had no superior as a judge of the literary merit of original composition appearing in any of the ancient or modern languages. Among his writings in verse the "Celtic Tongue" is undoubtedly the most widely known and best appreciated. It has the characteristics of true Celtic genius. With the glory and fervor of the Celtic soul, it is pathetic and pithy, and, once read, it haunts the memory like some bewitching spell.

We cannot better end this brief and insufficient memorial of a man of brilliant parts, of solid acquirements, and unsullied patriotism, than by giving in full his

LAMENT FOR THE CELTIC TONGUE.

'Tis fading, oh, 'tis fading! like leaves upon the trees!
In murmuring tone 'tis dying, like the wail upon the breeze!
'Tis swiftly disappearing, as footprints on the shore
Where the Barrow and the Erne, and Loch Swilley's waters roar.
Where the parting sunbeam kisses Loch Corrib in the West,
And Ocean, like a mother, clasps the Shannon to her breast!
The language of old Erin, of her history and name—
Of her monarchs and her heroes—her glory and her fame—
The Sacred throne where rears 't thro' sunshin. and through gloom,
The Spirit of her martyrs, as their bodies in the tomb.
The time-wrought shell, where murmur'd, mid centuries of wrong,
The secret voice of Freedom, in annual and in song—
Is slowly, surely sinking into silent death at last,
To live but in the memories of those who love the past,

The olden tongue is sinking like a patriarch to rest,
Whose youth beheld the Tyrian on our Irish coasts a guest;
Ere the Roman or the Saxon, the Norman or the Dane,
Had first set foot in Britain o'er trampled heaps of slain;
Whose manhood saw the Druid rite at forest-tree and rock—
And savage tribes of Britain found the shrines of Zernebock;
And for generations witnessed all the glories of the Gael,
Since our Celtic sires sung war-songs round the sacred fire of Baal:

The tongues that saw its infancy are ranked among the dead,
And from their graves have risen those now spoken in their stead.
The glories of old Erin with her liberty has gone,
Yet their halo linger'd round her while the Gaelic speech lived on;
For 'mid the desert of her woe, a monument more vast
Than all her pillar-towers, it stood—that old tongue of the past!
'Tis leaving, and forever, the soil that gave it birth,
Soon—very soon, its moving tones shall ne'er be heard on earth.

O'er the island dimly fading, as a circle o'er the wave—
Receding, as its people lisp the language of the slave,
And with it, too, seem fading, as sunset into night,
The scattered rays of liberty that lingered in its light,
For ah! tho' long, with filial love, it clung to motherland,
And Irishmen were Irish still, in language, heart and hand;
'T' install its Saxon rival, proscribed it soon became,
And Irishmen are Irish now in nothing but in name;

The Saxon's chain our rights and tongues alike doth hold in thrall
Save where amid the Connaught wilds and hills of Donegal—
And by the shores of Munster, like the broad Atlantic blast.
The olden language lingers yet and binds us to the past.
Thro' cold neglect 'tis dying now; a stranger on our shore!
No Tara's hall re-echoes to its music as of yore—
No Lawrence fires our Celtic clans round leaguered Sthaclee

No Shannon wafts from Limerick's towers their war-songs to the sea
Oh, magic tongue, that round us wove its spells so soft and dear!
Oh, pleasant tongue, whose murmurs were as pleasant to the ear!
Oh, glorious tongue, whose accents could each Celtic heart enthral!
Oh, rushing tongue, that sounded like the swollen torrent's fall!
The, tongue that in the senate was likelighting flashing bright—
Whose echo in the battle was the thunder in its might!

Oh tongue, which once in chieftain's hall poured loud the minstrel lay,
To chieftain, serf, or minstrel old is silent there to-day!
That tongue whose shout dismayed the foe at Kong and Mullaghmast,
Like those who perished there is numbered with the Past.
The Celtic tongue is passing, and we stand coldly by
Without a pang within the heart, or tear within the eye—
Without one pulse for Freedom stirred, one effort made to save
The language of our fathers from dark oblivion's grave!
Oh, Erin! vain your efforts—your prayers for Freedom's crown,
Whilst offered in the language of the foe that love it down:
Be sure that tyrants ever with an art from darkness sprung,
Would make the conquered nation slaves alik in limb and tongue;
Russia's great Czar ne'er stood secure o'er Poland's shattered frame,
Until he trampled from her heart the tongue that bore her name.
Oh, Irishmen, be Irish still! stand for the dear old tongue
Which, as ivy to a ruin, to your native land has clung!
Oh, snatch this relic from the wreck, the only and the last
And cherish in your heart of hearts the language of the past!

Who, that has a drop of Irish blood in his veins, can read this pathetic appeal unmoved? It touches the very soul like the cadence of a *caoine*. Nobody will deny that it has done much towards the revival of the ancient language of the Gael which, thanks to patriotic Irishmen at home and abroad, is attracting to its standards the educated men and women of our race.

While the love of that dear old tongue lives in the breasts of the scattered children of Erin, this beautiful poem is destined to survive, and associated with it shall remain the name and the fame of Rev. Michael Mullin—*D. O. Crowley, in St. Joseph's Union.*

LET US DISCARD MINIMISM.

THE Church is in danger of being cursed by Minimism. There is a natural tendency in most of us to run in a rut and to be satisfied with things as they are. Custom is powerful, and a bad custom equally with the good. We are placed in the midst of a non-Catholic and, to a very considerable extent, a hostile community. We know and acknowledge, at least theoretically, that the object of the Church is to save souls. That is what the Church is for. It is not a mere eleemosynary institution for priest or people, though charity is its moving, animating spirit. It is not a mere money-making machine, though money is necessary for carrying on the work of the Church. Its object is not merely the civilization of mankind, though that is one of the subsidiary results of the spread of Christianity. The great end—the all absorbing object of the Church was declared by its Divine Founder in the great commission which He gave to His Apostles: "Go ye therefore and make disciples of all nations." "Preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be condemned." The duty of the Church, then, is to convert the nations, to bring the people to a knowledge of the truth; to attract them to the Church that they may be saved.

This, of course, involves a tremendous responsibility on the part of both priest and people. We ought all to be wide awake to the importance of this great work. It should be our constant study how we can influence all with whom we come in contact in favor of our religion, and to attract them to the Church. The Church should be aggressive, and to that end constant effort should be made not only to spread the light, but especially to make the devotional system of the Church as attractive as possible to outsiders. For this purpose it is not necessary that we should imitate the example of our Protestant friends. We have only to follow the good old traditions of the Church. It is Protestants that are imitators; but, unfortunately, in some things, they are sometimes more faithful to Catholic traditions than Catholics themselves.

We are in danger of overlooking an important consideration, and that is that our Protestant friends have been educated with the idea that Catholic worship is a mere external show, a formal, perfunctory performance without the spirit of true devotion, and destitute of the life and power of godliness. This idea has been instilled into them from childhood, and it is put forward as one of the important reasons for separation from the Church. What is the natural inference from this state of facts? Manifestly we should strive by every means in our power to disabuse them of their erroneous impression. For this purpose it is not enough to have magnificently adorned churches, an attractive ceremonial, splendid processions and grand functions on special holy days and high festivals. These, indeed, are not to be despised. It is perfectly legitimate to appeal to the imagination. But these are the clothes of religion and may exist in surpassing splendor when the life and power of godliness have departed.

What we want, and what we should all strive for is to build the people up in solid piety and every-day, practical religion. For this

Continued on Page 264.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commented by

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

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

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

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

The Late Archbishop Lynch.

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

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

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1891.

As announced in our columns last week the reopening ceremonies in connection with St. Michael's Cathedral will take place on Sunday next, at 10.30 o'clock. The Archbishops, Bishops and many of the priests of the Province will be present. The sermon being preached by His Lordship the Bishop of Rochester. In order to avoid the crush and to ensure those desirous of attending the ceremony seating accommodation, admission will be by ticket, a limited number of which has been issued. In this connection we might also say that a portrait of the Cathedral, of its Rector, the Very Rev. Dean McCann, and a new one of His Grace the Archbishop, and others, will adorn the pages of the next issue of the REVIEW.

To the credit of the Catholic body be it said that since the appearance of the Editorial Notice in this journal condemning the placing of the names of any of our Archbishops, bishops or clergy in the "popular clergyman contest" carried on by the *Mail*, scarcely a vote was recorded for them. Speaking strongly as we did at the commencement of this contest, we have pleasure in publishing the following from the *Telegram* at its close.

"Clergymen like Rev. D. J. Macdonnell and Rev. A. H. Baldwin must be deeply grateful to the parishioners who fought and bled financially in the hope of landing their respected pastors winners in the race for a dead head trip to England and back.

These good ministers went down before the greater glory of Dr. Wild. The horn of the Bond street prophet is mightily exalted and the fame of his esteemed, and to do them justice, unwilling rivals is smitten by the foolishness of their friends.

All the information now in credits individuals in St. Andrew's congregation with the appalling foolishness of squandering \$2,000 in a vain-glorious and unnecessary endeavour to create an artificial popularity for Mr. Macdonnell. On his behalf, but against his will, they strove to purchase a paper crown for their pastor, and at their own game succeeded in proving that, after Dr. Wild, he was the "most popular clergyman in Ontario."

A good man has been humiliated by the activity of friends who lack sense. The result of the competition beittles Mr. Macdonnell in the estimation of those who do not know that he had neither part nor lot in the scheme, and upon his return he might discourse to wrong-headed admirers from the text: "A fool and his money are soon parted."

Another demand has arisen for further facilities for divorce, this time from an unexpected quarter. Mrs. Lynn Linton, in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, strongly advocates the granting of divorces in cases of habitual drunkenness, insanity, or felony followed by a long sentence of penal servitude. Mrs. Lynn Linton's article, says the *Liverpool Catholic Times*, is a curious proof of the fact that a writer, especially a woman, may win a reputation as a novelist and as a journalist with no knowledge of law and a very small stock of common sense. Surely a woman so clever, as this writer undoubtedly is, might see that if divorce is permitted in two cases she chooses to select, there is no reason why it should not be allowed whenever any husband or wife feels the marriage tie an intolerable restraint; and that if her advice were taken, people would very soon cease to trouble themselves about tying a knot in a registrar's office that could be untied any day of the week. Mrs. Lynn Linton's demand follows with true feminine logic from her dislike of the decision of the Court of Appeal in the "Cltheroe case." She argues because the Judges decided in perfect accordance, if we may say so without presumption, with the dictates of humanity and common sense, as well as of law, that a husband may not imprison his wife, therefore he ought to have the right of divorcing her if she turns out an unusually bad bargain. Because Mrs. Lynn Linton fancies (wroglly) that the Supreme Court of Judicature has done something to lessen the binding force of the marriage tie, therefore she recommends that the law should be altered so as to weaken it still further.

At the time of writing Canadians, of all political parties and complexions, are sorrowing as one over the loss that, in all human probability, Canada is destined to suffer by the death of one of her greatest sons. Whatever may have been his faults, and being human, they were many, his unswerving love and devotion to Canada may safely wipe them out. Every pulsation of his heart, every fibre of his being, every thought of his gigantic intellect and profound political wisdom, was for his country's advancement and progress.

Born in Glasgow on January 11, 1815, Sir John A. Macdonald when a mere child came with his parents to Canada in 1820 and settled in Kingston where after passing through various educational courses, he entered a barristers office to study law. After six years of study he was called to the bar of Upper Canada in 1836 at the age of 21. He at once succeeded to the large office of Mr. Mackenzie, who died about this time, and shortly after became associated as a partner with Mr., now Sir Alexander Campbell, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. It was at this period that Hon. Oliver Mowat became a law clerk in Kingston and first met the young lawyer with whom in after years he crossed swords so often. From that time until the present he has been prominently before the public, and for the past 40 years, his history has been the history of Canada. Stricken as he now is, the wonderful vitality and nerve that has ever been his characteristics, is exemplified. For days past, the nation has been in mourning, momentarily expecting his demise, still he yet lives, fighting a brave battle with the Angel of death, who, knocking loudly upon the portals of Earncliffe, is foiled again and again by an old man's will. As the time extends the anguish of the people of the Dominion is intensified; and one universal feeling of profound sorrow and sympathy with the family of the old chieftain reigns supreme. If it is the will of Divine Providence that he shall recover, a fervent *Te Deum Laudamus* would be uttered from thousands of hearts, whilst if the reverse, and, sorrowfully we say it, the most probable result, should ensue, the nation will bow her head to the Divine yoke, and re-echo the divine words "Thy will be Done."

Prayers were offered up for him in many of the churches on Sunday and at St. Michael's Cathedral His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto paid to him the following kindly tribute "The greatest of Canadians," said he "is now lying at the point of death. However much some of us may differ from him politically, we must all acknowledge his mental ability and the worth of his services to his country. Let us pray to God to assuage his pains and sufferings in bringing him to his reward." At St. Patrick's Father Wissall C.S.S.R. also spoke in the same strain.

Communications by the thousand, bearing words of sympathy and affection, are being daily received at Earncliffe from all parts of the world. The Sovereign and the humble layman sorrowing as one.

THE WESTMINSTER CONFESSION A CONFESSION OF FAILURE.

Long threatenings come at last. The Westminster Confession is to be revised. We are glad of it for indeed we are of opinion, that it needed revision badly. The said confession has undergone various modifications, though invariably it was claimed, on what authority we know not, that the doctrines contained in that confession, were "exclusively derived from, and consistent with, the scriptures of the old and new Testament, as the only infallible rule of faith and practice." That being so, it must be great presumption on the part of the Presbyterians of the present generation to alter, or in any way modify what God has taught, except indeed on the hypothesis, that a new revelation has been made. We shall see. What authority has the Presbytery to alter what God has taught, that is if God has taught the doctrines contained in the confession of Faith. But by the proposed revision, the Presbyterians of the present day imply, that the older confession, did not, or do not now, contain the pure word of God. Consequently those who drew up the former confessions, and proclaimed them as derived from, and consistent with, the scriptures, were imposters; having no authority from God, and giving mere opinions for divine truth. Was it to them these words of our Lord were addressed, "Go therefore teach all nations,—teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world?" It is to be presumed that the disciples of Calvin came too late into the world, to have been the recipients of that commission. If they had been, and if Christ as he promised in the commission had been with them their standard of Faith would need no change or revision. Whence do they now derive authority, to decide, that former confessions, which claimed to be consistent with the word of God, are not so? Will the revised confession, claim to be, and be, *de facto*, once and for all, and for the last time, the word of God? What guarantee shall we have, that it too, at some future time, may not need revision. As a reason for the present change, it is alleged that modern biblical research has thrown such additional light on certain portions of the Scriptures as to make it undesirable that certain texts should be used as proofs in the connections in which they stand in the confession.

What light may not the progress of science, not to speak of the whims, and fancies, and interests of influential parties, throw on these matters. These influences, trifling though they may appear when speaking of God's truth, have in the past played an important part in deciding questions of theology among Presbyterians and other Protestant bodies; what security have we against them now?

The fact is, that, since people have broken loose from the centre of unity and authority, from the church which Christ Himself instituted, and to which He promised infallibility, they are merely guessing at the truth, and perhaps, not very particular whether they hit it or not. But by continuing in this way, guessing and revising, they may some day come near hitting the *bull's eye*, (not a Pope's bull,) and that is about as much as they can do, if we put *bull's eye* as a metaphor for consistent religious truth.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that, to know Presbyterianism, or indeed for the matter of that Protestant sectarianism in any age, or century, you know it in all. We Catholics know that our church, because it is from God, is immovable and inflexible, one and the same, always and everywhere, for the truth never varies. He who knows it in one age or country knows it in all, but with sects it is far otherwise. They must needs obey the natural laws of development, strengthened and intensified by the influence of the devil who delights to see God's truth made ridiculous; for what can be more ridiculous than the changes and contradictions, that hold sway in the name of God's holy religion.

The spirit and tendency of sectarianism, are always the same, but their forms change under the eyes of the spectators, and are rarely the same for any two successive moments. Strike where it is, and, as a witty author has said in one of his lectures on Natural History, it is not there. It is in perpetual motion, and exemplifies, so far as itself is concerned, the old theory that all things are in perpetual motion. You can never count on its remaining stationary long enough to bring your piece to rest and take deliberate aim. You must shoot it on the wing and if you are not marksman enough to hit it flying, you will have, however well

charged and well aimed your shot, only your labour for your pains. It is never enough to take note, either of its past or present position, but we must always regard the direction in which it is moving, and the rapidity of its motion, and if we wish our shot to tell, we must aim not at the point where it was or where it is now, but at the point where it will be when a ball now fired may reach it. To ascertain this point requires long practice or exact science. Yet this is less difficult than it may seem at first sight. We Catholics, and many who are not Catholics, know perfectly well that the point to which all sects are moving is the denial of all supernatural revelation. Is there any one who devotes attention to these matters, who reads the daily newspapers and observes the signs of the times, but must come to the conclusion that, sooner or later, things will reach this fatal termination if suffered to follow their natural course. Read the reports of conferences, synods, and meetings where nothing is decided, where no one on principle has any authority to decide anything, and where absolute divine truth is converted into mere opinion. Look again at their sham trials of alleged heretics. How indeed can a man be a heretic on Protestant principles unless he differs from himself, for on principle he is the only judge in his own case? Sometimes a conviction is obtained while the judges in the case repudiate all authority to convict, and, in fact, on their own principle, have no authority to do so. Others, again, acquit the accused, but, like the Scotch judge, charge him not to be guilty of a similar offence. Then the congregation must be suited as to the doctrines to be taught, without any regard to the fact of their being God's revelation or not. The question is, rather, will this or that doctrine suit? Then, again, look at the contradictions that are attributed by this system to the God of all truth. He is represented as teaching one thing in one age and the very opposite in another age, teaching one thing as true to Tom, another to Dick, and something altogether different to Harry. It may be easily perceived how people of intelligence, who are brought up under this system, so inconsistent, so unlike anything we could fancy as a divine system, a true system, or even common sense and decency, and who have not had an opportunity of seizing the Catholic idea of Catholic and divine truth; may drift into infidelity. To this tends the inevitable and necessary development of Protestantism. There is an invincible logic in the human race which pushes them on to the last consequences of their premises, and when, as in the Protestant rebellion, they have adopted premises which involve as their last consequence the rejection of the order of grace, they will inevitably draw that consequence, and become theoretical and practical unbelievers, unless previously induced to change their premises. It is curious that this overhauling of the Confession was not decided upon till the intelligence and common sense of even Presbyterians themselves rebelled against some of the revolting doctrines contained in their standard of faith. The doctrine of foreordination, chap. 3, art. 3, called by Calvin himself the horrible decree, is the one which has received most prominence in the revision scheme. We have now before us this wonderful book, that curiosity in literature, the Confession of Faith. We find that in the Assembly at Edinburgh, Aug. 27, 1647, this book was approved of, and this doctrine declared to have been revealed by God. Now, how will it appear if in the revision it be declared that this doctrine was not revealed by God at all? To reconcile these matters, will, it is to be hoped, avert the attention of Presbyterians, and give their ministers some employment, besides slandering and misrepresenting Catholics and exciting unjust prejudice against them. We would truly rejoice to see many passages so offensive to Catholics somewhat modified. For example, chap. 15, art. 6, page 87, where the Pope of Rome, for the edification of Presbyterians, and to give them due warning against his machinations, is called "antichrist, the man of sin, and the son of perdition that exalteth himself in the Church of Christ, that is called God." There are many other articles in the Westminster Confession which are very offensive to Catholics, and which we should like to see modified, if not altogether expunged. Those for example, page 227, etc., referring to the total "extirpation of popery," those alluding to the manifold penalties, spiritual and temporal to be inflicted on papists, to the sin against the second commandment of tolerating any religion but Presbyterianism, and other, such like, too numerous to mention.

Being Papists, so called, we are glad to find that Almighty God,

having reconsidered these matters, is about to suggest to the presbytery a more conciliating policy than that which He was pleased to reveal to them in former times. This is especially gratifying, as it would be inconvenient for Presbyterians to remain under their former obligations of persecuting Catholics at a time and in a country where Catholics are their equals before the law of the land, and when the persecution of them as formerly carried out, would be attended by certain inconveniences, in fact, when they could no longer, on account of the degeneracy of the times, obey God's precepts in this respect. It can easily be seen how this law came to be revealed to the Kirk. At the time of its insertion into the Confession the Presbyterians had the upper hand, and nobly did they sanctify themselves by fulfilling the Divine precept of persecution, but times are changed, and Presbyterians can no longer, as in former times, persecute. And hence, the new revelation which may be anticipated to meet altered circumstances.

May Almighty God protect the world from the infidelity which threatens it, through the absurdities, contradictions and fanaticism which pass for religion, and may He hasten the time when people infatuated and deceived will return to the bosom of the Church which He has instituted, and which, guided by Him, remains always the same in her teachings of faith and morals.

Lxx.

The many reader of the Review will rejoice with us upon the safe arrival at his Archiepiscopal see, completely restored to health, of His Grace, the talented and learned Archbishop of Kingston. The Catholic population of Kingston testified their joy last Tuesday by a High Mass of Thanksgiving at St. Mary's Cathedral.

At the conclusion of the Mass, an address from the priests of the archdiocese was presented to the Archbishop to which he feelingly replied. Both the address and His Grace's reply will be published in our columns next week.

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purpose nothing is better adapted than congregational worship, that is, popular devotions in the vernacular. We must give the people something to do a chance to express their feelings of devotion in psalms and hymns and spiritual canticles. It is this that will awaken enthusiasm and develop devotional feeling in the coldest hearts, and it is this that will attract our non-Catholic friends.

Why should we be suspicious of such devotions? Why should we be backward about adopting them? The fact that extravagances and unedifying practices exist among Protestants should not deter us from adopting the sober, rational and stirring devotions of the Church. Thank God a better feeling has begun to be developed amongst us. There is a very general acknowledgment of a want of that kind. Edifying examples of popular devotions are multiplying. The Sunday evening popular service of the Paulists, sometimes familiarly called Father Elliott's prayer meeting, is attracting wide attention and furnishes a good example of what can be done where faith, and zeal, and perseverance prevail. Great crowds are attracted by that service and a most favorable impression is made on multitudes of our Protestant friends.

It sometimes seems almost as if there was a repugnance to introducing hymns and prayers in the vernacular, whereas one would naturally suppose the disposition would be in the opposite direction—that is to introduce the vernacular wherever it could be done with propriety and without violating any rule of the Church. We should strive by every means in our power to relieve the apparent formality and perfunctory character of the devotions of the Church. We know of some excellent processions which always make it a point when Protestants are present at some function, whether it be a funeral of some distinguished person, or the baptism of a convert, or a wedding, to translate portions of the service as they go along, and explain the meaning of the function, and it has a very excellent effect. Of course that in some cases costs time and trouble, but the result will well repay any effort of the kind. Shall we not then all try to get out of the old immemorial, monotonous, perfunctory rot and join in the effort to develop the true spirit of the Church?

Let us study carefully not only to enlist the interest and stimulate the devotion of our own people, but also to make the services of the Church as attractive as possible to outsiders, that they may be led to see that the King's daughter is all glorious within, that her clothing is of wrought gold, and that they shall, with the blessing of God, be attracted to the Church as crowds, as doves to their windows.

N. Y. Catholic Review.

THE LUCK OF THE BOGANS.

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

WINTER had fairly set in, but the snow had not come, and the street was bleak and cold. The wind was stinging men's faces and piercing the wooden houses. A hard night for sailors coming on the coast—a bitter night for poor people everywhere.

From one house and another the lights went out, in the street where the Bogans lived, at last there was no other lamp than theirs, in a window that lighted the outer stairs. Sometimes a woman's shadow passed across the curtain and waited there, drawing it away from the panes a moment as if to listen the better for a footstep that did not come. Poor Biddy had waited many a night besides this. Her husband was far from well, the doctor said that his heart was not working right, and that he must be very careful, but the truth was that Mike's heart was almost broken by grief. Dan was going the downhill road, he had been drinking harder and harder, and spending a great deal of money. He had smashed more than one carriage and lamed more than one horse from the livery stables, and he had kept the lowest company in vilest dens. Now he threatened to go to New York, and it had come at last to being the only possible joy that he should come home at any time of night rather than disappear no one knew where. He had laughed in Father Miles's face when the good old man after pleading with him had tried to threaten him.

Biddy was in an agony of suspense as the night wore on. She dozed a little to wake with a start, and listen for some welcome sound out in the cold night. Was her only boy freezing to death somewhere? Other mothers only scolded if their sons were wild, but this was killing her and Mike, they had set their hopes so high. Mike was groaning dreadfully in his sleep to-night—the fire was burning low, and she did not dare to stir it. She took her worn rosary again and tried to tell its beads. Mother of Pity, pray for us!" she said, wearily dropping the beads in her lap.

There was a sound in the street at last but it was not of one man's stumbling feet but of many. She was stiff with cold, she had slept long, and it was almost day. She rushed with strange apprehension to the doorway and stood with the flaring lamp in her hand at the top of the stairs. The voices were suddenly hushed. "Go for Father Miles!" said somebody in a hoarse voice, and she heard the words. They were carrying a burden, they brought it up to the mother who waited. In their arms lay her son stone dead; he had been stabbed in a fight, he had struck a man down who had sprung back at him like a tiger. Dan, little Dan was dead, the luck of the Bogans, the end was here, and a wail that pierced the night and chilled the hearts that heard it, was the first message of sorrow to the poor father in his uneasy sleep.

The group of men stood by—some of them had been drinking, but they were all awed and shocked. You would have believed every one of them on the side of law and order. Mike Bogan knew that the worst had happened. Biddy had rushed to him and fallen across the bed, for the minute her aggravating shrieks had stopped; he began to dress himself, but he was shivering too much; he stepped out to the kitchen and faced the frightened crowd.

"Is my son dead then?" asked Mike Bogan, of Hantry, with a piteous quiver of the lip, and nobody spoke. There was something distressing and awful about his pleasant Irish face. He tottered where he stood, he caught at a chair to steady himself. "The luck o' the Bogans, was it?" and he smiled strangely, then a fierce hardness came across his face and changed it utterly. "Come down, come down!" he shouted, and snatching the key of the shop went down the stairs himself with great sure-footed leaps. What was in Mike? was he crazy with grief? They stood out of his way and saw him fling bottle after bottle and shatter them against the wall. They saw him roll one cask after another to the doorway, and out into the street in the gray light of morning, and break through the staves with a heavy axe. Nobody dared to restrain his fury—there was a devil in him, they were afraid of the man in his blinded rage. The odor of his carefully chosen stock of whiskey and gin filled the cold air—some of them would have stolen the wasted liquor if they could, but no man there dared to step forward, and it was not until the tall figure of Father Miles came along the street, and the patient eyes that seemed always keeping vigil, and the calm voice with its flavour of Hantry brogue, came to Mike Bogan's help, that he let himself be taken out of the wrecked shop and away from the spent liquors to the shelter of his home.

A week later he was only a shadow of his stony self, he was lying dreaming on his bed of Hantry hay and the road to Grogan's—the hedge roses were in bloom, and he was trucking along the road to see Biddy. He was troubled on the old farm at home and he could not put the seed potatoes in their trench, for little Dan kept falling in and getting in his way. "Dan's not going to be plagued with the bad craps," he muttered to Father Miles who sat beside the bed. "Dan will be a fine squire in Ameriky," but the priest only stroked his hand as it twitched and lifted on the coverlet. There was a blaze of light before his eyes. Why, it must be the yellow gorse all in bloom. What was Biddy doing, crying and getting the candles about him?

Catholic News

...The musical services at St. Basil's church on last Sunday, within the Octave of Corpus Christi—were up to the high standard which this church has set for itself. Under Rev. Fr. Challandard's conductorship aided by an efficient orchestra and also by the College Band the work of the choir was simply perfection. The Church was very prettily decorated at all services.

...The mission which has been conducted by Rev. Father Wissall C.S.S.R. at St. Patrick's Church for the past two weeks came to an end on Sunday evening last. The mission was in every way a success. The members of the church,—the first week the women, last week the men—having attended it in a manner most gratifying to the reverend missionary and to the resident clergy. His Grace the Archbishop with his well known solicitude for his people's spiritual welfare, attended its close, and spoke words of comfort and cheer, also giving the papal Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

...An excursion under the auspices of St. Mary's Parish St. Vincent de Paul Society will be held on Monday, June 15, to Niagara Falls, New York, per steamer Empress of India, and for which the tickets have been placed at the low figure of \$1.25. As the whole of the proceeds of this Excursion will go towards the support of the poor of the parish, and moreover a very pleasant day can be spent, this Excursion should be patronized by all the members of the parish and sister societies. A band of music will discourse sweet strains for the enjoyment of the excursionists. As this is the first, so it will also be one of the best excursions of the season.

...At St. Mary's church on Sunday last the Feast of Corpus Christi was observed with fitting ceremonies. After High Mass the members of the parish Separate School, the Convent select schools and the various Sodalties formed in procession around the church, preceded by their banners. Following came the Sacred Host, carried by Vicar-General Rooney, on either side of whom were Rev. Fathers Minnehan and Cruise. A canopy, borne by the Christian Brothers was carried over it, and the members of St. Vincent de Paul Society, to the number of about 65 formed a guard of honour. As the Divine Presence passed every head was bowed, the congregation kneeling until it was deposited upon the altar. After the procession Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given from an altar in the grounds of the church.

...On Wednesday evening the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association added another to the long list of treats which they have given their friends at various times since their formation. Those ladies possess in an eminent degree the happy faculty of suiting, in their entertainments, all tastes and fancies. This last one which we chronicle was no exception to the general rule. The audience was large and appreciative, the ladies sprightly and fair, and the programme, on which was a profusion of small verses, culled from various authoresses, well carried out. In her Introductory remarks the President of the Association, Miss M. A. O'Reilly, dwelt upon the work which the society was called into existence to perform, and in choice and unexceptional language said many very good things. Miss N. Spence, B.A., then delivered a lecture of half an hour's dura-

tion on Mrs. E. A. Browning, whom she characterized as the "queen of Poets," giving selections from many of her works, and in learned and lengthy words extolling her writings. Whilst giving the fair young lecturer full credit for the ability displayed, we are of opinion that had she dealt a little more leniently with that useful biped, man, the members of the brother society of St. Alphonsus, many of whom acted as ushers, would have appreciated it more fully. Miss M. L. Hart then rendered the vocal solo of "Kathleen Mavourneen" in an artistic manner for which she was enthusiastically encored, the Misses M. and K. O'Donohue meeting with like reception for their numbers. The instrumental solos of Misses B. McCarthy and Minnie Lawlor were also well received, whilst Miss L. Memory filled the part of accompanist to perfection. The committee having charge, and to whom much credit is due for the evening's treat, were Misses C. Small, L. O'Grady and G. Duggan.

WILLIAMSTOWN, GLENGARRY.

Procession Sunday—The truly Catholic people of St. Mary's turned out in vast numbers on Sunday—within the Octave of Corpus Christi—to join in the solemn procession, in honor of the Most Adorable Sacrament. For years—now twenty eight—has this public act of faith in the real presence of our Lord, been made in this parish, but never before with such splendor as upon this occasion. A beautiful arch spanned the road—the whole route being one mass of evergreens. Sweet incense filled the air, and lovely children strewed the way with flowers. At the Convent, a gorgeous "Reposoir" was erected, from which Benediction was given to the kneeling multitude, while from within came strains of music, vocal and instrumental, most exquisitely rendered by the holy nuns and their accomplished pupils.

Fine new banners added much to the splendor of the pageant. During the procession, not a sound was heard, save the chanting of the ladies and of the Church choir; over which rang out the silver tones of the consecrated bells.

As usual, the *Strangers* behaved most becomingly, as the Holy of Holies was borne along, under a rich canopy of cloth of gold. Indeed, on Saturday, Protestants might be seen decorating the streets.

Happy Williamstown! happy Glengarry! where our holy religion is so honored, that the Sacrifice of the Mass could be celebrated in the open air, without fear of irreverence.

The Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame, Williamstown, intend again enlarging their Convent; the large number of boarders and day scholars, making it a necessity.

The work will probably be done during the vacations; and will consist in an addition of twenty-three feet to the front of the chapel, over which will be two apartments 23x29.

From the outset 25 years ago, this Convent has been well patronized by the public. This year, the music department counted ninety-one pupils.

CORPUS CHRISTI AT LORETTO ABBEY.

The feast of Corpus Christi was a joyful anniversary for the world at large, but the celebration of this beautiful festival which impressed me as being peculiarly devotional took place within the cloistered precincts of Loretto Abbey.

The evident excitement that pervaded the usually serene atmosphere, had a triple significance, first, the celebration which the feast entailed, but it was discernable to the observer that a still stronger current was underlying so many preparations. A few hours after sunrise might be seen a number of the "little ones" our Master loves so well, flitting about like

restless doves in their spotless white gowns and filmy veils, fearful yet hopeful, the sun had at last risen on their first Communion morning. The Spirit of Light and Truth was also waiting to descend upon them, as upon the Apostles of old, with his seven-fold gifts.

When all was in readiness the First Communicants entered the chapel, as the swelling notes came from the organ, measured and sweet and solemn. Mass was celebrated by His Grace the Archbishop, assisted by Vicar-General Rooney, Rev. Dean Cassidy and Rev. Fathers Minnehan and Cruise.

The little ones with feverish expectancy were awaiting the long looked for moment. At last the clear distinct voice of His Grace was heard pronouncing the "*Domine non sum dignus*," and the First Communicants approached the altar and reverently received Our Divine Lord.

After Mass His Grace spoke a few very appropriate words, drawing attention to the number of feasts the Church presents to us at this season, and above all the beauty of the festival we were then celebrating. He spoke very feelingly of our Lord's love for us in the Blessed Sacrament, of the many lonely vigils kept by the Sacred Heart while the world slumbers, and of all the indifference and neglect suffered with incomparable patience, for the sake of us weak mortals. He spoke of the Divine visitation we enjoy in Holy Communion, wherein we become so closely united with our dear Lord. "I am the vine and you are the branches." Could we live in closer union than this? Truly each one can say with the Apostle, "It is not I that live but Christ that liveth in me." The sermon closed with good wishes for the children's future, and a blessing to be appreciated, the blessing of our loved Archbishop.

This was followed by the administration of the Sacrament of Confirmation, which, in accordance with the other ceremonies was very impressive.

About half-past nine all again assembled in the chapel and formed for the procession in honour of the Blessed Sacrament. It consisted of the pupils in their sombre black gowns, relieved by white veils, and the pretty blue badges which rendered conspicuous the "children of Mary." A number of little boys from Bond Street Academy walked in admirable order, their crimson scarfs designating them true "Guards of Honour." Then came the Sisters reverently covered with their Communion veils, and lastly the incense bearers and Rev. Fathers accompanying His Grace, who, with hands uplifted, devoutly carried the Blessed Sacrament under a canopy tastefully decorated with flowers.

Slowly the procession moved over the winding paths around the extensive grounds, and to the spectator the effect was most impressive, it reminded one of those old time religious marches through some pretty Catholic hamlet. With the ascending incense mingled the voices of the choir sweetly pleading our Heavenly Mother in the endearing epithets of the Litany to "pray for us."

When the spacious verandah in the rear of the convent was reached, the procession divided, and kneeling on either side of the pathway, they left space for the Archbishop to pass with his Precious Borden, which he reverently deposited on the altar erected for the purpose. This was a beautiful confusion of gold and crimson, lights and natural flowers, with graceful sprays of green trailing here and there, in delightful contrast to the rich red lillies bowing their heads in evident reverence to the office they were performing.

After Benediction the procession moved onwards towards the chapel, where His Grace replaced the Blessed Sacrament back in the humble dwelling wherein He is pleased to abide.

Men and Things.

The number of conversions to Catholicity among the members of the higher social circles in London, continues to increase. Among the latest converts are Sir Andrew Stuart, the ex-Chief Justice of Quebec; Lady Turner, the wife of Sir Charles Turner, late Chief Justice of Madras; Mr. George Knott, member of the Council of the Guild of All Souls, and a church warden of St. Columbus, Haggerston; the Rev. C. B. Dawson, Curate of All Harrows, Southwark; Mr. Francis King, who is a relative of the Bishop of Lincoln, and Mrs. Stanley.

Sister Catharine (Miss Catharine Drexel) has begun the work of her new order by arranging with Bishop Brennan to found a school for colored children in his diocese of Dallas, Tex. She will furnish the money and the school will be in charge of members of the order. Sister Catharine has mapped out a great work for the Christianization and civilization of the negroes and Indians, and she has the intellect, the energy and the funds to carry it out.

Verney, an English M.P., has pleaded guilty to the crime of conspiring with a procuress to allure young English girls to Paris for purposes of prostitution, and has been sent to jail for one year.

Another member of the English parliament who has been charged with a similar offence is now a fugitive from justice and is keeping outside of English territory to avoid the "hue and cry" which has been issued, describing him and offering a reward for his arrest. The latter "gentleman" is named De Cobain; he is one of the members of parliament for Belfast, and he is the Grand Master of Orangism in Ulster. If this "gentleman" should flee hither to avoid the English "hue and cry" he would be received by a procession headed by a brass band hired in Canada, and conducted in state to the Orange lodge on John R. street. Mr. De Cobain would be welcomed here because he is the head of the Association which is sworn to defend the Protestant succession to the English throne.—*Michigan Catholic*.

William O'Brien is cheating the tedium of his prison hours by writing a novel, the heroine of which is said to be Granu Uaile, or Grace O'Mally, Queen of Connaught in the time of the *dirina tiraps* (as her panegyrist called her), Queen Bess. She was the daughter of Owen O'Mally, a chieftain of Mayo, and the widow of O'Flaherty. Her castle of Carrick-a-Uile was four storeys high and loopholed for musketry. She was powerful in galleys and seamen, and kept her large vessels in the lee of Clare Island. She did not disdain a little piracy, and a reward of £500 was offered for her seizure by the Lord Deputy Sidney. Afterwards she visited Elizabeth at London, and made peace with her. The Irish heroine in yellow bodice and petticoat, her tresses fastened with a silver bodkin and a crimson mantle thrown over her shoulders, faced the Tudor on her throne with a pride as haughty as her own. Elizabeth was much impressed by her, and waxed most gracious, offering to make her a countess. She scorned the title for herself, but accepted it for her infant son, "Toby of the Ships," born on the voyage across. From him descended the Viscounts Mayo. On her return from the English Sovereign she called on the St. Lawrence's at Howth Castle, and found the gates shut. As a punishment for their inhospitality she kidnapped the heir, and only restored him on payment of a large ransom. Her name became a symbol for Ireland, and her exploits a great loric for bardic song.

His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Logue has written a letter to the *National Press* in reply to the speech of Sir Henry James, who, he says, seems to have come to Ireland for the purpose

of stirring up those feelings of prejudice, distrust, and sectarian bitterness which form a principal part of the Unionists' stock-in-trade at present, and thought well to continue this mission in England by a judicious selection of isolated passages and expressions such as a clever advocate like him can make; and by the use of a very common but very unfair fallacy—that of applying to one subject words spoken of another quite different—he managed to give his followers a very telling summary of the extravagant claims of an Irish bishop.

The following, observes His Grace, are the points in which he improved considerably on my views, religious and political. I spoke of a position that is clearly defined, thoroughly understood, and freely admitted by every Catholic—the duty and right of the pastors of the church to interfere, advise, direct, and even command the people, when their political action brings them into conflict with the teachings of faith or the principles of the moral law. He extends my words to all political action, even the exercise of the franchise—a thing I neither thought of at the time nor spoke of. What I spoke of as rebellion and disobedience is the denial by some who call themselves Catholics of this right to safeguard faith and morals in politics as in the other actions and relations in life. . . . Sir Henry James has another grievance which I cannot pass over. I said the pastors of the Church, if they were faithful to their trust, were given special light to direct their people. This seems to have shocked Sir Henry James, though he considerably sustained from making it a matter of laughter. A Unionist journal, less considerate, spoke of it as puerile. I must confess I was not prepared for a denial of the influence of God's grace, even from a Protestant so advanced in modern views as Sir Henry James. However that may be, I fear I cannot abandon it even to escape the ridicule of Sir Henry James. I am not prepared to exclude God from the world, or to deny His right to influence the affairs of men. Bishops, in reference to this cry of clerical dictation and danger to the Protestant minority, think there is very little in the dealings of Catholics with their neighbours of other creeds to justify it. Irish Catholics seek for themselves, and are prepared to secure for their fellow-countrymen of every creed, equal rights, equal privileges, and even-handed justice. These they will strive for, Home Rule or no Home Rule. It is only those, therefore, who endeavour to maintain the ascendancy of a small clique, so long the bane and ruin of the country, that have anything to fear from the issue of the struggle."

OBITUARY.

Miss KATE O'BRIEN—Thursday, May 29, ushered in a day of sadness and gloom to one home, from whose midst a beloved daughter had been suddenly summoned to the presence of our blessed Lord. The deceased—a daughter of Mr. James O'Brien, 130 Yonge Street, Hamilton, left her home on Wednesday evening accompanied by her sister and some friends—to visit the family of Mr. Hornung, who resides a few miles out of the city. Ten or fifteen minutes after her arrival, she complained of faintness, and immediately fell forward, and lay motionless. When raised from the floor those present were horrified to find that she was dead. Dr. Boyce, the nearest physician, resident at Mount Albion, was sent for, and pronounced death as resulting from heart disease. Miss O'Brien was naturally of a retiring disposition, esteemed and beloved by all with whom she came in contact, which was testified by the beautiful floral gifts, and the many friends who came to offer

their tribute of sympathy to the sorrowing relatives.

The funeral took place on Saturday morning, at 8.30. A solemn Mass of Requiem was offered up in St. Patrick's church, for the repose of her soul.

The interment took place at the Holy Sepulchre Cemetery.

Previous erroneous notices, given in some of the daily papers—stated that Miss O'Brien died at a dancing party. Probably those reports originated from the fact that a dancing party was held some two miles distant from Mr. Hornung's residence.

Book Reviews.

...*Sayings of Cardinal Newman*. An admirer of the late Cardinal Newman has collected, for the benefit of readers who cannot procure his works, occurrences of interest in the life of the Cardinal. They will be welcome to many in a form handier than that of some twenty bulky volumes. The pamphlet is part and parcel of the history of the Church of England for forty years. The pamphlet makes fifty-eight pages of closely printed matter. A good portrait of the deceased is given on the title page. Price 20 cents. Two copies 30 cents. Address *Doubleday's Magazine*, Boston, Mass.

The Christ the Son of God a life of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ by the Abbe Constant Fournier. Translated from the Fifth Edition with the author's sanction by George F. X. Griffith. Introduction by Cardinal Manning. 2 vols. 8 vo. cloth. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Of it the *London Tablet* says: In comparing Canon Fournier's "The Christ The Son of God," with Pere Didon's work on the same subject, the *London Daily Chronicle* emphasizes the greater erudition and literary art displayed in the former, while allowing that the great preacher's work is more oratorical. The methods employed by these two famous Frenchmen are so diverse, except in their absorbing love for their Divine Subject, that neither need fear disparaging comparisons. The Dominican's Life of Jesus is a passionate plea, the French Professor's "History of Our Lord and Saviour," is a fascinating showing forth of the Fact Divine. The great favour shown by the public to both works proves that men are never tired of hearing any one who can tell them aught of interest of the Christ.

"After the writing of a good book, the greatest benefit a man can confer on the public is to translate a good one into their language. This Mr. Griffith has done, and he deserves the gratitude of all those—and their name must be legion—who care to have in readable English a life of Christ, which is up to the level of modern research, and yet is written in a spirit of reverence and Catholic faith. . . . It will be seen that a careful reading of the translation has not led to the discovery of anything of great moment and it is quite likely that even where we have expressed our preferences, the reader may not be in sympathy with us, but with the translator. In any case we do not forget the numerous instances in which the translator has been very happy in rendering difficult and idiomatic passages, and we congratulate him on it. May the devout and learned study of our Lord's Life, which he has brought within the reach of millions of new readers, spread the knowledge of Christ in minds, deepen faith in Him and love for Him in hearts. Meditation on that life and those words—contemplation of the living Christ and devout application of His words to ourselves—has ever been the Catholic practice; meditation is a daily office of devout souls. It would become, we venture to think, a delightful exercise of the minds and hearts of countless others, if they helped themselves by means of the light thrown on the Gospels by such a book as this."

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

For the information of many who have written us inquiring about the Order of Catholic Foresters, we take pleasure in saying that it is a purely Catholic Association, embracing within its ranks males of all races and nationalities, the only qualification being that they be practical Catholics, able to pass the medical examination prescribed, and are between the age of 18 and 45. Exception being only made in cases where men are engaged in such hazardous and unsafe occupations as, aeronaut, cartridge-maker, maker of any explosives, submarine diver, &c. Risks that would not be accepted by any line company.

Its objects are to pay the sum of \$1,000 at death of a member and also to furnish him, when ill, with a stated Sick Beneficiary, and in a great number of cases, with free medical attendance. Its ramifications are very extensive, and its membership increasing daily. During the month of May 40 applications for charters to form new courts were received, with a total of 840 members.

The Catholic Order of Foresters was established for the purpose of attaining practical results. The direct object of the Order is to pay sick and death benefits to the families of the deceased brothers. It does not however, stop when it has attained these good results, but labours to promote friendship, unity and true Christian charity amongst its members as a rule of life, so that the community learns that by reason of our being Catholic Foresters we are also better citizens. As Foresters, we have a special duty to fulfill, the faithful performance of which will develop an honorable spirit of self-esteem that will make us good and respected members of society. But when, with the mission of the Foresters, we have the guiding star of Catholicity, whose history and blessings have given civilization, faith and hope to mankind, then indeed, have we reason to be proud of the work that we are engaged in. Take true soldiers we engrave the principles of Catholicity on our hearts that they may light us to deeds worthy of true children of the Church.

One Court of the Order was established in Toronto in April last with a membership of about 35, and as we have been asked about the *personnel* of the executive officers of this Court we would say that Rev. Father LaMarche, P.P. of Sacred Heart Church is chaplain. The presiding officer or Chief Ranger is Mr. L. V. Duchand, a gentleman who has been connected in a responsible capacity with the large manufacturing firm of the Gendron Mfg. Co. for a number of years. He is a young man, full of energy and tact, and a general favorite, bringing with him into the Court the business skill and ability that has added his firm to a considerable extent. The Vice Chief Ranger is Mr. Ph. DeGruchy, Managing Editor of this Review. The Treasurer, Mr. L. V. Dusseau, is Secretary-Treasurer of the Gendron Mfg. Co. and General Manager for that firm whose headquarters are in Toronto, with a branch at Montreal. To his indomitable energy and perseverance added by zealous assistance, the success of the firm whose interests he controls are due, they now from a small beginning of 25 or 30 employees having upon their pay roll about 200 hands. Honest and conscientious, and one to whom the Church of the Sacred Heart, of which he is a member, is considerably indebted, he proves in his own personality that, a Catholic, if he be able and industrious, may aspire to commercial greatness. The Recording Secretary Mr. Donnelly is city traveller for a well-known firm. Mr. Moran the Financial Secretary is time keeper at the Gendron Co. and has had considerable experience in various Societies. Both these Secretaries are able, capable men,

fully alive to the responsibilities of their positions, and determined to fulfil them to the utmost. The minor officers of the Court are men of ability weight and power, and we do not hesitate to say that in a very short time will make their Court the largest, numerically, in Canada. Any information about the Court or Order to intending members will be gladly furnished by any of the above officers, and at the office of the Review.

At a regular meeting of Sacred Heart Court held on May 2nd, the following resolution of condolence was moved by Bro. Ph. DeGruchy, seconded by Bro. L. V. Dusseau, and carried.

Whereas the members of Sacred Heart Court, No. 201, have learned with deep regret and profound sorrow of the death, during the past week, at Montreal of the sister of our beloved chaplain, Rev. Father LaMarche, Whereas knowing the bond of affection that existed between them as brother and sister, we fully recognize the heavy burden placed upon his shoulders by her untimely death, a burden which from his sacred calling we are assured will be accepted with pious resignation and submission to Divine Providence. He it therefore Resolved that we in meeting assembled tender to our bereaved Rev. Brother the heartfelt sympathy of this Court, and be it further Resolved that these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the meeting and that a copy be forwarded to Rev. Father LaMarche and also to the Catholic Review for publication.

A new Court (Capital Court) of the Catholic Order of Foresters has been formed in Ottawa, with a large membership. Its officers are:— Chief Ranger, Michael Quinn; Vice Chief Ranger, F. A. Gendron; Medical Examiner, Ald. Savard, M.D.; Rec. Sec., John Daly; Fin. Sec. McEvela; Treasurer, J. A. Chervier; Guards, John McIllicuddy and R. Chervier; Sentinel, F. Carbot, J. J. McCann; Trustees, J. M. Quinn, R. Noel, and John Moran.

ORIGINATION OF THE ORDER.

Having been requested by many members of the Catholic Order of Foresters to write an account of how the order originated, and who is the father and founder, I would say that I would not undertake this account but for such request made by my old friends, now members of the order.

In the beginning of January, 1883, Thomas Taylor invited John Quirke and others to come together and consider a plan prepared by him, for establishing upon a broad and liberal basis a new social and beneficial association, not limited to Catholics of any one nationality, but to be composed of Catholics of all nationalities. I must say that of the gentlemen invited to co-operate with me, Mr. John Quirke was the only one to make his appearance on the 15th of January, the day appointed for our meeting. Mr. Quirke and myself talked together for a long time on all kind of benevolent associations, both great and small, and what benefit they were to the working classes. We finally came to the conclusion that it would be a great good to have some general association of the kind composed entirely of Catholics. In such a society, when a member died, his widow or orphans would receive \$1,000; and this sum, if properly managed, would make them comfortable for the remainder of their days. Hitherto Catholic working-men were connected only with small parish societies, each numbering from 50 to 100 members. In these societies, on the death of a member, only a small sum could be allowed the widow and orphans, indeed generally little more than was necessary for proper funeral expenses, so that in many cases the widow was compelled to seek for some such employment as washing and scrubbing in order to pay her rent and support her orphan children.

To remedy such a state of things, brothers, was the object I had in view in trying to establish the organization I contemplated. I be-

lieved the thing was practicable here in the West, as I knew that something similar was already working well in some of the Eastern States. My friend, Mr. Quirke, feared that if such an organization was formed here the politicians of the city would soon be in it and would use it for their own purposes, and not for the advantage of the working classes or their widows and orphans. I explained to my friend that in my plan the clergy would be so connected with the organization as to render such a misfortune practically impossible.

A few weeks afterwards I obtained from a friend in the East a copy of the first Constitution of the Massachusetts Catholic Order of Foresters, the constitution under which they were organized, and with it a copy of their second Constitution and other papers they had revised. I then drew up some eight or ten new articles and added them to the first Constitution.

My friend, Mr. Quirke, and myself then agreed to spend a certain time each night after our day's work in canvassing St. Columbkille's, St. Stephen's and St. Malachi's parishes to see how many good men we could get to join our new organization. We placed the initiatives at three dollars, and I must say that after three or four weeks' time in tramping around each night, in cold and wet, we could not raise as much as one green recruit in the above named parishes. Instead, we often received abusive language, sometimes even from men who were afterwards glad to be taken into the C. O. F. when it had been organized. Some parties objected that it was too clannish, others hinted that I ought to be sent to a lunatic asylum. Many said they would not belong to any such organization unless I could first show them a letter from the Archbishop authorizing the project. Other parties again said I ought to wait on the aldermen of the wards, or on prominent politicians who might advance money to pay hall rent, printing and other such expenses of organization, since to do so would be a good way of advertising their names before the public. All this kind of language made me feel bad, and so discouraged my friend, Mr. Quirke, that even he began to give me the cold shoulder, and then left me to paddle my own canoe as best I could.

So depressed had I become that I came near throwing the whole affair overboard and destroying all the documents I had. I studied the matter for a while, and I said to myself: "I will visit Father Foley and ascertain his opinion of my plan." Father Foley was at this time assistant of Father Thomas Parke, pastor of St. Columbkille's—my own parish. We came together in the sitting-room. I stated my mission and the object of the organization. Father Foley expressed his approval of my design, but told me at the same time that if I kept on alone, I would have a hard road to travel before meeting with success. Father Foley's remarks were, on the whole, so encouraging that I began to feel twenty years younger. He finally advised me to go and see Father Gill, who was at that time Chancellor of the archdiocese. I had no time before calling on Father Gill at the priest's house in the Holy Name parish. The good father received me kindly, and when I had explained matters, expressed his approval of my design if it could only be carried out. I then requested Father Gill to lay the Constitution and other papers before the Archbishop for examination. Thus he promised to do. In about two weeks afterwards the books and papers were returned to me with the statement that the Archbishop did not object to the organizing of such a society in connection with the Church, provided that it lived up to the laws and spirit of the Church.

Thomas Taylor in Catholic Home.
To be Continued.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS
CURES DYSPEPSIA.
CURES DYSPEPSIA.
CURES DYSPEPSIA.

PROMOTES
 DIGESTION.

Mr. Nell McNeil, of Leith, Ont., writes:
 DEAR SIR,—For years and years I suffered from dyspepsia in its worst form, and after trying all means in my power to no purpose I was persuaded by friends to try B.B.B., which I did, and after using 5 bottles I was completely cured.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS
Cures CONSTIPATION
Cures CONSTIPATION
Cures CONSTIPATION

ACTS
 ON THE
 BOWELS.

Rapid Recovery.
 DEAR SIR,—I have tried your B.B.B. with great success for constipation and pain in my head. The second dose made me ever so much better. My bowels now move freely and the pain in my head has left me, and to everybody with the same disease I recommend B. B. B.
 MISS F. WILLIAMS,
 415 Bloor St., Toronto.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS
Cures BILIOUSNESS.
Cures BILIOUSNESS.
Cures BILIOUSNESS.

REGULATES
 THE
 LIVER.

Direct Proof.
 SIR,—I was troubled for five years with Liver Complaint. I used a great deal of medicine which did me no good, and I was getting worse all the time until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters. After taking four bottles I am now well. I can also recommend it for the cure of Dyspepsia.
 MARY A. E. DEACON,
 Hawkestone, Ont.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS
Cures HEADACHE.
Cures HEADACHE.
Cures HEADACHE.

REGULATES
 THE
 KIDNEYS.

A Prompt Cure.
 DEAR SIR,—I was very bad with headache and pain in my back, my hands and feet swelled so I could do no work. My sister-in-law advised me to try B. B. B. With one bottle I felt so much better that I got one more. I am now well, and can work as well as ever.
 ANSIE HENNESSY,
 Tilsonburg, Ont.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS
Cures BAD BLOOD.
Cures BAD BLOOD.
Cures BAD BLOOD.

PURIFIES
 THE
 BLOOD.

Bad Blood may arise from wrong action of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels. B. B. B. by regulating and toning these organs, removes the cause and makes new rich blood, removing all blood diseases from a pimple to a scrofulous sore.

What Northrop & Lyman's

A Miraculous Medicine.—Mr. J. H. CROFT, St. Camille, writes: "Send me at once three dozen NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. It is a miraculous medicine and has performed great cures, testimonials of which we can give you."

Know it is Good.—Mrs. C. JONSSON, Melville, writes:—"I have great pleasure in recommending your VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. I have used two bottles, and it completely cured me of a bad case of Dyspepsia. I also found it an excellent Blood Medicine, and sure cure for Kidney troubles."

The Best Medicine.—Mr. J. O. BLACKWELL, of the Bank of Commerce, Toronto, writes: "Having suffered for over four years from Dyspepsia and weak stomach, and having tried numerous remedies with but little effect, I was at last advised to give NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY

Vegetable Discovery

It Gives Strength.—Mr. J. S. DRISCOLL, of Granite Hill, writes: "I have derived great benefit from the use of your VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. My appetite has returned, and I feel stronger."

If you are Despondent, Low-spirited, Irritable and Peevish, and unpleasant sensations are felt invariably after eating,

a trial. I did so, with a happy result, receiving great benefit from one bottle. I then tried a second and third bottle, and now I find my appetite so much restored and stomach strengthened, that I can partake of a hearty meal without any of the unpleasantness I formerly experienced. I consider

Was Done.

Inform you that your VEGETABLE DISCOVERY cured me of Dyspepsia. I tried many remedies, but none had any effect on me until I came across NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY; one bottle relieved me, and a second completely cured me; you cannot recommend it too highly."

then get a bottle of NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, and it will give you relief. You have Dyspepsia. Mr. H. H. DAWSON, of St. Mary's, writes: "Four bottles of VEGETABLE DISCOVERY entirely cured me of Dyspepsia; mine was one of the worst cases. I now feel like a new man."

It is the best medicine in the market for the stomach and system generally."
 Mr. G. O. TOLSON, Druggist, Gravenhurst, Ont., writes: "My customers who have used NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY say that it has done them more good than anything they ever used."

SEALD TENDERS marked "For Mounted Police Provisions and Light supplies," and addressed to the Honourable the Minister of Railway and Canals, Ottawa, will be received up to noon on Friday, 19th June, 1891.

Printed forms of tender containing full information as to the articles and approximate quantities required, may be had on application at any of the Mounted Police Posts in the North-West, or at the office of the undersigned.

No tender will be received unless made on such printed forms.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted Canadian bank cheque for an amount equal to ten per cent. of the total value of the articles tendered for, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the service contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

No payment will be made to newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority having been first obtained. FRED. WHITE, Comptroller, N. W. M. Police Ottawa, May 15th. 1891.

Fiso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest.
CATARRH
 Sold by druggists or sent by mail, Sec. E. F. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa., U.S.A.

DONALD KENNEDY
Of Roxbury, Mass., says

Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Horrid Old Sores, Deep Seated Ulcers of 40 year's standing, Inward Tumors, and every disease of the skin, except hunder Humor, and Cancer that has taken root. Price \$1.50. Sold by every Druggist in the U. S. and Canada

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY
 OF PURELY VEGETABLE INGREDIENTS AND WITHOUT MERCURY, USED BY THE ENGLISH PEOPLE FOR OVER 120 YEARS, IS

Cockle's Pills
 COMPOUND ANTIBILIOUS

These Pills consist of a careful and peculiar admixture of the best and mildest vegetable ingredients and the pure extract of Fivers of Chamomille. They will be found a most efficacious remedy for derangements of the digestive organs, and for obstructions and torpid action of the liver and bowels which produce indigestion and the several varieties of bilious and liver complaints.
 Sold by all Chemists.
 WHOLESALE AGENTS:
EVANS AND SONS, LIMITED,
 MONTREAL.

DR. WILFORD HALL'S
Health Pamphlet

Health without Medicine.
 The Most Wonderful Discovery of the Age

All who have secured the Microcosm Extra should order from us.
 Local Agents supplied at New York rates.
 Correspondence Invited
C. C. POMEROY,
 49 1/2 King Street West.

FREEHOLD LOAN AND SAVINGS CO.
 DIVIDEND NO. 63.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 4 per cent. on the Capital Stock of the Company has been declared for the current half year, payable on and after the first day of June next at the office of the Company, Church street.
 The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th of May, inclusive.
 Notice is also given that the General Annual Meeting will be held at 2 o'clock p.m. Tuesday, the 2nd day of June, for the purpose of receiving the annual report, the election of Directors, etc.
 By order of the Board.
S. C. WOOD, Manager.

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.

BI-MONTHLY DRAWINGS FOR THE YEAR 1891

3 and 17 June, 1 and 15 July, 5 and 19 August, 2 and 16 September, 7 and 21 October, 4 and 18 November, 2 and 16 December.

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
1	" "	2,500
1	" "	1,250
2	Prizes	1,000
5	" "	500
10	" "	250
20	" "	125
30	" "	75
100	" "	25
150	" "	15
100	" "	10
200	" "	5
200	" "	5

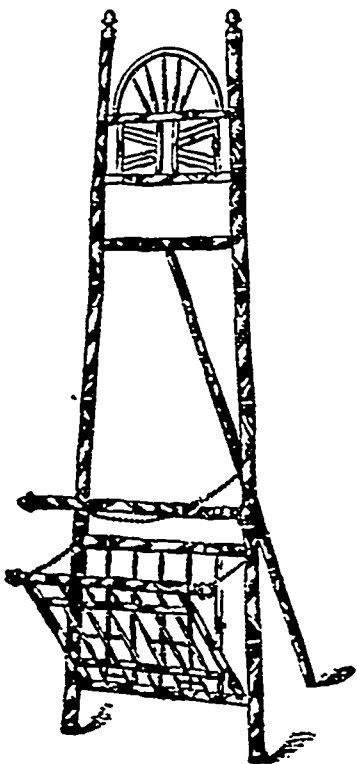
3134 Prizes worth \$52,740
S. E. LEFEBVRE, MANAGER,
 51 St. James St., Montreal Can.

Invitations *
 * Tickets *
 * Programmes *
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 and General
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 The Catholic Review

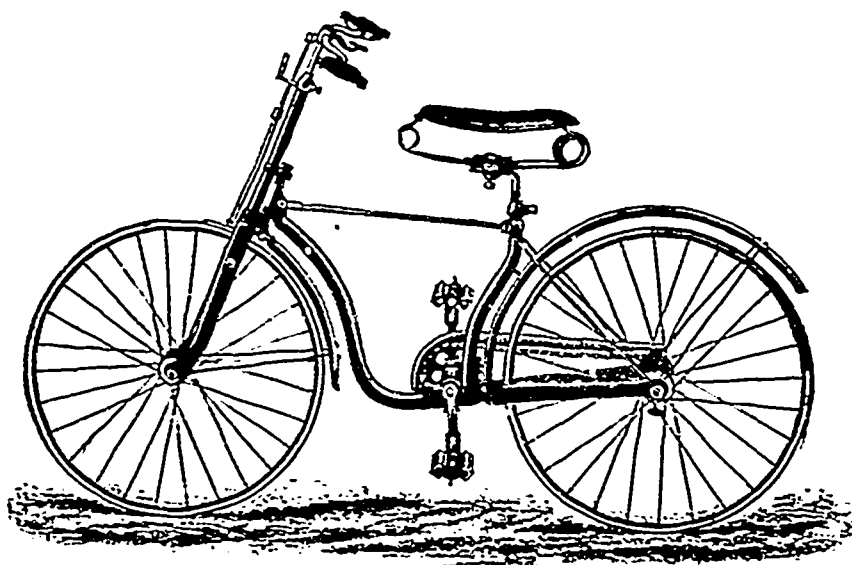
These Illustrations represent a portion of our Premiums which we offer for the getting up subscription clubs,

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

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

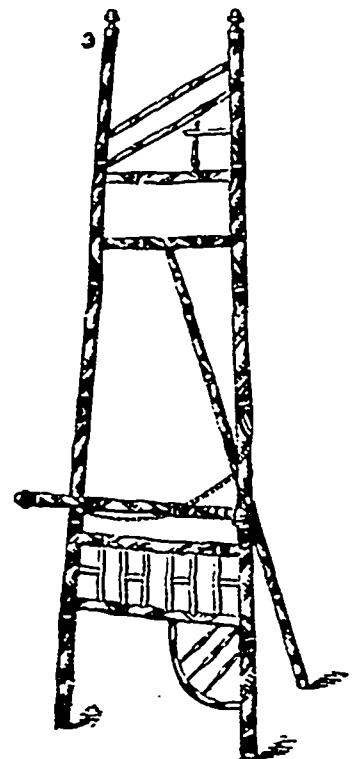


Portfolio Easel, worth \$5.50
5½ feet high (Bamboo)
Given with 7 subscribers



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

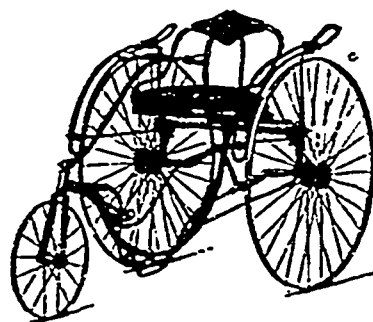
No. 2 Safety Bicycle, worth \$85.00 given for 90 subscribers
No. 3 " " \$100.00 " 120 "



Fancy Bamboo Easel
5½ feet high worth \$3.00
given with 5 subscribers



Fancy Umbrella stand
worth \$6.50 Given with 10 subscribers



Girl's Tricycle
worth \$10 Given with 15 subscribers



To any subscriber sending us 12 paid subscriptions we will send a full size reed baby carriage, upholstered in cretonne, has oil cloth carpet, canopy top, steel wire wheels, S. springs, wood handle. The wheels, springs, axles, and cross reach are C. plated

St. Basil's Hymnal,
With Music and Words - - - Given with two subscribers.

What do the Jesuits Teach.
By Rev. Father Egan Given away with 1 subscriber

The **SURPRISE** Way

YOU want your Cottons, Linons, Flannels always sweet, clean, snowy white?

YOU want "the wash" done the easiest, the cleanest, the quickest, the cheapest way?

SURPRISE Soap "the Surprise way," without boiling or scalding, gives these results.

READ the directions on the wrapper.

- Church Pews -
SCHOOL FURNITURE

The Bennett Furnishing Co., of London Ont. make a specialty of manufacturing the latest designs in Church and School Furniture. The Catholic clergy of Canada are respectfully invited to send for catalogue and prices before awarding contracts. We have lately put in a complete set of pews in the Brantford Catholic Church, and for many years past have been favoured with contracts from a member of the clergy in other parts of Ontario, in all cases the most entire satisfaction having been expressed in regard to quality of work, lowness of price, and quickness of execution. Such has been the increase of business in this special line that we found it necessary some time since to establish a workshop in Glasgow, Scotland, and we are now engaged manufacturing pews for new churches in that country and Ireland. Address **BENNETT FURNISHING CO** London Ont., Canada

Man's Wonderful Network



As oil lights up the ebbing flames, as fresh fuel replaces the dead embers. Such Virtues Hath St. Leon Wat --Powerful beyond Comparison-- to electrify, to support and assist that wonderful network, the nerves, through which alone building and repairing of the body is carried on and health and strength flows. To all who drink St. Leon comes such health and pleasure as never before known.

Secure rooms early at Palace Hotel Springs, opens June 15, M. A. Thomas Manager.

St. Leon Mineral Water Co., Ltd.
TORONTO
Branch Tily's Flower Depot. 164 Yonge St.

BRODERICK & BRENNAN
Undertakers and Embalmers
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Open Day and Night. Charges moderate
675 QUEEN STREET WEST

POEMS

OF

Pope
Leo XIII.
English and
Latin Verse

FATHER KOENIG'S
HERVETONIC
Perfectly Well!

FILLMORE, Dubuque Co., Ia., Sept., 1889

Mrs. K. Koenig writes: My mother and sister used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for neuralgia. They are both perfectly well now and never tired praising the Tonic.

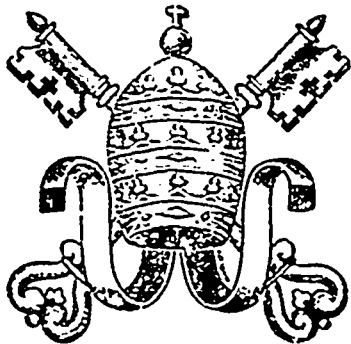
Twenty-one Years,

writes the Rev. M. J. Fallies of Freehold, Pa. January 18th 1889, was CATB. BUSTAN suffering from fits and convulsions, she had 3 or 4 attacks every week, tried many remedies and doctors, without any relief, but since she began to use Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, she is able to work, and make her own living. -- Another case is that of M. GALAGHER of the same place, he is 16 years old, had fits since 9 years, so severe that he thought several times he would die, tried different Doctors and Medicines without relief, but since he used Koenig's Tonic, he had only slight attacks which were probably caused by violent exercise.

Our pamphlet for sufferers of nervous or muscular will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind. for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the **KOENIG MEDICINE CO.,** CHICAGO, ILL. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price \$1 per Bottle. 6 Bottles for \$5 Agents Lyman & Co. Toronto

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at Helps to Curo
The Cold.
The disagreeable taste of the **GOD LIVER OIL** is dissipated in
SCOTT'S EMULSION
Of Pure Cod Liver Oil with HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA.
The patient suffering from CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, COUGH, COLD, OR WANTING DISEASES, takes the remedy as he would take milk. A perfect emulsion, and a wonderful flesh producer. Take no other. All Druggists, 50c., 1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.



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 its 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

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Finest Grade of Bells,
Chimes and Peals for Churches,
COLLEGE, TOWER CLOCKS, etc.
Fully warranted; satisfaction guaranteed. Send for price and catalogue.
M. S. McSHANE & CO., BALTIMORE, Md., U.S. Mention this paper.

An Only Daughter Cured of Consumption.
When death was hourly expected from Consumption, all remedies having failed and Dr. H. James was experimenting, he accidentally made a preparation of Indian Hemp, which cured his only child, and now gives this recipe free on receipt of two stamps to pay expenses. Hemp also cures night sweats, nausea at the stomach, and will break a fresh cold in twenty-four hours. Address Craddock & Co., 1023 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa., naming this paper.

AGENTS
Can make from \$5 to \$10 per day, by canvassing for the Catholic Weekly Review