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

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Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, Nov. 8, 1890.

No. 40

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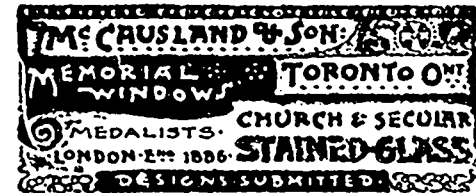
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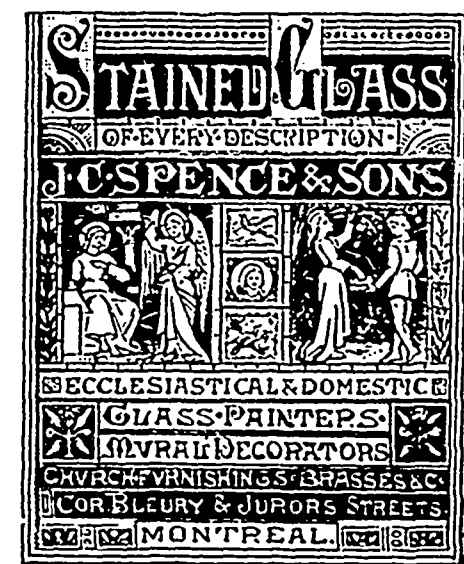
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The Catholic Weekly Review.

Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, Nov. 8, 1890.

No. 40

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Notes.

WE have received from "Miss M. McL," Toronto, an additional sum of one dollar for the Irish Relief Fund.

To read of Lord Lorne describing Mr. Gladstone's policy as a "fraud, a funk, and a fallacy," is to be reminded of the old story of the cat and the lion. Lord Lorne, we should judge, is never more feeble than when he tries to be forcible. Certainly his forte is not in phrase-making.

SPEAKING of phrases, Lord Rosebery appears to have framed the most telling sentence to be found in the political speeches of the last few weeks. "Mr. Gladstone," he said at Edinburgh, "is the leader of the impotent, effete, disorganized, and discredited Opposition which has fallen into such general contempt that—it carries every bye-election." These words were uttered before, and not after, the election at Eccles, where the Gladstonian candidate wrested a seat from the Conservatives which they have always held hitherto.

SISTER ROSE GERTRUDE has resigned her post as nurse to the lepers at Molokai; and is about to be married, a New York contemporary announces, to a Dr. Lutz, a skilled leprosy specialist, who is described as a German materialist of the most pronounced type.

THE *Weekly Register* says of Miss Fowler's resignation: "Of course, Sister Rose Gertrude—or Miss May Fowler, as we may now call her—violates no vows if she marries. The title 'Sister' is now commonly taken by nurses in hospitals, and the assumption of it by anyone specially devoted to works of mercy is, indirectly, a tribute to the character of nuns and to the estimation in which they are held even by Protestants. Among the marriage announcements advertised in the daily press one is accustomed by now to meet the name of this or that 'Sister' as a bride; but the chances of unpleasant confusions and inferences are perhaps increased when the title is taken by a Catholic lady in the world. If the matrimonial rumour is true, and if the future husband is correctly described, Miss Fowler, as Mrs. Lutz, will have opportunities for missionary work—at home."

UNDER date of the 15th October, the Holy Father has issued an Encyclical Letter to the Bishops, the Clergy, and the People of Italy, which is a serious arraignment

of the existing order of things in the Italian State. The Sovereign Pontiff states that the ruling idea which, as far as religion is concerned, controls the course of public affairs in Italy, is the realization of the Masonic programme. Much of that programme, he adds, has already been realized, and it can be foreseen with certainty that, so long as the destinies of Italy are in the hands of men subject to the Masonic and anti-Christian conspiracies, that the programme will be pressed on unto its complete development. We shall refer more at length to this important utterance in our next issue.

ON the same evening that Canon DuMoulin was delivering the acrimonious address to which reference is made elsewhere, the Rev. Professor Clark, of Trinity College, Toronto, was preaching, in St. Margaret's church, in a markedly different strain, on the character and the influence of the late Canon Liddon, one of the most conspicuous men, intellectually, in the Church of England communion. Professor Clark, who was in other years an intimate friend of the dead churchman, paid feeling and eloquent testimony to his memory. But perhaps the most interesting part of his sermon was that in which he described how, early in his Oxford days, Liddon came under the intellectual influence of Cardinal Newman.

PROFESSOR CLARK, in his sermon, spoke of the two men as follows:

"Liddon used to say that he only indirectly came under the influence of Newman. But intellectually Newman was the most powerful influence in his life, although devotionally he probably owed more to Pusey. His own theological position was that of the Tractarian movement. The faith of the undivided Church, he held, was the true faith—whatever was taught by the authority of the councils of the Church, and perhaps in a subordinate degree by the fathers of the Church, before the separation of the east and west. Like the old Tractarians, and unlike many who call themselves their successors, Liddon accepted all the self-denying regulations which the Church imposes. Fridays, vigils, days of abstinence, he regarded as of obligation. For a mere fashionable, ornamental high churchism he had a great contempt, or rather a great horror, as tending to render things which he regarded as most sacred offensive to religious men of other schools.

Like Newman and Pusey he cared very little for externals. He did not care for them at all except as vehicles of the expression of truth, or means for the decent celebration of divine mysteries. But he stood quietly and firmly by those who are called Ritualists, because he considered them as witnessing to the Catholic faith."

OF Canon Liddon as a preacher, Prof. Clark added that he counted no labour too great to bestow upon the preparations of his sermons, and that he studied with the greatest ardour the compositions of—whom? The great French preachers, more particularly Bourdaloue, Lacordaire, and Bossuet! That in one Anglican church in this city the Rev. Prof. Clark should have been speaking in this strain of a man of some eminence in the Anglican communion, on the same evening that Canon DuMoulin was inveighing in another, against the "alien Church" whose practises Canon Liddon was careful to borrow, is an evidence of the delightful indefiniteness of Anglican opinion, and of the elasticity of a system which can be stretched so far in either direction.

A GLANCE AT THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

"The Queen's dominions have been parcelled out by a foreign potentate," said Lord John Russell in the House of Commons in the year 1851, when speaking of the Restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy. He might as well have said that Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace had been forcibly seized and occupied by Cardinal Wiseman. Yet so delirious was the outburst of national wrath at the first news of "the Papal Aggression," that no phrase was too fantastic, no statement too extravagant for the gratification of the popular appetite for revenge. We must not be too severe on the English prejudice. Trained for centuries to regard the Catholic religion as the mortal foe of all liberty, English Protestants might be excused for sincerely dreading an aggression which threatened to "enslave them again to the Church of Rome." Their wrath was all the fault of their education, not the fault of their natural brains, or natural heart. They have shown this by forty years of reparation. Their Ecclesiastical Titles Bill they quickly repealed. Their respectful treatment of Cardinal Wiseman was in the best taste. Their more than respectful treatment of Cardinal Manning—their almost affectionate recognition of his national services, has made it manifest that they only wanted to be disillusioned in order to do justice both to Catholics and to themselves. The English have been converted to common sense. Their conversion to the Catholic Church is quite another matter.

"In another ten years" said Cardinal Manning last June, on the occasion of the silver jubilee of his episcopate, "you will have to celebrate the first jubilee of the Catholic Church in England." Whatever the next ten years may bring forth we have reason to be profoundly grateful for what we may call the *social* progress, which the Catholic Church has made during the last forty years. Only they who have been born in a Protestant country know what is the full meaning of that word "social." We may go further, and say that only such Englishmen as are now old men,—old enough to remember fifty years ago, can appreciate the contrast between the present social ease, and the social misery of say, the year 1830. It is from this social point of view that we may commence our inquiry into the progress of Catholicism in Great Britain, not precisely measuring the spiritual progress by the social, but measuring the hope of future conversions by social gains.

Perhaps Englishmen are more influenced than are most people by the examples of persons in high estate. In the old days when there were only a few dozen of Catholic "gentlemen" scattered up and down a Protestant land, these gentlemen living very retired lives and being prohibited from taking part in official life to be a Roman Catholic was to be a sort of *rara avis*, a kind of interesting relic of the dark ages. The laws, the national religion, the social traditions were all in deadly antagonism to Roman Catholicism; so that a man who "turned Catholic," say in 1830, was looked upon with a very unpleasant suspicion. But just as in the days when our fathers were young men, it was thought a compassionate thing to be a Catholic, a thing excusable perhaps in the descendants of those Catholics who had wickedly resisted the Reformation, but disgraceful in an Englishman who had been surrounded from childhood by the enlightening influences of pure Protestantism, so now it is thought rather "in good form" to be a convert, because so many distinguished persons have been converted. The English take their fashion in religion, just as they take their fashion in toilet, from the classes whom they look up to as aristocratic. This is not said in sarcasm, but as a fact. It would not be true to say that Englishmen change their religion with any reference to the examples of other persons; but it is true to say that intellectually, morally, and therefore socially, they are respectful towards a religion which is "in the fashion." The conversion of six duchesses to the Catholic religion caused "society" to rather admire that "form of faith." That a Viceroy of India, an English Ambassador at Paris, a member of the Privy Council, and a Postmaster General should be not only Catholics but converts, were facts that caused society to try to reconcile the two ideas of official and Catholic consistency. But society,

as it is called, has had other auxiliary motives for esteeming the sincerity of conversions. Intellectually there has been no possibility of putting in the background a Newman, a Manning, a Fabre; or of questioning that the English Bar has furnished splendid Catholic testimony in a Coleridge, a Hope-Scott, a Westbury. Just as there was no resisting the "respectability" of the fact that one Anglican Church, that of All Saint's, Margaret Street, sent seven clergymen in one year into the Catholic Church, so was there no resisting the "respectability" of the fact that the aristocracy of the arts, of poetry, of journalism, of grave composition and of light humour, gave many of its best men to the Old Faith. We are speaking now only of social aspects; and in no country since the days of the Emperor Constantine has "respectability" paid more homage to faith than in the England of the last forty-five years.

It used to be told of Lord Beaconsfield that he had expressed his "sense of the fitness" of offering a seat in the House of Lords to Cardinal Manning. As that versatile and eminently "social" minister was chatting with half-a-dozen convert lords, he is reported to have approved the idea of a peerage for the representative Catholic Englishman of his day. We all know that the "Grandison" in "Lothair," and the Eustace de Lyle in "Coningsby," were meant for portraits of a Catholic dignitary, and of a young distinguished lay convert, Ambrose de Lisle. Such points are indeed only worth alluding to as showing that social influences were working warmly on the imagination of that most romantic of statesmen. As they worked on *his* fancy, so have they worked on the fancy of the majority of the thinking fashionable world of England. When we come to ask the question: Does this mundane, social influence do any good to the spiritual life of the Church? we shall touch upon a very difficult point indeed. At the present moment we are insisting only on the fact; the influences will be more apparent as we go on.

A most important groove of the "social" influence is the "literary," and let us see how this groove has helped Catholics. It was a thing unknown until within the last quarter of a century that Catholics should publish articles in non-Catholic periodicals in defence of their faith or of their philosophy. At the present day it is a common thing to see a first and a last article written by well known Catholic champions, while among the other articles are perhaps aggressive compositions in avowed hostility to the first article and the last. Cardinal Manning is always welcomed in such periodicals, and has necessarily done an enormous amount of good. Dr. St. George Mivart has rendered service to the Church by his voluminous contributions as a scientist, just as Lady Herbert of Lea and Lady Georgina Fullerton have purified the atmosphere of "popular" literature. It is perfectly well known that the editors and sub-editors and a very good proportion of the staff of the most widely read newspapers in London are either born Catholics or converts; nor does the fact cause the smallest uneasiness to the British mind, though fifty years ago there would have been a cry of "Jesuits on the press." The point to be here noted is that Protestant society in mundane sense is largely traversed by Catholic writings in Protestant reviews. Such a fact is quite exceptional to the present age. Our fathers, when they were young men, would have rubbed their eyes in their amazement and would have refused to believe that a Roman Catholic could plead his cause in their *literature* and actually receive his twenty guineas for very ably demolishing Protestantism at the expense of *their* serenity or prejudice.

Now we may touch upon another social aspect—the public part taken by Catholics in official movements, whether in the groove of education or philanthropy. It was a sincere compliment which Sir Francis Sanford paid to Cardinal Manning on the occasion of his Eminence's silver jubilee, when he said to him: "It has been my privilege to work with you for several years on the Royal Commission, I can only say that if that Commission result in good to the education of this country and, above all, to the religious education of this country, it will be mainly owing to the lead you took on that occasion. I feel from my very heart that if England is to remain a Christian country, so far as education is con-

cerned, the happy result will be due largely to your Eminence." And as with the Cardinal, so with Catholics generally, there has been a disposition on the part of the Protestant authorities to invite them to "take office" in doing good; Mansion House Committees, Board of Guardians, and the Commissioners for the Housing of the Poor considering their presence a fruitful source of public benefit. This, then, is socially, a great gain. There would now be considered to be an incompleteness about many of the stately gatherings of London life, say the annual banquet at the Royal Academy, or even a Lord Mayor's official entertainment, unless some Catholic who was eminent in his particular groove were to be included in the number of the guests.

We have thus briefly touched upon three points in the social gain: (1) the "fashion," as we have called it, of welcoming Catholics in society; (2) the throwing open of the highest class of periodicals to the advocacy of Catholicism by Catholics; and (3) the conspicuous part taken by Catholics in what may be called the public life of England. As to the place which Catholics hold in political life,—necessarily very nearly allied to the social life—it will suffice to say that the present government, although Tory, has not refused to entertain the Liberal project that the next Lord Lieutenant of Ireland shall be a Catholic, or at least that the profession of the Catholic faith shall not in future be an impediment to holding the office.—*Arthur F. Marshall in American Catholic Quarterly Review.*

CHATS WITH GOOD LISTENERS.

LET US REMEMBER.

DEATH is, after all, a great uniter of hearts. He comes; his scythe circles the air with the flash of lightning, and one of us falls. Or he comes like a thief in the night, or he steals gradually upon the one marked for his victim; his approach is like the approach of autumn: change follows change until the deadly frost strikes with all its keenness. But, whether he comes swiftly or slowly, he draws closer all hearts that loved the one he has taken.

Charitable thoughts are never so easy as after the stroke of death has fallen. The maxim that the dead shall not be spoken ill of seems for a moment to be transferred to the living; and there is no limit to the charity in thought and speech for the dead. This charity, alas! does not go very deep. It covers the coffin of the departed with flowers; it cherishes every scrap of eulogy that may be printed about him; it mourns and weeps—but too often it forgets more essential things.

There is a reason for this forgetfulness. Non-Catholics, who hold that the soul goes at once after death either to heaven or hell, satisfy their longings to do something for the one who has gone by burying his body under the loveliest blossoms they can find. But there, with yearning eyes, they must stop. The flower-laden grave is an awful barrier between them and the soul they loved; they seem entirely helpless. They do not lift their voices in fervent prayer for their friend; they have no such consolation; the wealth of flowers, the pomp of the funeral, the rhetoric of the eulogy, are all.

We, however, who know that the Communion of Saints is as real as the fact that we exist, have no need of exhausting our hearts in symbols that are only symbols. Our Lord, in His mercy, gave us the most potent of all instruments with which to reach across the mysterious chasm that separates us from the other world; and this instrument is prayer. He even gave Himself as a sacrifice for those we love. He gives Himself for them and for us every day in the unbloody Sacrifice of the Mass; and every day we can claim a special share in this universal, unlimited Sacrifice for our friends.

We know that the Mass is inestimably more precious than flowers; and yet, while we throw garland after garland into the cold grave, we seldom think of asking the minister of God to have special care of our dead. We remember them with tears, and sometimes with prayers—but only sometimes. Our tears and our praises can not help the soul suffering—as we all must suffer, for who can say that he is worthy to enter the presence of the spotless Lamb of God?—but our prayers are as the dew of night to the parched

flower. Who can picture the rapture of the soul when Mass is offered especially for him? The fall of the flowers on his coffin made no echo beyond the grave, but the Holy Sacrifice and the prayers of faith bear him near to the beatific vision.

A Communion offered for a departed friend is better than a wreath of orchids. Grief among Christians is insincere when it limits itself to tears and sighs, and to manifestations which seem to be made for this world rather than the next.

We are in the month devoted to the Holy Souls. There are many among our non-Catholic friends who envy us the consolation the Church gives us in these days. They stand afar, wishing that they, too, could grasp the "golden chains" which bind us and our suffering brethren in purgatory to the nail-pierced feet of our Lord Himself. Let us remember: we are in a month which is not ours, but the dead's. They wait and suffer.—*M. F. Egan in Arc Maria.*

THE CONSECRATION OF BISHOP MACDONELL, OF ALEXANDRIA.

A CONDENSED report of the ceremonies attending the consecration of Vicar-General Macdonnell as Bishop of Alexandria, at Alexandria on the 27th inst., appeared in our last number. This week we give a fuller account of the proceedings.

The consecration took place at St. Finnan's church.

The town was quite *en fete*. Triumphant arches and flags were everywhere seen. At 10.30 a procession was formed and moved from the presbytery to the church. The clergy present were Archbishops Cleary, Kingston; and Walsh, Toronto; Bishops Lorrain, Pembroke; O'Mahony, Toronto; O'Connor, London; O'Connor, Peterboro'; and Dowling, Hamilton; Fathers McGuckin, president of the University of Ottawa; Gendreau, bursar, Turtele, vice provincial of the Oblate order in the United States; Archieacon Campean, Father Guire, D.D.; Canons Foley and McCarthy, Fathers Dawson and the Rev. Father Dowd, Montreal; McWilliams, Princeton; M. McDonald, J. T. Hogan, Napanee; M. J. Stanton, Smith's Falls; C. B. Murray, Trenton; John Twomey, Chrysler; J. Browne, Douro; D. O'Connell, Erinmore; M. O'Donohoe, Perth; J. H. McDonag', Picton, Ont.; M. E. Connelly, Downeyville, Ont., and some 30 others.

Archbishop Cleary was the celebrant and consecrator. The church was festooned with evergreens and bunting, with trophies at the pillars. The high altar and north side altar were ablaze with light.

The procession having reached the sanctuary, Archbishop Cleary in full pontificals took his seat before the high altar. The bishop elect, robed in amlet, alb, cincture and stole crossed as a priest over his breast, and the cope, took his seat before the side altar. Then the bishop elect was presented by the assistant bishops to the consecrator, after which the apostolic commission was read and the oath administered.

The archbishop then conducted an examination, after which the assistant bishops led the bishop-elect to the archbishop, before whom he knelt, reverently kissing his hand.

The archbishop, laying aside his mitre, turned to the altar and commenced Mass, continuing to the last verse of the sequence, then resuming his seat.

The new bishop and his attendants next retired to the side altar, where Bishop MacDonell laid aside his cope and opening the stole was invested with pectoral cross, girding on the stole but not crossing it. Then vested in tunic, dalmatic, and chasuble and having put on the sandals, he turned to his altar on the north side and said Mass.

The consecrator and bishop elect having each read the epistle and the first part of the sequence, the assistant bishops led the bishop before the consecrator and sat down.

The archbishop and assistant bishops then rested forward in their seats facing the altar with the bishop elect lying prostrate at the archbishop's left hand, the other clergy kneeling. The scene was most impressive. The archbishop and bishops were in crimson and gold vestments around the prostrate postulant in amber, dalmatic, all being surrounded

by the other priests in white surplices, relieved with purple and the scarlet of the canons and others.

The litanies of the saints were then read, which being finished the bishop elect knelt before the consecrator, who took the book of the Gospels and laid it on the new bishop's shoulders, where it was held until given to him. The gospels when given him were turned upside down, with the bottom towards the archbishop, implying that to the new bishop they were not a closed book.

The imposition of hands followed, the gospel being placed on the shoulders of Bishop Macdonell, whilst the prayers for general blessing were said, and the new bishop invested with the humeral orament, the archbishop saying the words "He is worthy." The consecrator next laid hands on the head of the bishop elect to signify the confirming of grace and power of the episcopacy.

The head of the elect bishop was then bound up with linnen cloths lest the holy oil should drop on the ground. After a short prayer the sacred canticle was said, at the end of first verse the archbishop signing the new bishop with the sign of the cross with the holy chrism and anointing with oil saying "May thy head be anointed and consecrated with heavenly benediction in the pontifical order, in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.

The archbishop then handed the new bishop the gospel, saying "Receive the gospel; go preach to the people committed to thy care, for God is powerful to increase to thee His grace, who liveth and reigneth world without end."

The kiss of peace having been bestowed by the consecrator the new bishop retired to the side altar where the oil was removed with bread crumbs.

After washing, mass was proceeded with, which being over the archbishop seated himself, and the new prelate offered two lighted tapers, two small loaves and two small ornamental barrels of wine. Both bishops then went to the altar and read side by side, using one Host and one chalice.

The bishop elect was then conducted to the throne, after proceeding around the chapel. Consecration was concluded with the blessing of the mitre, crosier, gloves, etc., and the singing of the Te Deum.

The sermon followed, the preacher being the Rev. Dr. Filiatic, O.M.I. of Ottawa University. The text was from Timothy: "Let the priests who rule well be esteemed worthy of double honour." Others, he said, could have told them better how God had prepared the new Bishop to be an exemplary and devoted priest, winning both the love of the faithful, the friendship of his brother priests and the confidence of his Bishop, so as to be worthy of this new honour, but he was chosen as preacher, doubtless as an honour to the institution to which he belonged. He described the meaning of St. Paul. Every high priest was chosen from among men, but he was according to the order of Melchisedec, without father, without mother and without genealogy, and from the Apostolic times to this day the Church had always called to the episcopal dignity the most deserving members of its clergy. The reverend preacher then enumerated the honours conferred upon a Bishop. The priest who was fully another Christ was the complete priest; the complete priest was the Bishop. The sons of Adam could not rise higher. The Bishop personated Our Lord in several ways which the preacher enumerated. He also described his character as a judge in the Church. All were bound to respect the preliminary sentence pronounced by the Bishop in his own diocese. It was a principle held by all Catholics that when a Bishop held a council under authority of the Pontiff his sentence was supreme as soon as confirmed by the Holy See.

At the conclusion of the religious services an address was presented to Bishop Macdonell by Mgr. Farrelly on behalf of the clergy; and another from the Protestants of Alexandria.

Bishop Macdonell replied briefly in one speech to all these addresses. He thanked his Protestant fellow citizens for their goodwill and friendship, and was glad to know that

the address from them typified the toleration and good spirit prevailing in the diocese. The Bishop shook hands with the Protestant Committee, and as they were going away Archbishop Cleary advanced and shook them cordially by the hand.

The procession was then reformed and returned to the presbytery.

A banquet was given by the new bishop in the afternoon, at which all the dignitaries and clergy were present. A large number of presents were given to the new bishop. The following are a few of them:—Diocese of Kingston, a crozier and the traditional ring presented by George IV. to Bishop Macdonell, first Bishop of Upper Canada; consecration ring by his Lordship's cousin, Mrs. Sparrow of Ottawa; from the new Diocese of Alexandria, \$1,200; Kingston Diocese, sets of vestments valued at \$1,500; Sisters of the Holy Cross and Sisters of the Congregation and Sisters of St. Joseph's, Toronto, various articles for use in the church; gold pen by Mrs. Thos. McCarthy of Montreal; a large sum of money from St. Finnan's parish, Alexandria.

The Right Reverend Alexander Macdonell, the new Bishop for the Diocese of Alexandria, was born in the township of Lochiel, Glengarry and only a few miles from the seat of the diocese—on the first day of November, 1833. After receiving his preliminary education in the schools of his native county, he entered St. Joseph's college—now the Ottawa University—in 1857; there he continued for three years. He afterwards went to Regiopolis college, Kingston, where after nearly a further three years' collegiate training he was ordained to the priesthood on the 20th December, 1862, the late Right Rev. Bishop Horan, of Kingston, officiating. The first charge given to the young priest was in the parish of Gananoque, but here he remained only six months, being appointed parish priest of Lochiel, of which place he took charge on June 16, 1863, and continued for 16 years—coming to Alexandria in June, 1879. He was appointed Vicar-General on the 19th September, 1886.

His Lordship's parents were born in Scotland, his father and mother being respectively 16 and 14 years of age when they left their native hills; both of them spoke the Gaelic, and thus the language of his youth—the mother tongue—was Gaelic, which he speaks well, indeed having few superiors in that language, in which he occasionally gives his discourses to his congregation with much force and fluency.

Since he came to Alexandria 11 years ago, he has built a very fine stone church, which is now the cathedral, and although a very costly structure, the burden has been in many ways lightened upon the people by his tact and ability as a business man, so that to-day the debt upon the parish for this church is nearly paid.

The appointment of the new Bishop—which was never sought by him—has brought a glad tidings to many a Catholic family in the new diocese, and his Protestant fellow citizens are likewise much pleased with the selection, as they had found him a kindly, tolerant, Christian spirit, with peace and charity to all, without distinction of creed.

It is a singularly odd notion that some persons seem to cherish that they are promoting Catholic literature by taking Catholic papers and then neglecting or refusing to pay for them. Honesty as well as common sense emphasizes this error of eccentric minds.—*Baltimore Mirror*.

That wonderful prayer, the *Pater Noster*, will be found, if analyzed, to contain, simple and brief as it is, the sum of Christian doctrine, of Christian prayer, of Christian virtue, and Christian piety. Its brevity, simplicity, and comprehensiveness prove its more than human origin,—that it never could have been composed without divine inspiration.—*Dr. Brnenson*.

Many articles in *THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW* are worth many times the price of a year's subscription. Send for sample copy.

THE NEED OF CATHOLIC LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS.

SUBJOINED are a few passages from an address delivered at an inaugural meeting of the St. Paul's Church Catholic Literary Association, by Mr. F. A. Anglin, of Toronto. After some introductory words explanatory of the aims of the association and of the advantages expected from it, Mr. Anglin said :

Lamentable though the fact be, candour compels me to admit that we Canadians do not devote as much attention to literature and literary pursuits as we should. It may be that we are too much absorbed in the daily, the never ending, struggle to procure the means of subsistence, it may be that our inclinations tend in other directions—whatever the cause, the fact is indisputable, we are not characteristically a literary people. The materialistic tendencies of an age, which would reduce everything to the same level, judging of all things alike by the standard of dollars and cents, are no doubt in a great measure responsible for this state of affairs. The comparatively few who devote themselves to literary work seek in it the means of livelihood. The pursuit of literature for its own sake, for the pleasure it affords, and for the improvement of the mind to which it so much conduces, is almost unknown in Canada. Any scheme, therefore, designed to remedy this evil, any project calculated to aid in the development and cultivation of literary tastes is deserving of every encouragement.

Literature in its broadest sense may be defined to be the results of learning, knowledge, and imagination preserved in books. So considered it signifies all knowledge or information contained in books or acquired through the medium of books. In a somewhat narrower sense, however, literature is philological learning as distinguished from learning in the physical sciences. So restricted it comprehends amongst other branches, languages, grammar, logic, rhetoric, poetry as a theoretic science, fiction of the higher order, descriptive and discursive writings, and history. The time at my disposal will not allow me to treat of all these various branches of literature. A few words, however, devoted to the importance of the study of history, will not, I am sure, be inappropriate.

Cicero, the illustrious Roman who lost his head because he told the truth too plainly to suit the taste of Mark Antony, thus spoke of history : " History is the witness of ages, the light of truth, the life of memory, the mistress of life, the messenger of antiquity." History is not the mere recital of brute facts as too many unthinkingly suppose. A great school of experience, replete with moral lessons of wonderful value, it is, when properly understood, an infallible preceptress of great living truths. It is an admirably constructed tableau furnishing a forcible proof of the existence of a Supreme Controller of human affairs, and manifesting the marvellous designs of that Controller upon mankind. But considerations other than these render the study of history important to the student who is unable to give it his undivided attention. No weapon is more powerful or more dangerous in the hands of the enemies of religion and of truth than perverted history. Many writers, led astray by prejudice, others actuated by pure malice, have recorded as history that which is utterly untrue; others again indulge in fanciful conjectures as to secret motives and hidden springs of action, respecting which the authorities upon whom they profess to rely, have disclosed nothing. Copying the novelist, rather than acting the historian, they palm upon their readers the products of a strong imagination for the genuine fruits of careful, critical, investigation and profound research. I cannot to-night dwell upon instances of this misrepresentation of facts, but it is always concerning matters of vital importance that they occur. We are daily confronted with arguments apparently most cogent adverse to the cause of religion, justice, and truth based upon such distorted facts as writers of the class I have just described supply. Froude, Macaulay, Hume, such are the writers our adversaries delight to quote. Froude's utter disregard for historical truth, when falsehood will furnish him a weapon with which to attack the Catholic Church, or aid him in maligning the character of the Irish people, is too well known to require comment,

Macaulay wrote his history for no other purpose than to glorify the Whigs. His partisan efforts earned for him the reward of a title at the hands of his gratified party. Of Hume this characteristic anecdote is told. A Scotchman, he had in writing that portion of his " History of England " which treats of the times of Queen Elizabeth, done partial justice to the memory of his country-woman, the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. When he carried to his publisher this portion of his work, the book-dealer took exception to it, saying that it would ruin the sale of the entire work. This model historian hesitated not to take back the volume and recast this part of his narrative to put himself in touch with the feelings and prejudiced opinions of the English public. And it is such men as these whose names our adversaries invariably cite as authorities of great weight in history. How are we to answer them, unless we have, by studying the works of historians known to be reliable, made ourselves familiar with the truth upon the points in controversy or dispute?

I wish I could adequately describe for you the improvement of the mind which results from the pursuit of literature. Just as physical exercise strengthens the muscles and tendons of the body, so the mental gymnastics of reading, studying, writing, speaking, improve and strengthen the intellectual faculties; just as careful training is required to bring the physical powers into perfect condition and under perfect control, so, too, in the case of the intellectual or mental powers, education alone can fully develop them. A mind untutored, an intellect uncultivated, however great may be the natural talents conferred by the Creator, is quite as unfit to cope with an educated mind and cultivated intellect, as is the undisciplined brute force of the barbarian to encounter the skill of the trained swordsman;

"He practised every pass and ward
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard,
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintained unequal war."

In concluding the speaker said :

If I am not wrong, if I am not mistaken in supposing that as a people we have heretofore devoted too little attention to the cultivation of literary tastes and to the pursuit of knowledge, let us make a change, let us henceforth turn our thoughts more in this direction. Remember always that the " glory of a nation is in her illustrious sons." Our duty to our Church, our duty to ourselves, is to endeavour to add as many of her children as possible to the honour-roll of Canada's illustrious sons. Mental superiority alone will place them there, mental equality with men of other creeds will not suffice. To achieve mental superiority the best means available must be adopted. Forget not that the most precious inheritance which we can bequeath to our posterity will be a national history resplendent with the memories of the bright intellects of Canadian Catholics, illumining as so many stars the national firmament.

"A nation's greatness lies in men, not acres,
One master-mind is worth a million hands
No kingly robes have marked the planet shakers
But Samson-strength to burst the ages bands."

On the day of the consecration of the new Bishop of Alexandria a dinner was given in the evening by Captain and Mrs. Macdonell (Greenfield) in honour of Bishop Macdonell, at which were present the Archbishop of Toronto, the Archbishop of Kingston and the Bishops of Peterborough and Alexandria, the Very Rev. Vicar-General Laurent of Toronto and Dawson of Ottawa, the Rev. Mr. Kelly, secretary of His Grace the Archbishop of Kingston, Senator McMillan, Major McLennan and Mr. David Fraser. The bishops of Hamilton, London and Pontiac, who had been invited, were obliged to leave town, and Sir John Thompson who had intended coming from Ottawa on purpose to be present in order to testify his respect for Bishop Macdonell, was at the last moment prevented by the serious illness of one of his children; and Sir Hector Langevin, by a sickness which has prevented his attending all entertainments of late.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

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

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOV. 8, 1890.

MR. WILFRID MEYNELL, the accomplished editor of the *Weekly Register* has contributed in addition to the charmingly written article on "Cardinal Newman and his Contemporaries," that appeared in the *Contemporary Review* for September, a second and gossipy one to the *Art Journal* for October entitled "Cardinal Newman in the Studios." In this latter sketch Mr. Meynell tells how the venerable Cardinal, when he sat to Mr. Oules just before and after his elevation to the Sacred College, was wont to regard that picture—which proved to be one of the great works of the year—as likely to be his last. But the Cardinal had still some years before him, and some four or five years later, on the occasion of one of his London visits to the Duke of Norfolk, Mr. Meynell relates how his old pupil persuaded the Cardinal to give another sitting to Sir John Millais, and daily for some mornings to trudge up the steps leading to the artist's studio. Mr. Meynell recounts a charming little anecdote, which we had never heard before, as to the brusque Bohemian greeting which the artist gave the Cardinal, and of the uncouth kindness of Millais' conversation, beginning with "Bless my soul, you have the complexion of a child," and ending with "God bless you, Mr. Cardinal."

But we notice with some little surprise that Mr. Meynell makes no mention whatever of one incident—and a rare good one—of the Cardinal's "sittings" to Millais. It is this: His Eminence hated smoking, and was rather astonished when Sir John Millais, in the middle of his sitting, lit a briar pipe of tried service, with the inquiry, "Hope you don't mind smoking, Mr. Cardinal?" The great Cardinal answered, meekly, "Sir, I do not mind at all, but I shall shortly be very sick."

We learn from an English exchange that the articles on "Papal Infallibility" and "The Immaculate Conception" in the forthcoming number of Chamber's *Encyclopædia* will be contributed by Cardinal Manning, and that the article on the Jesuits will be from the pen of Father Anderledy. The publishers are to be congratulated on the choice of contributors they have made. It looks as if they had resolved that their publication should not be open to the grave reproach

which has rendered the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, from the Catholic standpoint, wholly valueless, the reproach, namely, of having entrusted the treatment of the most important Catholic questions to such partisan and prejudiced polemicists as the late Rev. H. R. Littledale.

The *Weekly Register*, of London, England, quotes in a late number the opinion of THE REVIEW upon the incident which not long ago arose affecting the precedence of Cardinal Taschereau. The *Weekly Register*, after quoting THE REVIEW's explanation of the occurrence, adds:—

"We have no doubt as to what is due, in the fitness of things, to the Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec. But the English precedent relied upon cannot, we fear, be regarded as a precedent at all. For the order of names in future Royal Commissions it may hold good, but that is all; and the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster has never considered that he was ceded, by the Prince's courtesy, on these occasions, any official precedence; and has never declined to appear at any place or ceremony where his presence might be of service, because that precedence was not accorded him."

MR. JUSTICE MATHEW, a nephew of Father Theobald Mathew, delivered a neat speech at the banquet which closed the ceremonies lately held in the city of Cork in honour of the Apostle of Temperance. Our readers, we think, will thank us for supplementing our previous reports of the Father Mathew centenary exercises, by giving the full text of this brief and admirable speech:—

SIR JAMES MATHEW said: The celebration has been conceived and carried out in the spirit which characterised every act of Father Mathew's life. He was one of the first who learned that there is a mental territory where all good men could associate for worthy purposes. In his time that territory was a very narrow strip of ground; but now, I am glad to say, the boundaries have greatly increased, and, I hope, ere long they will be extended to the confines of the whole island. May I throw in a word for England, too? Our friends across the water are not having a good time of it lately in their relations with this old country of ours. They are having sore troubles at present. I have passed, as you know, many years of a laborious life amongst Englishmen, and the burden of life is not light in England. We must bear in mind that Englishmen were amongst the best friends Father Mathew had, and I have always found Englishmen to be the most loyal of friends and comrades. There are a great many politicians present. They are here to enjoy themselves and have a holiday. I am quite sure no word will fall from anybody to provoke the subjects most present to their minds. However, I will take the liberty of asking a question, which, at the same time, I do not expect anybody to answer. Why on earth is it that Englishmen and Irishmen, who, when they know each other, can associate for every useful and meritorious purpose—why, I ask, do they continue to lead a cat and dog life? As I said, I do not expect an immediate answer to that question. I only know in my long experience of England that Englishmen are never happier than when they are associating with Irishmen. They are never more confident than when they have an Irishman to back them, and I don't know what they won't do if they have only an Irishman to lead them. The present are troubled times—but let us be patient. I am sure I can speak with confidence about the future. John Bull's head is very hard, but he has a kind and sound heart, and before long, depend upon it, common-sense will once more revisit his councils, and we shall once more have tranquility in the land. I must beware of the condemnation of the great philosopher, Lord Bacon, on the talking judge, and must obey the direction of the law, and let my remarks be characterised by judicial brevity. Therefore, I will not

trouble you further, but shall ask you to bear in mind the few words I have stated on the necessity at the present time of keeping our tempers. I have to thank you for the kindness of your reception, and hope that the Irish people will do all that lies in their power in the future to continue to imitate and honour Father Mathew."

CANON DuMOULIN ON IRISH MATTERS.

It was with something of regret that we observed by the reports in the Toronto papers of a few days ago, that the sober, and we should like to be able to add sacred, interior of St. James' Cathedral, the chief place of Anglican worship in this city, resounded, during a portion of the evening services on Sunday week, with "Loud Laughter" and "Applause,"—that it had taken on, in other words, the coarse and vulgar accompaniments that seem to form an ordinary feature of the spiritual exercises in a number of other, but we had thought less respectable, places devoted ostensibly to prayer and praise, and to the increase of Divine glory according to the somewhat eccentric standards that seem to obtain in some quarters in our midst. We refer to the sermon lately delivered by the Rev. Canon DuMoulin, the Rector of the Cathedral, to the members of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society—in its ends a most praise-worthy and charitable association—on the occasion of their annual thanksgiving service. Whether it is seemly that the sermon of the Rector of an Anglican Cathedral should be punctuated by "Applause," or the reverent and becoming stillness of a house of prayer be broken by vociferous "Laughter" is, perhaps, no concern of ours. The question is one wholly of good taste and propriety, and doubtless concerns no one so much as the Rev. Canon himself, and the trustees and parishioner of St. James' Cathedral. What we hope we may, without presumption, venture in the circumstances to regret is that the reverend gentleman should have added to much that was appropriate and generous in sentiment, so much that was ungenerous and prejudiced; to much that was true and ennobling, more that was baneful, and unfair, and, in its spirit, detestable; that, in a word, a great occasion, and great powers—for, both by natural gifts, and their high cultivation, Canon DuMoulin has in Canada, perhaps no peer as an orator—were made to subserve a poor purpose, and that what might have been a golden stream of instructive oratory was, by an infusion of bitter and sectarian prejudice, reduced in purity as by a strong alloy.

Canon DuMoulin took the text of his sermon from Hebrews 9: 8: "By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should afterwards receive for an inheritance, obeyed: and he went out, not knowing whither he went." With the speakers opening words there are few of our readers who will not be greatly stirred.

"The love of country," the Canon said, "lies very deep in the human heart. That part of God's wide earth on which we were born and first felt life, where our eyes first opened on the world and our earliest days were spent, is more lustingly engraven in the inner places of our mind than we generally admit. No feeling strikes its roots farther into the depths of our being than patriotism. The multiplying, clustering cares and business of life, wherever it may be that we are living, may shut out the old land vision like a cloud; but whenever a ray of recollection—a letter from home, the name of an old companion, the visit of an old friend—comes upon us, the clouds are parted, the vision is seen again, and we find ourselves saying with a true touch of nature, 'This is my own, my native land.'

If among the nations of the earth that land is honoured we rejoice. If dishonoured, we moan with it. It has a

stronger hold upon our being than in words we would perhaps acknowledge.

Broad and rolling oceans are not sufficient to drown this fire. The Highland pipes on many a far-off field have revived and inspirited Scottish soldiers, and raised their hearts, and nerved their arms. So powerful was the spell cast upon the Swiss Guards who defended Louis XVI. by their mountain airs and the *Ranz des Vaches*, that had in its music all the memories of their childhood and their homes, in such numbers did they desert that the bands were forbidden to play them. The inborn nature of the Irishman, the warmth of patriotism at the core of his heart, sends a thrill through all his being at the sound of Ireland's name, the mention of her legends, her melodies, her loves. How faithfully, how beautifully, is this expressed by Lady Dufferin:—

'I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary, kind and true,
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to;
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there—
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times less fair.'

This is no weak sentimentality, but the transmission of a patriotism as old as the Hebrew people, whose inspired melody we have chanted this very evening. In the land of their captivity the harp of their captivity was a silent, mourning witness of better days, and when called upon by their captors to sing one of the songs of Zion the indignant reply leaped to their lips. 'How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.'

After dwelling, very feelingly and sympathetically, on the sorrows of exile and expatriation, the Canon continued in these words:

"While thus we think of lands old and new, of love of country and of race, of strangers in strange lands; one country of all others in this world cannot fail to loom up before us. Another Italy—a land of poetry and song—the home of ancient scholars—the birthplace of orators whose light shone over Europe amid mediæval darkness—whose missionaries went forth with willing, ardent steps to her conversion! Land of imagination and romance! of wit and love and verse! of greenest grass and fairest scenes! of good nature, of hospitality, and of chivalry!—Green Isle, Emerald Isle, Erin mavourneen, Erin-go-bragh! Alas, that the modern historian should have to chronicle the deeds that have stained your fair face with discord, disaffection, agrarian crime, and blood!

I do not here pretend to discuss the cause or causes, real or alleged, of all this, which from my heart I deplore. I know that this fair land was long independent; that her kings fought and won her cause against her northern foes down to the twelfth century. I know that then she was annexed to England, and I know that a Papal bull proposed and sealed the annexation. I know whatever misrule may have troubled the following centuries, and since the legislative union of 1800, Ireland has been treated as part of the United Kingdom, and certainly since the middle of this century had every right and liberty enjoyed by Englishmen and Scotchmen in the United Kingdom."

And then followed this sentence:

"I think that the alien Church which interfered in Ireland's civil affairs and handed her over to Henry II. in the twelfth century is meddling now in the same affairs, and is even inspiring disloyalty to Victoria in the nineteenth century."

It is an unwelcome task to have to point out the malevolent unfairness of this last sentence, and we address ourselves to it with all reluctance. "Whatever misrule" may have bred in Ireland is quickly passed over, and an "alien Church" is pointed to as the parent of Irish misery. One

will look in vain in the Canon's sermon for a word as to Religious Inequality, or an inequitable Land Law, the two sources to which all the trouble of Ireland may be traced. Not a word has he to say of the three confiscations of almost every acre of land in Ireland, or of the wicked stupidity of striving for three hundred years to force Protestantism on a Catholic people. On the other hand, Canon DuMoulin gives it to be understood that in laws and administration Ireland, since the union of 1800, has been on the same footing as England. May we not ask, as did Cardinal Manning twenty years ago, in his letter addressed to Earl Grey, "Did Ireland suicidally strip itself of all its lands, reduce itself to mud cabins, potato diet, and evictions, fever and famine? Would this have been its state had it been left to mature its own social order and civilization as England, Scotland, France and Spain? Who checked its agriculture, its cattle trade, its fisheries, and its manufactures by Act of Parliament?" Ireland, since the Union, says Canon DuMoulin, has been on an equality with other parts of the United Kingdom. As to that, place in contrast the opinions of Cardinal Manning, one of the first of living Englishmen. "Let the endowments of the Church of England be transferred to the English Catholic bishops and clergy; let the Anglican Archbishops and Bishops be liable to fine for assuming their ecclesiastical titles; let the land in England be held by absentee Irish landlords by title of past confiscations, and let their soil be tilled by tenants at will, who may at any hour be evicted, and I shall then think that Ireland and England are on the same footing."

How idle it is in Canon DuMoulin to so seek to pass over in silence these patent and parent sources of Irish misery, and how unworthy of him to end his grotesque and affected retrospect in a pitiable endeavour to inflame added prejudice against the ancient Religion of the Irish people—that Angel of Hope and healing that upheld them through the sorrows of centuries—by attributing to their fidelity to that Faith the existence of their every misfortune—as witness this reckless and malevolent reference to their "alien Church!"

There is something uncommonly droll in Canon DuMoulin's compassionate regard for the victims of this "alien Church." All too long, indeed, there dwelt in Ireland "an alien Church," and sorely were the people made to know the weight of her hand. Fourteen hundred years ago the Faith of early Christendom was bequeathed unto that island. After fourteen hundred years it remains there young, vigorous, and unstained—as St. Patrick left it. To that inheritance the Irish people have never yet been unfaithful. It is to that Faith, which has been racy of the soil since the early centuries, that Canon DuMoulin referred when he turned his declamation against "an alien Church." The Catholic Church was never alien in Ireland. But there is one Church that was. It is the Church which was established there by law, and helped to draw the life blood out of the poor until within a score of years ago. It is the alien Church in whose interests the unholy penal laws were put into play, and the entire machinery of proscription, oppression, and confiscation. It is the Church of Canon DuMoulin's service, and from out one of whose pulpits he delivered his sophistical and bombastic diatribe.

The Canon gave to his closing words a local colouring. "The condition of Ireland," he said, "is somewhat analogous to that of Canada. There are two warring races and religions." And he added: "Fanatic bigots on both sides

have fanned the flames and kept the strife going. And all this with results that should be to us in this new land a warning against promoting the blind and barbarous animosities between race and religion in one and the same country. All this lies at the root of Ireland's seemingly incurable discontent." The reverend gentleman has pretty words! But in what way is peace and good will to be advanced in a country of composite races and creeds, by such detestable aspersions as Canon DuMoulin indulged in? In what way will sectarian inflammation be allayed by his wanton insinuations against the religion of one half of the Canadian people, or by his insulting and inciting references to the Church of their allegiance as an "alien Church," ever "plotting" the subversion of States from the Victorian reign back to the Plantagenet period? In other words if the elements of Canadian life are so combustible, and lie so perilously ready to the touch, in what measure, may it not be asked, does the presence of a clerical incendiary contribute to the security of the community? Canon DuMoulin, we repeat, speaks fair, but his performance—is a sorry disappointment.

THE VISIT OF THE COMTE DE PARIS.

THE COMTE DE PARIS last week while in Montreal called upon Grand Vicar Marechal, the administrator of the archdiocese. In the conversation that followed, the Grand Vicar remarking, incidentally, that Canada had preserved much of its French origin, the Comte is said to have replied, "You have preserved all that was good." In his speech at the banquet given in his honour at the Windsor, the Comte, referring to the rapid development of the French-Canadian people, and their reproductive and expansive force, remarked that, observing it, the Frenchman had a right to say that his race had not lost its old time strength and virility; and he added that if the population of France had ceased to augment its numbers it was due to the accidental and, he hoped, fleeting consequences of laws and customs. In his remarks upon that head, he said:

"In what respect do the laws and customs of Canada differ from those of France? You know as well as I do. The imperious necessities of the national defence do not summon under the flag the youngest portion of your nation. Your legislation allows the father of the family a just measure of freedom, and does not inspire him with the anxiety of which we have already seen the fearful effects. Your children receive a religious education which, before speaking to them of their rights, teaches them their duties towards God, the State, and the family. You are, and you proclaim it proudly, a Christian and a Catholic people. Sustained and encouraged by a patriotic clergy, you have by dint of wise measures and tenacity of purpose, conquered for yourselves the happy position which you enjoy to-day under the regis of a Queen who will remain one of the grandest figures of our age, and upon whom you have reason to lavish proofs of your fidelity."

Reflections and comparisons of this sort could scarcely fail to present themselves to the Comte de Paris' mind. For in Quebec the descendant of the old French Kings encountered "that only bit of *la rielle France* that the world contains," as Mr. Bodley lately called it—*la rielle France* in its most refined, Catholic, and devout age. The contrast between the Old France and the New France which has spread out its roots, like a tree, on the shores of the St. Lawrence, is at this day a striking one.

It was an English statesman, we think, who said of the first Napoleon when at the height of his success: "It is unjust: it cannot last." The axiom is a sound one. What

is unjust cannot long endure. The actors in the first French Revolution massacred the priests, stamped out religion, scoffed at God. There never was so horrible a profanation of liberty. But in the history of nations, as of individuals, there is an eternal law of Retributive Justice; and a national wrong will invoke a proportionate penalty. "The highest of all ideas" remarks a great writer "is the Divine," and that idea French statesmen have endeavoured to eliminate from the public life of the nation. All that was great in the middle ages sprang from their faith. Two centuries ago France was the eldest daughter of the Church. What is the condition of that land to-day? Mr. W. S. Lilly, an historical critic who unites to brilliancy of style sound judgment and accuracy, says of her in one of his "Chapters in European History" "Turn your eyes on France, which a century ago solemnly installed concupiscence—aptly typified by the Goddess of Reason—in the place of conscience, and elevated the dumb buzzard idol, Man in the abstract, and his fictitious rights, in the place of the living God, and the duties binding upon us because He is what He is: look at France, I say, if you would see an example of the hell which a people prepares for itself when it maketh and loveth a lie. I know the country well, and every time I visit it I discern terrible evidence of ever increasing degeneracy. The man seems to be disappearing. There is a return to the simious type. The eye speaks of nothing but dull esuriency. The whole face is prurient. The voice has lost the virile ring, and has become shrill, gibberish, and baboon-like. Go into the Chamber of Deputies, the chosen and too true representatives of the people. The looks, the gestures, the cries remind you irresistibly of the monkey-house in Regent's Park. The nation—for it must be judged by its public acts—has for a hundred years been trying to rid itself of the perception which is the proper attribute of man: to cast out the idea of God, which Michelet has well called the progressive and conservative principle of civilization; to live on a philosophy of animalism; and it is rapidly losing all that is distinctly human, and is sinking below the level of the animals."

This is a severe, and to some it may appear even a passionate arraignment of the public life of the French nation; but no where has the old order changed more than there. It was a principle of Edmund Burke's that atheism in the State is the parent of anarchy, and of the truth of his teaching, a century of the tragic history of France bears testimony.

Avondale, Mr. Parnell's home in Ireland, is (the *Speaker* says) of semi-classical architecture, with pillared portico, and is of that cream-white colour which is apt to look its worst with the master a long time away and at the end of a wet summer. There is no prospect from the front of the house. Within is a great hall, with many doors, carved in Ionic style, of the Irish oak. Overhead is a curious gallery, balustraded and framed in, also of oak. It is eerie with its great empty fire-place and the dark pictures of still life, and with all that dark wood about; even the cheery Philistinism of the gilt frames, or the hundred and one addresses to Mr. Parnell, which have overflowed into the hall, and the gay illumination, do not take from the eeriness. By the fire-place is a great basket heaped with wood, but the grate looks long fireless. The library seems to be the only room in use. It should be a beautiful room, with its bow windows looking over the valley, its arched recesses for book-shelves, its fine mantel-piece and decorated ceiling. That is the desk at which Mr. Parnell writes when he is here, and in the window seat, a heap of reviews and newspapers, dating, perhaps, from his last visit, for the dust lay upon them.

General Catholic News

A great work, "Jesus Christ," by the Pere Didon, of the Order of St. Dominick, has just appeared in Paris. M. Do Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, describes it as sincere, conscientious, and fascinating. The language is lofty and simple, responding to the grandeur of the subject. It is the book of a believer, not a Reman, of one who writes for love of the theme, not with an eye to the publisher's profit, like Canon Farrar.

Archbishop Walsh preached the sermon at high mass in St. Michael's cathedral on Sunday morning. Vespers for the dead were sung in the several Roman Catholic churches in the evening. On Monday morning requiem high mass for the dead was chanted in the cathedral, and on Tuesday morning requiem high mass was celebrated for the late Archbishop Lynch, the late Bishop Power, and all the deceased among the priesthood of the diocese.

The Catholic Young Men's Society of Montreal celebrated the Father Mathew centenary in the new St. Patrick's Hall on Thursday evening last. There was a large and enthusiastic gathering. The President on behalf of the Society read an address to His Lordship, Bishop O'Farrell, of Trenton, who received his education at Montreal College, and spent the early years of his priesthood in that city. Bishop O'Farrell made a feeling reply, and afterwards the Rev. M. Callaghan, delivered an address on the life of Father Mathew.

During the service at Notre Dame Church, Montreal, on Sunday last. Rev. Abbe Masse, in addressing the congregation, made a strong attack on the theatre. Many Christians, he said, grieved the Lord on holidays such as this by patronizing theatres in the evening. It was a sad spectacle to see Christians enter the temple of Satan in the evening after kneeling before the altar of God in the morning. To some the expression might seem a very strong one, but true Christians would find it none too strong. The stage, as it exists, and not as it should be, was full of danger for the soul, either on account of the costumes or the nature of the plays themselves. He trusted, therefore, that not only on holidays but on every occasion, they would abstain from theatres, and use all their influence to prevent their children from attending them.

Cardinal Manning, addressing the delegation of prominent Jews who presented him with a congratulatory address, said the other day:—"For nearly 40 years London has been my home, and in that time all forms of suffering, poverty, and vice have come before me. I can, therefore, bear witness to the charity and generosity of my Jewish fellow-countrymen. I have found them forward in all good works. In the care of your children, your sick, your poor, you give us a noble example of generosity and efficiency. There are I believe only three indestructible elements in the history of man, the faith of Israel, the Catholic Church sprung from it, and the world, which has persecuted both. As the world grows in mass it grows in malice, and if our forecasts are true, I might even say, forasmuch as what is foretold is certain, the warfare of the world against all who believe in God will grow, and spread its power for its final conflict and its final destruction."

The friends of Capt. Walter Percy, of the steamer *Meteor*, of lake Temiscamingue, are about to petition the Minister of Marine and Fisheries for some recognition of Mr. Percy's heroism in rescuing the lives of four persons in September last. The circumstances of the rescue, which have not yet been published, are as follows: Rev. Father Poitras, accompanied by two sisters of Mercy and a young lady novice, attempted to cross the Ottawa at the head of the Long Sault, one of the most dangerous rapids known to rivermen. The skiff was caught in the current of the falls and swept down the Sault. Fortunately it struck against a rock above the water before capsizing. Its occupants clung desperately to

the support, though the water and spray almost completely covered them. In this menacing position they were seen by Capt. Percy. Without a moment's hesitation he summoned a small crew of men, jumped into a "bonne," ran the rapids and succeeded in saving the priest and the three ladies. Father Poitras has written to him, promising to bring the matter before the department, and his friends in Ottawa are taking steps in the same direction.

The death of Cardinal Hergenrother has deprived the Church of one of her most learned and devoted sons, and is widely and deeply mourned. His Eminence's literary activity was very great. His best known works are his "Anti-Janus," a reply to Dr. Dollinger's "Janus;" and "The Catholic Church and the Christian State in their Historical Development." These books are widely read in Germany, and have been translated into various languages.

The Comte de Paris and his suite gave a great surprise to the congregation of St. Patrick's, Montreal, at eight o'clock mass Sunday 25th ult. His Excellency in company with his son, the Duc d'Orleans and suite, entered this beautiful church by one of the side doors and took their seats amid the pious sons and daughters of Erin. The piety and recollection of the illustrious Comte de Paris particularly, was noticeable from the beginning to the end of the mass. He listened with emotion to a beautiful sermon on "Holy Communion," preached by Rev. James Callaghan, who in earnest accents and in a clear voice, pointed out the intense love which engendered this grand institution, and the burning affection which it calls for. He viewed with Christian delight several hundreds of young men approach the Holy Communion table under the folds of the banner and with the badge of the Catholic Young Men's Society. Slowly and silently, at the conclusion of the mass, the distinguished party wended their way to the St. Lawrence hall, where they received a grand ovation, and thence to the Notre Dame church, whose majestic towers and thundering bells recalled to their minds the ancient grandeur of Notre Dame of Paris.

Before his departure from Sandwich for London the Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Connor was made the recipient of a token of the esteem in which he is held by the citizens of Sandwich and Windsor, irrespective of creed. On Thursday of that week the bishop's friends, clergy and laity, assembled to take part in the presentation. The college boys were present and entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion. Addresses were presented by the priests of the diocese of London; the citizens of Sandwich; the citizens of Windsor, and the laity of the county of Essex. A beautiful pectoral cross and chain were presented by the laity of the county of Essex, and a valuable episcopal ring by the citizens of the town of Windsor.

Mr. J. C. Patterson, M.P., for Essex, on behalf of the citizens of Windsor, read an address of greeting and presented him with the episcopal ring. The address was as follows:

To the Right Rev. Denis O'Connor, D.D., Bishop of London.

My Lord.—For nearly a quarter of a century you have laboured in our midst. The acquaintance commenced so long ago has gradually ripened into respect, confidence and affection, until now it seems hard to speak of parting. While we deeply regret your removal from our neighbourhood we would, at the same time, respectfully congratulate and sympathize with you upon your elevation to the Episcopacy as Bishop of London.

We recognize the eminent fitness of your appointment, and trust that you may be spared for many years to pursue a career of usefulness in the discharge of the onerous and exacting duties of your new position.

We would ask you, my Lord, to be graciously pleased to accept this Episcopal ring as a token of our affectionate and respectful regard.

Signed on behalf of the people of Windsor.

J. C. PATTERSON.

To this address the Bishop returned a feeling and appropriate answer.

Book Reviews.

The Westminster Review for October (New York: The Leonard Scott Publication Company) contains, among many interesting and well written articles, two of "special importance, namely, "Problems of Greater Britain," by F. R. C. I., and "The Irish Parliament 1782-1793," by T. W. Rolleston, one of the most painstaking students of Irish History. In the section on "Home Affairs," the *Westminster*, which is the chief literary vehicle of English Liberalism, contains the usual careful and comprehensive review of the politics of the hour.

We have received from the Catholic Truth Society of London, Eng., the following recent publications:

The Children's Ballad Rosary, by Mr. Justice O'Hagan.
The Temperance Movement, by Very Rev. Canon Murnane.
Church Defence, III.

We have also received from the Society the VIIIth and IXth of the "Series of Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England," by Cardinal Newman; also "An Outline of the Life of Cardinal Newman;" by the Rev. William Barry, D.D., (reprinted from the *Tablet* with additions).

We learn with pleasure that this cheap and admirable series of the great Cardinal's lectures, with Dr. Barry's Life, will shortly be issued in a cloth volume, at the price of Two Shillings.

The Catholic Home Almanac for 1891, New York: Messrs. Benziger Bros.

This interesting annual is now in its eighth year, and the present issue maintains the high standard of excellence attained by its predecessors. Among its contributors are Dr. Maurice F. Egan, Christian Reid, Anna T. Sadlier, Dr. John Gilmary Shea, Eliza Allen Starr, Sara Trainer Smith, and other well known Catholic writers. It abounds with excellent illustrations, the frontispiece being a beautiful coloured engraving of the Sacred Heart, a reproduction of the famous painting in the Gesu at Rome. The Almanac will be found useful and entertaining at every Catholic fireside.

The American Catholic Quarterly Review for October has a varied and attractive table of contents, and maintains its old-time strength and excellence. The following are the principal articles: "A Glance at the Present Condition of the Church in England, with a grateful Remembrance of Cardinal Newman," by Arthur F. Marshall, B.A. (Oxon.); "The Friends and Foes of Science," by the Rev. John A. Zahm, C.S.C.; "A Sad Chapter from the Story of Ireland," by the Rev. P. R. Power; "The Times that led up to Dante," by Conde B. Pallen, Ph. D.; "Was St. Paul Married?—Canon Farrar's Answer," by the Rev. Joseph V. Tracey, S.S.; "Father Damien," by Bartle Teeling; "The Popes of the Renaissance," by John A. Mooney, L.L.D.; "Are all Forms of Christianity Equally Good?" by the Rev. John J. Conway; "Cardinal Newman," by the Rev. Herman J. Henser.

A portion of Mr. Marshall's article on "The Church in England" is given elsewhere in our columns, and will repay a reading.

Men and Things.

The editor of *Le Conteur Leader*, of Buffalo, N. Y., tells this story:

"The other day we saw three or four Italian bootblacks gathered in front of the Cathedral, and gazing with proper reverence at the statue of St. Joseph and the Divine Child which stands above the great door. Suddenly two of the little fellows caught the long cord of their boxes in quite the proper and convenient fashion, and swung these improvised censers with a grace which would have done credit to an accomplished acolyte. Having incensed the statue to their hearts' content, they lifted their hats, threw a parting kiss or two, and passed on."

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, who was an old friend of Dickens, and possessed exclusive information on the subject of his books, will soon bring out what is said to be a volume of great interest on "Pickwick." It is remarkable that two of the closest friends of Dickens—Mr. Charles Kent and Mr. Fitzgerald—are devout Catholics. Mr. Fitzgerald contributed, among other things, a very charming novel to Dickens' magazine, *Household Words*. His new volume will be of especial interest.

The *Weekly Freeman*, of Dublin, has elicited an odd epistle from Mr. Gladstone. A handbook was recently brought out by that paper on the breeding of pigs, and a copy forwarded to the Grand Old Man, as he was concerned with the important pork question. The amiable philosopher of Hawarden replied that "the subject was too huge, he feared, for him to give it full justice." There is reason in everything, and we really think Mr. Gladstone's admirers might draw the line at asking his opinion on live bacon.

The late Lord Carnarvon, a staunch Anglican, is reported to have said that he was impressed by the hold which the Roman Catholics have obtained. No other Church, he said, is "in it" at all. The Anglican Church, he thought, came dangerously near being merely the Church of the well-to-do and respectable. To a strong churchman, such as Lord Carnarvon, this was naturally a matter of deep regret. But he went on to say that the Roman Catholic seemed to him fully to deserve their success. "The Church of Rome," he said, "has been served in Australia by Bishops who were real statesmen."

DEATH OF THE VERY REV. FATHER VINCENT.

The Very Rev. Charles Vincent, V.G., died at five o'clock on Saturday evening last. During the past few weeks Father Vincent had been lying between life and death at St. Michael's College. For days the watchers by the bedside almost ceased to hope against hope, but still the venerable and kindly ex-Provincial of the Community of St. Basil retained consciousness, though it was very feeble, all day long. During the past fortnight Rev. Father Vincent took hardly any nourishment, except a little champagne.

Since last July, when Very Rev. Father Vincent resigned his provincialship on account of failing health, cirrhosis of the liver complicated with other disorders gave him so much trouble as to alarm his friends seriously. Until the past few months he had always been a notably vigorous man. He was an acute observer, with all the *savoir faire* of a man of the world, and all the finesse of an aristocratic Frenchman. His shrewdness as a practical man of affairs was of inestimable service to the cause to which his life was a devotion. Personally his character was strongly individual, and he exercised a great influence over all who came into contact with him.

Charles Vincent came of an old family at Valons, in the Department of Ardeche, in the south of France, where he was born June 30, 1828. He made his classical course in college at Aubinas, and his course in philosophy at the Basilian college at Ammonay, after which he entered the Community of St. Basil. While yet in minor orders he volunteered to come to Toronto when Bishop de Charbonnel invited the Basilians to start a college seminary in his diocese. He crossed the ocean to become an exile among people of a strange tongue, but with the determination to labour to the full extent of his ability in the course marked out for him. On May 22, 1853, soon after his arrival, he was ordained priest.

In 1865 he succeeded Rev. Father Souleim as Superior of St. Michael's College. For twenty-one years he was at the head of that institution, and under his guidance it grew and prospered, the buildings on Clover Hill increasing with its development. Colonies were sent out from Toronto, and in the course of time St. Michael's College was affiliated with the University of Toronto, and Very Rev. Father Vincent became a member of University Senate. In 1878 he celebrated his "silver jubilee," and on that occasion Archbishop Lynch made him Vicar-General.

In 1886, his health failing, Father Vincent asked to be relieved of the care of the college. He still retained the provincialship of the order, however, till last summer, when he resigned that also. His strength and energy, though still far beyond those of other men of his years, were failing him gradually, though his eye lost nothing of its old keenness. In his old age he had the consolation of having around him a large number of young, active, and intelligent men, trained up under his own care. A large proportion of the priests throughout Ontario, and also in the rest of Canada and in the United States, were educated under his guidance, and wherever they are now, his old pupils will always retain deep affection and respect for his memory.—R. J. P.

A writer in a recent number of *Blackwood's Magazine* states that the Reformers burned candles before Luther's picture, "as before the shrine of a saint." This is a nice question for antiquaries to decide.—*Are Maria*.

PECULIAR INFATUATION.

Do men ever fall in love with each other?

Women do. Not long ago a young woman in New Jersey was married to a youthful labourer on her father's farm. Sometime afterward it was discovered that the husband was a female; the young wife refused, however, though earnestly entreated by her friends, to give up her chosen consort. The strangest part of the discovery was the fact that the bride knew her husband was a woman before she was led to the altar.

If men do not exhibit this strange infatuation for one of their own sex, they at least oftentimes give evidence of the fact that they love one another. There are many instances on record where one man has given his life for another. There are many more instances where men have given life to another.

It is a proud possession—the knowledge that one has saved a precious human life. Moriden, Conn., is the home of such a happy man. John H. Preston, of that city, July 11th, 1890, writes: "Five years ago I was taken very sick, I had several of the best doctors, and one and all called it a complication of diseases. I was sick four years, taking prescriptions prescribed by these same doctors, and I truthfully state I never expected to get any better. At this time, I commenced to have the most terrible pains in my back. One day an old friend of mine, Mr. R. T. Cook, of the firm of Curtis & Cook, advised me to try Warner's Safe Cure, as he had been troubled the same way and it had effected a cure for him. I bought six bottles, took the medicine as directed and am to-day a well man. I am sure no one ever had a worse case of kidney and liver trouble than I had. Before this I was always against proprietary medicines but not now, oh, no."

Friendship expresses itself in very peculiar ways sometimes; but the true friend is the friend in need.

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

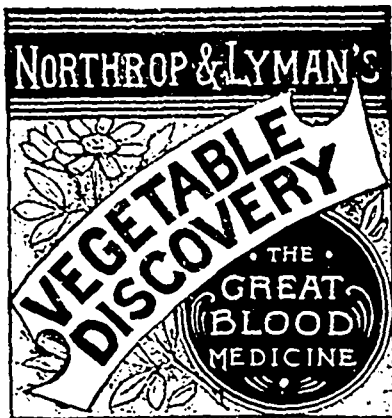
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Pure Cod Liver Oil and Emulsions properly made from it are undoubtedly the best remedies for pulmonary complaints. Many emulsions have been placed on the market but none seem to have met with the success accorded to SLOCUM'S OXYGENIZED EMULSION of PURE COD LIVER OIL. Their Laboratory at 186 West Adelaide St., Toronto, Ont., is kept constantly going and every druggist in the country is supplied with the famous remedy.

A MAN'S LIFE SAVED

I WOULD not be doing justice to the afflicted if I withheld a statement of my experiences with Jaundice, and how I was completely cured by using Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. No one can tell what I suffered for nine weeks, one-third of which I was confined to my bed, with the best medical skill I could obtain in the city trying to remove my affliction, but without even giving me temporary relief. My body was so sore that it was painful for me to walk. I could not bear my clothes tight around me, my bowels only operated when taking purgative medicines, my appetite was gone, nothing would remain on my stomach, and my eyes and body were as yellow as a guinea. When I ventured on the street I was stared at or turned from with a repulsive feeling by the passers-by. The doctors said there was no cure for me. I made up my mind to die, as LIFE HAD LOST ALL ITS CHARMS. One day a friend called to see me and advised me to try Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. I thought if the doctors could not cure me, what is the use of trying the Discovery, but after deliberating for a time I concluded to give it a trial, so I procured a bottle and commenced taking it three times a day. JEOPARDY OR MY SURVIVAL at the expiration of the third day to find my appetite returning. Despair gave place to Hope, and I persevered in following the directions and taking Hot Baths two or three times a week until I had used the fifth bottle. I then had no further need for

the medicine that had SAVED MY LIFE—that had restored me to health—as I was radically cured. The natural color had replaced the dingy yellow, I could eat three meals a day, in fact the trouble was to get



enough to eat. When I commenced taking the Discovery my weight was only 132 lbs, when I finished the fifth bottle it was 172 lbs, or an increase of about half a pound per day, and I never felt better in my life. No one can tell how thankful I am for what this wonderful medicine has done for me. It has rooted

out of my system every vestige of the worst type of Jaundice, and I don't believe there is a case of Jaundice, Liver Complaint or Dyspepsia that it will not cure.

(Signed) W. LEE, Toronto.

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This celebrated medicine is a compound extracted from the richest medicinal barks, roots and herbs. It is the production of many years' study, research and investigation. It possesses properties purely vegetable, chemically and scientifically combined. It is Nature's Remedy. It is perfectly harmless and free from any bad effect upon the system. It is nourishing and strengthening; it acts directly upon the blood, and every part throughout the entire body. It quiets the nervous system; it gives you good, sweet sleep at night. It is a great panacea for our aged fathers and mothers, for it gives them strength, quiets their nerves, and gives them Nature's sweet sleep, as has been proved by many an aged person. It is the Great Blood Purifier. It is a soothing remedy for our children. It relieves and cures all diseases of the blood. Give it a fair trial for your complaint, and then you will say to your friends, neighbors and acquaintances: "Try it; it has cured me."

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NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Pumping Plant," will be received at this office until Friday, the 21st day of November next, inclusively, for supplying, setting in place, and delivering in complete working order, the Pumping Plant in connection with the Dry Dock, now in course of construction at Kingston, Ontario, according to plans and a specification to be seen at the Resident Engineer's Office, 30 Union Street, Kingston, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

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

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

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

By order,
A. GOBEIL,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 23 Oct., 1890.

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Best qualities of Hardwood, Pine, Slabs and Coal, on cars at all times and for prompt retail delivery and lowest prices.

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RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER

is a Safe and Sure Cure for all Diseases of Throat and Lungs, Kidneys, Liver and Stomach, Female Complaints and for all Forms of Skin Diseases.

Making Inquiries; no charge; convincing Testimonials at hand, write to, Ask your druggist for it, or write to

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130 KING ST. W., TORONTO, ONT.

Beware of Imitations. See Trade Mark Please Mention This Paper



Sleeplessness Cured.

I am glad to testify that I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with the best success for sleeplessness, and believe that it is really a great relief for suffering humanity.

E. FRANK, Pastor,
St. Severin, Keylerton P. O., Pa.

A GREAT BLESSING.

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 1, 1887.

I can most truthfully testify to the fact that here in Cleveland, several cases of epilepsy, which were cured by the medicine of Rev. Father Koenig, of Ft. Wayne, Ind., have come under my personal observation. In other similar cases great relief was given even if up to this time they have not been entirely cured. It would certainly be a great blessing if the tidings were more widely circulated that many could be cured by this medicine.

REV. ALARDUS ANDRESHECK, O. S. F.

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

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

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

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THE DR. TAFT BROS. M. CO., ROCHESTER, N.Y.



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and it will pay you.



NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY

Under the patronage of Rev. Father Labelle.

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

CLASS D
The 40th Monthly Drawing will take place

WEDNESDAY NOV. 19th

At 2 p.m.

PRIZES VALUE

\$50,000

Capital prize - One Real Estate worth \$50,000.00

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Real Estate worth.....	\$5,000	5,000
1 do	2,000	2,000
1 do	1,000	1,000
1 do	500	2,000
10 Real Estate	300	3,000
30 Furniture sets	200	3,000
50 do	100	5,000
200 Gold Watches	50	10,000
1,000 Silver Watches	10	10,000
1,000 Toilet Sets	5	5,000
2,507 Prizes worth	\$50,000.00	
TICKETS	\$1.00	

It is offered to redeem all prizes in cash, less a commission of 10 per cent.

Winners, names not published unless specially authorized:

A. A. AUDET, secretary, Offices, 19 St. James street, Montreal, Can

The Province of Quebec Lottery

AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE

For public purposes such as Educational Establishment and Large Hall for the St. John Baptist Society of Montreal.

MONTHLY DRAWINGS FOR THE YEAR 1890

FROM THE MONTH OF JULY

July 9, August 13, September 10, October 8, November 12, December 10.

FIFTH MONTHLY DRAWING NOVEMBER 12, 1890

3134 PRIZES

WORTH \$52,740.00

CAPITAL PRIZE

WORTH \$15,000.00

TICKET, . . . \$1.00

11 TICKETS for \$10.00

Ask for circulars.

LIST OF PRIZES.

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

3134 Prizes worth \$52,740

S. E. LEFEBVRE, MANAGER, 51 St. James St., Montreal Can.

The Father Mathew Remedy



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 strong one bottle is enough; but the worst cases of *alclirium tremens* do not require more than three bottles for a radical cure.

If you cannot get from your druggist the pamphlet on Alcohol its effect on the Human Body and Intemperance as a Disease, it will be sent free on writing to:

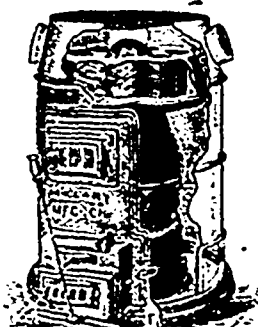
S. Lachance, Druggist, Sole Proprietor 1588 and 1510 Catherine st., Montreal

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TO THE EDITOR:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. CLOCUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

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McClary's & Copp's FURNACES

These Furnaces cost 25 per cent less and consume only half the quantity of fuel than most other Furnaces

References given. Estimates Furnished

Eave Troughing and Jobbing attended to

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

	Close.		Due.	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.00	7.30	7.45	10.30
O. and Q. Railway..	7.30	8.15	8.00	9.20
G. T. R. West.....	7.00	3.20		12.40
				7.40
N. and N. W.....	7.00	4.10	10.00	8.10
T. G. and B.....	6.30	3.45	11.10	9.00
Midland.....	6.30	3.35		12.30
				9.30
C. V. R.....	6.00	3.20	11.55	10.15
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. W. R.....	6.00	2.00	9.00	2.00
	6.00	4.00	10.36	7.30
	11.30	9.30		8.20
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
U. S. N. Y.....	6.00	4.00	9.00	5.45
	11.30	9.30	10.30	11.00
U. S. West States	6.00	9.30	9.00	5.45
	12.00			7.20

English mails will be closed during Nov. as follows: Nov. 3, 5, 6, 10, 12, 13, 17, 19, 20, 21, 27.

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE

Best Teeth on rubber, \$8; on celluloid \$10 All work absolutely painless. Vitalized Air C. H. RIGGS, L.D.S., South east cor. King & Yonge sts. Toronto. Telephone 1,276

EXHIBITION TIME

APPROACHING.

Important to Hotels, Boarding Houses, And Housekeepers of Toronto.

M'KEOWN & CO.

Are opening the fall season with a special sale of Household Linens, Blankets, Curtains, etc. Hotels, boarding houses, and others wishing to make extra accommodation for visitors, will find this a rare opportunity of purchasing Household Napery at less than wholesale prices.

Table Linens were sold 52c yard, offered 15c yard.

Damask Table Linens were sold 40c, offered at 25c yard.

Damask Table Linens were sold at 50c, clearing at 35c yard.

Bleached Damask Tablings for 40, 50, 60c, were sold from 60c to \$1 yard.

McKEOWN & CO.

182 Yorge Street.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.



A cream of Tartar Baking Powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—U. S. Government Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Dominion : Line : Royal : Mail STEAMSHIPS SUMMER SEASON.

Liverpool Service Sailing Dates
From Montreal, From Quebec.

Dominion	Thur. Nov. 13	Thur. Nov. 21th
Vancouver	about Sat "	From Halifax.
Sardinia	Thur. Dec. 1	Sat. Dec. 6th

Passengers per S. S. Vancouver must embark at Quebec.

Rates of Passage from Montreal or Quebec, \$10, \$7, and \$5, according to accommodation Intermediate \$9. Steerage \$7.

Bristol Service, for Avonmouth Dock. SAILING DATES. From Montreal.

Ontario	October 25th
Texas	Nov. 12th

No passengers carried to Bristol.

*These Steamers have Saloon, State-rooms Music room and Bath-rooms and ships, where but little motion is felt, and carry no Cattle or Sheep

G. W. TORRENCE, DAVID TORRENCE & Co
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ALLAN LINE

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT, 1890.

Reduction in Cabin Rates

Liverpool, Londonderry, Montreal and Quebec Service.

STEAMER	From Montreal At Daylight.	From Quebec 9 a.m.
Parisian	30 July	31 July
Circassian	13 August	14 August
Sardinian	20 "	21 "
Polynesian	27 "	28 "
Parisian	3 Sep.	4 Sept.
Circassian	17 "	18 "
Sardinian	24 "	25 "

RATES OF PASSAGE.

Montreal or Quebec to Liverpool.

Cabin, from \$15.00, to \$20.00, according to accommodation. Intermediate, \$9. Steerage, \$7.00. Return Tickets, Cabin, \$25.00 to \$150.00.

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

H. BOURLIER,

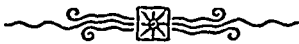
GENERAL WESTERN AGENT

Corner King and Yonge Street TORONTO

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THIS WILL TELL YOU HOW!



Don't drudge your life away over the steaming washtub by using poor soap and injurious powders, but do what millions of other women the world over do—make the washday easy and the work a pleasure by

USING SUNLIGHT SOAP.

Don't hesitate; don't be prejudiced, don't stand in your own light; but try the "SUNLIGHT" Soap according to directions, and you will be delighted over the result.

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A CATHOLIC of good habits and fair education wanted in several sections of the United States and Canada. Permanent employment and good pay to industrious person. References.

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26 & 38 Barclay st., N. Y



EVERY WOMAN Can save half the hard wearing-out toll of wash day and be fresh and strong. Can have clothes sweet, snowy-white, never yellow. Flannels not to shrink, cotton not, nor handkerchiefs, but soft and white. Use the "Surprise" soap. No-bolling or scalding. Remarkable! Try it! READ THE DIRECTIONS ON THE WRAPPER. St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co. St. Stephen, N. B. SOAP

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