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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. II:

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No. 35

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NOTES.

It is understood that Cardinal Gibbons' new book, which is slowly approaching completion, will deal with the rudiments of religion, as it were. It will take as little as possible for granted, and be the best book to put in the hands of the average American. Its publication is looked forward to with great interest.

The *Ave Marie* is the authority for the story that there is a Franciscan church in Dublin popularly supposed to be dedicated to Adam and Eve. It seems that the church was built in penal times, and to avoid observation it was reached through a narrow alley way—such as leads to the old Jesuit Church of St. Joseph in Philadelphia. In this alley was a tavern called the "Adam and Eve." The tavern has disappeared; the church has now a handsome entrance; but the people insist on calling it the Church of Adam and Eve.

Lady Herbert of Lea is now on her way to this country. Lady Herbert's works are familiar to all Catholics who read. "Theckla," a very pleasant and edifying story, was one of the latest of them. Lady Herbert's daughter Gladys, Marchioness of Lonsdale, is now the wife of Lord Ripon's son. It is curious that both Lord Ripon and Lady Herbert are Catholics, while their children—at least these two—are Protestants.

The *Liverpool Catholic Times* refers to Mr. Goldwin Smith's recent letter to the *Times*, in which an analogy is drawn between the position of Lower Canada and that of Ireland, as a "howl." "The fact," it says, "that both include a Protestant minority strikes the howler as a very unique case of parallelism, and he paints a picture which, for murkiness, fogginess, and thunder and lightning effects, would put Mr. Whistler on a back seat." As the *Times* rightly surmises, Mr. Smith's prophecies about Protestantism being "elbowed out of the Green Isle, as it is being elbowed out of Montreal," which city,

he asserts, is gradually getting under the control of "the Jesuits and the Roman clergy," are only so much stage thunder worked to put the dovecot of Ulster into a flutter.

The new Church of Our Lady, Guelph, which has been in course of building for upwards of twelve years, was solemnly dedicated on Wednesday last. The gathering of clergy was unusually large, being representative of every diocese in the Province, and the ceremonies of the occasion were on a scale in keeping with the importance of the event. Right Rev. T. J. Dowling, Bishop of Peterborough, celebrated Pontifical High Mass, and the sermon was preached by the Bishop of London, Right Rev. Dr. Walsh. Among the well-known priests present in the sanctuary may be mentioned Very Rev. Fathers Rooney and Laurent, administrators of the Archdiocese of Toronto, Very Rev. Father Heenan of Hamilton; Rev. Fathers Kilroy, Stratford; William, O.S.F., Chatham; Funcken, C.R., (President of St. Jerome's College) Berlin, and Cushing, C.S.B., Toronto. The Church of Our Lady is under the charge of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, and the present Rector is Rev. W. J. Doherty, S.J., to whose indefatigable labours is due the completion of the imposing edifice which is the pride and glory of Guelph. We reserve fuller description of the opening ceremonies until next week, details having come to hand too late for insertion in this issue.

The Rev. Father D. J. O'Sullivan, who died of yellow fever a few days ago at Tampa, Fla., was a young Irish priest of distinguished antecedents. He is the first priest to fall a victim to the dreadful scourge, and in the nine days during which he stood at his post he proved himself, Bishop Moore wrote, "a true priest of God and one of the most valuable of men."

Father O'Sullivan was not only the first victim, but first among the volunteers to tender his services. A man of splendid physique, he had faced the hot winds of Africa, had dared the deadly miasma of the Southern hemisphere, faced the death-dealing bullets of the Soudanese and the spears of the Zulus, and wound up his splendid career of devotion to the poor and unfortunate, by offering up his life upon the altar of true Christian charity.

An extended sketch of his life will appear in our next issue. He was born in the town of Clonakilty, Cork, Ireland, and was educated at Maynooth. He was gazetted as chaplain with the rank of captain in the English Army fighting in the Soudan, and was awarded three medals for his bravery there and in Zululand. He took part in all the engagements; and it was he who undertook the perilous task of crossing the field of battle under fire when it was discovered that the British troops were firing into one another, to carry the communication from one party to the other and prevent further slaughter. For this act of bravery special mention was made of him in Parliament. He was at the siege of Khartoum and was the last who saw General Gordon alive. When in Rome, he was offered but declined a Monsignor's biretta. He was a fluent speaker, a clear writer, and a typical Irishman over six feet tall and built in proportion. May his soul rest in peace.

MONTREAL GOSSIP.

Private letters from Paris to Montreal confirm the statement made some time ago in our papers to the effect that Prince Roland Buonaparte was sincerely delighted with Canada, and charmed with the Canadians. The Prince himself contributed an article to the *Paris Canada* on the subject of his visit, and in the *salons* of his friends reiterates his gracious words, saying that he found himself "at home" in Canada, that the good society there is equal to that of France, and that he is most grateful to the Canadian people for the reception accorded him. The Prince, who greatly resembles his august grand-uncle in appearance, has been a widower for four years. His wife, who was a great heiress, bequeathed him her entire fortune. He has one little girl whom he has placed in the care of his mother. His Highness expressed his determination to return to Canada next year.

During his sojourn in Montreal the Prince, in company with Mr. Justice Baby and some other gentlemen, visited the Grand Seminary. It was Commencement Day and in the afternoon, so that most of the students had departed, and those who remained were chiefly Americans. In introducing the Prince, the Abbe Colin, the Superior of the Seminary, said:—

"Gentlemen, you have all heard of the great Napoleon, to-day I bring you as a visitor his grand-nephew. Take a good look at him, you do not often see a Prince, so look well at Prince Roland Napoleon Buonaparte."

Whereupon His Highness said laughingly:

"Oui Messieurs, regardez moi tant que vous voudrez, pourvu que vous ne me preniez pas pour une bete curieuse!"

From a cloister in St. Hyacinthe comes the echo of sweet bells chiming—bells that rang us the silver jubilee of the saintly foundress of the order of the Precious Blood. On the 14th September, in every diocese of Canada and in almost every parish of the Province of Quebec, masses were offered and prayers ascended for the intention of the good Mother Catherine. Delicate little missives, written in crimson ink, and bearing the motto "*Vive Jesus!*" made known the glad anniversary to the widely scattered friends of the holy religious, but there was no public celebration owing to the recent death of three of the benefactors and founders of the institution, namely: Mgr. Raymond, Grand Vicar of St. Hyacinthe, Mgr. Joseph Larocque, former titular of the diocese, and Monsieur Lecourt, the retired cure of the town, who died during the past year in the Monastery of the Precious Blood.

On last Sunday there was surely joy in the courts of Heaven, as the suffrages from the entire Catholic world went up to God in pious intercession for the Holy Souls. Town and city, village and hamlet, all did their part, but perhaps nowhere out of Rome were so many masses offered, so many communions made, as in our Catholic city of Montreal.

It would be interesting to know the exact number of the faithful who here approached the sacraments on Sunday morning. From five o'clock until eight the altar rails of the parish churches were seldom visible, so great was the crowd of suppliants kneeling to receive the Bread of Life.

At the High Masses the music was of a most solemn and impressive order. At Notre Dame over one hundred and fifty voices resounded from the choir. At St. Patrick's Professor Fowler invited Professor Buck, of England, to sing. At the Gesu the mass was rendered by the two choirs, that of the Church under the leadership of Rev. Father Garceau, and that of the college.

As the boys in their pretty uniform stood up to sing the plaintive strains of the Church's supplications for her departed children, many an eye in the congregation was moist, and many a thought was given to the brave young master who last year led the college choir, and whose clear voice was wont to resound through the aisles of the Gesu in notes of prayer and praise. And with the tear and the thought of human regret came the prayer of Christian faith, that God had, of His great mercy, granted

to Father Duguay "a place of refreshment, light and peace."

From requiem bells to marriage chimes. Three weddings in our Catholic society, and two of them transplanted the brides to Europe. The first was that of Monsieur Augustin D'Arrican with Mademoiselle Marthe Barron, daughter of Monsieur Philippe Barron, owner of the Barron Block. A few days after, in the Archbishop's private chapel, Mr. Frank A. Wake, of Sheffield, England, was united to Miss Albina Selby, daughter of the late Charles Selby, of Montreal, which auspicious event was followed by the marriage, in the Church of Notre Dame, of Arthur Ferroux, Esq., of the firm of Law, Young & Co., with Mademoiselle Corinne Roy, daughter of Mr. Rouer Roy, Q. C., City Attorney, to all of whom, *Fausta omnia ac Felicia.*

The steamer of the Bossiere line, "Chateau Leoville," sailed from this port the other day, bound from St. Pierre and Miquelon, where she is to pick up twelve hundred fishermen, whom she will convey to their home in St. Malo. She carried as cargo eighteen tons of Indian corn, three hundred tons of Chicago lard, three hundred tons of potatoes, potash, and divers other cases, also two hundred standard planks which she took on board at Pierre-ville.

With regard to the fishermen of St. Pierre, they are likely to be a downhearted set of passengers as the season for cod-fishing, which closed at the end of September, has not been at all productive.

And now what more is there of matters of local chit-chat? M. Rameau de St. Pèrè has been fêted at St. Therese. St. Therese has also been the scene of a joyous ceremony—that of the consecration of the bells of the new church by Monseigneur Isidore Clut, Bishop of Arundel, Vicar Apostolic of Athabaska-Mackenzie.

Chief Jocks, of Caughnawaga, has gone to Florida for his health, and people are wondering at his choice of locality; but it may be that Indian gentlemen are proof against yellow fever.

Great sympathy is felt for the Protestant lunatics of Beauport asylum, who are, according to report, demoralized at the change in their Church ritual from Anglicanism to Presbyterianism, owing to a *dominie* of the latter sect having been recently substituted for a parson of the established Church of England as chaplain to the non-Catholics of the institution.

The Presbyterians have had a great meeting here on the occasion of the opening of the twentieth session of their theological college. The Rev. Louis H. Jordan, pastor of Eiskine Church, delivered an address, taking for his theme the "Ministry of the Deaconesses, a plea for its revival in the Modern Christian Church." The newspaper reports say that after a long review of the good done in former years—in fact from the *fourth* century—(where was Presbyterianism then, if you please, Mr. Jordan?), by the deaconesses, the learned lecturer closed with an earnest appeal for the revival of the order in connection with the Presbyterian Church in Canada. Now this is really very good of Mr. Jordan; he is a handsome young bachelor, counting his dollars by hundreds of thousands, and I doubt not that the deaconesses will smile approbation of his championship, and respond with slippers, braces, and other delicately wrought trifles of feminine workmanship. *Vivola bagatelle!*

The news of Mr. Robert White's election was received here with profound satisfaction. The young member for Cardwell is extremely popular in Montreal. Methinks he must be a young man of well regulated mind and not given to undue excitement over the affairs of this life, as three days before the momentous one of the election, he entered a carriage of the C.P.R. Railway, and dropped into a seat near to that occupied by your correspondent, quietly remarking that he was on his way home from Lake St. John, and a day or two after the *Gazette* published a delightful description of the trip—apparently from the pen of its young editor.

Mr. White will shortly be tendered a complimentary banquet.

OLD MORTALITY.

The Church in Canada.

Under this heading will be collected and preserved all obtainable data bearing upon the history and growth of the Church in Canada. Contributions are invited from those having in their possession any material that might properly come for publication in this department

CHURCH CONSECRATIONS.

CEREMONY AT THE CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART,
TORONTO. SERMON BY REV. FATHER NOLIN,
OF OTTAWA.

The new French church, on King street east, known as that of the Sacred Heart, was consecrated on Sunday afternoon last, the 7th inst., with imposing ceremonies, and in the presence of a large assemblage. The altar had been tastefully arranged, and was set off to the best advantage by a well devised distribution of floral wreaths. The walls were partially covered with symbolical and allegorical pictures, and with shields and banners of cloth, on each of which was wrought a Latin inscription, while the ceiling was festooned with immense strips of cloth in red, white and blue. The preliminary ceremonial commenced shortly after 3 o'clock, at the close of which Very Rev. J. M. Laurent, administrator of the Archdiocese, blessed and consecrated the building by sprinkling holy water on the walls. Rev. Father Nolin, of Ottawa, O. M. I., congratulated the French congregation in a few appropriate words, after which he delivered a sermon in English, speaking from the words "Behold thy Mother." He said that the occasion was an imposing and auspicious one. The church which had now been consecrated had changed its destination. Therefore they had all reason to be thankful that they enjoyed the advantages of and belonged to the one true Church of Christ. The Scriptures, the writings of the Fathers, and traditions, all pointed to the Roman Catholic Church as being the one true representative of Christ and His Apostles. It was necessary to perpetuate the religion of Jesus Christ that there should be a visible Church on earth, and the distinguishing marks of the Catholic Church, Catholicity, apostolicity and union, were the essential qualifications of that Church. The Catholic Church in order to maintain that position must be able to trace its origin back to the Apostles, and the fathers and ministers of the Church must be able to prove their credentials, and teach what the Apostles taught. And, as Peter was the chief of the Apostles, it was necessary there should be a succession of men to perpetuate his doctrine. This had always been done by the Catholic Church, by a continuous chain of Popes, up to the last, the glorious Pope Leo XIII. Never has the Church done away with the least truth entrusted to Peter or his successors. The true Church had to be Catholic, as Catholicity meant universality, and the Roman Catholic Church answering to that description her doctrine must be in time spread throughout the world among the rich and poor, the high and low. The rev. father then spoke of the Church's unbounded charity, of its works of unity, of its holiness, as exemplified in the celibacy of the fathers, in the devotedness of the sisters, and in the relics of the saints and martyrs of the Church. He asked the congregation to extend their sympathy to those outside the pale of the Catholic Church who did not enjoy the same privileges which they did, and implored them to have a deep veneration for the holy mother Church.

Rev. Father Rooney gave a brief account of the progress of the Catholic religion in Toronto during the past twenty years.

Vespers were commenced in the evening at half past seven, at which Rev. Father Nolin addressed the congregation in French.

The congregation was established about a year ago, and has continued to prosper ever since. The newly acquired building cost \$12,000, \$3,000 of which has already been paid. The building has a seating capacity for 800.

CONSECRATION OF ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, BELLEVILLE

The fine new church of St. Michael's, at Belleville, was consecrated by His Lordship, Bishop Cleary, at Belleville on Sunday last. The church is 140 feet in length by 62 feet wide, in the pure Gothic style of architecture, with aisles and clear storey. The walls are of limestone, rock faced, and with dressed stone about the doors and windows. In the gable of the front of the building is a large rose window seventeen feet six inches in diameter, of cut limestone, and below it an arcade of Scotch granite pillars and niches for statues. The spire will be built to a height of 175 feet, at a cost of \$20,000. The seating capacity of the building is for 900 persons. The church, as it stands, cost \$50,000; when finished in the style desired, the amount will be swelled to \$80,000.

The Belleville Mission was founded in 1825 by Rev. Father Brennan, under direction of the Rt. Rev. Alexander Macdonell, then Bishop of Upper Canada. In the year 1857-8 the stone church, now about to be removed, was erected.

The dedication services began at 11.30. Bishop Cleary, with a company of priests, blessed the building, after which the multitude was admitted to worship. High Mass was celebrated, and the Bishop read from the 7th chapter of Chronicles, and prefaced his sermon with:—"Thanks be to God, that He has enabled us to erect this house without accident to the workmen. Thank God not only for the material edifice, but for the spirit of unity, of faith, and of charity, for it was because the people possessed these virtues that the building had been erected. He thanked God that the charity of brotherhood was not confined to the Catholic brotherhood of the city; that others, although separated by creed, had given of their substance to aid in the construction of this magnificent temple of the living God." The congregation was largely composed of Protestants.

THE EDITOR OF "LA VERITE" IN IRELAND.

The first of M. Tardivel's letters from Ireland appeared in last week's numbers of *La Verite* and the *N. Y. Freeman's Journal*. M. Tardivel proposes making a careful study of the Irish Question, and the letters of the distinguished Canadian writer deserve to be carefully followed.

CORK, Sept. 17th.

GENTLEMEN: In compliance with your request and my promise, I undertake, though with no little diffidence, to lay before your public my impressions on Ireland and the Irish Question during this my first visit to the Emerald Isle. I am very well aware that the aforesaid impressions have, in themselves, but very little importance, and can throw no new light whatever on one of the greatest social problems of modern times. I was induced to pen these hurried and unstudied lines by the thought that perchance they might, if not instruct, awaken a certain legitimate curiosity in the minds of your readers. It is the first time, if I mistake not, that a French Canadian journalist visits Ireland with the intention of writing somewhat at length, in his own paper and language, upon a subject of all-absorbing interest to the sons of Erin, the present state of the Irish Question. What such a journalist may think and say upon the matter can have, for you and yours, no other merit than that of novelty; but it might possibly have that one merit. That is my excuse for writing.

I first set foot on Ireland yesterday, the third Sunday of September, the Feast of the Seven Dolors of Our Blessed Lady. I was forcibly struck by this coincidence when, after the half-past seven o'clock Low Mass, at the Queenstown Cathedral, the celebrant, in a short, pithy instruction, made a touching allusion to the sufferings of the Irish people—sufferings which he legged of his hearers to render meritorious and worthy in the sight of God, by uniting them with the sufferings of Our Divine Lord and of His Holy Mother.

I only spent a few hours at Queenstown, most of which time I was busy writing letters that I wished to send off by the out-going steamer. I did, however, take a stroll

through the busy little town—busy even on Sunday, on account of the arriving and sailing of the mail steamers—and the quiet and pretty surroundings. From the hill a fine view is obtained of the beautiful and spacious land-locked harbour full of ships, among which dart the fast-running and gaily-decked steamboats, carrying their loads of pleasure-seekers from Cork.

The ride from Queenstown up to Cork, along the banks of the Lee, is delightfully refreshing. Even at this season of the year the fields and woods are wonderfully green. What must they be in leafy June! Truly, this is the Emerald Isle!

Cork is a fine old city, as no doubt many of your readers know from personal observation. I spent several hours visiting the Catholic churches; and would have peeped into the P. E. Cathedral, St. Finn-Barr's, a most magnificent and costly pile; but it was locked! Week-day prayers are evidently a luxury foreign to the tastes of our Protestant friends. What a pity to see such a fine temple erected for a false, cold and lifeless worship, and that, too, in the Catholic city of Cork. But there is consolation to be drawn even from this; for we have therein the proof that, if English gold can raise up grand monuments to modern heresy, even in this, the heart of Catholic Ireland, untold millions cannot tear from the heart of this long-suffering people the old, old Faith.

As we drove past the prison, my *cicerone*, a typical old Irish patriot, said to me in the richest brogue: "Sure, sir, there's been many a good man put behind those walls." And in truth many have been imprisoned there for no infraction of natural or common law, but for merely transgressing the mandates of a tyrannical Government. At the present moment, as you are no doubt aware, Father Kennedy is undergoing in the prison of Cork a four months' sentence, for having taken some part in a *proclaimed* meeting.

I also visited St. Joseph's Cemetery, just outside the city—a peaceful, well-kept spot. What most struck me was the complete absence of ostentatious monuments which are so painfully conspicuous in some of our American burying-grounds. Naught but modest crosses and tombstones can be seen here, with nothing pagan about them. In the centre of the cemetery stands a simple cross to mark the last resting-place of Father Mathew, the great apostle of temperance in Ireland. It is a spot held in deep veneration by the people, for I saw several praying there most fervently. A fine statue of Father Mathew stands in the middle of one of the principal streets of Cork; on the pedestal, together with the date of his birth and death—1790-1856—we read the following inscription:

.....
 A TRIBUTE FROM A GRATEFUL PEOPLE.

The far-renowned castle of Blarney is situated about five miles from Cork, not far from the Dublin railway. Of course I went to see the old ruin, and I gazed at the magic stone; but valuing my precious neck more than eloquence, even Irish eloquence, I did not attempt to kiss it. The castle is still in a pretty fair state of preservation, and towers 120 feet above the surrounding plain through which flows the river Martin, a tributary of the Lee. From the top of the main tower, which is reached by a winding stairway of 180 steps, one obtains a very fine view of this picturesque part of Ireland. The old ivy-covered battlements are inhabited by a great number of jackdaws which set up, as you approach, a hoarse and rasping clamour. The dungeon cells are still to be seen: horrid, dark and forbidding. It makes you shudder to think that human beings were ever imprisoned there, often, no doubt, to die.

POVERTY AND POLICE.

GLENGARRIFFE, Sept. 18th

I left Cork this morning at about 9.30, and reached here this evening at 5, proceeding by rail fifty-seven miles, as far as Bantry, thence by stage-coach here, twelve miles.

At first the country we travelled through was very fine;

but as you go farther south and west, it gets poorer and poorer; the fertile valleys are fewer and smaller; the peat bogs and the stoney hills more and more frequent; the houses more and more wretched. At last, not long after leaving Bantry, I catch my first glimpse of a real poverty-stricken hut, built of cobble-stones and mud, thatched-roofed, windowless, filled with peat smoke. The tears welled up as I looked; a lump came up into my throat; tears and lump are still there. I cannot get rid of them. To tell you the honest truth, I have been literally crying all evening. Of course I had read of these wretched cabins. But you have really to see them to believe that human beings can live in such places, from generation to generation. Why, the poorest of our Canadian backwoodsmen would not pass a night in such hovels. I cannot get used to the sight. The more I see of them, the more the sight affects me. I never felt so *bitter* in my life. Now I begin to understand the Irish Question; now I can form some idea of the unutterable woe, and anguish, and sorrow, and heart-breakings, and hopeless grief that fill this land to overflowing.

When I first landed here I thought I should like to see an *eviction*. I do not want to see one now, for I am pretty sure that I should die or say something that would get me into the hands of the *Royal Irish* and prolong indefinitely my stay in Ireland.

Apropos of these Royal Irish, they are as thick as huckleberries. In every little quiet town you go through, there they are, stalking about, well fed, well dressed, well housed. They literally overrun the country. Each one of them, they tell me, costs over a hundred pounds a year. I think it would be a good policy, from a merely financial point of view, for the Government to mete out a little justice to the Irish people. Then, at least, two-thirds of these slick and costly policemen could go to work at something profitable, to say nothing of the standing army kept here.

When I landed in Queenstown the first person to say a word to me, if I remember rightly, was a policeman who wanted to know my name and where I came from. To an American, this military *regime*, in time of peace, appears very strange, not to use a stronger word.

Glengarriffe, which means, I believe, *rough glen*, is a very wild and romantic spot indeed, and a favourite resort for invalids, as the climate is mild and salubrious. The place is hemmed in by mountains that keep off the cold winds; an opening to the south lets in the warm air of the Gulf Stream. The Bay of Bantry, at the head of which Glengarriffe is situated, is one of the best in Ireland, and also one of the most picturesque, being studded with rocky islands and surrounded by finely cut mountains that rear their bold, blue peaks far into the sky.

KILLARNEY, September 19th.

A forty-two miles ride over the Co. and the Killarney mountains brought us here this evening. Such fine scenery, but oh! such wretched poverty! Still these terrible hovels, perched up on the mountains. The patches of cultivated land have actually been *made* by these poor people: sea weed, and clay, and bog, packed up in hampers and dumped down among the rocks. Then they build a stone wall around these *farms* to keep them from washing down into the sea again. And these *workers* of the land are expected to pay rent. I had to have it repeated to me several times before I could really believe it. The idea of any person, even the most heartless landlord, being brazen-faced enough to ask for rent in such places as these where it is a mystery how people can keep body and soul together, is not only iniquitous, is moreover ridiculous.

I have been through the backwoods of Canada and seen the most primitive and the poorest of our settlements, but I never saw anything to compare with this. And our settlers, however poor they be, however hard they work, whatever be the privations to which they are frequently subject, have the one great consolation of man in all his troubles—Hope! They know that by working on a few years longer they will acquire a comfortable home of their own, that they will eventually be masters

of the soil they are watering with the sweat of their brow, while these unfortunates have no hope of bettering their condition. From the land they till they cannot possibly get more than the poorest kind of a living. To pay the rack rents that have been imposed upon them, for *improving the soil*, they have to go over to England to earn a few pounds, or send their sons and daughters to America. There's the system of landlordism in these parts put into a nut-shell.

The scenery at Killarney is very fine indeed, but for me it is all spoiled by the poverty of the people, the like of which I never saw before. English tourists do not seem to mind it. They even crack sorry jokes over the wretched hovels, calling them nice summer residences, and saying that the proprietors must have a good bank account. I heard the latter remark made by a great burly Englishman, and I am not quite sure that he was not in earnest.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE AND THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

THURLES, Sept. 21st.

I visited to-day St. Patrick's College, where over a hundred ecclesiastical students receive a course of eight years, theological training. Also the fine Cathedral, remarkable for its stained glass windows and its beautiful marble altars. There are two convents here, Ursulines and Sisters of the Presentation. The former keep a large boarding-school and the latter teach some five-hundred day scholars. I also paid a flying visit to Cashel, and saw the famous ruins on the Rock, Cormac's chapel and the old Cathedral. The former was built in 901, by Cormac MacCullenan, King of Munster and Bishop of Cashel, and author of the celebrated work called "Cormac's Glossary." His tomb is still to be seen in the chapel, as well as many other objects of great interest. The Cathedral was built in 1134.

Between Cashel and Thurles is the no less celebrated ruin of Holy Cross Abbey, built by Daniel O'Brian, King of Munster, in 1132, for the Cistercian monks. The windows and mouldings in black marble are greatly admired.

I had the honour of being introduced to his Lordship Archbishop Croke, who resides at Thurles. But as his Lordship had just arrived, and I was just leaving, I could only pay him my regards and get his blessing. Archbishop Croke is the greatest and grandest of Ireland's patriotic Bishops. Above all others he has taken up the cause of the people, guiding the agitation without seeking to crush it; fostering it with no less zeal than prudence.

DUBLIN, Sept. 22nd.

I arrived here last night and have only just time to-day to close this letter in order to catch the outgoing mail. On Monday I intend starting for Galway and the west.

J. P. TARDIVEL, *Editor of La Verité.*

FATHER LAMBERT.

We observe that the regrettable trouble between the Rev. Father Lambert, of Waterloo, N. Y., and his ordinary, the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Rochester, has largely found its way into the press of the country, both secular and religious. The national reputation of Father Lambert—the vanquisher of Ingersoll—and his signal services to religion which have been recognized throughout the land—aye, beyond the boundaries of the Republic—in Canada, England and far Australia, where his writings have been republished with applause—have attracted to this lamentable trouble the enquiring gaze of the non-Catholic as well as the Catholic world.

While newspapers, however impartial, are not the proper tribunal before which the case of Bishop McQuaid and Father Lambert is to be tried; and while we do not wish to prejudice that case pending before the authorized Roman officials—Bishop McQuaid's superiors as well as Father Lambert's—we cannot withhold our voice from the chorus which swells throughout the land in praise of Father Lambert's great ability, manly character and edifying priestly life.

To quote our esteemed contemporary, the *Troy Catholic Weekly*, a paper ably edited by one of the leading priests of the Albany diocese, the Rev. John Walsh: "The measure of his suspension and alienation will bring regret, if not anguish, to many hearts. He was recognized among champions of the faith as its *ablest defender*, and in zeal, mental vigour and industry, he had achieved proud eminence among the clergy of the land. To those who knew him by his written works, the belief was easy that in all his ministry he was what every priest should be."

The *Union and Times* would be the veriest of ingrates did it cease to remember with gratitude the numerous contributions to its columns from Father Lambert's powerful pen.

Father Lambert has studiously refrained from exposing his grievances through the press, though we believe frequently urged to do so, preferring to seek redress before the duly appointed tribunals of justice-loving Rome. And in view of the very serious and general interest attaching to this case among all classes of Christians, we cannot withhold the expression of our hope that this controversy may be adjudicated in such a manner, that one of the Church's most brilliant sons may not appear to have been treated with ingratitude.—*Buffalo Union and Times.*

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

Cardinal Manning is a busy worker and his interests are many-sided. He is collecting his shorter papers on practical subjects, religious and social, into a volume, to be published shortly as further contributions to his *Miscellanies*.

The *New York Sun* said of Cardinal Gibbons' sermon at the funeral of Gen. Sheridan, that it was one of the grandest tributes ever paid to an American soldier, and exhibited the liberal ideas of the Church of which his Eminence is so worthy a representative.

The ceremony of blessing the handsome marble crosses which surmount the spires of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, took place in the vestibule of the cathedral. His Grace Archbishop Corrigan himself officiated, and many clergymen and others were present. The crosses were later on carried out and successfully hoisted to the pinnacles of the spires and secured by a copper bolt running through the upright shaft and far down into the spire. The finest Catholic Church on this continent is now complete. It is over thirty years since the cornerstone was laid—Aug. 15, 1858. The architect was James Renwick. The building is an example of the decorated or geometric style of gothic architecture of about 1375 to 1400.

Two stained glass windows, representing Saint Leo and Saint Gregory, have just been placed on the staircase which leads from the court of Saint Damasus to the apartments of his Holiness in the Vatican. They have been made by Mayer, of Munich, and they are the offering of the students of the German College at Rome to His Holiness on the occasion of his jubilee. Besides these, the College offered him 358 volumes of dogmatic and literary works written by 85 students between 1830 and 1887, and a synoptic table containing the biographies of the students who have been most distinguished in the defence of religion. Amongst these the most worthy of note are: one pontiff—Gregory XV.—27 cardinals, 47 archbishops, 280 bishops, 66 abbots, 32 administrators apostolic and a great number of learned and illustrious men. This is a good show for the German College at Rome.

The last batch of militia orders authorizes the formation of "St. Mary's college Montreal, 2nd drill company, under the provision of paragraph 453, Regulations and Orders for the Militia of Canada, 1887, and appoints the following officers:—To act as captain, Edmond Hurtubise; to act as lieutenant, P. Laçoste; to act as second lieutenant, H. LaRoque.

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LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 29th Dec., 1887.

GENTLEMEN,—

I have singular pleasure indeed in saying God-speed to your intended journal, THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. The Church, contradicted on all sides as her Divine Founder was, hails with peculiar pleasure the assistance of her lay children in dispelling ignorance and prejudice. They can do this nobly by public journalism, and as the press now appears to be an universal instructor for either evil or good, and since it is frequently used for evil in disseminating false doctrines and attributing them to the Catholic Church your journal will do a very great service to Truth and Religion by its publications. Wishing you all success and many blessings on your enterprise.

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, March 17, 1887

MY DEAR Mr. FITZGERALD,—

You have well kept your word as to the matter, style, form and quality of the REVIEW, and I do hope it will become a splendid success.
Believe me, yours faithfully,

JAMES J. CARRBY,
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCT. 13, 1888.

A paragraph which appeared in this journal in July last respecting the appearance upon the streets of an armed body of Orangemen has, we are informed, been construed as a reflection upon certain of the members of one of our city regiments, as such. Nothing of the sort, it is fair to state, was ever dreamed of, or intended.

The Montreal Presbyterian Synod passed certain resolutions at a late meeting condemnatory of the members in Canada of the Society of Jesus, and determined to memorialize the Governor-General on the subject. The Montreal Presbyterian Synod appears to be getting desperate. What Lord Stanley will think of their precious memorial may be inferred from the fact that a fortnight ago he assisted with Lady Stanley and his family at the celebration in the Jesuit Chapel at Quebec in honour of Blessed Peter Claver, the lately beatified Jesuit who spent his life in redeeming and nursing the negro slaves of South America.

The New York *Observer*, in a recent editorial entitled "The Open Bible," said: "The Bible is a perpetual thorn in the side of spiritual Rome. If she could destroy every Bible but one, and put that in chains somewhere in the Vatican, she would breathe more freely than she has done in a long time. She would hold a prolonged jubilee, probably think that she had done God service, and so sing the *Te Deum* in all her churches. Then all would be easy. With no Bible from which to hear the law of God and the gospel of Calvary, the evangelized nations of the earth would, in the course of a generation or two, become an easy prey to Rome. Rome knows

this, and she knows also that the circulation of the Bible the world over is all that is needed to make evangelical Christianity flourish everywhere."

We agree with an American contemporary that, if the "open Bible" permits such misrepresentations as the above paragraph, then the genius of Protestantism had better close the sacred volume forever.

Such a strife as the *Mail* would stir up in this Province appears to be raging in Boston, a torrent of bigotry and abuse of the Church, *in toto orbe terrarum*, from the Holy Father himself to the humblest member on a school board. The trouble arose out of the exclusion from the schools by the board of "Swinton's Outline of Universal History" at the suggestion of a Catholic priest, because it misrepresented the Church's teaching on the doctrine of indulgences. As the Protestant members of the board, including Dr. Duryea, pastor of the Central Congregational Church, coincided with the Catholic members in the exclusion, it would be reasonable to suppose that their decision was right. But the Evangelical Alliance, far from being satisfied, has met and passed a series of resolutions, breathing vengeance and utter destruction to Rome. The resolutions adopted pledge the co-operation of the body with the committee of one hundred appointed by the Faneuil hall meeting to defend the public schools against sectarian control, also requesting the Legislature to enact laws to make the attendance of children on public schools compulsory, except in the case of those attending private schools under the supervision of the State; also petitioning Congress for legislation to prohibit any religious denomination from interfering with the management of public schools, and yet another petitioning the school committee of Boston to reinstate Swinton's history as a text-book. The whole Evangelical Protestant community seems to be in a craze over the subject, and the women have been urged to register, so as to wipe out of existence every Catholic on the board at the ensuing fall election, provision by law being made for females to vote for the selection of the school board.

It is gratifying to know that better counsels have prevailed with the Catholics. No Catholic women have registered, as they too might have done, or in any way engaged in the ill-advised contest. In time they hope better feelings and wiser measures will prevail; for the present they refuse to follow the lead of the bigots who are engaged, as the *Pilot* says, "in doing damnable work for the future of Boston." "We refuse," says that journal "to set class against class and creed against creed in Boston. We profoundly hope that no Catholic Bostonian, man or woman, will light a torch from the flame flourished by these bigots, who do not represent the mass of Protestant sentiment of the city or State. Such men as these, in their narrow and exclusive views, prove themselves unfit for civilized freedom. They would whip Quakers and Papists, or whoever dared to disagree with them, at the cart's-tail, as in the sixteenth century. The Boston people are half Catholic; the children in the public schools are more than half Catholics. Catholic numerical strength here will increase rather than decrease for all the future. These bigots gain no victory by seizing the public schools and excluding every Catholic from the board. They simply commit a public outrage, which will recoil on their own heads. Let them have their way. Let no Catholic woman be dragged into so foul and

fatuous a struggle. We depend on the good sense and good will of Boston, Catholic and Protestant, to see that right is done in the end."

The Church, Cardinal Manning has said, has only to be known to be loved. Last week we quoted the words of a number of writers who speak in eulogy of her work, and who confess the greatness of her history. To educated and thoughtful men we said it was not permitted to live in ignorance of either her action in the cultivation of the human mind, her services to mankind in the preservation of learning, or of her overshadowing influence exerted towards the religious and moral development of the world at the present day. That is a prerogative which belongs to the invincibly ignorant only. The earnest seeker after truth, the man of good will, rid of prejudices, cannot, by the aid of Divine grace, fail to find the true faith. It is in most cases ignorance, wilful and obstinate ignorance, accompanied by bigotry and bitterness, that shuts out the light from the mind and the grace from the heart, by which men are led, if they will but see, to the knowledge of the Divine origin and, therefore, truth, of the teaching, doctrine, and practice of the Church which alone can lay claim to being historical Christianity in descent and in body of doctrine. We are led to make these remarks by a reading of the reply of Prof. Baldwin, of Yale University, to a virulent attack made upon the Church, on the occasion of a recent meeting of the General Christian Conference of Protestant ministers and laymen. "And now let me ask," he said, "which of our Christian churches has best remembered this lesson of ancient history? Not, I say, any church represented here. It has been remembered by that oldest church of all, comprehending to-day the greatest number of Christians in the world—the Roman Catholic Church. And I rise here as a layman, sent here from the general conference of one of our religious denominations in my own State, to say, with some little regret, that I am sorry that in this great convention a more kindly tone has not been manifested towards that venerable Christian Church which has its centre in Rome."

At this point he was interrupted by the cry of a clerical that "he did not believe that the Catholic Church was a Christian Church." This evidence of bigotry and ignorance characterized the proceedings of the meeting, and Prof. Baldwin's appeal for justice was treated with derision. The professor continued, and in referring to the interruption, spoke as follows:

"That is precisely the sentiment that has been uttered from this platform, and I rise here as a layman to say that in what I have done (and I have done something) in social reform, I have found in my own state, Connecticut, no truer friends in many of these questions that have come before this body than gentlemen of the Roman Catholic Church. Now, I do not desire to raise any question of antagonism to the gentleman on the floor. I simply want to say this, and I do say it: That I think one of the great friends to the cause of social advancement in our cities is the Roman Catholic Church. We can't afford to reject its aid. It guards the family; it looks at the children; it looks at the home from the standpoint of a Christian organization; and we ought to make friends with that Church; we ought to bring them in with us in all these causes of Christian and social reform; and unless we do it, we reject one of the great factors that is ready to our hand to help on the cause of Christ in America."

We submit this as an incident requiring neither comment nor argument. "The enlightened utterances," says the *Baltimore Mirror*, "of an educated and honest mind find no echo in evangelical alliances. Intolerance and malice towards the Catholic Church are the means whereby they hope to control the Protestant community, even at the expense of the numberless souls that they delude and destroy."

An American Presidential contest is mainly interesting to an outsider as an accentuation of the underlying differences between the Presidential and Parliamentary systems of Government. An American President, it often happens, is a political accident, whose high position only illustrates his personal insignificance and mediocrity. He may be elected at certain times and by certain processes which forbid the election of known men, in which case the Americans attain to government by an unknown quantity—the superintendence of their affairs by what a satirist has called "Statesman X." As a matter of fact he is not so much the choice of the nation as the choice of the wire-pullers, and the result is the degradation of public life. The description of the characteristic merit of the English constitution given by Mr. Walter Bagehot in his work on the Constitution is "that its dignified parts are very complicated and somewhat imposing, very old and rather venerable; while its efficient part, at least when in great and critical action, is decidedly simple and rather modern. We have made, or rather stumbled on, a constitution which—though full of every species of incidental defect—though of the worst *workmanship* in all out-of-the-way matters of any constitution in the world—yet has two capital merits: it contains a simple efficient part which, on occasion, and when wanted, can work more simply and easily and better, than any instrument of government that has yet been tried, and it contains likewise historical, complex, august, theatrical parts which it has inherited from a long past—which *take* the multitude—which guide by an insensible but an omnipotent influence the associations of its subjects. Its essence is strong with the strength of modern simplicity, its exterior is august with the Gothic grandeur of a more imposing age." This efficient strength of the English Constitution is in the close union of the executive and legislative powers which have their connecting link in the Cabinet.

On the other hand the characteristic of the presidential system is the independence of the legislative and executive powers. The President is elected from the people by one process, and the House of Representatives by another. This independence is the specific principle of their government. The result is that the continuous criticism of administration, which under the English system is as much a part of the polity as administration itself, does not exist in America. An American administration has not the same fear of public opinion. Under presidential government a nation has no influence, except at the electing moment; it must wait till its "instant of despotism" returns again. There are doubtless debates in the legislature, but they are fraught with no importance. "There is nothing of catastrophe about them," Mr. Bagehot has said; you cannot turn out the government; it, in any event, sticks irremovable. What is true of the legislatures is true of the press: it cannot change the administration. The executive was elected for so many years and for so many years it must last.

Compare this weakness in the American system with the power of the Parliament and of public opinion in England, where the functions of the Parliament are important and continuous, and where it watches, legislates, seats and unseats ministries from day to day. It can make life in office unbearable and uncomfortable by the hundred modes in which a Parliamentary people can act upon its representatives. In America public opinion at least does not. Public opinion there knows that the administration is doing pretty much as it pleases. Added to all this the men from whom a nation chooses under a presidential system are much inferior to those from whom it chooses under a cabinet system. Its system is not such as to stir up many noble ambitions: the members of its legislature are excluded from office, presidential government dividing political life into two halves, an executive half and a legislative half, and, as Mr. Bagehot says, "by so dividing it making neither half worth a man's having—worth his making it a continuous career—worthy to absorb, as cabinet government absorbs, his whole soul."

In view of these and other considerations, perhaps it would be as well, before we are off with the old system, that we make sure we know of the new.

Current Catholic Thought.

THE EDUCATION QUESTION.

"We have no disposition to interfere with public schools, as they are a state institution, chartered and supported by state, and incidentally, the tax-payers, of which element the members of our faith are an integrant. But we do not wish to have our children receive an imperfect or partial education. We want one that will develop the whole man, his moral and religious faculties as well as his intellectual gifts. We are persuaded that a child so instructed makes the best citizen. We maintain that an education that does not include a religious training is almost fatally imperfect. We are only consulting in this matter the good of our children. Public schools are good, but we desire to add to their advantages what we conceive to be a vital necessity. The curriculum of the parochial school system includes a specified amount of time for the study of the Bible and researches in the Biblical classics. Time will show this theory to be correct. Fifty years from now I predict a general and universal acceptance of the principle that the teachings of religion underlie the successful education of the young and formative mind. In an education comprising the healthiest qualifications of citizenship religion should be judiciously interspersed."—*Cardinal Gibbons.*

MOUND BUILDERS OF TO-DAY.

The mound builders are not all dead.

The mounds and earthy hillocks left by a strange, forgotten, mysterious people—who are supposed to have inhabited America prior to the Indian—are peculiar in one respect. They tell us little or nothing of the character and institutions of their builders.

No people have vanished from the face of the earth leaving so slight traces or contributing such meagre results to civilization. Did we remark that the mound builders are not all dead yet? Well, such is the case. In our modern civilization, in the society about us, and among the busy world of private affairs, there are mound builders laboriously constructing monuments of the same earthy material as the ancient mound builders have left, and to as little purpose.

Whenever an institution has lost its vital spirit, but still possesses its devotees to form, who go on enacting the same formulas, we have a species of incipient mound building.

Churches may be built of the finest architecture and

the most massive masonry. It is well if those who collect the money and foot the bills are not mound builders. They certainly are, if their churches are not training schools of true Christian morality; if the pulpit is not one where courage and virtue and manliness alone can enter, and if a live faith does not control the conduct of the worshippers.

There are political and social organizations entered into the state of mound building, too. They live on the relics of an ancient enthusiasm. Their achievements are of the past; their activity is retrospective. They are building monuments to a life that has gone out of them. They do not know it, but the fact remains—they are putting up tomb stones in graveyards.

Coming down to the individual—what better than a mound builder is the money gatherer who hoards more than an honest competence? All the "great fortunes" are mounds of un wisdom—accumulations of earthly dross which heirs are sure to divide and dissipate.

So often do these mounds bury living souls in untimely graves. The money gatherer forgets the higher purposes of life in his avarice of accumulation. His soul is stilled, starved and suppressed by the greed for gold which possesses him. The deluded partisan of a moribund party loses all his power for good under the influence of the Bourbonism or Legitimation that claims him with its clammy embrace. And as it was yesterday so it is to-day: so will it be to-morrow.—*Milwaukee Citizen.*

THE PRESENT POSITION OF CATHOLICS.

TRADITION THE SUSTAINING POWER OF THE PROTESTANT VIEW.

Considering, what is as undeniable a fact as there is a country called France, or an ocean called the Atlantic, the actual extent, the renown, and the manifold influence of the Catholic Religion,—considering that it surpasses in territory and in popularity any other Christian communion, nay, surpasses all others put together,—considering that it is the religion of two hundred millions of souls, that it is found in every quarter of the globe, that it penetrates into all classes of the social body, that it is received by entire nations, that it is so multiform in its institutions, and so exuberant in its developments, and so fresh in its resources, as any tolerable knowledge of it will be sure to bring home to our minds,—that it has been the creed of intellects the most profound and the most refined, and the source of works the most beneficial, the most arduous, and the most beautiful,—and moreover, considering that, thus ubiquitous, thus commanding, thus philosophic, thus energetic, thus efficient, it has remained one and the same for centuries,—considering that all this must be owned by its most virulent enemies, explain it how they will; surely it is a phenomenon the most astounding, that a nation like our own should so manage to hide this fact from their minds, to intercept their own vision of it, as habitually to scorn, and ridicule, and abhor the professors of that religion, as being, from the nature of the case, ignorant, unreasoning, superstitious, base and grovelling. It is familiar to an Englishman to wonder at and pity the recluse and the devotee who surround themselves with a high enclosure, and shut out what is on the other side of it; but was there ever such an instance of self-sufficient, dense, and ridiculous bigotry, as that which rises up and walls in the minds of our fellow-countrymen from all knowledge of one of the most remarkable phenomena which the history of the world has seen? This broad fact of Catholicism—as real as the continent of America, or the milky way—which Englishmen cannot deny, they will not entertain, they shut their eyes, they thrust their heads into the sand, and try to get rid of a great vision, a reality, under the name of Popery. They drop a thousand years from the world's chronicle, and having steeped them thoroughly in sin and idolatry, would fain drown them in oblivion. Whether for philosophic remark or for historical research, they will not recognise, what infidels recognise as well as Catholics, the vastness, the grandeur, the splendour, the loveliness of the manifestations of this time-honoured ecclesiastical confederation. Catholicism is for fifteen hundred years a fact, and as great a one (to put it on the lowest ground) as is the imperial sway of Great Britain for a hundred; how can it then be actually imbecile or extravagant to believe in it and

to join it, even granting it were an error? But this island, as far as its religion is concerned, really must be called one large convent or rather workhouse; the old pictures hang on the walls; the world-wide church is chalked up on every side as a wivern or a griffen; no pure gleam of light finds its way in from without, the thick atmosphere refracts and distorts such straggling rays as gain admittance. Why, it is not even a *camera obscura*; cut off from Christendom though it be, at least it might have a true picture of that Christendom cast in miniature on the floor; but in this inquisitive age, when the Alps are crested, and seas fathomed, and mines ransacked, and sands sifted, and rocks cracked into specimens, and beasts caught and catalogued, as little is known by Englishmen of the religious sentiments, the religious usages, the religious motives, the religious ideas of two hundred millions of Christians poured to and fro, among them and around them, as if, I will not say, they were Tartars or Patagonians, but as if they inhabited the moon. Verily, were the Catholic Church in the moon, England would gaze on her with more patience, and delineate her with more accuracy, than England does now.

This phenomenon is what I in part brought before you in my last lecture: I said we were thought dupes and rogues, because we were not known, because our countrymen would not be at the pains, or could not stand the shock of realizing that there are two sides to every question, and that in this particular question, perhaps, they had taken the false side. And this evening I am proceeding to the enquiry *how*, in a century of light, when we have re-written our grammars, and revolutionized our chronology, all this can possibly come to pass; how it is that the old family picture of the man and the lion keeps its place, though all the rest of John Bull's furniture has been condemned and has been replaced. Alas! that he should be inspecting the silks, and the china and jewellery of East and West, but refuse to betow a like impartial examination on the various forms of Christianity!

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell, by James Murphy. Dublin: John Falconer, New York: Messrs. A. E. & R. E. Ford.

"The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell" is one of a series of Irish novels of more than ordinary interest and merit, which of late years have met with high praise from Irish periodicals and critics. They are well-written books, enlivened by their author with a spirit healthy and national, racy of the soil, and, in the better sense of the word, characteristic of the people. The sphere of the Irish novelist, as of many other spheres, has in its day been degraded. The novels of Sterne, from a moral point of view, are simply not readable. Lever is not much better. The heroes drawn in his stories are as a rule rather versatile blackguards; the ordinary Irishman he presents as a baboon or a pickpocket—the Irishmen, in a word, to be found only in fiction.

The novel before us is not open to these objections. It is a strong, clean story, of ingenious construction, and of sustained interest, abounding in a rapid succession of dramatic incidents. The story is laid at the time of the war between the North and South, many of the best known events of which enter into the story and form the subjects of some fine bits of descriptive writing. One of the author's novels is dedicated to the Irish leader, Mr. Parnell; a second to Mr. Justin McCarthy, a third to ex Lord Mayor Sullivan of Dublin, the one before us (and to us it is a source of added interest) to Mr. Edward Murphy of Montreal. The author dedicates it to Mr. Murphy "as one who, in the course of an unusually prosperous career, never forgot the land of his birth; who was always ready to promote the welfare of the Irish race abroad and the national interests at home; who caused the Irish name to be honoured in the new Dominion; and who never ceased to foster, and encourage, in his adopted city, the ancient history, literature, and sport of the Irish people."

MEN AND THINGS.

Among the prelates who were present at the conferring of the pallium on Archbishop Ireland at St. Paul's, was his Grace Archbishop Taché, of St. Boniface, Man.

Further discussion upon Mr. Gladstone reveals the fact that he was flogged only once at Eton, for refusing to give away a school fellow who got into trouble.

Mr. Gladstone has been chiefly employed during the last two months in arranging his public and private correspondence; having destroyed several thousands of letters he is now putting those which he has decided to keep in chronological order.

The American papers have printed, and some English ones have copied, a paragraph announcing the engagement of the Duke of Norfolk to a young American Catholic lady, whose name is given, together with the details of their first meeting, when "her excellent riding caught his Grace's eye," and more to the same purpose. "The story," the *Weekly Register* says, "has not a vestige of foundation, and the Duke of Norfolk has not even seen the young lady with whose name so much liberty has been taken."

The news that the Rev. Father Teefy has returned to Toronto from England, where he has been for some time past, will be heard with pleasure in Catholic and University circles. The *World*, announcing his arrival, said: "There arrived here from England, in the person of the Rev. Father Teefy, of the Basilian Order, a man who is most favourably thought of, not only in Catholic circles, where he has gained a great reputation as a speaker, but also among University men, with whom he is very popular, having once been the President of the Toronto University Scientific and Literary Society. Two years ago Father Teefy was removed to Plymouth, England, where he continued his work as a professor in the College of Mary Immaculate." Father Teefy, from whom several letters appeared in the *Review* while abroad, visited Rome and toured through many European countries.

The address presented to Major James Mason, the retiring chairman of the Toronto Public Library Board, at their recent meeting, is an exquisite specimen of the illuminator's art. The address, which is signed by Ex-Mayor Boswell and the Secretary of the Board, is in the form of an album, bound in morocco and gold, the pages of which are embellished with views of the Public Library Building, the City Arms, and beautiful floreated and lettered designs. On the last page of all is a Grenadier officer in full uniform. The address conveys in appreciative terms the Board's acknowledgments of Major Mason's great services both as a member and, afterwards, as Chairman of the Board, and especially of his services at the time of the inception of the Free Library in securing to it the transfer of the property and library of the Mechanics Institute, of which he was the then chairman. The pleasure which the reception of so handsome an expression of appreciation and esteem from his colleagues must bring Major Mason, will be shared we think, by all who know how disinterested and devoted have been his labours in behalf of that most beneficent, but onerous, public undertaking.

CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.

Bishop Dowling, of Peterborough, returned from Grafton on Monday last. His lordship speaks highly of the generosity of the priest and people of Grafton. They gave him a hearty reception and promised \$600 towards the liquidation of the debt on the Bishop's Palace.

Archbishop Fabre writes from Rome that he has had a very successful trip and is in hopes to be able to return home at Christmas. Rev. Abbe Bruchesi, who has accompanied His Grace to Rome, will on his return occupy one of the chairs as occasional lecturer in Laval University.

The library of the famous Henry Grattanis, consequent on the death of Lady Laura Grattan, about to be sold in Dublin. It is rich in French literature.

TO EDUCATORS

SCHOOL BOOKS for Catholic Children

Sadlier's Dominion Catholic Speller, complete
 Sadlier's Dominion Catholic First Reader—
 Part I.
 Sadlier's Dominion Catholic First Reader—
 Part II.
 Sadlier's First Reader—parts 1 and 2 bound to-
 gether
 Sadlier's Dominion Catholic Second Reader
 Sadlier's Dominion Catholic Third Reader
 Sadlier's Dominion Catholic Fourth Reader
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Notice to Creditors.

NOTICE is hereby given, in pursuance of
 Sec. 96 of Cap. 110 of the Revised Statutes of
 Ontario, that all creditors and other persons
 having claims against the estate of EDWARD
 FOX, late of the City of Toronto, in the County
 of York, deceased, who died on or about the 7th
 day of June A.D. 1887, are required, on or before
 the 10th day of November next, to send by post
 prepaid to D. A. O'Sullivan, Barrister, etc., in and
 20 Toronto St., Toronto, a statement in writing
 of their names and addresses and full particu-
 lars of their claims duly attested, and the nature
 of the securities (if any) held by them. And
 further take notice, that on and after the said
 10th day of November next, the assets of the
 said deceased will be distributed amongst the
 parties entitled thereto, having regard only to
 the claims of which notice shall have been re-
 ceived, and the administratrix shall not be
 liable for the assets or any part thereof to any
 person whose claim shall not have been received
 at the time of the distribution of said assets.
 D. A. O'SULLIVAN,
 Solicitor for the Administratrix Mrs. Fox.
 Dated Toronto, Sept. 10, 1887.

EXECUTORS NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the estate of
 the late
The Most Rev. John Joseph Lynch,
 Archbishop of Toronto, are hereby required to
 forward the same to the Executors, the Right
 Reverend Bishop O'Mahony, and the Very Re-
 verend Father Rooney, or to their Solicitor, the
 undersigned, on or before the
First day of November next
 The Executors on that will distribute any
 money come to their hands, with regard only to
 the claims then received.
 D. A. O'SULLIVAN
 Solicitor for the Executors
 Toronto, Sept 12, 1887.



STATUTES OF CANADA AND OFFICIAL PUBLICATIONS

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 the Government of Canada are for sale at this
 office. Also separate Acts. Revised Statutes
 price for 2 Vols., \$5.00, and of supplementary
 volume, \$2.50. Prices list sent on application.

B. CHAMBERLIN,
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Department of Public Printing
 and Stationery,
 Ottawa, February, 1888

SAULT Ste. MARIE CANAL

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the under-
 signed and endorsed "Tenders for the Sault
 Ste. Marie Canal," will be received at this office
 until the arrival of the eastern and western
 mails on TUESDAY, the 2nd day of October,
 next, for the formation and construction of a
 Canal on the Canadian side of the river, through
 the Island of St. Mary.
 The works will be let in two sections, one of
 which will embrace the formation of the canal
 through the island; the construction of locks,
 &c. The other, the deepening and widening of
 the channel-way at both ends of the canal; con-
 struction of piers, &c.
 A map of the locality, together with plans and
 specifications of the works, can be seen at this
 office on and after TUESDAY, the 3rd day of
 October next, where printed forms of tender can
 also be obtained. A like class of information,
 relative to the work, can be seen at the office of
 the Local Officer in the Town of Sault Ste. Marie,
 Ont.

Tending contractors are requested to bear in
 mind that tenders will not be considered unless
 made strictly in accordance with the printed
 forms and be accompanied by a letter stating
 that the person or persons tendering have care-
 fully examined the locality and the nature of
 the material found in the trial pits.

In the case of firms, there must be attached the
 actual signatures of the full name, the nature of
 the occupation and residence of each member of
 the same; and further, a bank deposit receipt for
 the sum of \$30,000 must accompany the tender
 for the canal and locks; and a bank deposit re-
 ceipt for the sum of \$7,500 must accompany the
 tender for the deepening and widening of the
 channel-way at both ends, piers, &c.

The respective deposit receipts—cheques will
 not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the
 Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be
 forfeited if the party tendering declines entering
 into contract for the works, at the rates and on
 the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The deposit receipt thus sent in will be return-
 ed to the respective parties whose tenders are
 not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself
 to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
 A. P. BRADLEY,
 Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
 Ottawa, 8th August, 1888.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the under-
 signed, and endorsed "Tender for Post
 Office at Brampton, Ont.," will be received at
 this office until Tuesday, 12th October, for the
 several works required in the erection of Post
 Office at Brampton, Ont.

Specifications can be seen at the Department
 of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office of
 Messrs. Boyce, and Manning, Brampton, on
 and after Tuesday, 12th September, and tenders
 will not be considered unless made on the form
 supplied, and signed with 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 com-
 plete the work contracted for, and will be re-
 turned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to ac-
 cept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
 A. GOBEL,
 Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
 Ottawa, August, 11th, 1888.

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 erend Fathers O. M. I., of Hull, P. Q., des-
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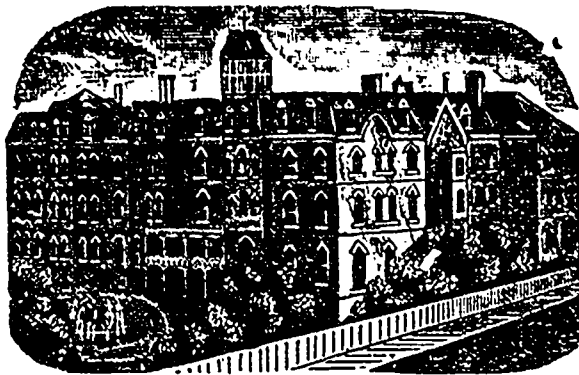
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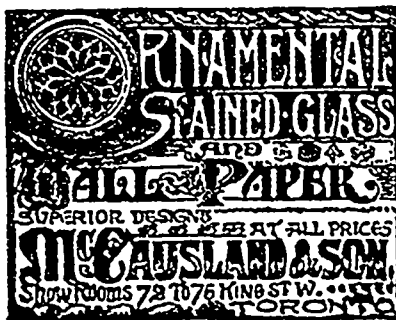
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SAULT STE. MARIE CANAL

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

THE WORKS for the construction of the Canal above mentioned, advertised to be let on the 23rd of October next, are unavoidably postponed to the following date:—
Tenders will be received until

Wednesday the 7th day of November next.
Plans and specifications will be ready for examination at this office and at Sault Ste. Marie on and after

Wednesday the 24th day of October next.

By Order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways & Canals,
Ottawa, 27th September, 1888.

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