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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Reddite qua sunt Casaris, Casari; et qua sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. III

Toronto, Saturday, Sept. 21, 1889.

No. 31

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Notes.

We have received the following letter for publication, which was read in all the Roman Catholic churches in Toronto on Sunday last:

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, September 13th, 1889.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—We are happy to announce to you that the Apostolic Brief appointing His Lordship Right Rev. John Walsh, Bishop of London, to the Metropolitan See of Toronto, was received in London on Monday last, the 9th inst. Let us thank God for having heard the prayers of the priests and faithful of the Archdiocese by appointing a worthy successor to our late lamented Archbishop.

We hope soon to be able to announce the precise date at which His Grace will take possession of his Archiepiscopal See.

Yours in Christ,

F. P. ROONEY,
G. M. LAURENT, } Administrators.

Writing to the Convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, which met in Providence lately, Mr. William J. Onahan, City Comptroller of Chicago and a distinguished figure among American Catholic laymen, said: "Nowhere, perhaps, in the wide earth is there open to Catholics so favorable a field in which to demonstrate the beauty and beneficence of Catholic teaching than here in this free and prosperous country. Under the genius of our Constitution religion is free, the Church is free. It is our duty to show what we know to be a fact, that Catholics in enjoying with their fellow-citizens of other denominations this freedom, not only respect it equally, but hold it, if possible, in deeper regard and profounder veneration. We love America with all its free institutions, its broad liberality, its boundless hospitality, and we love it more than all because of the great heart of its generous people. We are not alien or foreign to them, we are part of them, and our future is bound up in the weal or the woe of this mighty country. The State need not apprehend danger from such unions of Catholic societies, for the Catholic Church can never be a menace to our free institutions."

The comment of the *Catholic Columbian* upon Mr. Onahan's words, is as applicable to us in Canada as to our brethren in America. "Truly," it says, "we Catholics are Americans—we who discovered this continent; who first of white men settled it; who first evangelized its savage natives; who named nearly every river and mountain in it; who helped to achieve its independence; who fought for it in war and laboured for it in peace; and who to-day yield to no other body of citizens in loyalty to its institutions and devotion to its service.

Next to the Indians, we Catholics have the best claim in the world to call ourselves Americans.

The *Catholic News* of New York thus speaks of the influence of the Church upon society, an influence of which recent events have furnished a remarkable example: "The Church of God is wonderful, and workingmen seduced by secret societies, by infidel sophists, by maligners of every religious stripe, will learn from this great and striking, because recent, example, that the Catholic Church of God is the true friend, the best friend, the lasting and enduring friend of the workingman. She can deal with kings and nobles, she can contend for her rights with governments, she has for the worship of God pomp and dignity, but she never forgets the toiler, the lowly, the poor. For them her noblest churches are even open, she has her Masses for the masses, she welcomes all, and gives to the king on his throne and the beggar by the wayside the same sacraments, the same consolations, with no distinction of rank or wealth, of human grandeur or human misery. Truly throughout the ages the Church is such an inexplicable marvel, that not to see her divine origin is to blind one's self to the noonday light."

We shall publish next week the opinions of leading public men and of the principal English and Irish papers in regard to Mr. Balfour's proposed Catholic University for Ireland. There is no lack of diversity of opinion in respect to it, even among Irish Nationalists, the first suggestion of the measure drawing out of Mr. Michael Davitt a letter written in strong denunciation of the Tory Government's proposal. Mr. Davitt at least is uncompromisingly opposed to it. "The hand," he writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "which has recently been charged by Irish members with the 'murder' of Donegal prisoners in Londonderry Jail the hand that again turns the key of a prison cell upon William O'Brien's liberty is grasped with enthusiasm amidst a hullabaloo of Press congratulations when it offers an endowed Catholic University to the Church whose priests Mr. Balfour has wantonly insulted within the last fortnight." We confess, with the *Irish Catholic* of Dublin, that we can see no point at all in this, nor any reason why, if a properly endowed Catholic University would be a gain for Ireland, the Irish people should not take it, no matter by whose hands it be proffered. That Mr. O'Brien has been unjustly imprisoned is hardly a good reason why the Irish people should refuse for their sons the advantages of higher education, and it is odd that so practical a politician as Mr. Davitt should indulge in it. We think it is absurd to suppose that the establishment of a Catholic University in Ireland would be an "abandonment," as Mr. Davitt calls it, "of the single plank position of Home Rule for a mess of Catholic University pottage."

A MARSH-MARIGOLD.

Catharine Tynan in Catholic World.

Sheila was not spoiled for her own life by all this. She had grown into a tall, handsome girl with a clear skin and a profusion of silky yellow hair, which she wore coiled into ropes at the back of her head; she had a sweet, red-lipped mouth, and a mouthful of small, milky teeth which gave her an innocent, babyish look when she smiled; her eyes had never lost their convolvulus blue, and were as candid as a child's eyes. Altogether she was as fresh and sweet as May, and her sunny temper suited her looks. Perhaps it was the strong vein of common sense inherited from her mother which kept her from growing above the level of her everyday life. Because she read Shakespeare and Tennyson was no reason why she should not milk a cow, and she superintended the morning and evening milking, and looked after the churning and made the butter. If she were the voriest coquette she could not have chosen to look to better advantage than she did when sometimes Lance Armstrong came in to beg for a drink of fresh buttermilk, to find her in her lilac print, fresh and fair as the morning, lifting with her beautiful, bare young arms the golden butter from the foamy milk. But she had no coquetries and no consciousness. When the weeks of Mr. Armstrong's summer visit were over she felt a little lonely and out of sorts, but scarcely more than her father did; they all missed him, even to Trusty, who would run barking a joyous welcome to the door when a footstep sounded far off, only to be disappointed. And it was a real disappointment to them all that summer. Mr. Armstrong suddenly made up his mind to a walking tour in Germany instead of his annual visit to Raheen; only he dropped in on them one golden August day, and made up by staying till the days were getting cold. But at all times Sheila made the sunshine of the house, as Tom said in tender compliment. The flowers were not gone, nor the summer sun, and the lark had not ceased to sing, while there was her bright head and face flashing from room to room, and her high young voice ringing as she sang at her work.

This year it was "the sweet o' the year" when their friend came with delightful unexpectedness, for he had not written for some time. It was early June, and the hawthorn hedges were white with bloom and the fields all golden and white with buttercups and daisies. The birds were singing as he emerged from the bog-land into a leafy lane, and the air was full of that penetrating fragrance which comes for just the halcyon time when spring and summer meet. The farm-house was bathed in a golden quiet when he reached it, with Trusty at the house door asleep in the sun, and the pigeons strutting about, and the sleepy fowl uttering that querulous cry which seems to me to suggest summer afternoon, as the corn crane's croak suggests summer night, more intimately than any other sound. The red-tiled kitchen had its glowing fire despite warm weather, for Mrs. Donovan was ironing, with something less than her usual alacrity be it confessed. She put down the iron and raised her hands at sight of the welcome visitor.

"Glory be to God! Mr. Lance," she said, "and is it yourself? Sure it's Tom will be delighted. He's away at the fair with a couple of spr'ngers, but sure he'll be back in time to see you."

In all her excitement the good woman did not fail to notice a certain harrassed look which was new to Lance's face, but with the innate Irish good-breeding she did not comment upon it.

"Sheila's out in the orchard," she went on; "'tis she'll be rejoiced out and out. Wait a minute till I send young Ned for her."

But Lance would not hear of a messenger, he would go himself, and the good woman was not altogether sorry, for there was the tea to be got ready, with the addition of such dainties as the presence of so welcome a guest suggested.

Sheila in the orchard, amid light and shadow from the apple-boughs, sprang up joyously when she saw him coming, with a little happy cry, and the fires of gladness coming and going in her pure cheeks. She caught at his two hands in frank delight, and stood facing him, too pleased to speak.

He was as glad as she was, and the troubled look had fled from his face before the sunshine of her smile. They sat down on the little stone seat ringing the apple-tree, amid the debris of household linen Sheila had been mending, or dreaming over, as that knowing-eyed blackbird on the apple-bough could have told. For a little while question and answer followed each other swiftly; then there came a pause, and Armstrong spoke.

"I have been troubled, little one," he said, "and am still troubled. My uncle has been staying at Cheltenham, and has found a wife for me; so he says. She is an English lady, an heiress, and a fashionable belle. I have not seen her, but I have no doubt she would suit me as ill as I should suit her. Of course she knows nothing of this, and I have no reason to suppose I should be an acceptable suitor, but the old man has had her invited to stay at my aunt's house, where she comes shortly, and insists that I shall try my luck. We have had hot words about it, and he even threatens me with disinheritance if I refuse to obey. I do not know what to do, for in his way he has been good to me."

Sheila had gone a little white and the sparkle had died out of her face. She tried to answer him, but somehow the words would not come. Looking at her a new light came to him, a light for both their lives, as it seemed.

"Dear," he said again, as wistfully and tenderly as if he were speaking to a child—to him, despite her strong, fair young womanhood, she was like a child—"dear, what if you and I were to care for each other and defy the world? I am young and strong, and well able to fight the world for myself and my wife. Dear, will you give yourself to me?"

The desire for her seemed to come with his words, words he never thought to have uttered. Till she lifted her eyes and he saw love in them he had never dreamed of loving her, but perhaps it had lain in both hearts unsuspected all the time. Certainly he felt as ardent as any lover might. She did not answer him, but with one swift, glad, incredulous look hid her face against his arm, and kept it there. He waited patiently till she should look up; once he would have put his arm about her, but she clung to her old position, as if she were frightened. At last she looked at him, and her wide eyes under their innocent lids had pain and courage in their gaze. She spoke almost in a whisper.

"You are very good to love me," she said, "and if it will not hurt you I am very glad. But oh! you put too much upon me. I am an ignorant, untried girl, and you ask me to accept this sacrifice for my sake. Oh! I could not do it. How do I know that afterwards I should satisfy you? I am not of your world, and some day you might think I had cost you too much. You must go away and forget that you said wild things, and Sheila Donovan will never remind you of them."

He laughed a pleasant laugh of gladness and incredulity.

"Why, my love," he said, "this is folly. The only answer of yours which could send me away would be if you were to say, 'Mr. Armstrong, I do not love you,' but you will not say that; you will say instead, 'I love you, Lance,' will you not my dear one? And you will trust your life to me?"

He had his strong arms around her, but she drew back from his embrace and pushed him away from her with her two hands against his breast.

"I cannot say it," she said; "how do I know? It is all far too sudden. You must go away from me, and leave me free as I leave you free. I think you will marry this lady your uncle has chosen for you. It would be far better."

All his protestations could not move her from this. If he was strong, she was stronger, and she forced him to her will. In the end he was almost angry, but he could do nothing only accept his sentence of banishment. Then Tom arrived on the scene inopportunistly, and Lance had the last word.

"Very well, then," he said, "but this is not final. I will leave this to-morrow morning, but I will come at Christmas for my answer. Till then I will not try to communicate with you; six months' silence and absence will test both of us sufficiently. May I come at Christmas?"

"You may come," she said, "but remember I shall not look for you."

It was only when he had gone that Sheila realized her full loneliness. There were the endless months of the summer

to be gone through, the lonely, long evenings, when the wash of the sea in the distance and the flood of pale evening sunshine on the fields made one long so hopelessly for dear human companionship. Sheila had said truly that she should not expect him to return; by some subtle feminine intuition she had recognized that his wooing was due to a momentary impulse; sometimes she said to herself, with burning cheeks, that it was only because he had discovered her love. At such times she would turn suddenly angry against him, a woman's mood towards a man she loves well, a strange resentment against him who takes so much from her; but this would pass and be succeeded by a hopeless longing for him, and an aching doubt of the wisdom of what she had done. She felt sometimes that she could complete his life as no other woman could; she knew that God had given her good gifts, and that in everything except this poor accident of birth she was his equal. Yet she had sent him away. Such thoughts tortured her to exhaustion, till she was content to sit in the twilight, in that sad summer time when the birds have ceased to sing and the world is parched, and let her sad thoughts go flying away, her sad eyes following them, to the city where he was. Then the nights were so hot and breathless, when one lay awake looking through the thick dark, and thinking, thinking, and the scent of the woodbine seemed too heavy and sweet. After such a night Sheila would rise unrefreshed, so it was no wonder that presently her roses began to fade.

Tom was not too busy with his harvest to notice this, and how her step was not so light, and she had left off singing. He spoke to the mother about it, but the good woman was not alarmed; girls were full of whims and fancies, she said, and it was better not to mind. But she took some of the daughter's duties upon her own shoulders, and began to make up little dainty things to tempt her failing appetite, all of which Sheila noticed with a dumb, passionate gratitude. Then Tom came to her one evening as she stood listlessly in the garden, which was beginning to be strewn with golden leaves. He looked at her wistfully as she stood plucking a leaf to pieces; he did not know how to approach his subject. He had a proposal to make, and at last he came out with it. The mother and he had been thinking that she might like a change; the country was but dreary at this time of the year, and they had a little money to spare, and wouldn't she like to have a few weeks with her Aunt Maria in Dublin, and have some gayeties before the winter closed in on them? All this with much beating about the bush, for Tom wanted to be very delicate with his little girl. He was not prepared, however, for the effect of his proposal. Sheila suddenly burst out crying and flung her arms about his neck.

"You darling," she said, "you darling! No, I won't go to Aunt Maria's; I am never so well off anywhere as with you and the darling mother. I have been wicked and selfish, but that is all done with." And a great many other sweet, articulate things she said, with her wet face against his white hair.

She did pluck up after that, and the old couple were comforted. And one day there came to the farm a pretty walnut-wood piano which Tom had expended some of his savings on for his pet. He did not tell her who had executed his commission, and indeed it was a beautiful piano and wonderfully cheap, and it made Sheila quite happy for the time. As she sat at it, rattling out "Planxty Kelly," or "The Wind that Shakes the Barley," or "Miss McLeod's Reel," for her father's delight, the old man congratulated himself upon the happy thought of writing to Mr. Lance to ask him to select a piano, and enjoyed the rollicking music to his heart's content.

(To be continued.)

We learn from the *Baltimore Mirror* that the Rev. M. F. Foley, well known to the readers of the *Catholic Review* through his earnest contributions to these columns on temperance questions, will shortly resume his residence in that city. Father Foley, who was formerly secretary to Cardinal Gibbons, and assistant at St. John's Church, on account of ill health was forced to seek a more genial clime, and he went to Florida, where for several years he had charge of a parish at De Land. Having sufficiently recovered, he has determined to return to Baltimore. It is likely he will be assigned to duty as an assistant to Very Rev. Mgr. McColgan at St. Peter's Church.

THE ANGLICAN SYNOD IN MONTREAL.

The Synod of the Church of England in Canada opened with great parade of pomp and circumstance. Like David's Queen she came out into view "surrounded with variety." Prelates, some robed in magnificent scarlet others in vulgar black with style of cut as varied, clergymen, some contenting themselves with the old-fashioned scarf, while others wore white stoles embroidered with all kinds of needle-work in divers colours, chaplains, choristers, vergers in surplices and laymen in civilian attire, formed the grand procession that entered the great west door of Christ Church Cathedral on Wednesday last. The divergency exhibited in color and cut was no doubt emblematic of the varieties of dogma and the shades of belief held by the wearers. For instance, the scarlet rochet would have fitly represented the belief of a Ritualist in the real eucharistic sacrifice of the body and blood of the Lord while the black rochet of the Evangelical professed it to be but a "blasphemous fable." The ceremony was opened by a very appropriate hymn, "The Churches' One Foundation," though His Lordship, the orator of the day, admitted afterwards that "the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets" widened out in the course of time to receive laymen; likewise the doctrinal foundation which "no man can lay but that which is laid," broadened "into such an aspect of truth as should be recognized by the entire Christian world." The Bishop of Nova Scotia, the spokesman of the conference, very appropriately took for his subject the similarities and differences between the Montreal Synod and the first ecclesiastical synod of Jerusalem. Of course he did not propose to bring out all the points of resemblance and divergence, else speaking of the composition he might have stated that whereas only those went up to Jerusalem whom Christ had called and had left boats and fishes, wives and families to follow Him, Anglican bishops came to Montreal bringing along with them all the impediments. One of the similarities he dwelt on was the fewness of members represented by the Synod, as the Anglican communion finds itself in Canada squeezed in between Romanism on the one side and organized dissent on the other. Fewness of members is a rather negative note of the true church. The Rt. Rev. speaker seems to have lost sight of the fact that though the church of Jerusalem was comparatively small yet it bore in its bosom the active principle of a world-wide expansion, so that within twenty years St. Paul was able to tell the Romans that their faith was spoken of in the whole world. The Anglican Church, on the other hand, after three hundred years, though backed by establishment, the crown, the army and navy, railroads and commerce, the wealth, influence and rank of England was still in the first of England's colonies conspicuous for the fewness of her members.

But the most important point of the Bishop's discourse was the similarity of aim of the two synods, namely, to bring about the union of Christendom, threatened with disruption in the apostolic age by the vexatious questions concerning bigot observance, and, in our days, broken into a multitude of clashing sects. But the great contrast the opposition between the two Synods, the Rt. Rev. orator failed to notice, namely, the apostles and ancients met in Jerusalem with a purpose and a determination to use the means to carry it out. Peter rising up told the contending parties the truth, defined it for them and enjoined its acceptance. And all the assembly held its peace. There was peace through the truth. You shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free. But our Montreal Synod came together without any framed purpose. It declared at the very opening that it was going to leave the truth undefined, to commit itself to no line of action, that though "they believed in the presence of the Holy Spirit they might expect that their deliberations would not result in a final solution," but — what is most startling of all — "in such an aspect of truth as should be recognized by the entire Christian world." The union of Christendom is to be effected not by the declaration of truth, but by withholding it. The Church to be fed not with the solid substantial word of Christ, but by a shadowy aspect of it, such an aspect as may fit the most contradictory tenets — as might prove acceptable to the high churchman holding a true priesthood, a Real Presence and sacrifice, and to the low churchman rejecting them as superstitious relics of bar-

baric ages; to the Anglican clinging to the historic episcopacy, and to the Presbyterian convinced that the primitive church was congregational; to the Methodist glorying in the Bible, the whole of the Bible, and nothing but the Bible, and the Ritualist delighting in white robed choirs, clusters of lights, altars, crosses, stoles and surplices. To what a refining process of private judgment must not the Word of God pass through before it can be reduced to an aspect which all these conflicting sects may wear with the same good grace? What an elastic force must it not be endowed with? What a watering down of creeds must take place before Christendom can unite in mutual love and brotherhood. Alas that grown men should engage in comedy before the world, masquerade in the robes of religion whilst denying its hidden virtue, and ever learning and never coming to the knowledge of the truth. What temerity to trifle with the divinely instituted religion of Christ and the eternal salvation of countless souls.

Montreal, Sep. 18th, 1889.

J. J.

FOUR OCTOGENARIANS.

NEWMAN, MANNING, MAHON AND GLADSTONE.

A correspondent writing to the *Philadelphia Times* from London, England, furnishes this charming sketch of four great men.

Last week I had the privilege of seeing four men who are among the oldest and yet most vigorous men in the United Kingdom. Three of them are famous wherever the English language is spoken. Down in bustling Birmingham there is one quiet spot. It is at the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. If you were to happen within the walls of the Oratory some day just at the hour when sunset is being followed by twilight, you might hear stealing down the long, silent corridors of the building, sweet strains of music drawn from the strings of a violin by a skilled and delicate touch. If you would ask one of the robed fathers whence the music comes, he would probably smile and answer:

"It is His Eminence, the Superior, who is playing."

On an old and valuable Stradivarius the greatest churchman in England and one of the greatest masters in the English language, finds relaxation and peace as the evening falls. The master of the violin is none other than John Henry Newman, who was at Oxford the college mate of Gladstone, Pusey, Hurrell, Froude, Keble and others, who was ordained in the English Church, and was one of the select University preachers and Vicar of St. Mary's Oxford, but who is now a Cardinal in the Roman Catholic Church, which he joined over forty years ago. This is another of England's vigorous old men. He is older than either Gladstone or The O'Gorman Mahon; he is almost as old as the nineteenth century, for he was born in 1801. But as the Cardinal gently touches his violin in the twilight hours he is content in the belief that his life work is done. He has passed through the storm and now is safely moored in a peaceful haven. In the Oratory he is quiet and undisturbed, and his days pass peacefully and without disturbing incident. Though the revolution of religious thought, which the Earl of Beaconsfield declared to have been the greatest that England had seen in more than three hundred years, and in which Newman was the leading figure, is a thing of the past, among the visitors to his retreat you will find men and women of various creeds and from almost everywhere. There is but one opinion as to his standing as a master in the literary art. Years ago an eminent English writer said that if he were sentenced to solitary confinement and allowed his choice, being limited to one or two writers, he would prefer some of Newman's to even Shakespeare himself.

The Cardinal has all his life been a vigorous worker, but now he rarely preaches and writes but little. He still rises early, as he has always done, and his mornings are given to devotions and to looking after the affairs of the Oratory that he loves so well and which he established some years ago. The love that the students and priests at the Oratory bear for the aged Cardinal is touching. Between all of them and the Cardinal the warmest friendship exists. The youngest as well as the oldest of them finds in the old man one who is

over ready to sympathize with and assist them when called upon. The same gentle character which made him so popular at Oxford has not been changed by age. The Cardinal cannot receive so many visitors as he once did. The task would be too great. All kinds of persons seek to see him on all sorts of devices, most of them through curiosity. But those who do gain an entrance are amply repaid for their trouble. It is hard to believe that this soft-voiced old man, with thin and silvery hair, rather bent, slender form, face out of which intellect shines and gentle manner, was the fierce warrior that we are told was in the famed Oxford movement, or the polemical gladiator who worsted Gladstone in a battle on paper some fourteen years ago. The Cardinal receives all his visitors, whether Protestant or Catholic, with the same kind courtesy. He is not given to talk, and as he is rather feeble, audiences are necessarily short. But no one leaves without feeling that he has gained something by his visit. The time not given up to devotions, to visitors and studies, is given up to the affairs of the beloved Oratory. Often during the day the old man may be seen moving through the building, stopping here and there to answer some question, to encourage some weary one, and to give advice where it may be needed. Sometimes he occupies the pulpit, and these are red letter days. But he loves the institution that he established. There are those who say he is more proud of it than he is of the thirty odd volumes that he has written or the Cardinal hat that he wears.

And so the days at the Oratory pass on peacefully and quietly as the old man could wish. There is no bitterness in them. All the bitterness is gone. The opponents of other days are his friends. He has no enemies in the evening of his life. So in the evening he may be left, a smile on his gentle old face, with his old violin, softly playing the airs of other days.

At Westminster you will find another man who is to-day doing the work of two ordinary men, although he is more than two years older than Gladstone. You may see his spare figure on platforms here in London and elsewhere whenever any movement in behalf of temperance, the London poor or some important public reform is put under way. You may even see him with one attendant perhaps, inspecting some of the poorer districts of London, and you would scarcely suspect that the active old man was 81 years old last month. But he was. This is Henry Edward, Cardinal Manning, Archbishop of Westminster and head of the Roman Hierarchy in England. Cardinal Newman was the son of a banker. Cardinal Manning was the son of a respectable merchant and member of Parliament, and so, like the former, was in a position to obtain a good education. Both the young men were together at Oxford, and Manning was much influenced by the finer and more powerful mind of Newman. Like Newman, he was ordained in the English Church, and before he left it was Archdeacon of Chichester. Like Newman he is a convert, having entered the Catholic Church in 1851. Like Newman, too, he is one of the popular men in England. Here the likeness between the men ends. Newman's life has been spent with his books and writings, except for his work at the Oratory. He is but little seen in the outside world. But Cardinal Manning is in, and of the world, and is a more familiar figure generally about London, leaving the vicinity of the House of Commons out of the matter, than Parnell, the Irish leader, is. Not that Cardinal Manning is not a writer. He has, in fact, written much. But it is as a man of action that he is best known now.

The life of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster is a very busy one. Cardinal Manning would have it so. He has all his life been a prodigious worker, like his friend Gladstone. When he was appointed a priest in one of the poorer parishes of London in 1857, he became intensely interested in the people among whom he was appointed to work, and in all schemes having for their object the amelioration of the wretched condition of hundreds of thousands in this great human hive. He has never lost interest in this work. In fact, he is more earnest in prosecuting it now than ever, not only because the need is greater, but also because his power to do good is greater. But Cardinal Manning would not be satisfied with the quiet life that Cardinal Newman leads. Scarcely a young curate in London would care to do the

work that this man of more than four score years goes through with every day. The Archdiocese of Westminster is a greater one than that of New York or Boston or Chicago, and to manage it even superficially is no easy task. But this man of 81 years does not manage it superficially. He is really the manager, and everything is done under his direction.

As soon as is possible after devotions and prayers the old man is in his office attending to his correspondence and receiving and directing subordinates. This is no easy task. Besides being Archbishop of Westminster, Cardinal Manning is the practical head of the Catholic temperance movement. Besides he is more or less mixed up with pretty much every reform movement of an unsectarian character in London, and, for that matter, in England, and his correspondence with these alone is a heavy one. Then the Cardinal looks after the smallest details of his great archdiocese and in the morning the humblest priest from the East End of London may be seen in conference with him concerning some parish, perhaps in the notorious Whitechapel locality, and the Cardinal will seem as much interested in the subject as the priest himself. You can see some big men among these morning callers on the Cardinal. A goodly part of them are not Catholics and many of them are strangers. Cardinal Manning mixes more with men of other creeds than any other Catholic dignitary in Europe which probably accounts for his popularity outside of his own Church. He is on innumerable committees of organizations formed for various purposes, and among the throng of callers upon him you will see scores of Dissenters rubbing shoulders with stout Anglicans and equally stout priests.

Cardinal Manning is seen in the pulpit frequently and is considered here, as elsewhere, a great pulpit orator. He finds, too, time still to write essays and controversial articles for reviews. Altogether the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster is a very busy man. He has not so much worry as Gladstone, but he has equally as much routine work to get through with, and what is more, he gets through with it. So, altogether, at 81 he may be added to the list of England's vigorous and great old men.

Happening in the House of Commons the other night I saw there a man who would attract attention anywhere. He was far above the average height. His hair was snow white, his head was lionine and his face still handsome and expressive in spite of advanced age, while his frame was still erect and vigorous. It was the famous O'Gorman Mahon, now 86 years old, who was Daniel O'Connell's side partner on the hustings when that great agitator first essayed to enter public life. O'Gorman Mahon was an Irishman of the type that Lover drew, of the type that loved a duel as well as a breakfast, and never thought of their necks, the width of a ditch or the height of a stone wall when they had a good piece of horse-flesh under them. The ancient fire has not gone out of the old man yet, and he supports Parnell with the same devotion that he showed for O'Connell sixty-one years ago. He is popular in the House of Commons with all parties, for he is held to be a relic of the days of the "Great Duke" of Peel and Lord John Russell and Palmerston and the others who have passed away. His tall figure is to be seen mixing up with all the various groups that congregate in the smoking rooms, and many a weary hour, when the House is plunged into some dense and wearying debate, is whiled away listening to the hale and vigorous old man talking of men and things as they were three-score and ten years ago, when "the world went very well," though not so fast as it does now. The O'Gorman Mahon is one of the sights of the English House of Commons and even the stolid attaches of the House take an interest in pointing him out to strangers.

I saw Gladstone in the fine park around Hawarden Castle the other day. His lean form was slightly bent. He walked with his head bowed, as though in meditation. It would be difficult to tell from the expression on the striking face of the old man what he was thinking of. It may have been that he was engaged in his favourite habit of ruminating over the inspired lines of Homer. It may have been that he was thinking of the extent of the span of the days of man, and speculating if the span of his own would be extended until the great task which, at the age of almost four-score years,

he has set his hand to accomplish, shall be finished. Perhaps he was thinking of the Niagara of letters, testimonials, presents and addresses that flow in to him in his quiet retreat, and quietly enjoying this evidence that the world generally is of the opinion that his is a life that has been well spent indeed. But whatever his thoughts, his face did not betray them. After a time he paused, and, removing his hat, passed his hand half unconsciously over his forehead. Then he walked on. But as he stood uncovered he looked the great man that he is, and one could hardly help comparing him to one of the noble oaks that proudly reared its head near the walk he was traversing.

THE PROGRAMME OF THE CATHOLIC CONGRESS.

The first American Catholic Congress will convene in Baltimore on Monday and Tuesday, November 11th and 12th.

The programme for it was finally arranged at Detroit, Mich., on September the 4th and 5th. The advisory committee of Bishops and the layman's committee of arrangement met in joint session and marked out the lines of work. Not until the reports from the different committees were and the work had been mapped out were the possibilities of the Congress fully presented. Practical as is the work allotted to it, timely in its dealing with present problems and truly representative in character of the 8,000,000 Catholics in the United States, it will undoubtedly evoke a new era of Catholic action.

"I am more than satisfied," said Bishop Foley, "with the programme. The Congress will be a power the results of which can hardly be overestimated."

The Committee were in private session at Bishop Foley's residence. Those present were Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul; Bishops Gilmour, of Cleveland, Maes, of Covington, S. V. Ryan, of Buffalo, Harkins, of Providence, and J. T. Foley. Those of the lay Committee in attendance were Comptroller William J. Onahan, of Chicago; John D. Keiley, of Brooklyn; Henry J. Spaunhorst, of St. Louis; President of the American German Catholic Central Association, M. W. O'Brien, and Major Henry F. Brownson, of Detroit. Letters of regret were received from Philip J. Foy, of St. Louis, and Dan. E. Rudd, the Catholic coloured editor of Cincinnati, who is abroad.

The programme has been so carefully prepared and understood, owing to the correspondence carried on for two months back, that there was little to do but give it final sanction. The programme in full is as follows:

First day, Monday, November 11th. 10 a.m.—Calling of Congress to order by W. J. Onahan, of Chicago. Chairman of Committee on Organization: opening prayer; nomination of the temporary president of the Congress, ex-Gov. John Lee Carroll, of Daughoreghan Manor, Md.; address by temporary president; nomination of temporary secretaries; appointment of the Committees on Credentials, Rules and Permanent Organization Resolutions, on future Congresses, committee to wait upon Cardinal Gibbons and a committee to wait on President Harrison. These latter two are intended as the means of formerly conveying the aims of the Congress to the heads of the Church and State. Adjournment will then be taken to 8 o'clock in the afternoon. On re-convening, the Committee on Credentials, Rules and Permanent Organization will be heard. The permanent officers will then be installed, and the reading of papers, followed by discussions, begun.

The final day's sessions will open at 10 a.m. on Tuesday, November 12, with an address by Cardinal Gibbons. Papers, discussions and reports of committees will consume the remainder of the morning. In the afternoon the committee on future Congresses will report at the opening, followed by the committee on Resolutions and the committee sent to President Harrison. The Congress closes with discussions, adjournment being taken to participate in the opening of the divinity school of the Catholic University at Washington.

Papers will be read at the Congress by the following among other gentlemen:

"Catholic Congresses," John Gilmary Shea, L.D.D., New York.

"Lay Action in the Church," Maj. H. F. Brownson, Detroit, Mich.

"The Papacy," Charles A. Bonaparte, Baltimore, Md.

"Catholic Press," George D. Wolff, Philadelphia, Pa.

Historical Paper, Richard H. Clarke, L.L.D., New York.

"Catholic Literature," Maurice F. Egan, L.L.D. Notre Dame, Ind.

"Catholic Societies," Hon. H. F. Spannhorst, St. Louis, Mo.

"Charities and Participation in Philanthropic and Reformatory Movements," P. F. Foy, St. Louis, Mo.

"The Work of Women and Children in the Industrial World," J. W. Cummings, Boston, Mass.

"Catholic Education," ex-Judge Edmund F. Dunne, of Florida.

Mr. Dunne is the ex-Supreme Justice of Arizona, whom President Grant decapitated for his advocacy of the parochial school system as against the public schools.

Prof. Homan Allen, of Chicago, will discuss "Church Music," Temperance, Sunday Observance, the Relations of Capital and Labour, and other suitable topics will also be treated. All papers must be submitted to Henry F. Brownson, of Detroit, chairman of the committee on papers, by September 30th, and be in the hands of the advisory committee of Bishops by October 15th. The sanction of the advisory committee is a prerequisite to the presentation of a paper before the Congress. The committees hold their next final meeting in Detroit, October 16th.

On motion of Mr. Onahan, the Catholic Colleges of the United States by formal resolution have been invited to send representatives to the Congress.

The committee on Organization have already received a large number of letters from most of the Rev. Archbishops and Bishops of the country warmly endorsing the Congress and assuring representative delegates.

Among the distinguished Catholic Prelates who have been invited to the Congress are Cardinals Manning and Newman, of England, Moran, of Sydney, and Taschereau, of Quebec, Archbishops Walsh, of Dublin, and Eyre, of Edinburgh, and Dr. O'Connell, Rector of the American College. Some of the most distinguished Catholic laymen of the day have been invited and many of whom it is expected will be present at the Congress. The list includes the Marquis of Bute, the Marquis of Ripon, Herr Windthorst, the great German Catholic leader, Count de Mun, Hon. H. Mercier, of Quebec, and a number of other prominent Catholic laymen of the Dominion and the provinces. Invitations have also been sent to several distinguished Catholic laymen of Mexico.

A pleasing feature of the Congress will be the presence at its sessions of a number of the most prominent and gifted Catholic ladies of the country.

Each Bishop will be asked to name a vice-president for the Congress, and Cardinal Gibbons will be requested to ask the Pope's approval of the Congress.

Mr. W. O'Brien, President of the People's Savings Bank of Detroit, was made treasurer, to whom voluntary contributions for defraying the expenses of the Congress may be sent.

The parliamentary rules and rules of order governing will be, as far as is practicable, those in force in the Congress.

In the Congress, all Catholics in the United States, without distinction of race or colour, will be represented. Not only the white races, Americans, Germans, Irish, English, Scotch, Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, Frenchmen, Hollanders, Belgians, Swiss, Swedes, Poles, Bohemians and Slavs, but also the Indian tribes and the Negro race will send men of their own colour and of the Catholic faith, to speak for them in this Congress where the one faith makes these diverse nationalities speak with but one tongue and think with but one mind, and love one another with one heart. It will be a memorable gathering.

The Committee on Organization of the coming Catholic Congress announce that among the distinguished persons invited from other countries, His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau and Hon. H. Mercier, Premier of Quebec, have accepted.

THE BISHOP OF HAMILTON IN IRELAND.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton, has returned from a six weeks' visit to Ireland. To a reporter who called upon him in Hamilton last week, his Lordship gave a description of his visit, and his views upon the condition of the country and the people as he found them.

"My main object in going to Ireland," said his Lordship, "was to celebrate the silver jubilee of my ordination in the church in Limerick, where, when a child of nine years, I made my first communion. I went to Cork from Queens-town, visited the lakes of Killarney; went thence to Limerick, and from there to Dublin. I was immediately struck with the great poverty everywhere visible, and the general stagnation of trade. There seems to be no manufacturing to speak of going on in the south of Ireland, the mass of the people depending on the land for support. There is reluctance to invest money in any sort of enterprise, owing to the disturbed political condition of the country. I found many of the landlords poor, in consequence of the difficulty and sometimes impossibility of collecting rents. Another thing which impressed itself upon my attention was the great number of armed police which swarm everywhere. There are 13,000 of them in Ireland, and they seem to be entirely independent of any sort of municipal control, and carry themselves with an air of authority verging in some cases upon insolence. Upon the arrival of steamships they take down the name and address of every passenger, to be forwarded to the Dublin Castle authorities. Their principal duty seems to be dispersing meetings called to discuss the political situation and to assist the landlords in evicting tenants from their estates. The regular troops in the garrison towns are popular with the people, while the constabulary are very unpopular. As a rule, a policeman is not allowed to serve in his own county, and frequently is transferred to another province. The peasantry are much discontented with their lot. They are tired of the agitation and hope for some speedy relief through legislation. The people outside the towns keep well posted on what is transpiring at Westminster through the weekly papers. The *Dublin Freeman's Journal* and *United Ireland* have an immense circulation. The country seem tranquil while I was there."

"Does your Lordship think that Home Rule would make the country prosperous?"

"If the same measure of self government was granted Ireland that we enjoy in Canada the result would be a loyal, industrious, prosperous people. English and American capital would flow in to establish new industries, for which as great facilities exist as anywhere else, and the tide of prosperity would overflow the now impoverished land. In England and Scotland the masses obtain work in factories, while in Ireland under the present conditions they either obtain a poor living from the land or obtain what employment they can in the towns at labouring on the streets, on the quays, and so on. Nothing short of Home Rule will satisfy the people or make any improvement in their condition. The population of Ireland has been steadily decreasing. Why, numbers of villages which existed twenty years ago have disappeared altogether, and their inhabitants have emigrated. Out of 750 steerage passengers on the 'Britannica'—the steamship on which I came home—500 were Irish. The religious feeling of the people continues to be very marked. In the Catholic churches of Dublin, Cork and Limerick services on Sunday are held every half hour, from six o'clock until noon, and all are crowded. The season has been very wet in Ireland, and the hay crop has been a failure. The same may be said to a lesser extent of the root crops. There has been a large influx of American tourists on their way to and from the Paris Exposition, and they have spent considerable money in the country, which has assisted in making trade lively."

"What are your views with reference to the proposed Catholic University for Ireland?"

"When I was over there," replied his Lordship, "you know the proposal had not been made, so of course I can give you no idea of how the proposition is received by the people there. So far as my views are concerned, I may say that the majority of the people being Catholics, denominational education is favoured. The Queen's colleges are

secular, and the Catholics are dissatisfied with purely secular training. They labour under the disadvantage of not being endowed, as similar institutions in England and Scotland are. A Catholic University was established more than twenty years ago, which was sustained by parochial collections. A charter was repeatedly asked for, but the request was always refused. A compromise was effected a few years ago by the establishment of a Royal University, and the Catholic University was affiliated with it as a College without endowment. Denominational education is more favoured by the Conservative party than by the Liberals. While the Liberals are favourable to Home Rule, they are opposed to denominational education; on the other hand, while the Conservatives do not favour Home Rule, they are willing to concede denominational education. The proposal to endow a Catholic University in Ireland may mean one or two things. It may be intended as a measure to conciliate Catholics, or it may have been conceived with a view of dividing the national party and embarrassing the movement for obtaining Home Rule.

THE ITALIAN CHURCHES

I have had it in my mind to write you of the churches of Rome, but I find myself deterred by the magnitude of the task. Rome is full of monumental church edifices which externally appeal to the admiration of the beholder, only to overwhelm him with the dazzling splendor of their interior the moment he steps inside their portals. Protestants go forth from these sanctuaries impressed with their artistic beauty; but to the Catholics they speak with ten thousand tongues of the faith and devotion of the Church's classic part. The paintings that cover the walls and adorn the ceilings are all instinct of sublime devotion. Their subjects are all inspired by faith and the portraits of the saints that look down on you from every side are ideals of what is most elevating and sublime in Christian morality. No wonder Protestantism has not produced a single great picture. Protestants have no conception of the counsels of Christian perfection, prayer, ecstasy, self-sacrifice, union with God. Protestantism has produced at best, men, great men, still only men. The Church alone produces saints. The Madonnas and the Magdalenas and the Catherines and the Teresas of the Catholic art inspire them with a sense they deeply feel, but are powerless to describe. The riches of Catholic shrines.

One thing they at first feel tempted to condemn, and that is the tons of gold, silver and precious stones which seem thrown away upon the shrines. They feel as did the apostles when Mary Magdalen squandered her ointments and sweet spices on the feet of Our Lord. "Why this waste?" they are disposed to ask. The Church regards nobility of soul as the most precious and priceless thing this wide earth contains, and is lifted-above all the treasures of this earth as are the bright stars above the stagnant pool on whose foul bosom they are dimly reflected; and to emblemize her judgment she flings gold and silver and precious stones in uncalculating profusion and unthinking disorder at the feet of those heroes of ten thousand triumphs on the field of self-immolation and thinks them well employed paying mute tribute to transcendently superior worth. The wealth of the churches of Italy would pay our national debt ten times over, yet no living human being derives one penny's profit in a century from the investment. The Church knows the honor that is due a saint.

I had the honor of celebrating the Holy Sacrifice at the same altar at which over four hundred years ago a Pope said Mass and an emperor received Holy Communion. At Florence they have their grand Duomo, the third largest church in Christendom, St. Peter's being the first, and St. Paul's, London, being the second. It was in this church in the year 1439, the union of the Greek and Latin churches was consummated amidst the rejoicings of both East and West. A tablet on the wall attests the event and reading it in the light of subsequent events one is apt to repine at the inconstancy and perversity of the human heart, the union there cemented was of such short duration. The church is of marble and one of the most stunning monuments of Christian generosity in the world. The campanile is so beautiful that Charles V. said it should be enclosed in a glass case.

In Bologna I had the happiness of saying Mass over the tomb of St. Domenic who died in that city. It is a gorgeous shrine and the privilege of celebrating at it is not freely accorded. In this same church of St. Domenic St. Francis Xavier celebrated his first Mass. It is a very old but excellently preserved church and the piety of the people and the zeal of the good monks give earnest of a long and glorious future of the church and parish. In the church of St. Catharine I saw St. Catharine herself still sitting bolt upright in the same chair she has occupied these three hundred years. Her body is not decayed. The skin is very black except around the mouth, but the face, hands and feet are full and well rounded. The priest exposed the arm for me above the wrist and lifted the arm to show its flexibility. Some years ago Pius IX. lifted the arm as high as the top of the head and then replacing the hand in the lap, said; *P'u nims audax*—I was too bold. The face has the semblance of a human face strongly mummified. The pictures sold of the saint exaggerate her life-like appearance, and I did not buy any. The saint may have looked more life-like when those prints were first made; they are certainly not faithful portraits of her to-day. The preservation of her body is certainly very remarkable and one feels a sense of awe in the sombre and solemn presence.

The people of Bologna are very devout. The churches are well filled on Sundays and week-days with devout worshippers. We heard some preaching here which we did not hear elsewhere in Italy with the exception of Turin. In Rome they preach every Sunday in the Gesu, but we do not know any other church in that city where preaching is indulged in. Priests are to be found in the confessionals from an early hour every morning, and there are communions at all the altars and at every Mass. Priests generally dress in Florence and Bologna very much as we do in America. They wear knee-breeches and silk hats and look very well. Here for the first time we saw people taking off their hats to salute priests. Another argument against wearing cassocks on the street.

I hope in my next to give you something about Venice and St. Mark's. Before closing I must say a word about the Catholic papers of Italy. They are few, not a half-dozen being printed outside of Rome and generally they are of the heavy whining sort. A witty, wide-awake waspish, Catholic journal in the Italian language would make the lot of the modern Reds very uncomfortable. These latter people are a jumble of inconsistencies and contradictions. They know not what they want and if they did they would not know how to get about attaining it.—*Rev. D. S. Phelan in Western Watchman.*

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

The Jesuit Fathers Drummond, of Winnipeg, and Connolly, of Montreal, will shortly open a three weeks' mission in St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton.

A bazaar will be held early in November, in aid of the new church of St. Paul, Toronto.

The Rev. Canon Simpson, of Bradford, England, preached in St. Basil's church on Sunday morning last. Canon Simpson is on a collecting tour in America for the needs of his immense parish in Bradford, numbering some 20,000 poor Catholics, most of them Irish Catholics. Canon Simpson is a scholar and a finished speaker.

The *Weekly Register* of London says of the Empress-Mother of Germany, Augusta, about whose alleged conversion to the Catholic Church so many rumours have been afloat, that she is undoubtedly more and more interested in Catholic charities and devotions. She has never loved Lutheran ways. When her health permitted she attended the Anglican services in German towns. Since she has been so great a sufferer, she is nursed by Catholic sisterhoods. Her few visits are paid to the Salesian, or Visitandine Nuns in their convent at Coblenz.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Published every Thursday

Offices: 64 Adelaide St. East, (opposite Court House).

Terms: \$2.00 per annum, payable strictly in advance. Advertisements unexceptionable in character and limited in number, will be taken at the rate of \$2 per line per annum 10 cents per line for ordinary insertions. Club rates: 10 copies, \$15.
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Remittances by P. O. Order or draft should be made payable to the Business Manager.

LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

St. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 29th Dec., 1880.

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 publication. Wishing you all success and many blessings on your enterprise.

I am, faithfully yours.

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX.

HALIFAX, July 11, 1880.

DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

I have been very much pleased with the matter and form of *THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW*. The high moral Catholic tone, the literary taste displayed make your paper a model of Catholic journalism. May it prosper much so long as it keeps to its present line.

Yours very truly,

J. O'BRIEN,
Archbishop of Halifax.

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. CARRERY,
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPT. 21 1880.

PUBLISHERS NOTICE.

The Review has sent out to all subscribers in arrears their accounts for subscription, and we regret to again have to appeal to them to pay these bills promptly. The duty is a disagreeable one, but as the income of a paper is derived almost solely from the price of subscription it becomes necessary to remind over due subscribers that on the prompt payment of their bills depends our own punctuality in meeting the very heavy current expenses and maturing obligations of the paper. The price of a paper, always a small matter to the subscriber, amounts to the thousands, in the aggregate, to the publishers. The frequency with which some of the foremost religious papers in the country are compelled to make appeals of this kind testifies to the widespread prevalence of the evil. The best papers have at times been killed by the "unremitting kindness" of their readers.

In the Montreal *Witness*' report of a meeting of the Montreal branch of the Equal Rights Association, held on Thursday of last week, it is given out that "the correspondence with the English authorities on the action of the Governor-General, which was recently published in the *Canada Gazette*, was discussed, and it was the opinion of the meeting that from the mysterious nature of the correspondence, the lack of information concerning the case put before the authorities, and other reasons, it had no practical bearing on the question of the Equal Rights agitation, which would be continued with ever-increasing energy." Exactly. Some pretext for continuing the agitation has to be found, and, as the *Gazette* has said in reply, the pretence that the opinion of the law officers of the Crown is of no consequence whatever, because the case submitted to those authorities has not been communicated to the leaders of the agitation, answers the purpose as well as another. "It will seem to the majority of people, however," says that journal, "that the manner in

which the opinion of the law officers was obtained is not material to the question. Enough to know that the opinion has been obtained and that it pronounces the Jesuits' Estates Act clearly within the powers of the Provincial Legislature. It may be, of course, that the Equal Rights Association has other ends to serve than the particular one which brought it into existence, and in such an event a statement of its platform would be surpassingly interesting. Does the association, for instance, propose to elect to the House of Commons only such men as can be relied on to compel the Federal Government to veto provincial legislation which, although within the exclusive jurisdiction of the legislature, may be objectionable to the Protestant majority?"

Orders have been given at the Vatican for the preparation of inventories of the Palace and museums to be placed in the hands of the *Corps Diplomatique* accredited to the Holy See, in view of the Pope's possible departure. The *Weekly Register* of London gives under all reserve a statement that a majority of Cardinals have pronounced against the project of abandoning the city, protesting against it, even in the event of a war between Italy and France.

THE PRESS AND ARCHBISHOP CLEARY.

The secular press is again at work, with a will, excoriating Archbishop Cleary. During the Convention of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union of America, which met in Kingston a fortnight ago, the officers of the organization were accorded by the Archbishop an informal interview; and on the strength of a sensational account of what passed at the meeting which was telegraphed over the country, the *Hamilton Spectator*, the *Ottawa Journal*, the *Empire* and *W'ld* of Toronto, and a score of other papers, have rung with denunciations of the arrogant Archbishop. His Grace has been objurgated as a traitor, and as a monster of intolerance and of all uncharitableness, one reverend gentleman, having the gift of hyperbole, likening him, we perceive, to a "serpent of sedition," stinging the country which took it to its fair young bosom. The accounts telegraphed to the newspapers, represented the Archbishop as having said to his hearers that they were in a Province the people of which were "only one sixth of them Christians;" an outrageous insult, it was held, to the Protestants who compose the remaining five sixths of the population. The Archbishop of Kingston made reference also, in the course of his remarks, which were of an informal and conversational nature, to the struggle of the Irish people for the right of self-government. "We never gave up," we believe he said, "nor will we give up the fight, and may God allow the day to come that Ireland will be a nation." He added that "no Queen, no English rule, no Balfour, no Governor-General of Canada, and no power on the face of God's earth could stamp Irish sentiment out of the Irish heart. He had upheld it, and would uphold it, even if the breath had to leave his body"—language which the *Empire*, and other grave papers, have construed to be "treasonable."

In their anxiety to have a crack at Mgr. Cleary, our contemporaries appear to have been at no pains to ascertain whether by any possibility, the Archbishop of Kingston had been incorrectly reported. If it were not true, it was, at all events, good enough to be true, quite in the arrogant vein of a "foreign ecclesiastic," only recently translated, and so forth; and on, with a great row, was turned the editorial thunder.

Now it turns out, as any reasonable person must, we think have surmised from the first, that, with respect to the first point complained of, the Archbishop of Kingston never uttered the offensive statement. The Vice-President of the I. C. B. U. has addressed to the newspapers a letter, detailing what passed between the visitors and the Archbishop, and it turns out that what his Grace said was not that only one-sixth of the people of Ontario were "Christians," but that only one-sixth of them were "Catholics,"—newspaper enterprise, and reportorial intelligence, being responsible for the livelier turn given to the original plain and unsensational statement.

Mgr. Cleary's remarks in regard to Ireland's right to self-government are construed by the *Empire* to have been "treasonable," the treasonable words being those above quoted. In this connection it is to be borne in mind that the Archbishop spoke as an Irishman to Irishmen, and in the freedom of friendly and unofficial intercourse. And, as any Irishman would have done, he spoke out his heart; and we admire him for it. No conceivable system, he said, could stamp Irish sentiment out of the Irish heart, any more than any power on earth could deprive the Irish people of their natural, and indefeasible right of self government. And though Mgr. Cleary, it may be, was warned into speaking with something of the Celtic fire, he but expressed the feeling Divinely implanted, and ineradicable, in every Irishman, the love of country, the sentiment of race, which comes alike to prelate and peasant. If it be the part of a "traitor" to cherish this feeling, then we fear we have forgotten the meaning of loyalty.

We observe that, since the language imputed to the Archbishop in the first instance has been contradicted, a Kingston Orangeman has written to the *Empire* to say that if His Grace did not speak as at first reported, he spoke much more badly.

The Archbishop of Kingston went so far, this writer declares, as to refer to the clergymen of the Protestant denominations as "scoundrels." Whether this be true or not we do not know. But we are not prepared to take it on this Mr. Gaskin's mere statement. We are not concerned to apologize for His Grace, the Archbishop of Kingston, nor are we, we may as well say, admirers of invective as an ornament of conversation, or as a vehicle for the conveyance of prelatical opinion, but if Mgr. Cleary employed the expression complained of, it was to describe, we may be sure, not the Protestant clergy as a body, composed as it is of many venerable Christian gentlemen, but that section within its ranks which has sedulously set itself to the devilish work of stirring up a war of creeds in this country. It is all very well for our secular contemporaries to rebuke Mgr. Cleary for intemperateness of language, but have they a word of reproof for the Wild's, the Hunter's, the Fulton's, of whom he was speaking? Or have the utterances of such worthies escaped the attention of these virtuous journals? That the Archbishop made use of the expression alleged in describing the clerics in question, is mere Orange hearsay, and we refuse to believe it. But the expression, if it were used, was not unjustifiable. One reverend gentleman of the stripe we are speaking, lately declared from his pulpit in this city that to "shoot down" a Jesuit in the streets would be no crime; and that a Protestant, if he cared to claim it, had a right, a privilege to do it. For such men "scoundrels" is not too strong a term. We think the Archbishop might have called them fiends. We are great believers in moderation, but it occurs to us as just a trifle strange if Protestant ministers

may urge their hearers to "go gunning" for Jesuits, and a Christian Bishop is not to be permitted to designate such men by their mildest name.

The foreign papers constantly refer to Cardinal Manning as the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Archbishop of London. The mistake, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is very pardonable. For once again has the grand old Cardinal stepped bravely into a place which the official Hierarchy had left vacant. Whether his timely intervention in the dispute between the Dock directors and their labourers, it adds, will have any effect upon the issue immediately at stake (and we have since seen that it has had the fullest effect), one thing, it says, at any rate is certain, that is that "his courageous attempt to grapple with the crisis will undoubtedly increase the hold which he has already won on the hearts and imaginations of the people of London."

On somewhat the same lines the *Daily Chronicle* commented. It said:—

"We are informed this morning that the Bishop of London is coming to town from some holiday resort to negotiate a compromise. It is, however, a pity that the Bishop went away to amuse himself at a moment when the trade of London is paralyzed by a strike that has brought the wolf of hunger to the doors of forty thousand homes in the East End. Nor can we refrain from expressing regret that the Archbishop of Canterbury left it to the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster to show that the highest dignitaries of the Christian Church are not devoid of sympathy for the working classes in their struggle for existence. When a duke is to be married, or when a great function of the Court has to be celebrated, Anglican prelates are always *en evidence*. Why do they hide themselves when a crisis like that of to-day comes on the toilers of East End?"

The eulogies of the Cardinal have been well nigh universal, and have come from men, as we have said, of the most various opinions. Mr. Burns, the Socialist leader, who had a personal interview with His Eminence, says of him, "he is a grand old man—grand." And Dean Onkeley, a man of some eminence in the Anglican communion, writing in the *Manchester Guardian*, has added his tribute. "The Church and the churches," he says, "with a single significant exception, are under a common spell of silence. I have already ventured to express privately my humble and respectful thanks to the great Roman Catholic prelate who has redeemed us all from a common disgrace, and has shown himself a true friend of the Church by showing that he knows what that meaneth—'He that is greatest among you, let him be your minister, and he that is chief as he that doth serve.'"

Throughout the English-speaking world Catholics have cause for thankfulness and gratitude, in the credit which Cardinal Manning, by his noble zeal, has reflected on the Catholic Church.

An American Protestant exchange complains that the Catholic press rarely speaks of Protestantism but with sneers and contempt. The complaint may be true as respects some, but we feel sure that it is not true of others, certainly not of of the best and more influential of our Catholic papers. Of such as it is true, it need scarcely be said that they are as distasteful to cultivated and kindly-minded Catholics, as they are wanton and insulting to their non-Catholic neighbours. The gentleman in journalism—whether he be Jew, Christian, or Pagan—will write no differently than he would speak; he will be restrained by the same canons of good taste, and

guided by the same rules of good feeling. This is but to say that in journalism, as in all other departments of conduct, the old maxim, *noblesse oblige*, holds good, and will show itself. It is a rule, too, we venture to think, which, among journalists, is observed in its best form by none more than by the conductors of Catholic papers. So far as our observation goes there are just two or three publications which may be charged as a standing reproach and a scandal to Catholics; and these are known by their viciousness and their blatant vulgarity. They become Catholic, if one may judge, only in the intervals that they rest from their blackmailings. If the old French saying is true that "the style is the man," then, we take it, these papers are written by—ruffians; and apparently for—ruffians.

Speaking on the same subject, our contemporary, the *Catholic Herier* of New York, which seems to have taken to examining its editorial conscience very seriously, admits some justness in the complaint, and advances as an apology for itself and its brethren that the manner has been caught from the Protestant religious journals. Being sneered at for our tenets, we allowed ourselves to sneer in turn. "However, we have one virtue," it says, "with regard to our Protestant contemporaries, which they, with some exceptions, sadly lack. We have never through ignorance nor malice lied about them; we have given them credit for what truth they believed, and our sneers have sprung from contempt of their errors, rather than for their deficiencies. Both through ignorance and through malice Protestant journals have lied about us and misrepresented our doctrines, have never credited us with more than our defects, and have thoroughly hated not only our opinions but our blood. Why should they complain over a weak dose of their own medicine?"

In noticing the rebuke administered by the Protestant Bishop of Chichester to the ruffianly fellow, Fulton, who has for some months past been in England, the *Globe* of last Friday editorially says:

Last year Dr. Justin H. Fulton, of New York, disgusted sensible Toronto by his filthy imputations against the highly respected Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity resident in this city. In the wildest times of "No Popery" excitement the manliness of Ontario Protestants revolts against the worse than beastliness of ruffianly fellows who vociferate shocking charges, unsupported by one iota of evidence, against the character of defenceless women. Fulton, it will be remembered, did not stop at slandering nuns, but accused all Roman Catholic women by formulating a peculiarly sweeping and atrocious charges against priests. It would now appear that every vestige of decency or of reason has departed from Fulton's character. He is reported to have said, at a recent meeting in the Diocese of Chichester, that the Virgin Mary "wasn't much of a Virgin." An Anglican clergyman, who presided at the meeting, has been sharply reproved by his Bishop for listening in silence to so hideous an imputation against the character of our Saviour's mother, and so blasphemous a declaration against a belief common to Christians of all denominations. It is to be presumed that Fulton, who was long ago spewed out by Mr. Spurgeon, and who is despised by the honourable Baptist denomination, of which he is a professing minister, will be called to account for his diabolical conduct in England when he returns to America.

How any man can imagine that the interests of Protestantism or religion are to be advanced by such language as Fulton habitually employs—this passes understanding. Violent talk creates sympathy for those against whom it is directed, and prejudices against the speaker even those who wish to agree with him. Our Dr. Wild did the Catholic Church a good turn and damaged his own reputation seriously when he declared that the lodges might with impunity go gunning for

Jesuits. He and Mr. J. L. Hughes and others who encouraged the notorious Fulton last year, now that they have cooled off, probably applaud the Bishop of Chichester's statement that sense and decency should be regarded no less in sectarian than in other controversies.

Our attention has been called to a pamphlet lately published at St. John, N. B., entitled "The Oath Taken by the Roman Catholic Bishops at their Consecration: A Standing Menace and Danger to all Governments, and to the Peace and Good-will which should reign among their subjects." Needless to say it is an outrageous libel upon the Church and her Bishops. The anonymous author gives the Latin text of the oath and places alongside of it an extraordinary translation. One appalling passage he points out with extreme horror, the one reading: "*Haereticos, schismaticos et rebelles, eidem Domino nostro, vel successoribus praedictis, pro posse persequar et impugnabo*," the meaning of which he tells his readers is, "I will, to the utmost of my power, persecute and attack heretics, schismatics, and rebels against the same Our Lord or His aforesaid successors." ! !

Mendacity could hardly go farther. The meaning of the Latin verb *persequor*, *persequi*, *persecutus*, as given in Ainsworth's Dictionary is as follows:

1. To pursue, to trace, to follow on.; 2. To carry on, to go through with; 3. To follow, to overtake; 4. To do, or put in execution; to sue for; 5. To revenge; 6. To imitate; 7. To write, or discourse of. Thus Cicero says: "*Has res persecutus est Xenophon in eo libro*."

These are the only meanings Ainsworth gives, and they none of them imply that *persequor* means to kill off, to persecute. The same may be said of *impugno*, *impugnare*, which we find defined to mean:

1. To fight against, or impugn; 2. To set upon, or attack; 3. To chase away, as a disease; 4. To thwart one, or oppose.

Thus, Livy says: "*Utrum defenditis aut impugnatis plebem*." The context of *impugnabo* with *persequar* would indicate that the meaning, following the idioms in Latin, French and kindred languages, is: "I will write, or discourse of, and oppose" (or attack, in this sense, not with bayonets or brick-bats), or to put it in idiomatic English: "I will oppose by tongue and pen."

The other words in the sentence are not so grossly mistranslated. The passage read aright is as follows:

"I will, so far as I am able, oppose by tongue and pen schismatical sects (or opinion—both meanings are given) and rebellions against the spiritual authority (eidem referring to this authority, which the Bishop had pledged himself to uphold in the previous sentences) of our Holy Father and his rightful successors."

This, we take it, is about as near the meaning of the clause as Latin can be turned into English, and is the sense in which the episcopal oath is administered to, and taken by, bishops at their consecration.

The striking London dock labourers resumed work on Monday last. The cable dispatches all announce that the settlement of the great strike was effected by Cardinal Manning. "The result," the dispatch says, "followed a conference held to-day between Cardinal Manning, on behalf of the striking dock labourers, and the directors of the Dock Companies. The Cardinal submitted to the directors definite proposals from the strikers for the settlement of the wage question. The proposals were accepted by the Dock Companies." It is not too much to say that men of all creeds and classes, and the press of two continents, are loud in praise of the Cardinal's efforts to bring this grave dispute to a termination. That the strike has been amicably settled, and that, furthermore, it was not marked during its continu-

ance by bloodshed or by any outbreaks of disorder, is universally recognized as due to His Eminence's active intervention and counsel. The London correspondent of the *New York Times* writes of the Cardinal's services as follows:—

"The perfect order and sweet reasonableness maintained by these tens of thousands of men, to almost all of whom starvation at home had become an actual fact, has been simply wonderful. This in large part is due to Cardinal Manning, who identified himself with the leaders of the strike at the outset as a kind of spiritual adviser.

"It was not until the papers were full of indignant and scornful comments upon the complete absence of Church of England dignitaries from the scene, that the Bishop of London put in a belated appearance alongside of Cardinal Manning, and he effected nothing even then except the institution of unfortunate comparisons. The Established Church has miserably failed to rise to the occasion. Ordinary Nonconformist bodies have done scarcely more, but an impression has been made throughout the whole immense belt of poverty-stricken square miles with which London is girded, by the practical Christianity of Cardinal Manning."

HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY

Freemasonry is the system of the Freemasons, a secret order and pantheistic sect, which professes, by means of symbolic language and certain ceremonies of imitation and promotion, to lay down a code of morality founded on the brotherhood of humanity only. Some writers apply the term Freemasons proper but also to all other secret organizations which seek to undermine Christianity and the political and social institutions that have Christianity for their basis.

The origin of Freemasonry is disputed. The Freemasons themselves, in the language of their rituals, assume the sect to have begun existence at the building of Solomon's Temple; but serious Masonic writers, as well as all writers of repute, declare this to be merely a conventional fiction. Nor is any more value to be attached to the attempts that are occasionally made to find a link between the Pagan mysteries and Freemasonry. Some writers trace Freemasonry to the heresies of Eastern origin that prevailed during the early and middle ages in certain parts of Europe, such as those of the Gnostics, Manicheans, and Albigenses; some of those mischievous tenets are, no doubt, apparent in the sect. The suppressed order of the Knights Templars, too, has been taken to have been the source of the sect; and this theory may have some countenance in the facts that a number of the knights in Scotland illicitly maintained their organization after the suppression, and that it was from Scotland that Freemasonry was brought into France at the beginning of the last century.

But it seems more in consonance with many known historical facts to trace the sect to the medieval guild of stonemasons who were popularly called by the very name of Free Masons. During the middle ages the various trades were formed, with the approbation of the Church, into guilds or close protective societies. In general no one was permitted to follow a trade for wages or profit, as apprentice, journeyman, or master, until he had been made free of the guild representing that trade. Each guild had its patron saint, and several guilds, it is certain, had each its peculiar ritual, using its own tools and technical language in a symbolical way in the ceremonies of initiation and promotion—that is to say, in entering an apprentice, and at the end of his time declaring him a worthy fellow journeyman or craftsman, etc. The guild of Free Masons was singular in this; that it was a migratory one, its members traveling under their masters in organized bodies throughout all parts of Europe, wherever their services were required in building. When first referred to, they are grouped about the monasteries especially about those of the Benedictines. The earliest form of initiation used by the guild is said to have been suggested by the ritual for the reception of a Benedictine novice.

The South of France, where a large Jewish and Saracenic element remained, was a hotbed of heresies, and that region

was also a favorite one with the guild of Masons. It is asserted, too, that as far back as the twelfth century the lodges of the guild enjoyed the special protection of the Knights Templars. It is easy in this way to understand how the symbolical allusions to Solomon and his Temple might have passed away from the Knight into the Masonic formulary. In this way, too, might be explained how, after the suppression of the order of the Temple some of the recalcitrant Knights, maintaining their influence over the Free Masons, would be able to pervert what hitherto had been a harmless ceremony into an elaborate ritual that should impart some of the errors of the Templars to the initiated. A document was long ago published which purports to be a charter granted to a lodge of Free Masons in England in the time of Henry VII, and it bears the marks in its religious indifference of a suspicious likeness between Freemasonry then and now. In Germany the guild was numerous and was formally recognized by a diploma granted in 1489 by the Emperor Maximilian. But this sanction was finally revoked by the Imperial Diet in 1707.

So far, however, the Free Masons were really working stone-masons; but the so-called Cologne Charter—the genuineness of which seems certain—drawn up in 1599 at a reunion of Free Masons gathered at Cologne to celebrate the opening of the cathedral edifice, is signed by Melancton, Coligny, and other similar ill-omened names. Nothing certain is known about the Free Masons—now evidently becoming a sect—during the seventeenth century, except that in 1646 Elias Ashmole, an Englishman, founded the order of *Rose Croix*, *Rosicrucians*, or *Hermetic Free Masons*—a society which mingled in a fantastic manner the jargon of alchemy and other occult sciences with pantheism. This order soon became affiliated to some of the Masonic lodges in Germany where from the time of the so-called Reformation there was a constant founding of societies, secret or open, which undertook to formulate a philosophy or a religion of their own.

As we know it now, however, Freemasonry first appeared in 1625, when Lord Derwentwater, a supporter of the expelled Stuart dynasty, introduced the order into France, professing to have his authority from a lodge at Kilwinning, Scotland. This formed the basis of that variety of Freemasonry called the *Scotch Rite*. Rival organizations soon sprang up. Charters were obtained from a lodge at York, which was said to have been of very ancient foundation. In 1754 Martinez Pasquales, a Portuguese Jew, began in some of the French Lodges the new degree of "cohens," or priests, which was afterwards developed into a system by the notorious Saint Martin, and is usually, referred to as *French Illuminism*.

But it remained for Adam Weishaupt Professor of Canon Law at the University of Ingolstadt, in Bavaria, to give a definite shape to the anti-Christian tendencies of Freemasonry. In 1776, two years after the expulsion of the Jesuits from the University, he brought together a number of his pupils and friends, and organized the order of the *Illuminati*, which he established on the already existing degrees of Freemasonry. The avowed object of the *Illuminati* was to bring back mankind—beginning with the *Illuminated*—to their primitive liberty by destroying religion, for which this newest philosophical invention was substituted, and by reshaping ideas of property, society, marriage, etc. One of the *Illuminati*, a Sicilian, Joseph Balsamo, otherwise, Cagliostro, organized what he called *Cabalistic Freemasonry*, under the name of the *Rite of Misraim*. He it was who in 1783 predicted, as the approaching work of the Freemasons, the overthrow of the French monarch. Indeed, Freemasonry was very active in the French revolution, and assisted in bringing about many of the calamities which accompanied that great upturning of society.

Freemasonry in the meantime, had split up into numerous sects, or "rites," all working to the common effort of destroying a belief in the divine revelations of Christianity. In 1781 a great assembly of all the Masonic rites was held at *Wilhelmsbad*, in Hanover, under the presidency of the Duke of Brunswick, which refused, to recognize Weishaupt's system, but at the same time permitted the most mischievous tenets of *Illuminism* to be engrafted on the higher degrees of Freemasonry, especially of the so-called *Scotch Rite*. About this time the so-called *Scotch Rite* was established at *Charleston*, S. C., by some officers of the French auxiliary army. The

York rite had been introduced into the United States by English Colonists.

Freemasonry in Continental Europe has been the hatching ground of most of the revolutionary societies, many of which were affiliated to the higher Masonic degrees. In France the sect was officially recognized by the government of Napoleon III., but advance Masons bore this unwillingly, as it involved restraint. An avowed belief in God was required for initiation, but this requirement, through the effort of M. Mace, of the University, was finally abolished in the convention of Freemasons held at Paris, Sept. 14, 1877.

A recent French writer maintains that Freemasonry is unknown to most of the craft—managed by five or six Jews, who bend its influence in every possible way to the furtherance of the anti-Christian movement that passes under the name of Liberalism. Throughout Continental Europe, in the Spanish American States and in Brazil, Freemasonry has of late years again become very active; the war against the Catholic Church, in Germany has no more bitter enemy than Freemasonry. If the *Culturkampf* was not direct from the lodges, at least nearly all its leaders were Freemasons. During the "Commune" of Paris, in 1871, Masonic lodges took part as a body in the insurrection, marching out of the fight with their red banners. In France and Belgium the lodges have officially commanded their members to assist the *Ligue de l'Enseignement*—a league intended to bring about the complete secularization of the primary public schools.

In the English-speaking countries, however, Freemasonry has hitherto protected its respect for government and established society, and it has not had any immediate action on politics, its members being usually found as numerous in one political party as another. But it has never failed indirectly to use its influence for the advancement of its members over others. English-speaking Freemasons have usually been accustomed to regard the pantheism of their rituals as an amusing mummerly rather than as a reality. These Freemasons usually disown for their order and aims but those of a convivial and mutual benefit society but no one can fail to see that indifferentism in religion at least is one of the results of English-speaking Freemasonry at its best. But the constant influx into the English-speaking countries of Jews and Continental Freemasons must necessarily impregnate the order with all the poison of the Continental sect.

Freemasonry is essentially opposed to the belief in the personality of God, whose name in the Masonic rituals veils the doctrine of Divine force only governing the universe. It is also essentially subversive of legitimate authority, for by professing to furnish man an all-sufficient guide and help to conduct, it makes him independent of the Church, and by its everywhere ridiculing rank in authority it tends, in spite of its occasional protests of loyalty, to bring all governments into contempt.

The sect has been repeatedly condemned by learned and respectable men of all countries, Protestant and Catholic. Five Bulls have been directed against it by name, viz.: "In eminenti, Clement XII., 1738; "Providas," Benedict XIV., 1751; "Ecclesiam Jesus Christi," Pius VII., 1821; "Qui graviora," Leo XII, 1826; "Quanta cura," Pius IX, 1864.

GIORDANO BRUNO.

Cardinal Gibbons has issued a pastoral letter calling attention to the allocation of Pope Leo on the unveiling recently of a monument in Rome to the memory of Giordano Bruno. The letter was read in the Catholic churches of Baltimore last Sunday. The pastoral states that mingled feeling of righteous wrath and deep sympathy was bred in every Catholic heart when the news came that upon a public square in Rome impious men dared to unveil the statue of an apostate monk, dragging the memory of a wild theorizer, a shameless writer and denier of the divinity of Christ from the obscurity of a grave that had for three centuries closed upon the disgrace. Those men, backed by mere brute force, have set upon a pedestal in the Holy City the statue of the infamous Bruno. Such a proceeding is a palpable and flagrant outrage, not alone upon the Catholic but upon the whole Christian world. Its animus is clear in the unchristian and defiant language employed in the unveiling of the statue of a man

whose whole life breathes cowardice, pride and defiance of lawfully constituted authority. There is not the action of decent, honourable, but misguided men, calmly and with due regard to the feelings of others, promulgating a new belief or introducing a new cult. Their attempt is not so much to honour Bruno as to insult and vilify the Vicar of Jesus Christ and devoted children throughout Christendom. Indeed their aim is higher still; they defy and insult not only His Vicar, but our Divine Lord Himself. From every land they have chosen as the committee to further the movement the champions of Atheism, the would-be destroyers of the very foundations of Christianity. It is proper that the Christian world, and especially this portion where the term "Religious Freedom" is understood in a sober, Christian sense, should brand with their indignant scorn actions such as this. We are not yet ready for processions in which the red and the black flags of revolutionists and anarchists are defiantly flaunted.

THE ANGELUS AT ROME.

Among the many striking impressions which a visit to the Eternal City produces upon the religious mind, there is one peculiarly beautiful and enduring, it is that caused by the bells of Rome as they ring out the evening Angelus, or *Ave Maria*, as the Italians love to call this sweet prayer to the Queen of Heaven.

Every day the sound of canon, fired from the Castle of St. Angelo, announces the hour of noon. At this signal the bells of the city peal forth, inviting, as it were, all the people to suspend their ordinary avocations for a few moments, and, forgetting the things of earth, direct their thoughts to heaven, and direct the intercession of her who is the help, the consolation, the safeguard of Christians. But especially beautiful is the sound of these bells at the evening Angelus, which is always recited at sunset. It will be readily seen that this time varies according to the different seasons of the year.

When the *Ave Maria* sounds all labour ceases, the streets and deserted, students return to their colleges, monks to their convents, the monasteries are closed, and no one can gain admittance under any pretext.

The *Ave Maria* is thus the most solemn time of the day at Rome; it is also the most impressive. There are three hundred and seventy churches in the city, and the sound of their numerous bells, forming a grand harmonious concert of praise to the Queen of Heaven and Earth, is of all music the most pleasing to the ear, and the sweetest, most touching to the heart of the devout listener. But this concert of harmonious voices, ever beautiful, receives additional beauty and grandeur when heard from the magnificent promenade of the Pincio, or from the Forum, or from the Appian Way.

When heard from the Pincio the effect is grand and sublime, for the sounds that predominate are those of the bells of St. Peter's and the largest churches of Rome. From the Forum the impression is more calm and soothing, and leads naturally to recollection and meditation; for there one finds oneself in the midst of the ruins of ancient Rome—and the sound of a bell when heard amid ruins, saddens and depresses the heart. One seated on the side of Capitoline Hill, as day draws to a close, sees before him workmen returning from their day's toil, monks, priests, and people of all classes, all blessing themselves and praying as the sound of Mary's bell is heard. The shadows grow deeper and deeper, the forms are mingled and confused in the increasing darkness. Suddenly all the bells burst forth in one glad peal, and the monuments around seem to receive, renew, and send forth again the sound and to prolong its echoes. Soft and sweet come those aerial voices from churches and chapels built upon the ruins of the palaces of the Cæsars, or upon the environments of the Coliseum, hallowed centuries ago by the blood of the first martyrs.

It is at such a moment that one realizes the emptiness of all things earthly, the instability of all human institutions and their grandeur. The power of the Cæsars is broken; the trumpets of war no longer resound with their notes of slaughter; the tiger and the lion have been changed by a mighty hand into the inoffensive lamb—and now the sweet voices of bells, calling to prayer, are heard through these ruins, imposing still, but sombre and mute like so many

gigantic sepulchres. One glory alone remains, and one exalted far above all the glories so dazzling in their splendour of ancient times—the glory of Mary, the Virgin Mother of God, who, through her divinely-communicated privilege of the Immaculate Conception, has crushed the head of the serpent, and still continues to destroy the work of his emissaries upon earth.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

So rare is the conversation talent that, for a hundred persons who write well, we find but one who talks well. Emerson, who seemed to believe that possession of the one gift precludes the other, wrote: "The conditions of literary success are almost destructive to the best social power, as they do not leave the frolic liberty which only can encounter a companion on the best terms." The author's habit of pausing for reflection before setting down his thoughts in black and white might well induce slowness of speech; but there is abundant evidence on both sides of the argument. Macaulay's flow of conversation is proverbial. Sydney Smith called him "the greatest engine of social oppression in England." Morley, in one of his letters, described Macaulay as holding the "ribands of conversation" in his own hands, and driving wherever it suited him. "I can imagine no better fun," he added, "than to have Carlyle and Macaulay meet at the same dinner table with a small company. It would be like two locomotives, each with a long train, coming against each other at full speed. Both, I have no doubt, would be smashed into silence at the collision. Macaulay, however, is not so dogmatic or so outrageously abusive as Carlyle, neither is he half so grotesque or amusing." When we encounter one who really possesses the gift of speech, it is a well-spring of refreshment to the mind. We can listen for any length of time without weariness; for infinite variety is one of the secrets of such a talker's charm. His mind falls from one supple posture into another. We have never a moment of anxiety lest he may not find the right instant. His thoughts are his own upon the spur of the moment, without hesitation, delighting the senses and inflaming the fancy of the listener. If he speaks of a bed of daffodils, we can smell the

flowers; he captures for us the shine of the river, the lights that waver across the buckwheat field in bloom, the purple deeps of the midnight sky. If it is of human nature he speaks, we seem to see the person described "in his habit as he lives." He can paint a character in a single phrase. Set down in the unflattering coldness of print, his diction might seem overloaded with colour; but, face to face with him, we bend to the witchery of expression, the spell of voice, of kindling eye, of changing colour; and often warmed into assenting enthusiastically to arguments that we can scarcely endorse upon sober afterthought. Like the beggars of the nursery rhyme, the thoughts of the human race are clothed in various garments—

Some in rags, and some in tags,
And some in velvet gowns.

The new Catholic University in Washington will have every afternoon during the year, at 4.30 o'clock, a lecture on a popular topic, to which admission will be free to everybody by invitation tickets, which can be obtained without difficulty from the vice-rector.

HER FACE WAS HER FORTUNE.

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*Oregon Wed " 25th	Thu " 26th

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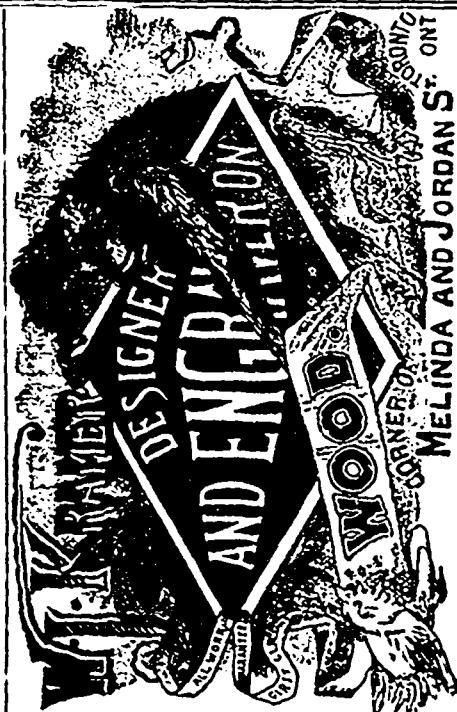
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	CLOSE.		DUE.	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.00	7.30	7.45	10.30
O. and Q. Railway..	7.30	7.45	8.00	9.00
G. T. R. West.....	7.00	3.20	12.40	7.40
N. and N. W.....	7.00	4.40	10.00	8.10
T. G. and B.....	7.00	3.45	11.00	8.30
Midland.....	6.30	3.30	12.30	9.30
C. V. R.....	7.00	3.20	9.00	9.20
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. W. R.....			12.50	
	6.00	4.00	10.30	4.00
	11.30	9.30		8.20
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
U. S. N. Y.....	6.00	4.00	9.00	
	12.00	9.30	11.30	5.35
U. S. West States	6.00	9.30	9.00	7.20
	12.00			

ENGLISH MAILS.—A mail for England via New York will be closed at this office every day, excepting Sundays and Wednesdays, at 4 p.m., and will be despatched to England by what the New York Postmaster may consider the most expeditious route.

On Thursdays a supplementary mail for London, Liverpool and Glasgow, will be closed here at 9 p.m., for the Cunard steamer sailing on Saturday, but to insure catching the steamer the 4 p.m. mail is recommended.

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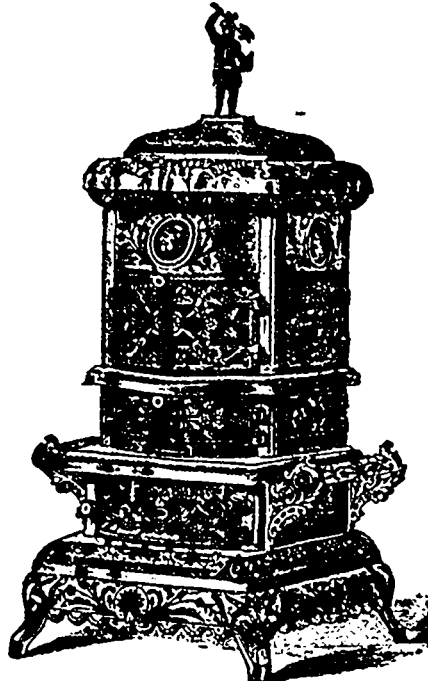
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