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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday, June 4, 1892.

No. 17



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Plans and specifications can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office of F. C. Gamble, Engineer, Victoria, B.C., on and after Friday, 1st of April, and tenders will not be considered unless made on forms supplied and signed with actual signatures of tenders.

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

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

By orders, **E. F. E. Roy,**
Secretary.

Department of Public Works, }
Ottawa, 16th March, 1892. }

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Cured Entirely.
CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 1886.

I, the undersigned, hereby state that my son had epileptic fits over two years but was cured by Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. I make this statement out of gratitude.

222 Race Street. JOHN MUEHLITZ.
The undersigned knowing the above named J. Muehlitz's family, is fully convinced of the truth of above statement.

P. M. SCHAEFFER,
Pastor of St. Francis Church.

PREPARED BY DR. KILNE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORATIVE. It is a perfect success for all cases of Nervousness, Headache, and all the troubles of the Nervous System.

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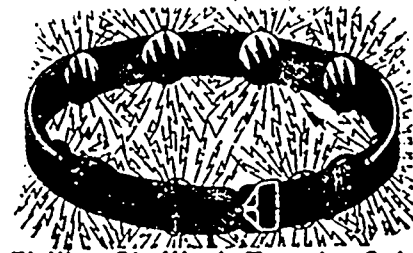
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WE CHALLENGE THE WORLD to show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant that we would on a giant by simply reducing the number of cells. Ordinary belts are not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

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ANNUAL MEETING.

PURSUANT to the Act of Incorporation, Notice is hereby given that the 22nd Annual Meeting of the

Ontario Mutual Life Assurance Company

will be held in the

TOWN HALL, WATERLOO, ONT.,

on THURSDAY, May 20, 1892, at One of the Clock, p.m.

WM. HENDRY,

April 20th, 1892 Manager



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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday, June 4, 1892

No. 17

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NOTES.

A LECTURE.—Sin will behave itself a year to get to have its own way an hour.—*Ex.*

There is not a lecture merely in it; there's a whole life's reading.

The initial number of the *Catholic Sentinel*, Kansas, Mo., comes to hand, well written, well printed, and evidently in the hands of men who understand their business, and can be trusted to keep a very wide-open eye on Catholic interests out that way.

The Catholic Summer School (or Vacation Academy, as some one suggests) is to be inaugurated this season. The object of the school is to foster intellectual culture in harmony with the Christian faith, by means of lectures, and special courses on University extension lines, in Literature, Science and Art, conducted by competent instructors, while at the same time combining healthful recreations and profitable entertainment. The school will open in New London, Conn., 30th July. We shall follow its operations with deep interest.

They set us a good example in Australia:—

MELBOURNE, May 28.—The authorities have decided that all the statements, letters to the Press and other documents written by Deeming, the notorious wife murderer, shall be destroyed.

Here in Canada the authorities erred grievously when they allowed the publication of murderer Birchall's writings. The only gratifying feature was that the paper which descended to pandering to the lowest of low appetites, is supposed to have lost money by the transaction. Our population is not yet, thank Heaven, trained down so low as to make dirt like that pay.

Men who take religion as a sword to be used in secular strife will perish by that sword. —*Evening paper.*

It follows that if the Equal Righters had not perished by this time, their immunity must have been ascribed to the fact that there was no religion in the cry. It was politics pure and simple, and a very poor sample.

* * *

The Catholic Truth Society continue to publish most interesting matter. Among recent numbers are: "Was St. Aidan an Anglican, False Decretals, and Theosophy," all by Jesuits and all well done. We shall possibly have of them more extended notice later on. The brochure on "Theosophy: its teachings, marvels and true character" is very timely. Rev. R. P. Clarke, S.J., who is author of it, is even "timelier," and we expect to find in his setting forth of the latest religious craze a reason for the conversion to it of the vile author of "Laws of Population," who is now its chief priestess.

* * *

The first numbers of *Arcadia* come to us replete with the best of musical, artistic and literary ideas. The *Globe* says:

Lovers of music, art and literature will give a kindly greeting to *Arcadia*, Montreal's new fortnightly journal. The scheme of this periodical, as outlined in the introduction, is at once comprehensive and select, for while covering the great field of art in its largest sense—music, painting, poetry, etc.—it contemplates only the best obtainable in each division. Neither has Mr. Gould spared himself pains in his efforts to realize his plan, as an examination of the first number makes clear. Besides an admirable paper on French song, studies on Browning and Whitman, it contains reviews of new books, surveys of recent progress in art and music and much interesting correspondence from London, New York and Toronto. The letter from Toronto by Viola gives an interesting sketch of our three leading musical organizations, and makes pertinent comments on recent prominent musical events in the city.

And again:

The first number of *Arcadia*, a journal devoted to music, art and literature, and published at Montreal, contains a large amount of matter of great variety and interest. We are indebted to it for these beautiful lines written by Mr. F. W. Bourdillion, and first published in the *Montreal Spectator*:

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The wind has a thousand eyes
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of the whole life dies
When love is done.

That *Arcadia* can be humorous when occasion calls for it, breaks on you from the initial number:

The Rev. James W. Gibson, of Fairbank, Ontario, has copyrighted "a painting representing the Queen of England Ascending to Heaven." We have not had the pleasure of contemplating this work of art; but presume it belongs to the school of allegorical history. As no special Queen is mentioned, we infer from our reading of the facts and records, instead of the novel-like biographies, that it is none of the defunct majesties who is portrayed in the act of translation, yet we do not quite see how it can refer to the present occupant of the portable throne, who is for the nonce at Hyeras and far from Heaven—at least from a physical point of view. However, if the projective imagination of the pictorial artist intends Queen Victoria, we loyally trust her ascension will be safely accomplished.

EAST TORONTO.

THE FIRST MASS IN THE NEW CHURCH.

Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father O'Reilly yesterday morning at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, East Toronto, for the repose of the soul of the late Terence O'Neil, a benefactor of the church. Mrs. Oswald Pape presided at the organ, and her singing of "Angels Ever Bright and Fair" was greatly admired.

THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.

A correspondent in Detroit states that there was a very large attendance at the last meeting of the various commanderies of the Knights of St. John in that city, and preparations were begun and committees appointed to make further arrangements for the proposed trip to Toronto in June. Communications were received from Saginaw, Mount Clemens and Cleveland that the Knights in those places will go with the Detroit battalion to the convention, as will also the delegates from AuSable, Monroe and Alpena. During the meeting Mr. John B. Monning of Fort Wayne, Ind., and Messrs. Charles E. Rottermann and James Brady of Dayton, O., stated that the commanderies in those cities were willing to join the Detroit Knights there and go with them to the convention. A committee on music was appointed, and they will make arrangements for bands and report at the next meeting. A railroad committee was also chosen and will hold a meeting this week to consider the estimates received from the railroads and decide which road will be taken.

Since the Italian Government took possession of Rome twenty-eight churches and chapels have been torn down, and twenty others converted to secular purposes. During the same period no less than thirty churches have been destroyed in Palermo. And yet the are Catholics who think the Pope has nothing to complain of!

THE RELIGIONS OF CANADA.

WHAT CENSUS BULLETIN NO. 9 REVEALS.

Census bulletin No. 9, dealing with the religions of the people of Canada, was distributed last week.

The following analysis shows the proportion of each denomination to the whole population both for 1881 and for 1891:

	1891 per cent.	1881 per cent.
Adventists	0.14	0.17
Baptists	6.33	6.86
Brethren	0.24	0.24
Congregationalists	0.58	0.62
Catholics (Roman)	41.46	41.43
Church of England	13.41	13.35
Disciples	0.27	0.47
Jews	0.13	0.06
Lutherans	1.33	1.06
Methodists	17.65	17.11
Pagans	0.56	0.10
Presbyterians	15.73	15.64
Protestants	0.25	6.15
Quakers	0.10	0.15
Salvation Army	0.29	0.00
Unitarians	0.04	0.05
Universalists	0.07	0.14
Other denominations	0.76	0.33
Not specified	0.72	2.07

In the above statement, for the purpose of condensation, the several bodies calling themselves "Presbyterian" have been put under the one head. "Baptists" and "Methodists" have each been united in the same way there being three branches of the Baptists and four of the Methodists in the full compilation. "Protestants" include those persons who did not give the enumerators a better detail of their faith. "Salvation Army" appears for the first time in the census returns.

Total figures for 1881 and 1891 are:

	1891	1881
Catholics	1,990,465	1,791,982
Methodists	847,469	742,971
Presbyterians	766,199	676,165
Church of England	641,196	571,818
Baptists	303,749	296,525
Lutherans	63,979	46,350
Adventists	6,855	7,212
Brethren	11,639	8,881
Congregationalists	28,155	26,900
Disciples	12,763	20,193
Jews	6,411	2,393
Pagans	76,709	4,473
Protestants	12,216	6,519
Quakers	4,638	6,563
Unitarians	1,772	2,186
Universalists	3,196	4,117

By Provinces the strength of the principal bodies in 1881 was as follows:

DENOMINATION.	1881		1891	
	Number	per cent.	Number	per cent.
British Columbia	3,098	16.112	79,500	89.129
Manitoba	775	1.815	1,036	3.112
New Brunswick	20,368	20.571	15,001	15.001
Nova Scotia	23,500	30.852	43,095	74.410
Ontario	62	0.003	1,003	1.728
Prince Ed. Isl'd	217	7.43	73	3.1
Quebec	2,043	6.585	377	5.882
Territories	14,298	28.437	34,183	54.195
Canada	12,691	30.001	1	3
	298	300	108,652	433,145
	3,463	1,641	1,577	10,350
			2,228	21,896
			2191	6,265
			7,991	11
			4,294	1,291,982
			13,008	13,008
			6,446	73,338
			531	20
			2,703	81
			2,476	6,411
			39,517	847,469
			25	8,404
			52,001	26,709
			297	12,507
			85	753,199
			332	13,949
			33,083	33,083

Of the 11,639 Brethren 9,345 are in Ontario. The figures for the principle bodies in Ontario in 1881 and '91 are as follows:

	1881	1891
Baptists	106,680	105,957
Congregationalists	16,340	16,879
Church of England	366,539	385,999
Methodists	591,503	653,042
Presbyterians	417,749	463,146
Roman Catholics	320,839	358,300

The following analysis shows the proportion of the principal denominations to the whole population both for 1881 and for 1891:

	1891 per cent.	1881 per cent.
Baptists	6.33	6.86
Congregationalists	0.58	0.62
Roman Catholics	41.46	41.43
Church of England	13.41	13.55
Methodists	17.65	17.11
Presbyterians	15.73	15.64

The total increase of population in Canada during the ten years is 507,869. As a constituent in that increase we have the estimated population of the unorganized regions in the North and Northwest, the returns from which have not been received in their entirety. Leaving out of consideration this estimated population of 32,168, we have an increase of 475,701 for which we have complete returns. That increase is divided among the denominations as follows:

Roman Catholics	198,483
Methodists	104,488
Presbyterians	79,034
Church of England	66,692
Lutherans	17,629
Baptists	7,224
All other	2,151

Mr George Johnson, Dominion statistician, has the following observation on the results: "It will be observed from the analysis on page 4 that the Methodists have made the greatest proportionate increase in the Dominion as a whole; followed by the Presbyterians, the Church of England and the Roman Catholics in the order named. Two denominations have increased their strength in every Province in the Dominion—the Roman Catholics and the Methodists. The Church of England has decreased in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. The Presbyterians have decreased in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. In Manitoba the growth of Presbyterianism has been remarkable, more than 28 per

cent. of the whole increase falling to that denomination. In British Columbia the growth of the Church of England is even more remarkable, that body having 91 per cent. of the total increase of the population.

Compared with the census of 1881, the returns for 1891 show the following changes in these three Northwest districts:—

Roman Catholics increased	3,707
Presbyterians increased.....	1,795
Church of England increased	4,196
Methodists increased	1,070
Baptists increased	777

The statistics show that the denominations which relatively have become weakened in the four older Provinces, are the growing ones in the four newer acquisitions, with the exception of the Baptists, the Roman Catholics forming in the newer acquisitions but 23.9 per cent., against 43.2 per cent. in the older provinces, and the Methodists forming but 15.1 per cent., against 17.0 per cent., while the Presbyterians form in the newer portions 23.4 per cent., as against 15.6 in the older Provinces, and the Church of England 17.8 per cent., as against 13 per cent.

DISTRIBUTION BY PROVINCES.

In Ontario the increase of population was 180,993. According to denominations this increase is divided as follows:—Methodists, 62,437; Roman Catholics, 37,471; Presbyterians, 35,397; Church of England, 18,471; Lutherans, 7,128; all other, 39,097.

In the Province of Quebec the increase of population was 129,508. This increase is divided among the denominations as follows:—Roman Catholics 121,251; Church of England, 6,118, Presbyterians, 2,314; Methodists, 517; Lutherans, 351, showing an increase of 190,581 in these five denominations. The others show, when taken together, a decrease of 1,073 as compared with 1881.

In the Province of Nova Scotia the increase of population was 9,824. That increase is divided among the denominations as follows:—Roman Catholics, 4,965; Church of England, 4,056; Methodists, 3,384; showing an increase of 12,405 in these three denominations. The others show, when taken together, a decrease of 2,581. The most notable decrease is that of the Presbyterians, which is 5,536 in the ten years.

In New Brunswick the principal changes in the denominational beliefs are as follows.—Roman Catholic increased 6,870; Methodists, 990; Salvation Army, 993. The Baptists decreased 1,443; Church of England, 4,151, and Presbyterians 2,249.

In Prince Edward Island the principal changes are:—Roman Catholics increased 722; Methodists, 111; Salvation Army, 180; other denominations, 481. The Church of England decreased 559 and Presbyterians 703.

Manitoba has increased her population by 86,552 souls. This increase is distributed among the denominations as follows:—Presbyterians, 24,709; Methodists, 18,967; Church of England, 16,554; Roman Catholics, 8,325; Baptists, 6,663; Lutherans, 5,561; all others, 5,774.

In British Columbia the increase in population is 48,152. According to denominations this increase is divided as follows:—Church of England, 15,203; Presbyterians, 11,186; Methodists, 10,775; Roman Catholics, 10,524. All other specified denominations show an increase. Other denominations and not specified show a decrease of 17,380, indicating that the religious beliefs of the people were taken with more accuracy in the recent census than in that of 1881.

The population of the City of Toronto for electoral purposes, is 144,023, divided among the various religious bodies as follows compared with 1881:—

	1881	1891
Baptist	3,557	6,909
Roman Catholic	15,716	21,330
Church of England.....	39,913	46,084
Methodist	16,357	32,505
Presbyterian.....	14,612	27,449

HAMILTON.

Baptist ..	1,066	1,912
Roman Catholic	7,134	8,557
Church of England.....	9,605	11,821
Methodist	8,317	12,037
Presbyterian	8,879	10,190

LONDON, ONT.

Baptist	885	1,036
Roman Catholic.....	3,584	3,450
Church of England	5,502	6,720
Methodist	4,952	6,367
Presbyterian	3,257	3,605

KINGSTON.

Roman Catholic.....	4,451	5,185
Church of England	3,815	5,030
Methodist	3,338	4,321
Presbyterian	2,600	3,302
Baptist.....	200	312

MONTREAL.

Roman Catholics	103,579	134,142
Baptist	1,402	1,525
Church of England	11,338	19,684
Methodist	5,327	6,803
Presbyterian	11,597	14,853
All others.....	3,199	5,688

COUNTY OF FRONTENAC.

Roman Catholic.....	3,961	3,778
Baptist.....	109	83
Church of England	3,222	2,806
Methodist.....	4,761	4,163
Presbyterian	2,635	2,320

COUNTY OF ADDINGTON.

Roman Catholic	4,445	4,139
Baptist	91	91
Church of England	5,389	3,695
Methodist	12,887	13,190
Presbyterian	1,132	2,299

COUNTY OF LENOX.

Roman Catholic.....	1,231	1,212
Baptist	23	28
Church of England	2,976	9,243
Methodist.....	10,075	9,243
Presbyterian	1,677	1,511

A TRIP TO NORTH CAROLINA.

FROM SNOW TO SUNSHINE.

MASS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

III.

Our first morning in Asheville is Sunday, and we rejoice to think that our first act will be a Mass of thanksgiving, as well as petition for the days that are to come. We are informed that the Rector has been, and still is, seriously ill, but that one of the Benedictine Fathers from the Abbey, "away up from Belmont," says the Mass, that it is considered an important parish, but that the Catholics are few in number down here. "not like Canada," is added with a twinkle. The usual mistake of Americans, thinking Ontario and the Northwest are second editions of Quebec and Montreal.

We drive to Mass down the mountain-side, rough, rugged and stony, rattle over bridges and byways, by the woods and wild flowers, and I hold on like grim death to the waggonette, fearing each moment a sudden lurch will toss me out behind and make me "the girl they left behind them" with a vengeance. Oh! for an Irish jaunting car down those roads! and three oh! for the man who could keep his seat thereon! The church bells come ringing up from the valley, telling that if there are few Catholics here there are, at least, many churches; we drop some one at the Episcopal, Presbyterian and Methodist churches, and all alone I jog along through the quaint little town—excuse me, city—to the outskirts, and come to a standstill before a little frame building which the Jehn politely tells me is my church, seeing, evidently, that I have no intention of getting out. Of course not, how should I. Did they not tell me it is an important parish? However, after the first shock I dismount, and like it all the better. If it is small, I shall feel all the more at home, but then they need not have deceived me so. It is not an important parish, I am sure, but no doubt I shall find out before the day is over. I enter, and stand a moment in the little porch and look up at the Tabernacle. It is so small, scarcely larger than a fair sized school-room, with rows of pews on either side; the altar is prettily set in an alcove, no side altars, no statues, nothing but poverty, but oh! such a nice, clean, sweet, shining poverty. Whilst waiting for Mass a tall, thin, ascetic-looking figure passes up the aisle; he wears a long, black soutane with a wide cinchure of purple falling at the side, with red tassels at the end, a cape and cowl lined with purple, and a rochet completes the costume. He goes into the sacristy, and then for the first time I notice the vestments on the Altar as for a Bishop's Mass, and it dawns on me that this must be the Abbot who I had heard was Vicar-Apostolic of North Carolina. In a few moments he enters the sanctuary, accompanied by two tiny altar boys, with clasped hands and bent heads, in red soutanes and the whitest of surplices. The elder lad stands on the altar steps and hands the amice, then the alb, which is lace over a groundwork of crimson, the shade of the boys' soutanes. Then the chasuble, over which the Pectoral Cross shines resplendent, convincing me now that a Bishop's, not a priest's, Mass I shall have the pleasure of assisting at. It is a low Mass, but the music, meantime, is superior to what one might expect, it is worthy of a cathedral, and a violin obligato adds not a little to its excellence. There are but two or three voices, but they are good, like everything else in the church. It is clear that the good rector, now lying helpless on his sick bed, must have a noble mind and a contempt for sham or parade. After the Gospel the "Lord Abbot" turns towards the congregation and reads the Epistle, my eyes for the first time fall on that holy face, and they rest there. The features are classic in their

severity, the forehead white, peaceful and lofty, a flowing beard adds dignity to his aspect, the eyes are dark and deep-set, but as he speaks they light up with the softness and brilliancy that portray the beautiful soul within. The words of St. James fall on the ears with a new meaning, as if heard for the first time, but when he utters the leading words of the Gospel the Abbot seems transfigured. There is a light, a brightness, a transparency on the face that seems not of earth. He speaks to his little flock, the words are few, clear, and exquisitely simple, he pleads, persuades and wins. Who could resist? He asks nothing that he has not himself done, and well done. The voice is sad as he says he cannot send a priest for Ascension Thursday; the way is long from the Monastery, the Fathers are busy now with their school, and the five secular priests in the diocese have more than enough work in their own parishes. One would think so, with three, four, five, and even more chapels and stations to attend to besides their own parish churches. The Bishop comes this Sunday because there is no one else to come; he will hear confessions this afternoon, have devotions and preach. In the morning he will be again in the confessional, and after the early Mass go back to the Abbey. The sermon is over, the Mass continues, and white and colored are one in offering up the Holy Sacrifice. When the people have slowly left the church the Lord Abbot comes from the sacristy, arranges the altar, removes the cruets, gives a general air of neatness to the sanctuary with as much care and humility as if he were the youngest of his novices.

The clock is striking six next morning as I steal on tip toe along the corridors, down the wide staircase and through the great hall. The household has buried in dreams and I step out into the fresh, bracing air that comes like a welcome shower bath, refreshing, invigorating, giving lightness to the spirits, as to the feet, enhancing the two miles' walk to the little church. Over the lawn, through the park to the woods, which an old fashioned stile separates. I mount it, and look down the valley and up the hill beyond where I know the church stands, and I decide I shall try a short cut. I dote on short cuts--by the high road one must traverse two sides of a triangle, and why not try a straight line and avoid all that meandering! To be sure, it will be up-hill work, but never mind it will be so much quicker, and I begin. On by the narrow path through the woods fringed by loveless wild flowers, the white spreading dogwood and golden ageleus thrown out by the dark pines and the bright green of the oaks and beeches. The mocking-bird and the "Bob Whites" keep calling at each other a whistling "Top of the mornin'," while below in the meadows the quail keeps up his little call, mirth and music echo through the trees. I dash down the sloping path--who could walk in such air--I come out on a country road, in a straight line, on and on, down, ever down, stop--a great steep hill brings me to a halt. I gather my forces and climb; it is stiff work and when I get to the top my enthusiasm for short cuts is a little cooled, and now it is up, ever up, of good honest tramping; when I get near the end I get enough of "short cuts" for a lifetime. The cross through the trees leads me to the church, and going in I find a cluster of young people, principally men, around the confessional. It is so still, bright and peaceful; they come in and out quietly and gather round the altar. When the last penitent has been shriven the "Lord Abbot" begins Mass as yesterday, a deep solemnity falls on the little group of worshippers, and a colored bag near me seems wrapt in devotion. It is over, and with a last blessing the "Lord Abbot" leaves us. Out again into the bright sunshine, with the holy atmosphere still around me, and slowly reach the stile in the woods. Standing on the top I look down on that grand panorama of mountain and valley, forest and water, in the dawn of a new day; Heaven is the only country where comparison seems applicable. The solitude, the rest, the peace, the beauty, the unconscious presence of God everywhere makes one long to fly up, up beyond the peaks into that other land where all is love, for it is God.

D. G.

(To be Continued.)

OSHAWA.

The parish of Oshawa (of which Rev. J. L. Hand is at present pastor) celebrated on Sunday last, 22nd May, the fiftieth anniversary of its establishment as a parish. His Grace the Archbishop honored the occasion by his presence. We shall publish next week an account of the celebration and a historical notice of this fine old parish.

In the House of Comms recently, the resolution introduced by Charles Cameron, (Radical) member of the college division of Glasgow, relative to the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of Scotland, was rejected, 265 to 209.

WASHINGTON, May 26. -- The pending question in the House to-day was on the subject of the Sunday closing of the World's Fair.

A resolution was adopted providing that no part of the amount appropriated for the World's Columbian Exposition shall be available unless the doors of the exposition shall be closed to the public on Sunday.

A PAINTING OF THE POPE.

The reigning sensation of the present Paris Salon, says a writer in New York *Sunday Sun*, is a picture by a French artist named Chartran of Pope Leo III. The painting represents the Pontiff robed in white, seated in a scarlet armchair, a scarlet cape about his shoulders, and behind him a solid background of scarlet curtains. The white-robed, white-haired, white visaged Pontiff stands out in strong relief against this scarlet background, and as the strong light plays upon curtains and cape it produces various effects in scarlet, the graphic and masterly portrayal of which has won for the painter the enthusiastic commendation of the European art critics.

But it is not alone because of its artistic merits that the picture attracts widespread attention. The subject itself does its full share in this direction, for the most difficult man in all this world to get to pose for his likeness is the reigning Pontiff. In fact, in all the years during which he has filled the chair of St. Peter, this is the only occasion in which he has consented to pose for a painter.

It is true that there have been from time to time a number of portraits of the Pope put forward, each diverging more or less widely from the original and from each other. None of these, however, was taken from direct sittings, or had the authority of the Pontiff for its distribution, and as the years went by His Holiness, displeased with these oratic representations of his personality, became more and more set in his opposition to submitting to that agony popularly known as "having one's likeness taken." Reigning monarches, famous statesmen and great personages both in and out of the church vainly besought him from time to time for his portrait, but His Holiness, ordinarily so complaisant, ever contrived to elude these requests. Even the "Iron Chancellor," the great Bismark, was unsuccessful in his request. A few years ago he sent Laembach, the most famous portrait painter in Germany, to Rome with a personal letter to the Pope, requesting that Laembach be permitted to paint His Holiness' picture for the German chancellor. In spite of this request all that Laembach could succeed in obtaining was an authorization to see His Holiness during mass, and to take sketches and photographs of the Pontiff during the latter's daily walks in the gardens of the Vatican. More than this Laembach was unable to obtain, and he never secured a single sitting in the proper significance of the word. With Laembach's portrait, executed under these difficulties, the Pope was only moderately well pleased, and from that time on he more strenuously than ever discouraged any further attempts at likeness taking. More recently still Prince Luitpold, regent of Bavaria, sent a painter to Rome for this purpose, but the artist was compelled to return without having met with any success in his mission.

Thus it was that when, in the summer of 1891, Theobald Chartran, a French artist of reputation, presented himself at the French legation in Rome and besought the French minister to secure for him an audience with the Pope, his avowed intention being to seek sittings for a portrait, he was warned of the almost insuperable difficulty in the way of such an undertaking.

M. Chartran, however, was persistent. He explained that he had always been possessed of an overwhelming desire to paint the portrait of His Holiness, and he was persuaded that, an audience being granted him, he could succeed where so many others had failed. In view of M. Chartran's great name in the artistic world, the French minister consented to interest himself in bringing about this audience.

In accordance with this promise, one bright July morning M. Chartran found himself in the Papal antechamber, awaiting an audience with the Holy Father. Under his arm he carried a package, wrapped in green baize. Admitted to the Papal presence, His Holiness received the painter with a smile.

"I am glad," said His Holiness, "to receive an artist whose name is so well known to me, and of whose talent I have seen such wonderful examples. I must warn you, however, that I have always made it a rule in the past--an inflexible rule--never to grant any sittings for my portrait. My advanced years and my feeble health today make the continuance of this rule the more imperative.

"Permit me to suggest," replied the French artist, "that if the matter of fatigue is the only obstacle to the realization of my hopes, it is an obstacle which I can easily overcome."

As he spoke he removed the green baize from the package beneath his arm and produced a good-sized panel, which drew from the Pontiff an involuntary exclamation of admiration and surprise.

"It is an admirable portrait of me," declared His Holiness, with unmistakable pleasure. "The likeness is perfect, and the finish of the picture really superb."

"No," answered the French artist, deprecatingly, "I do not claim for it the dignity of a picture, it is only a sketch--a sketch, however, that is well advanced, and which would only need a few brief sittings to convert into a picture. Will not your Holiness grant me these few sittings?" And as the painter dropped on one knee, the better to hold his sketch to the light, he looked up imploringly at the Pontiff.

"You perceive, Your Holiness," he exclaimed, "I beg this favor of you on my knees!"

The Pontiff was evidently touched by the painter's great earnestness. Still, it was half-willingly only that he yielded.

"You must not expect me to grant you more than half an hour, then— three quarters of an hour at the very utmost," he said.

"I will not ask for more."

"When do you wish to begin?"

"Whenever it may please Your Holiness."

"Let it be tomorrow, then."

And thus it was that on the following day, in one of the great rooms of the Pope's private suite, which had been arranged as an atelier, the French painter found himself face to face with his subject.

Half an hour, an hour, two hours, past without the Pope apparently recalling that he had placed a limit upon the time the sitting was to last. The artist cleverly managed so as not to fatigue the Pontiff, who at the close of the sitting expressed himself as highly pleased with the progress of the work. So well pleased was he, in fact, that this initial sitting was followed by five others. At the end of the sixth sitting the last stroke of the brush had been given to the painting, a great work of art had been added to the world's art treasures, and of this work of art the Pontiff was not sparing of commendations. As the artist was taking his leave His Holiness said:

"This picture looks to me as I appear to myself, and presents me as I would wish to be known and remembered. There is in the face a certain human kindness and good will unto all men which certainly reflects my inward sentiment. Such few portraits of me as have hitherto been made have invariably suggested a certain coldness, hardness and cynicism which I could not accept as a faithful presentation; and it is of this that I have complained. This work however, I accept as a true presentation of me as I really am. It is a wonderful likeness. It is thus that I wish my features to be looked upon and known among the people of all land."

The picture thus bearing the Pope's commendation represents the Pontiff seated as said. His hands rests in an attitude of easy repose upon the arms of his chair. The most salient feature is the smiling face—a face full of the most remarkable blending of intelligence, benevolence and power.

The Pope's personal appearance is most remarkable. When the visitor first enters the Papal, he is apt to be almost startled by the wax like appearance of the face and hands. In fact, the face would hardly seem that of a living man were it not for the animation in the large brown, expressive eyes.

For the CATHOLIC REVIEW.

MILLCREEK CHRONICLES.

I.

THE BEGINNING OF IT ALL.

BEFORE the days of fortune brought my steps to Millcreek I had lived on the edge of a very small post village, inland about twenty miles from Lake Ontario. The road, such as it was, passed by the front of my father's house, and led thence, as I was often told, to the city. When the hedge of spruce trees, that were planted along the front to arrest the clouds of dust, grew up a little, it was my habit to be among them and, watching the farmers going and returning, dream dreams of the time when the trees would be grown up, and when I, old enough, too, would go once and for all down that road, armed with the spirit of some old knight errant, determined to— ah! what not?

But the hedge grew taller and thicker, and I grew in years and impatience. Out of the bare savings from the farm profits I had been given the education I desired, and was about to begin life apart from all that I had known. The setting out was for the morrow. A sultry August day had passed, the last for me on the farm. From the great pole by the house door a tiny flag fluttered its last meal call. The tired horses turned wearily homeward, and I, on the eve of the day whose measure years had filled to overflowing with gleeful expectancy, weary in body and heavy at heart followed the jaded companions of many a lonely day. Another hour found me again dreaming among the trees. A breeze laden with perfume blew up from the meadow. It passed, and again I breathed the heavy balsam of the spruce trees. From the meadow came a sweeping exultant hope beating upon closed eyelids. As it passed the waving spruces sighed out a soothing melancholy.

Two men came down the road together and rested in the shadow. One came from the opposite direction.

For awhile they talked of the harvest and their prospects, as they did every time they came together. Then when there was an end of that the eldest, an old Scotchman, recurred to a subject of never failing marvel.

"Beats all how these spruces grow!"

"Beats Sam Hill!" assented another. Then the matter dropped, and for a minute there was the silence that idle people indulge in so readily.

"The lad 'll be leaving soon, I'm thinkin'." They say he have notions too big for the farm."

"Aye, and I'm surprised at his father giving him his own way, he does. I told him so once. Says I, 'Why can't he stay where he was born, and not be skippin' away to places where he's a stranger.' And then I thought I'd clinch the argument."

up with 'Isn't what's good enough for his father good enough for him?' But the old man only looked kind of sad-like, and says he, with his hand on my shoulder, 'I've no doubt you mean well, neighbor, and I'd rather he'd stay, but the lad has what he calls ambition, and if its to make his way for him I'll never lift hand to hinder. And for all I dislike to see him go, its a poor place hereabouts for a young man with life in his body and wits in his head. So when he's ready to go, he goes.' Well, I said no more, and perhaps he's right, but I'm glad my boys are not so bright, so they'll stay at home and take care of the farm, for I begin to get over old for the work."

"I suppose he'll be gone to town when he goes. There'd be no use in a small place. Nothing but the city will do for him, and he might as well go first as last."

"But what can he do? Ye may depend he'll not go there until he can get genteel work, and I don't see how he can get that when he's had no experience."

"Aye, its a desperate venture."

When the two began to talk the figure of a little old man was to be seen moving up the road. He was a tatter, kind-hearted, old Scotchman, the man of all men who had fanned the little flames of hope in me since childhood. Since he had joined the group he had said nothing, and as he was known not to do so unless he had something unusual to say, his companions made no remark of his silence. But now he spoke:

"I dinna think its weel to be so harsh wi' the poor lad," said he. "He's been daen's best all's life to get a wee abune the ordinary, and I'm nae sure at he's fit to face the world yet. But he's aboot to make the effort, an' if we dinna help him along we shouldna do anything to discourage him. Min' ye he's young yet, an' fiethin' is no a bit easier in big toons nor it is in sma' places, and I'll jist tell ye what it is," here his voice sank to a confidential whisper while the other two craned forward to listen, "he's gaen awa' in the morn to take halt of a schule 'at was secured for him by ma cousin in Millcreek, him bein' a large merchant and a trustee forbye." There was a silence for a while, and then the first speaker rose slowly while the others followed his example.

"I'm thinkin' we ought to go in and wish the lad success and God-speed," said he.

And without another word the three filed in through the gate and on up to the house, where I followed.

In the morning I went Millcreek. I never saw any of them again.

CYRIL.

ROYAL TRUTHS.

A great, loving, generous heart will never find peace and comfort and field of labour except within her unstatistical, sunlike, benevolent motherhood. . . . I am a Catholic just as I am a dweller on the planet. . . . Man never made anything so like God's work as the magnificent, sacrificial, devotional faith of the hoary but young Catholic Church. There is no other church: they are all just way-stations.

There is nothing of a man but the word, that is kept or broken sacred as life, or unstable as water. By this we judge one another in philosophy and practice; and by this test shall be ruled the ultimate judgment.—"Watchwords" from John Boyle O'Reilly.

NOTHING BUT BLACK BREAD.

James Edgar, of Minneapolis, who was entrusted with the distribution of the food sent over by the United States to the famine-stricken Russian peasants in the Volga district two months ago, has returned to New York after having satisfactorily discharged the important duty he had voluntarily assumed.

"I visited all the principal cities in the stricken district," said Mr. Edgar, "and established agencies in each place for the distribution of the food. After appointing the agents I travelled through the smaller villages and saw for myself the suffering of those starving peasants. It is impossible for one who has not seen them as they are to form any idea of their helpless, horrible condition. They were actually starving when the gift of the American people reached them. The only thing they could get to eat was black bread and there was not even enough of that to go around."

Mr. Edgar showed the reporter a piece of this substance which he brought back with him. It looked like petrified black turf. The substance was as hard as granite, and could not be broken with anything but a sledge hammer. One of the ingredients of the compound, as Mr. Edgar said, was ground sawdust. Broken barley, oats, rye and resinous substances that had first been reduced to a pulp, were the other ingredients. "This is the substance," said Mr. Edgar, "that these unfortunate people have lived on exclusively for months."

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

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

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

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

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

The Late Archbishop Lynch.

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

The Late Rev. Father Doud of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1892.

THE POPE AND THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

It is not to be wondered at that the recent letter from His Holiness should be gall and wormwood to the Royalists. They have been bolstering up their cause by appeals to those who had, or affected to have, conscientious scruples about loyalty and allegiance to the old *regimes*. All this pretty fiction is wiped out by the clear and well reasoned teaching of the letter, whose text will be found elsewhere.

SIR OLIVER MOWAT, K.C.M.G.

Referring to the title conferred on Sir Oliver, the *Globe* says:

If such honors were always as fittingly bestowed there would be less of that growing feeling against them in the Liberal party of the Province. Objection to these honors, however, has not been made a plank in the platform of the Liberal party of Canada, nor, so far as we know, of any of the colonies. One notable instance to the contrary in the case of the Irish quondam rebel, Gavin Duffy, who, after being banished to Australia became Premier of his Province and was offered and accepted the honor of knighthood from Her Majesty.

"A notable instance to the contrary!" To the contrary of what? Liberal principles or . . . or what?

"THE CATHOLIC PARTY."

If the following be accurate (and it has not since been contradicted) those who are alluded to as "the leaders of the Catholic party" wanted regulating pretty badly. See the Pope's letter elsewhere:

Paris, May 26. - A very important document, the author of which is a person of high standing in the French Catholic party, is published to-day. The document is a complete history of the late Catholic Congress, and the writer clearly shows that it resulted in the Catholics refusing to recognize the Pope's right to interfere in French politics. Indeed, the relations between the Holy See and the Catholics were so strained that the Congress did not return thanks for the Papal Benediction, which was sent on the understanding that the Catholics assembled at the Congress would recognize the necessity of laying down arms which they had taken up against the Republic. Moreover, at the official breakfast, with which the Congress was closed, the leaders of the Catholic party refused to propose the time honored toast in honor of the Pope, and it was an obscure Catholic who finally proposed the toast.

No Catholic layman has a right to call his or any other political sect "the Catholic party," and the Church authorities cannot allow the great name of the Catholic Church to be, even by implication, involved on either side of such a quarrel. In the rare exigencies in which "a Catholic party" is needed the Church will do the christening itself and the chief ecclesiastical authority of the country or province will be sponsor.

THE POPE AND THE JEWS.

The Holy See cast its protection over the Jewish people in ages past, when their wretched inclination to usury had made them an object of universal execration in Western Europe. It has safeguarded them for years in its own capital, and is as ready to-day as it was then to shield them.

Rome, May 25. - Jesse Songman, of New York, accompanied by Dr. O'Donnell, rector of the American College here, recently visited Cardinal Rampolla, Papal Secretary of State, with the object of enlisting his sympathy on behalf of the Jews. They were cordially received by the Cardinal, who said he would be most happy to do his utmost to aid the humane cause. The Pope, he added, had always been a protector of the Jews. When they were persecuted everywhere else they found a refuge in Rome.

MIRACLES.

We reproduce elsewhere extracts from the *New York World* telling of the wonders done in that city by the intercession of St. Ann, a relic of whom was there for a short time exposed to public veneration. These are not idle stories or rumors but facts occurring in broad daylight and under the sharp eye of more or less skeptical reporters. The *World's* man introduced a new feature into the cases. He took a kodak with him, and when he saw anyone whom he took to be a likely case, he promptly "snapped" him in his infirm condition and of course repeated the process after the cure. The photographs in the case of Miss Mary Nelson (instantly cured of . . .) are very realistic. All the cures recorded are supported by evidence so plain, so strong, that only most obstinate bigotry can refuse credence.

"DON" AT CHICAGO.

From Chicago *Inter-Ocean*.

Edmund E. Shoppard, editor of the *Toronto Saturday Night*, is at the Palmer. Speaking of the dismissal this week of one of the cases against Premier Mercier, he said:

"While I fear it will not be brought about I most sincerely hope that Mercier may be sent to prison. His corruption is so far reaching and comprehensive that it may be deemed best, in order to avoid having Canada still further disgraced before all the world, to let the entire matter drop. I was last winter most forcibly reminded of the fact that we are already in bad repute in the farthest parts of the earth. At that time I was travelling in the Balkan Provinces, and on informing a Servian whom I met that I was a Canadian, he said: 'Ah, yes, Canada. I know it—the place where the Government robs you of all the money. Yes, I have read all about your country in the *London Times*.' It seemed to me that to be pitted by a native of the region noted for little but its corruption, sedition and assassination was about the lowest depths to which a Canadian could sink."

Why, then, go and tell all the world about it. If the *Times* tells lies on the country why not reply, defend, instead of going off to Chicago to whimper over it.

THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR.

Ottawa, May 29. The question of the Lieutenant-Governorship of Ontario was settled at yesterday's meeting of the Council by the appointment of the Hon. George A. Kirkpatrick, M.P. for Frontenac, ex-Speaker of the House of Commons, and a member of Her Majesty's Privy Council for Canada.

It is understood that Hon. Mr. Kirkpatrick will be sworn in to-morrow and leave for Toronto at once.

The appointment is regarded here as an excellent one and likely to give satisfaction.

We salute Her Majesty's representative and promise due fealty. But what excuse is there for the lengths to which the very mention of a Catholic for the position drove papers which claim to be liberal. Will anyone in sober sense assert that Catholics in Canada have anything like their proportion of public benefits? What have they which they have not merited? If "the Major-General commanding the militia is a Catholic" is he not a gallant soldier, a clever tactician and a perfect gentleman? What more do you seek in a commanding officer? Here is a sample of what goes for argument with this carpentering crowd:

"Both parties in the House of Commons are led by Roman Catholics, and the one that has either a convert or a pervert at its head does not suffer on account of Sir John Thompson's peculiar offensiveness to zealous Protestants."

Nothing offensive in that, of course. But it is from a journal which never had an opinion of its own, and consequently was by nature safeguarded from the possibility of conversion; or of perversion (except of the truth).

LOYALTY.

EVERYONE delights to honor the annual celebration of Her Majesty's birthday. The highest motive which can move to its celebration is loyalty to constituted authority, that loyalty which regards the authority itself and knows the holder only by incident. If the wielder of legitimate authority be *aliunde* respectable, men will have a dual motive for their loyalty and the reasonable service they render will be made the more agreeable. But loyalty, as duty, is a Christian idea, and, being such, flourishes best under the fostering care of the great Catholic Church. With us loyalty to legitimate authority is a duty imposed by the same authority, having absolutely the same sanction, as the duty of respecting our neighbor's rights of property or of character. The object of our loyal duty may change. The discussion on the new Criminal Code developed last week the fact that no attempt to vary the destiny of a country is treasonable which is attempted by constitutional means. The Pope's letter to the French Cardinals (elsewhere reproduced) lays down broad and clear the rights of *de facto* Governments. So far does the obligation run that governments which had in the beginning no right to exist as such, but which are presently charged with the maintenance of public order, acquire for the moment the rights of legitimate authority.

The French Canadian people, thorough Catholics, have exemplified the principle more than once. When a French Canadian Bishop¹ French Canada for a victor who broke his pledges, when a *trahison* in the face of every enticement, allegiance was kept in 1776, and again in 1812, the French Canadian nation showed that their loyalty was as much a part of their creed as was their belief in church authority itself. This anniversary has given occasion for expressions of opinion which we quote below.

It is almost unnecessary to repeat in the columns of *La Minerve* that the illustrious woman who has so long presided over the destinies of a great country, powerful by its noble institutions and by its incalculable riches, inspires all that respect which her great virtues merit at the hands of her subjects. Queen Victoria is not less admired at home than throughout her immense possessions, and her Majesty is, in fact, worthy of the great empire over which she rules. *La Minerve*.

"Since Queen Victoria came to the throne several generations have passed in her vast empire and all have transmitted one to the other the same attachment, devotion and admiration for her august person. The reason for this is that for 55 years this Queen has given to the great nation over the destinies of which she is called to preside the example of every public and domestic virtue. A wise, prudent and firm sovereign, a loving and faithful wife, a devoted mother, a model of dignity and honor in every way, she has well deserved the honor and respect of her subjects. As far as we French-Canadians are concerned, we will ever remember that this Queen understood our national character and granted us all the precious liberties which we now enjoy. For this reason she has no more devoted and loyal subjects than the English citizens of French origin, and they, with their fellow-citizens of English origin, repeat to-day, from the bottom of their hearts, 'God save the Queen.'"—*L'Etendard*.

We have the greatest respect for the distinguished woman who has been able to conserve in a royal court all the qualities of heart and mind that have made of our sovereign a model wife and mother. Personifying the liberties of the British nation she has the respect of all, even these who do not believe that a monarchical system is the best form of government. It is therefore with all sincerity and without renouncing its republican predilections that *La Patrie* to-day join its warmest congratulations to those of its confreres who see in to-day's celebration another occasion to manifest their attachment to monarchical ideas.—*La Patrie*.

Blessed is the country whose loyalty to its chief is based on Christian principles. The frothy loyalty which lives on race distinction or springs solely from an interest in the price of wheat or of pork, is a miserable sham by its side.

As for loyalty to the *person* of the sovereign, (quite justifiable when the sovereign merits it) the shouters for British connection (as such) would do well to con the following :

Queen Anne was the last British sovereign both of whose parents were born in England. She was the daughter of James II. and Anne Hyde. Anne Hyde was the daughter of Clarendon, the historian and statesman, who began life as a lawyer. Queen Anne was as British as British born and bred father and mother could make her. George I. and George II. were born in Germany, and

were German sovereigns on the British throne. George III. was the first king of the Hanoverian line born in England, and his parents were of German birth. George III. married a German princess. So did Queen Victoria's father. The Queen's husband, the late prince consort, was German of the Germans; so that practically the German blood of the English royal house has received no British infusion, for it takes something more than being born in Great Britain to make one a Briton. The rulers of Great Britain are less British than they were centuries ago. *Notes and Queries*.

The Queen is not English, not even British. It is well she is blessed with subjects who don't care what she is, so long as she is lawful Queen. The Boyne and Lor crown are thereby kept at safe distance.

ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

Much has been written within the last few weeks concerning the holy shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre. Several leading journals of New York and Toronto, both Catholic and Protestant, have devoted eloquent editorials to the subject of the relics, so satisfactorily authenticated, of her who was chosen to be the mother of the Immaculate Lily of Israel, and whose influence for good must be so potent near God's throne where she may still claim for daughter the Queen of Heaven and Mother of God. What has especially drawn public attention at the present time to the shrine of St. Ann, and her grateful veneration by all Catholics, is the fact of a well authenticated relic of this much-favoured Saint having been secured at Rome by Very Rev. Mgr. Marquis through the favour of our present glorious Pope Leo XIII—and presented to the Redemptorist Fathers for preservation at the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre.

Monsignor Marquis was requested to stay a few days in New York city and allow the blessed relic to be exposed for public veneration in the church of St. John the Baptist, in East Seventy-Sixth St.

The most intense religious enthusiasm was aroused by the presence of the sacred relic, not only among the French Canadians who attend the church, but among Catholics of every nationality, who flocked in from Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and even more distant places, to pray to the great Ann and obtain some favour through her intercession. The *New York Sun* wrote: "Early yesterday morning the crowd began to gather and when Mass commenced the church was packed, until motion in it was impossible, while several thousands were in the streets, restrained from pushing their way into the church by a dozen policemen guarding the doors and ranged along the sidewalk. Monsignor O'Reilly preached upon miracles and relics, and gave a history of the relic now in evidence. His sermon was in French which he speaks fluently and without an English accent.

In the evening the pews were again filled, and also the aisles down to the doors. Mgr. related in his sermon (this time addressed in English) that, immediately after the Crucifixion, there was a violent persecution of all who had followed Jesus and especially of all who were related to Him. Even the dead were not safe. As the body of St. Ann, the Mother of the Blessed Virgin was the most precious body of all, it was taken away for safety. It was guarded and brought to Constantinople, and from thence to Apt—where it now lies in the great Cathedral there. One of the Popes ordered an arm to be taken from this body, and that arm was conveyed to Rome. From this arm came the relic." "The proof that this is part of the body of St. Ann," said Mgr. O'Reilly, "is the fact that miracles are performed through it. A deaf man has been restored to hearing, a young girl has been cured of the palsy, and the third miracle, I will not mention, because the person who experienced it is here in this church. I will now bless you with this holy relic," and he took it in his hands and held it up. The whole congregation fell on their knees and many of the older men and women wept.

We have no reason to doubt the accuracy of the above des-

cription, although copied from a Protestant journal, and we heartily congratulate the venerable fathers at St. Anne on their having secured so sacred and so valuable a treasure for their shrine at Beaupre.

The most renowned temple erected in honour of St. Anne is situated on the coast of Normandy in France, in the village of Auray, in sight of the tumbling waves of the Atlantic. It is held in very deep and affectionate reverence by the faithful Normans and Vendéans: especially by the mariners of these coasts, who, before setting out on their long and perilous voyages, always gather round the altar and invoke the powerful protection of their patroness, St. Anne D'Auray. About two centuries ago a vessel manned by a gallant crew from far-off Normandy was wrecked in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. When all seemed lost and darkness of night set in, those hardy sailors remembered their faithful patroness, invoked in heartfelt prayer la bonne Sainte Anne d'Auray, and vowed a chapel to her name on the spot of ground they first reached on touching land. When morning broke they found themselves safe in the mouth of a deep, but narrow, stream that empties into the St. Lawrence. Here, on landing, they erected the original chapel, of which the present magnificent Basilica of St. Anne de Beaupre is but the successor: where so many favours are obtained and so frequent miracles are wrought.

Protestants make light of any told or written relation of the manifestation of God's power through miracles: and no matter how respectable or conclusive the evidence of such, they refuse to believe in them. No doubt Protestants who are sincere believers in the divinity of Christ must of necessity acknowledge the truth of the miraculous manifestations as related in Holy Scripture. Our blessed Redeemer appealed to them in confirmation of His God-head, His Divine mission and His doctrines. When John sent two of his disciples to ascertain from our Lord if He were the true Messiah, Jesus said to them, "go and relate to John what you have seen. The blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the dead rise again, and the Gospel is preached to the poor." He raised Lazarus from the dead to convince the people that he was sent of the Father. Protestants must necessarily, if they are Christians, admit the reality of those miracles, and of all the others related in the Gospel, the Resurrection included. But beyond this they will not go. When assured by credible eye-witnesses of miraculous occurrences, their first impression is one of unbelief, nor is it possible to remove this impression, let the evidence be ever so convincing or so honest.

To the Catholic mind no such difficulty ever can arise *a priori*. Being fully persuaded that God is above all His works, independent of them and supreme over them, their sovereign Lord and proprietor, they can interpose no obstacle to His working a miracle if He chooses or judges it proper. The Catholic does not believe, nor should any Christian believe, that God is tied up by the so-called laws of nature, or is bound in His free actions by them, whereas He is the Sovereign Creator and Master of all, and may change or destroy all at His will. Nor is it possible for any believing Christian to fancy that God has less power now to change or destroy or create than He had two thousand years ago, or in the time of the Apostles. There is no more reason, therefore, why we should set up our doubts or disbelief against any well attested miracle of the present time than we should of what is related as having occurred centuries ago. The arm of the Almighty is not shortened nor is His omnipotence impaired in our day any more than it could have been in ancient or mediæval times.

The *Mail* in its issue of Saturday last treated the miracles of St. Anne de Beaupre as something frivolous, or unworthy of consideration by people of this enlightened century. The arm or part of the arm of St. Anne is acknowledged to be useful, because it will make the shrine more than ever a place of resort.

The relic, it says, have not all miraculous powers; but some of them may develop yet: and become, as the finger of St. Anne has already proven itself to be, most valuable. The *Mail* unwittingly pays tribute to the sacred relic, while acknowledging its value—though not in the sense meant by that sceptical sheet. The relic has been "valuable" in creating a spirit of simple, honest piety among the French Canadian populations that is entirely unknown to the majority of the people of Ontario. The relic has been valuable in drawing great numbers of pilgrims to God's sanctuary, there to obtain pardon for sin, and strength and vigour of mind to resist temptation. Miracles are not wrought by the Creator for the acquisition of filthy lucre. And no miracle can come from any source but God. He alone gave to Peter and John the power of healing the man found at the gate of the Temple. He alone healed the woman who touched the hem of His garment. He alone imparted healing properties to the shadow of St. Peter, or to the arm, or let it be the finger, of St. Anne. God alone could impart and does impart curative power to the waters of Lourdes or La Salette.

Not even the Blessed Mother of God, although exalted above all the heavenly hierarchies, has of herself any miracle working power. Not she, but our Lord, wrought the miracle at Cana of Galilee. She has power with her Divine Son to obtain from Him miracles by her prayers. But though she may secure favours and even miracles of grace and mercy for us, it is God who works the miracles and bestows the favours.

Not even the most unsophisticated habitant of Lower Canada believes that any portion of the sacred body of St. Anne has any other power for good, than what Christ our Lord is pleased to communicate or confer through it. But he is perfectly satisfied that if our Blessed Lord worked miracles through the hem of His garment or the shadow of St. Peter, He may, for the promotion of piety and the good of souls, and in honour of her who gave birth to the Queen of Heaven, His own stainless Mother, permit wonders of grace to be accomplished through the venerable relics of St. Anne de Beaupre.

THE IRISH HOME RULE FUND.

Mr. J. J. Curran, Q.C., M.P., sets a good example to all true lovers of the old land:

To the Editor of the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I have just read with extreme pleasure, in your paper of Saturday last, that His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, with his usual patriotism, has kindly consented to act as Treasurer of an "Irish fund," to forward the Home Rule cause. "You make a timely appeal that "all friends of Ireland should send their contributions quickly" and responding to your "give it at once," I hasten to enclose you the modest sum of twenty dollars, regretting my inability to contribute more substantially in aid of constitutional liberty for the dear old land.

Yours sincerely,

Ottawa, May 30th, 1892.

J. J. CURRAN.

Mr. J. J. Curran, Q.C., M.P.,
Mc. Joseph Bondidier.

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NOT VERY RAPID PROGRESS.

During the last ten years the number of adherents of the Methodist and Presbyterian bodies in the Province of Quebec increased by 2,800. It is safe to say that two-thirds of this number comes under the head of what may be termed natural increase, thus leaving less than one hundred a year to represent the gains won over from Roman Catholicism to these two Protestant bodies.

It is, perhaps, not the province of a secular paper to advise in religious affairs, but it does seem as if a pile of good Ontario money was being spent in the Lower Province for little purpose. Would it not be wiser to spend this money in reclaiming from paganism the heathens at our own door and to leave the habitant to find his own way upward in the path trodden by his fathers?—*News*, 21 May.

HOW TENNYSON WRITES POETRY.

Woman has given us an awful shock. In a column of brevities entitled "This and that" it publishes this week the following statement: "Lord Tennyson, it appears makes it a constant practice to employ a rhyming dictionary when writing his poems." There it is in all its bald simplicity—not a word of introduction, not a particle of comment, to relieve the hideous horror of the news. Yet only think what it implies. For sixty years the world has been believing that this man was a great poet, with a delightful fancy, and an almost miraculous way of hitting upon the right word to express the most delicate shades of meaning. And now it would seem that we must give the credit to an unhonored compiler of a rhyming dictionary. We have pictured to ourselves the poet composing his wonderful creations; the words flowing spontaneously from his pen in a stream pellucid and almost unbroken, the only aid to his imagination being a well-colored clay pipe. Now we must change this pleasant picture for what seems, by contrast, a simple caricature—Lord Tennyson, rhyming dictionary by his side, grinding out English verses as Tommy in the fourth form grinds out Latin elegiacs; looking out an agreeable jingle and then putting in enough words to fill up the line in a sort of literary mosaic. This is the man who has been hailed as Poet Laureate, and created a peer by his sovereign. Why, if everybody had their own, it is the maker of the rhyming dictionary who should wear the laurels and be called "My lord." Perhaps, however, we are going too fast. It may be that Lord Tennyson, even if he has a rhyming dictionary, does not use it constantly or even often; indeed it may be—though it is ungallant to say so—that "woman" has been deceiving us, and that there is not a particle of truth in the whole story.

If Tennyson uses a rhyming dictionary, as the above asserts, it would be interesting to know of what brand it is. Here is a little something which makes us think it must have been designed by a good Irishman:

—Love flew in at the window
As Wealth walk'd in at the door.
"You have come for you saw Wealth coming," said I.
But he fluttered his wings with a sweet little cry.
"I'll cleave to you, rich or poor."
Wealth dropped out of the window.
Poverty crept thro' the door.
"Well, now you would fain follow Wealth," said I.
But he flutter'd his wings as he gave me the lie.
"I cling to you all the more."

—Tennyson.

The Irishman's pronunciation, which illiterate talkers call a brogue, is, like the ten commandments, out of fashion, but it has authority behind it.

THE POPE'S LETTER TO THE FRENCH CARDINALS.

ROME, May 7.

THE Sovereign Pontiff has again shown his deep sympathy and paternal feeling to France in the sad straits to which the Church in that country is reduced by anti-Christian, unjust and tyrannous rulers. After the great diffusion which the bishops of France gave to the recent Pontifical Encyclical addressed to them, the six cardinals belonging to the illustrious episcopate of that country felt it their duty to send to the Holy Father a noble address, to thank him for this new mark of his paternal solicitude towards their nation; as also to solemnly declare the intimate union which binds the bishops of France, and in particular the princes of the Church, to the See of St. Peter, and to give to the Pontiff a new proof of that docility with which they desire to conform their conduct to the teachings of his profound wisdom. To this address the Holy Father replies in a most important Letter, full of valuable and most opportune teachings. The Pontifical Letter is addressed to Florian, Cardinal Desprez, Archbishop of Toulouse; Charles, Cardinal Lavignerie, Archbishop of Algiers and Carthage; Charles Philippe, Cardinal Place, Archbishop of Rennes; Joseph, Cardinal Foulon, Archbishop of Lyons; Benoit Marie, Cardinal Lanrenieux, Archbishop of Rheims, and Francois, Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris.

The Pontiff expresses the great consolation he had in receiving their address, protesting in the noblest accents "the intimate union which binds the bishops of France, and in particular the cardinals of Holy Church, to the See of Peter." He speaks of the good which his recent Encyclical to the French has already done, and the grief he feels for the sorrows which afflict "this eldest daughter of the Church." France will not forfeit the title of "most Christian" in the presence of the violence of those who would wish to de-Christianize her, and to lower her in the face of all the nations, and how could the Pontiff help making appeal to all Catholics, to every honest Frenchman, to preserve for the country that holy Faith which makes it great in history.

Leo XIII. recognizes that in the pursuit of this course good men

were necessarily paralyzed by the division of their forces. Hence he says and repeats: "Let there be no more parties amongst you; on the contrary, complete union to sustain together that which surpasses every earthly advantage—Religion, the cause of Jesus Christ. In this, as in all else, 'seek ye therefore first the Kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you.'" The Pontiff then refers to the "vast conspiracy" formed for the "annihilation of Christianity in France," as he already mentioned in his Encyclical. In presence of the evil tendencies which prevail in that country, the Pope's silence would have rendered him culpable before God and men. He wrote his Encyclical, therefore, that all might hasten to arrest France on the downward slope leading to the abyss. These efforts would be radically fruitless if, to the conservative forces, were wanting unity and concord in the pursuit of the final end, that is to say, the preservation of religion—since it is to that that every honest man should tend, and every sincere friend of society, as the Encyclical amply demonstrated. But will the means be to assure this union?

Catholics must give unreserved loyalty to the Republic. These have also been explained in the Encyclical, but are now repeated lest any one should be mistaken regarding his teaching: "One of these means," he says, "is to accept without reservation, with that perfect loyalty which becomes a Christian, the civil power in the form in which it, *de facto*, exists. Thus the first empire was accepted in France on the morrow of a fearful and bloody anarchy; thus the other powers were accepted, whether monarchical or republican, which have succeeded one another down to our own days.

"And the reason of this acceptance," continues the Pontiff, "is that the common welfare of society is superior to every other interest; for it is the creative principle; it is the conservative element of human society; whence it follows that every true citizen should desire it and procure it at all costs. Now, from this necessity of assuring the common welfare, is derived, as from its proper and immediate source, the necessity of a civil power which, striving towards the supreme object, directs to this wisely and constantly the multifarious wills of its subjects, grouped as a bundle in its hands.

"When there exists, then, in a society a power constituted and in working order, the common interest is found to be bound up with this power, and it should, for this reason, be accepted such as it is. It is for these motives and in this sense that We said to the French Catholics: Accept the Republic, that is to say, the power constituted and existing among you; respect it; be submissive to it as representing the power come from God.

"But men are found belonging to various political parties, and even sincerely Catholic, who have not taken exact account of Our words. They were so simple and clear, however, that they could not, it seemed, give occasion to false interpretations."

After considering the theory of divine right of power, and the instability of its modes of transmission, Leo XIII. says: "In politics more than elsewhere unexpected changes come about. Colossal monarchies crumble away or become dismembered, like the antique royalities of the East and the Roman Empire; dynasties supplant dynasties, like that of the Carolingians and the Capetians in France; to political forms adopted other forms are substituted, as our century shows in numerous examples. These changes are far from being always legitimate in their origin; it is even difficult that they should be so. Nevertheless the supreme *criterion* of the common welfare and of the public tranquility imposes the acceptance of these new governments established, in fact, in place of the anterior governments which, in fact, are no more. Thus the ordinary laws of the transmission of powers are found to be suspended, and with time they are even found to be abolished."

The Pope then makes a distinction between the government and the laws, and notes that he has already distinguished between the political power and legislation, and finally comes to a very important argument, referring to a point raised against his recent Encyclical. "Some have pretended," says Leo XIII., "that in teaching these doctrines We held towards France a line of conduct different from that which We follow in regard to Italy; in such a way that We are found to be in contradiction with Ourselves. Nevertheless, there is nothing of the sort. Our aim in telling the French Catholics to accept the constituted government has been and is nothing else than the safeguarding of the religious interests which are confided to Us. Now, it is precisely these religious interests which impose upon Us, in Italy, the duty of demanding without ceasing the full liberty required by Our sublime function of Visible Head of the Catholic Church, appointed to the government of souls, a liberty which does not exist where the Vicar of Jesus Christ is not in his own house, true Sovereign, independent of all human sovereignty. What is to be concluded from this, if not that the question which concerns Us in Italy is also eminently religious, inasmuch as it is bound up with the fundamental principle of the liberty of the Church? And it is thus that, in Our conduct with regard to the various nations, We do not cease to make all converge towards the same object—Religion, and by Religion, the salvation of society, and the happiness of the peoples."

This magnificent letter will, it is anticipated, be productive of splendid results.

THE PERFECT FRIEND.

One only friend we have
Accounted sure,
One only love is ours
That will endure.

All other friends are dear,
He knows how dear
Who gave them for our joy
And solace here.

All other loves are sweet,
He knows how sweet
Of whom and souls that lack
For love entreat.

But friends however true
This life will test,
And they will fail us oft
Who know us best.

And loves however strong
In time may change,
Misfortunes may divide,
New ties estrange.

Sorest of all will come
Some sad offence;
Mistrust will chill, and doubt
Drive friendship hence.

O slow of heart to learn
What yet we own—
One only perfect friend
Hath any known!

Harriet McEwen Kimball, in *The Independent*

CARDINAL MANNING'S SUCCESSOR.

On Sunday the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, the Most Rev. Herbert Vaughan, D.D., Archbishop of Westminster, formally took possession of his Pro Cathedral, the Church of Our Lady of Victories, Kensington.

In reply to a joint address of the clergy and people, His Grace said:

I am glad that you have united in one address, for everything that unites clergy and laity more closely together is a gain of strength and charity. I shall take this address as representing the welcome of the whole diocese, and as rendering any further addresses entirely superfluous. It can hardly be needful to say that I am painfully sensible of my unworthiness to fill the position upon which I begin to enter to-day. Did I not know that I am here at the desire of the Chapter of the diocese and of my colleagues in the Episcopate, and by a command of the Holy See, I should feel wholly unable to face the duties and responsibilities which are before me. I am speaking from the human point of view when I say, that to follow immediately after two such predecessors as the first and second Archbishops of Westminster, cannot fail to be an ordeal that will prove by force of contrast how great has been the loss suffered by the Church in England.

We shall do well often to look back upon the history of the last fifty or sixty years, in order to gather strength and encouragement from the thought of how the good providence of God has watched over the Church in this land, sending to her at the critical moment the captains she most needed. Sixty years ago the Catholic Church in England was composed of but scattered and insignificant remnants of the days of her former power and splendor, when for 1,000 years she had filled the whole land with faith and charity from sea to sea. Marks of persecution were fresh upon her body, the smell of fire was still upon her clothing. Her organization was abnormal and missionary, reduced to its lowest form, as though England had been China or Japan. After ten centuries of public praise, her voice was low, her divine services cut down to their bare essentials, many of her distinctive devotions and practices were either forgotten or conducted in private, and, as it were, in silence and with closed doors. No kind of uniform, no outward mark of distinction in her ministers was visible.

The English Church was like a ship on an angry sea, close reefed, and battered down, exposing as little surface as possible to the stiff gale, which was still only loosening.

It was at this moment that Divine Providence sent to us Nicholas Wiseman as a pilot to take the helm. He came direct *a latere* St. Peter, sent by the successor of Peter, as Augustino had been sent to England in the sixth century. He came bringing not only the immaculate faith of Peter, but all the warmth and fulness of the Catholic devotion and tradition stored up in his own great heart. We owe to him the wonderful revival of popular devotions to the Blessed Sacrament and to the Blessed Virgin. He brought in retreats, missions, popular devotions in the vernacular, visits to the Blessed Sacrament, Expositions, Benedictions, the Forty Hours' Adoration, daily Mass, and the practice of frequent Communion. He raised the character of our liturgical service by insisting on the exact and full observance of law set forth in the ritual and the pontifical. He patronized and urged forward the reform of church architecture, he took the elder

Pugin by the hand; drew us out of the unsightly meeting-house or chapel; opened sanctuaries that were richly and even splendidly adorned, and rendered visible to all the glorious ceremonial of the Church, so full and significant, in all its parts of mystic meaning. He called to his assistance ancient Orders of religious men and women and modern congregations, and found work for them all. There was a breadth and a grandeur in his character that seemed in affinity with the glory of the "Jerusalem which is above, and is free, and is our mother." He had felt keenly that under the system of Vicars-Apostolic, the Church in England was deprived of her proper organization and of regular legislation. Under Pius IX. he became the restorer of our hierarchy.

History will record, to the surprise of a remote posterity, the storm, the tempest of indignation and excitement with which this act was received upon Cardinal Wiseman's arrival in England. The Protestantism of England was convulsed; the Legislature hastened to pass a new Penal Law—the last stillborn child of bigotry. But it was buried on the first occasion, and has been heard of no more. The paroxysm of persecution which threatened to destroy the shepherds and their flocks was destined not to injure the Church, but rather to burn into the minds of the English people a fuller recognition of her presence, and a knowledge of her claims. How calmly and firmly Cardinal Wiseman faced the nation's anger, and with what telling effect he sent to the country his "Appeal to the Common sense of Englishmen," form an episode as honorable to the courage of the Cardinal as it turned out in the end to be creditable to the common-sense of Englishmen. Cardinal Wiseman was a fine Biblical scholar, a theologian and controversialist of the highest merit. He watched and parleyed with the Tractarian or Oxford movement, guiding in some sense the mind of Newman and of many others towards the Church. It was under his aegis that the most remarkable transition during this century from Protestantism to Rome began to set in. He was a prelate of the largest sympathies, and of a broad and highly cultivated and many-sided mind. With an enthusiastic appreciation of art in all its forms and branches, with an extraordinary power as a lecturer of collecting materials, and of throwing them into a rich and harmonious picture upon the canvas, he captivated learned and scientific as well as popular audiences.

Within the short space of fourteen years after the establishment of the hierarchy, he had accomplished his work. He had held the first three Provincial Synods of Westminster; he had become the legislator of our discipline; under his guidance and inspiration the broad and sufficient lines of our National Canon Law were laid, and the English Church is being built upon them to this day. Meanwhile, he had lived down the obloquy and displeasure with which his arrival as Cardinal and founder of the new hierarchy had been greeted. His imposing funeral was the impromptu public testimony to the esteem and honor with which a generous and honest people had learnt to regard him.

Manning closed the eyes of Wiseman after death, and soon after the mantle of Elias fell upon the shoulders of Elisæus. God had raised up another great leader to the Church in England. For forty years I had the privilege of being associated with him on terms of perfect and familiar intimacy—twenty years as a disciple and subject, and twenty years as a colleague in the Episcopate. It is some comfort to me, in the sense of loss which still hangs like a pall over our souls, to think of how much I owe him. To no one, after my own dear father and mother, do I owe so much—more than words or deeds of mine can ever repay. The noble ideals of life which he fostered, the high standard of priestly aim and conduct, the complete consecration of self to the work of the salvation of souls, and singular tact and charity with which he bore and dealt with me in my various failings—this and much more, which is not for public utterances, lies spread like a covering of benefits and charities over twenty years. And during the last twenty years of work by his side in the Episcopate, we have ever been on the most affectionate and intimate terms, freely discussing all matters with that large tolerance which was part of his nature, and closely associated with each other, by convictions as by affection, in a desire to serve our fellow-men? Who could converse with him without being refined? who could live with him without being raised to a higher than his own human platform? Selfishness and greed stood abashed in his presence. The service of God and the love of his neighbour were the key-notes of his life. No man approached him without feeling that his ideal, his standard of life had been sensibly raised for him by the influence of the Cardinal. You know how nobly and disinterestedly he bore himself during the twenty-six years of his Episcopate—so that I need not proceed. It seems to me that he will ever live in the grateful memory of the English Church for two great services, rendered at a time when they were of the highest value—the one within the Church and the other without.

Within the Church, has he not, by his volume on the "Eternal Priesthood," by his exhortations in and out of Synod by his life and conduct, raised our estimate of the office, the dignity and the obligations of the priesthood, to its just and proper level? If the Catholic Church is ever to accomplish her work in England the Eternal Priesthood of Jesus Christ must become visible, audible, tangible, in our works, words and lives. Were priests multiplied by the thousand,

without manifesting in their conduct the character of the Eternal Priesthood, they would never win the English people—they never raise and sustain their own flock. St Francis of Sales used to declare that the sanctification of the priesthood is the reformation of the people. The repeated and persuasive exposition of the noble and divine character of the Christian priesthood, by Cardinal Manning, during his long career as bishop, seems to me to be the greatest of the spiritual services that he rendered to the Church within. Our gratitude is further due to the great champion whom we have lost for another reason,—the effective way in which he continued and completed the work of his eminent Predecessor in breaking down the wall of prejudice that had been built up against us by centuries of misunderstanding and deception. With gifts and facilities all his own—activity of mind, power of speech, admirable tact, and broad human sympathies—he accepted the opportunities as they offered themselves for serving his countrymen. Under his influence fear and distrust began to give way to confidence and love. Englishmen began to recognise that the Catholic Church is not a petrified relic of the early or the middle ages, that she is no foreign institution alienating the affections and services of her followers from the interests of home, and moving about tentatively, furtively, on this English soil of ours, among our own flesh and blood, as though she were a stranger and an alien. On the contrary, people are beginning to suspect, and even to admit, that no institution is more thoroughly in sympathy with all classes of English people than the Catholic Church—that no institution is more deeply interested in the welfare, temporal and spiritual, of the people than this ancient Church of Blessed Peter. This happy change we owe, under God, partly to the light which comes of extended education, and partly to the influence and teaching of the champion whose loss we deplore. I am to well aware that the two great commanding personalities to whose I am called, have left no heir to their surpassing gifts. A Moses and a Josue were not reproductive; nor were those who have preceded me, an Augustine, a Theodore, an Anselm, a Thomas a Becket, in the See of Canterbury, nor are a Wiseman and a Manning in the See of Westminster. These men were all of them able to effect results, single-handed, which smaller figures may never hope to achieve. And yet even here under these evident disadvantages, reason herself comes in to suggest a source of strength, which may make up for many disqualifications and personal shortcomings. That source of strength must be found in a close, ordered, intelligent, and sympathetic union between people, priests, and Bishop. This, I feel sure, will commend itself to your charity—that the weaker I am the more determinee and generous must be your assistance and co-operation.

THE HEROINES OF WALTER SCOTT.

SIXTEEN OUT OF THIRTY OF THE FAIR ONES UNDER TWENTY.

OUT OF 30 of Sir Walter Scott's heroines 16 are described as under 20. Of the other 14 six are undated. This leaves us eight, three of whom are set down as over 20; two start at one side of the line and are carried over to the other; two are by implication rather than by the intention of the author taken out of their "teens," and one, Amy Robsart, is a heroine "of an uncertain age," since she is historically a middle-aged matron and fictitiously a youthful bride. Of the six undated, the presumption is altogether in favor of the earlier age. A member once entertained the club with the statement that nearly all Scott's heroines are motherless.

They are girls who have grown up in the companionship of uncles or fathers, older men, and with an early responsibility of thought and action. They have had to plan their own wardrobes and decide upon their own conduct towards their lovers. Some of them have been behind the scenes of stirring political events. Nearly all have been thrown into situations where they had to think for themselves, to act with decision and in general to fulfil the whole duties of heroines. The heroines of Scott are, some of them, only lay figures but, at least so far as they have character, they are women, and they justify the deeds which are done to win them.—From the *San Francisco Daily Report*.

ARCHBISHOP VAUGHAN AND HIS CRITICS.

He has no lack of them. Mr. Stead led off the chorus of censure against "Herbert of Salford" with the odious compound of patronage and impudence he bestows on notables of all ranks, from the Czar to General Booth. Mr. Stead's critique has been succeeded by that of the *New York Independent*.

"Archbishop Vaughan (it declares) is a very different man from his predecessor. He represents simply the old aristocratic Catholic families of England. In his election the supremacy of the Duke of Norfolk is recognized. The period of the converts and the Tractarian era has come to an end. Old hereditary English Catholicism again asserts itself—the Catholicism that is very aristocratic, very conservative, that takes little interest in social questions, and has no mission for popular reforms."

Well, indeed, may the *Independent's* knowledge be dubbed limited when the most active of England's episcopacy is represented as "tak-

ing little interest in social questions." Education is a social question surely, and there is no man in England more interested, nor, we dare say, more active than Archbishop Vaughan with regard to it. Attention to the poor is undeniably a social question, and all England will bear witness to Dr. Vaughan's activity in this connection. Total abstinence is a social question, and his Grace spoke words at West Gorton, on Sunday, that are strange manifestations of the "little interest" he takes in popular reforms. Will our Protestant neighbors, if they must offer comment on our affairs, take the precaution of informing themselves correctly before they begin. —*Glasgow Observer*.

EXPERIMENTS IN EDUCATION.

Sir James Crichton-Brown has been severely criticised by many of the dailies for this indictment against the modern system of educating girls; but here is his position in his own words, and we think it reasonable, quite apart from his being the highest medical authority on the subject: "I had no wholesale indictment to bring against high schools for girls. But, at the same time, it seems to me these schools have serious drawbacks attending on them, and that their work is apt to involve very grave dangers to health—dangers immediate and prospective—which have not yet been sufficiently appreciated. Two years ago I met in the country a high-school girl who was reading 'Lucretius' for her recreation, but she failed lamentably in the task I prescribed for her—that of boiling a potato. Now I am sure much more of the happiness and wholesomeness of life hinges on the boiling of potatoes than on the interpretation of Lucretius and his dark and doubtful sayings. It is no question of superiority or inferiority of the one sex to the other. Each sex is higher; each is lower; together they make up the perfect whole. Men and women are constitutionally adapted to do different work in the world. To set them to do the same work is wasteful, and detrimental to the sex that is less adapted to it. It is impossible to contemplate with complacency some of the experiments in this direction which are being carried out, and it is impossible to speculate, from a medical point of view, without apprehension what the outcome of such experiments may be, or what high school, and college, and hall education may do for the country in a few generations, if they be pushed on with relentless zeal."

WHAT THE CHURCH HAS DONE.

In reviewing the late Encyclical of our Holy Father, John Ferguson, an eminent Scotch Protestant writer, pays the following deserved tribute to the works of the Church. "To 300,000,000—a fourth of the world's population—the glorious words of 'Holy Father, by Divine Providence, Pope Leo XIII., on the conditions of labor,' come with an authority which commands the highest respect. To Protestants like myself they come as the words of a grand old man, as echoes of the Mount of Olives, endorsing the economies of our highest scientists. It is no new thing for Rome at important crises to assert the liberty of humanity. Whilst I claim to be just as staunch a Protestant as any of those who delight to talk of the 'Inquisition,' and 'St. Bartholomew,' and 'the opposition of the Catholic Church to education,' I cannot lose sight of the first fifteen centuries of our era, during which Rome marshalled the forces of civilization, and directed them, on the whole, well. It was no easy task to destroy the fighting and plundering instincts of the fierce nations of nomads who broke up the Roman Empire; no easy task to create habits of industry in tribes as unused to such as the Red Indians of our day, and who possessed what the Indians do not, the might to take. No selfish pleasure to go, as the missionary did, alone into Scythia, Numidia, Gaul, or Scandinavia to teach doctrines that were an abomination to those countries of blood and slaughter; yet the Catholic priest confronted Attila, standing alone in his presence with as bold a non possumus as to-day he confronts a Bismarck. It was the Catholic Church won Magna Charta, of which England is so proud. It was Rome that in the feudal times curbed the lawless might of kings and barons, when earthly power failed to shield innocence from irresponsible strength, then 'the curse of Rome' was hurled, and, though the criminal wore a crown, he was humbled in the dust. Rome covered Europe with halls of learning; Rome turned savages into Christian nations. Rome gave lessons in democracy, for she admitted serfs to her priesthood, and Norman nobles, who would not eat with Saxon gentlemen, were obliged to confess their sins to Saxon peasant priests. Rome ignored the hereditary principle. The Pope King was elected. Rome assumed all men to have equal rights to national opportunities, a Saxon blacksmith's son was elected in the darkest of the ages sovereign Pontiff. And Rome gave mere martyrs to the stake, more patriots to nationhood, more lives to sanctity, more self sacrifice to philanthropy and more intellect to philosophy than all other churches. "As a student of history, I am bound to observe the wonderful power of adaptation this great Church organization has to the needs of different races and ages, and to rejoice that it has to-day unfurled a flag which will float in the van of nations, and behind which millions of Protestants, like myself, will be proud to march."

A RELIC OF ST. ANN, MARVELLOUS CURES.

FROM THE *New York World* MAY 19, 1892.

This is the last day that the precious relic of St. Ann, the Mother of the Virgin, will be exposed at the little Church of St. John Baptiste in East 76th street. Yesterday it was roughly estimated that 25,000 people flocked to the sanctuary to kiss the glass which covers the casket. To-morrow Monsignor Marquis will take the sacred fragment to Quebec where it will be exhibited to the faithful during the consecration of Monsignor Labrecque's Bishop. After that it will be placed in its shrine in the Church of Beauport.

The *World* from day to day has told of many of the cures the blessed fragment is said to have brought about. Here is another. John Farley lives at 59 East 95th street. He is 28 years of age and a plumber. Seven years ago he was stricken by an acute spinal disease. Since then he has been almost helpless. No doctors he claims, have been able to put him on his feet again. The day before yesterday his two brothers took him to kiss the relic. They had to carry him from the corner to the steps of the church. When he reached the altar the sacred relic was rubbed against his forehead and his spine and was placed to his lips. Remarkable as it may seem, young Farley was able to leave the church with almost no aid from his brothers and was able to walk home without assistance.

Policeman George F. Thomas of Captain Schmittberger's precinct knows Farley. He saw the invalid carried to the church and saw him leave it alone fifteen minutes later, without help. This story is vouched for by all Farley's other friends.

About 2 p.m. when the crowd was the densest in front of the little church, a hack drawn by two milk-white horses dashed through the crowd up to the curb in front of the church. Willing hands opened the coach-door and three well-dressed ladies, two young and fair and one middle aged woman, who seemed to be their mother, alighted. One of the young ladies was on crutches and appeared to be labouring under a most painful lameness of the legs. As she alighted the crowd parted and made way for the young women. As she painfully toiled up the few steps in front of the church she turned and looked at the crowd, which was watching her in respected silence. Her face showed traces of suffering. As she disappeared through the doorway one old woman said, "Poor dear, I hope she may be cured."

"Who is she?" was asked by fifty voices at once from the hackman.

He did not know, further than that he had brought the three women from the Troy boat.

Suddenly there was a commotion at the side door of the church, and in a moment the young woman who had gone in one crutches a few moments before came out without them, walking with apparent ease, and leaning upon the arm of her companion. Behind them came the elder woman, carrying the crutches.

As she, who had been halt and lame, but whose faith had saved her, stepped upon the sidewalk the crowd surged about her, strong men and weak women struggling to touch her with the tips of their fingers. She turned about first from one side and then to another, her face beautiful and fair fairly transfigured, and spoke kindly words to all, after which she stepped into the carriage with her companions and was driven away.

The young woman was a Mary Nelson of Troy. Her lameness came from an injury which had caused a white swelling on one of her legs several years before.

Ida Sheehan of 186 South fourth Street, Brooklyn, is said to have been almost instantly cured by touching the relic. Miss Sheehan is 17 years of age. According to her story, seven years ago she began to be troubled by a rumbling in her left ear, which as she characterizes it, "sounded like the thumping of a hammer on a boiler." For fourteen months the young girl suffered terrible agony. The pains in her ear at that time ceased, but she was left completely deaf. The portion of her neck from the lower part of the ear to the throat had become badly swollen. Specialists called in could not understand the case and at the ear clinic in 85th street Miss Sheehan was told that an operation would have to be performed before a correct diagnosis could be made.

A few days ago she read about the wonderful cures that were reported through a touching of the relic of St. Ann. Yesterday she went to the church herself and had it applied to her ears.

"No sooner was this done," said Miss Sheehan, "than I was conscious of hearing the whispering of the women about me. When I came out of the church I felt dazed. I heard plainly the rumble of the wagons and the voice of people about me distinctly. When I got home my parents were amazed when they found I could hear all they said. A strange thing, too, was the fact that the swelling has entirely disappeared. I can attribute my cure only to the divine power of the relic."

Right Rev. Bishop McDonnell of Brooklyn took his place in the file on Thursday among the lame, the halt, and the blind, and kissed the relic.

Perhaps the most remarkable cure reported to have been effected through the veneration of the relic is that of Mrs. Rhoda Elizabeth White, of No. 878 St. Nicholas avenue.

It was Mrs. White who, as the friend of President Lincoln, advised him to send Archbishop Hughes in the summer of 1861 as a secret ambassador to Napoleon III, and to the Supreme Pontiff. Mgr. Bernard O'Reilly, formerly domestic prelate to Leo XIII., gave me this recital of Mrs. White's cure;—

"For twenty years," said he, "my sister has suffered from constantly increasing deafness. I could not make her hear without shouting. In the early part of December last she had the grip, and all the winter she was too ill to leave her house. She was growing worse, and latterly she could not turn over in bed without the aid of two servants. She was afflicted with insomnia and we were afraid she would lose her reason. The relic was taken to her bedside on May 4, and the Sunday after she was taken to the Church of St. Jean Baptiste. That night she enjoyed sweet slumber. In the morning she arose perfectly well, her hearing being restored."

There are five sets of crutches stacked against the wall of the altar recess in the Church of St. Jean Baptiste which were discarded by persons who had kissed the relic and said they were cured of lameness; also several pairs of spectacles left at the altar by others whose sight had been strengthened.

Monsignor Marquis arrived in Quebec, Canada on the evening of the 21st inst, with the relic of St. Ann. Monsignor Marquis visited the shrine of St. Ann, twenty-six miles from Quebec, where there is great anxiety to see and venerate the relic. The date of its public reception has not yet been fixed. It may be postponed till July 26, St. Ann's day.

A LIFE LESSON,

Educated in a store, Mr. Elliotson had no ability for obtaining a support for his family beyond what such an education gave him. He was a good accountant, and had a clear, strong mind. To any one keeping a store, who needed assistance, he would have been invaluable. But no one in the village was in want of assistance.

With a family of four children, the situation of Mr. Elliotson was painful in the extreme. The rigor of the law had left him but a poor remnant of the household furniture, and with this he was about moving into a small cottage, at half the rent he was paying for the comfortable home in which he had lived for ten years.

Just at this crisis, intelligence was received that the Legislature of the State had approved an application that had been made to charter a banking institution, to be located in the village. Books for a subscription to the capital stock were immediately opened, and the amount required by the charter obtained in a few days.

As soon as it was known that the bank would go into operation, the friends of Mr. Elliotson made a movement to get him appointed cashier. He was looked upon as the very man, and some of the stockholders went so far as to say, that it was fortunate for the institution that he happened to be out of business. Twelve directors were chosen in due course, and then there came an election of officers and clerks, to conduct the regular business. There were many applicants for these situations. Prominent, for the office of cashier, stood the name of Mr. Elliotson. On the day that the directors met, this unfortunate individual had but five dollars left, and, beyond the hoped-for appointment, no apparent resource in the world. It is no matter of wonder that his mind was in a state of great anxiety and suspense. His friends had assured him that he would certainly get the appointment; but the necessities of his circumstances were too pressing to allow these assurances to give him full confidence in the result of the election. If, by any mishap, he should not be appointed, he knew not which way to turn to keep his family from want.

Among the directors chosen to represent the interests of the stockholders was Gage, the carpenter, who was a man of some property, and had subscribed quite liberally to the stock. When Mr. Elliotson was proposed to the meeting as cashier, Gage became restless.

"He is the very man," said one.

"We can't possibly do better," said another.

"There isn't a name on the list of applicants comparable to his," remarked a third.

And every man spoke in his favor except Gage, who remained silent. Just as they were about balloting, the carpenter said that he was sorry to be compelled to object to Mr. Elliotson, but duty constrained him to do so. And then he related the little circumstance already known to the reader. He ended by saying:

"This may seem a trifling matter, gentlemen. But it is in trifles that we see most clearly a man's real character. It shows that there is a lack of integrity in his heart. I feel pained in making this revelation, but duty compels me to do so. I would not be true to the trust that has been reposed in me, were I to withhold from this board a fact that may deeply affect the interests that they are bound to protect.

Surprise kept all silent for some moments.

"It is not possible that you may have been mistaken?" was at length asked by a member of the board.

"No sir. I saw the thing done as clearly I ever saw anything in my life. To make sure, however, I examined and found the lime in an out-house

(To be continued)

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY.

The Capital Prize \$15,000 Won By A Poor Girl.

The Capital prize \$15,000.00 4th of May Drawing, " Province of Quebec Lottery " was won by Miss May Donovan, 113 Dufresne Street, Montreal.

Dame Fortune was not blind. for once. This fortune could not have fallen into better hands.

Miss Donovan belongs to a poor but highly respectable family. The father, now dead, was one of the good parishioners of Reverend J. J. Salmon, parish priest of St. Mary's, Craig Street, who takes pleasure in recalling the merits of this good man.

The mother left a widow, dependent mostly for a living on her daughter's daily labor. She, bestowing on her mother all the care that her feeble resources permitted and very often she wished to be able to do more. It was for this end that she deprived herself in order to buy a lottery ticket, not however without adding a fervent prayer. Her hopes were not in vain as we may see.

She presented herself this morning at the Lottery's Office accompanied by her mother and Reverend Father Salmon.

The prize was paid her at once as the two following certificates may show.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY.

CERTIFICATE MONTREAL, 6th May, 1892

of the bearer of Ticket No. 18458 \$15,000.00

DRAWING OF MAY 4TH, 1892.

I the undersigned do hereby certify that on presentation of my ticket No. 18458 which drew the first capital prize \$15,000.00 at the Drawing of May 4th instant of the Province of Quebec Lottery, I have at once been paid.

Witnesses AIME MATHIEU LOUIS PERRAULT

MARY DONOVAN, 113 Dufresne St., Montreal.

CERTIFICATE OF REVEREND J. S. SALMON.

I the undersigned, Cure, of St. Mary's Church, Craig Street, Montreal, do hereby certify that the above prize has been paid this day in my presence to Miss Mary Donovan.

MONTREAL, 9th May, 1892

Witnesses AIME MATHIEU LOUIS PERRAULT

(signed) JOHN J. SALMON, P. P. St. Mary's "LA PRESSE," Montreal, 6th May, 1892.

The Province of Quebec Lottery

AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE

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

BI-MONTHLY DRAWINGS FOR THE YEAR 1892

7 and 20 January, 3 and 17 February, 2 and 16 March, 6 and 20 April, 4 and 18 May, 1 and 15 June, 6 and 20 July, 3 and 17 August, 7 and 21 September, 5 and 19 October, 2 and 16 November, 7 and 21 December.

3134 PRIZES

WORTH \$52,740.00

CAPITAL PRIZE

WORTH \$15,000.00

TICKET, . . . \$1.00

do - - - 25 Cts.

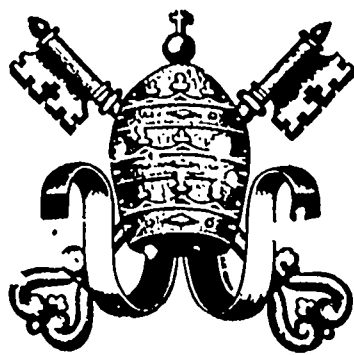
Ask for circulars.

LIST OF PRIZES.

Table with 3 columns: Prize number, Prize worth, and Approximation Price.

3134 Prizes worth \$52,740

S. E. LEFEBVRE, MANAGER, 81 St. James St.,



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All kinds of Vestments and CHURCH ORNAMENTS

1645 NOTRE DAME ST MONTREAL.

ST. LEON WATER

SAFE AS MILK

And must be used freely for a spell, especially in chronic cases, as no good can result until the deadly obstructions, putrid waste and blood poisons are removed.

Drink, drink drink from early morn till night, especially on retiring, dose, one cup or goblet every hour, or at proper intervals, to regulate.

Try St. Leon, cold, hot, or mixed with milk, also make warm injections of this water which are highly beneficial. Head Office, 101 1/2 King St. West, Yonge street Flower Depot, 164 Yonge St.



The Cod That Helps to Cure The Col. The disagreeable taste of the COD LIVER OIL is dissipated in

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil with HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA. The patient suffering from CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, COUGH, COLD, OR WASTING DISEASES, takes the remedy as he would take milk. A perfect emulsion, and a wonderful flesh producer. Take no other. All Druggists, 50c., 1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

Mrs. Wislaw's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Wislaw's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind colic, softens the gums and reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Wislaw's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the most and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Wislaw's SOOTHING SYRUP."

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of May 1892, mails close and are due as follows:

Table with columns for City, Close time, and Due time.

English mails close on Monday and Thursday at 4 and 10 p.m., and on Saturdays at 7 p.m. The following are the dates of English mails for May: 2, 3, 5, 7, 9, 12, 14, 16, 19, 21, 23, 25, 27, 30.

There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Savings Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such branch post office. T. C. PATTERSON, P.M.

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And other Rubber Goods Repaired -H. J. LA FORCE- Fine Boots and Shoes Made to Order 25 Church St. - - - -or of Queen

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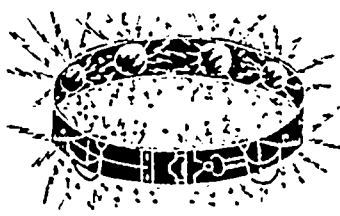
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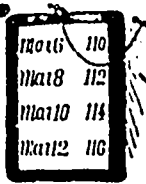
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