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

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Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, Sept. 27, 1890.

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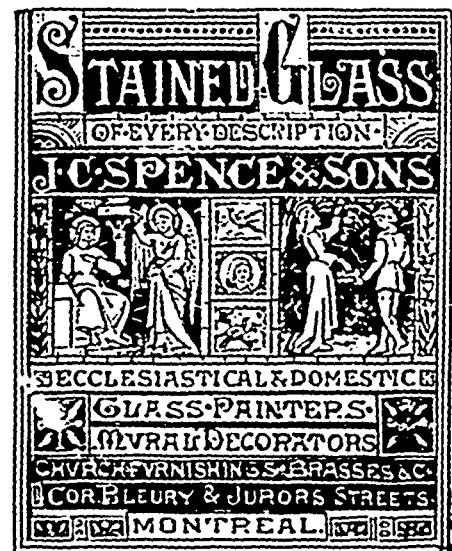
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Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, Sept. 27, 1890.

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Notes.

IN another column will be found an article on the gains of the Church in England, which will well repay perusal. It comes as a strong corroboration of the editorial in *THE REVIEW* of last week on the "Counter-Reformation."

THE Rev. Sidney Benson Thorpe, a nephew of the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose reception into the Catholic Church we referred to a week ago, attributes his conversion to the effect produced upon him by a diligent study of the works of Cardinal Newman.

THE *London Universe*, commenting on the question of Cardinal Taschereau's precedence, says that it does not take any overwhelming interest in contentions about ecclesiastical precedence, and that it is not a subject of vital importance. Still it believes when a right does exist it is bigotry or insolence to assail it. According to its notions of etiquette wherever the Cardinal sits, when but one Cardinal is present, there, on the principle of the Highland chieftain, is the head of the table. "Fancy," it says, "a Ximenes or a Mazarin being asked to play second fiddle to an Admiral Timbertoes or a General Borum."

THE recent revelations concerning Boulanger's relations with the French Royalists do not tend to heighten human belief in the honesty of politicians. The Republican and the Man of the People, of a few months ago, is now alleged to have been regularly in the pay of the Royalists. The price he demanded for his services was a yearly donation, it is said, of £8000, the title of a Duke, and the Marshal's baton. The game of politics in France, is largely the game of intrigue, and it really seems, as one London journal puts it, that, all said and done, the most unselfish man in French affairs is the old Marshal with Irish blood in his veins.

WE are sometimes told in certain quarters that the religious question which weighs so heavily upon us in Canada would be lifted if once we were united to the neighbouring States. Professor Goldwin Smith, for ex-

ample, has repeatedly put this forward as the solution of the race and creed problem of the country. But the facts which our readers will find noted in an article in this issue on the position and future of the Church in America, do not seem to confirm that opinion. In no other land has the Church made such rapid growth; no where else is it more in touch with the genius and national life of the people. "The Church of America," says Cardinal Gibbons, "must be, of course, as Catholic as the Church of Jerusalem, or of Rome; but as far as her garments assume colour from the local atmosphere, she must be American. Let no one dare paint her brow with foreign tint, or pin to her mantle foreign linings." Such utterances as these may explain the acceptance by so large a portion of the American people of the spiritual government of the Holy See, to some who have hitherto affected to regard it as unintelligible.

A GREAT Catholic Congress for the consideration of the Social Question, met last week, under the benediction of the Pope, at Liege. The Holy Father in his letter said that the question was engaging his earnest attention. "We are applying ourselves" he wrote "with all the more solicitude because a number of men who boast of being the friends of the people are translating into facts, to the great detriment of the public good, doctrines which have their root in falsehood." Letters were also addressed to the Congress by Cardinals Manning, Mermillod, and Gibbons. Cardinal Manning in his letter said that as socialists had declared Catholicism to be the irreconcilable enemy, it rested upon Catholics to prove that the Church is the guardian mother of Social Justice. The Cardinal's letter, is, in fact, a bold and remarkable document, for in it he alone, of all the voices heard in the Congress, proposed a distinct remedy. The Cardinal contends for State regulation of the working day, and of the sex and age of the workers; and he favours, in disputes between employer and workman, the reference of their contentions to Councils of Arbitration freely appointed by both parties.

THE last words of the Cardinal deserve to be read. He said: I believe it will be forever impossible to establish securely harmonious relations between employers and workmen until there shall be publicly recognized, fixed, and settled, a proper and just rule of profits and salaries—a law for the regulation of all free contracts between capital and labour. Further, inasmuch as values are subject, in commerce, to fluctuations, all free contracts should be submitted to periodical revision, in order to preserve the original reciprocal agreement. And this condition should be inserted into the contract itself." The *Weekly Register*, speaking of the Cardinal's letter, says that it was the best possible engine for clearing the minds of the Congressmen of the cant of phrases. Some were struck to silence; others vociferously cheered; but all felt that at least a proposal had been made. Amid the aimlessness of rhetoric and the inevitable platitudes of debate, the Cardinal intervened with a frank and bold proposition which went into actual details, and invited to definite decision.

CATHOLIC GROWTH IN ENGLAND.

A MIGHTY ROLL OF BRILLIANT CONVERTS IN FIFTY YEARS.

The following interesting article on the progress of the Church in England is from the *London Tablet*, the first of English Catholic papers:

Until the sea give up the dead that are in it, no rendering up shall be quite so marvellous as that made by Protestantism to Catholicity during the last fifty years. From the Dead Sea of Anglicanism have arisen, in that period, multitudes to be the passengers and the mariners of St. Peter's bark. Not few in number nor insignificant in position are these; but the flower of Anglican manhood, and the pink of Anglican womanly perfection. Dignitaries of the State Church—archdeacons more than half-way up the hill to fat bishoprics, the families of the men who were decked in purple and dined in kings' houses; the men who, like Newman and Manning as rulers, not of a diocese, but of the whole Anglican body; the common clergy in their hundreds; the gentle and the simple among the laity; the consistently pious and penitent; the man of fine literary gifts and the man for whom literature is nothing but a name, artists, architects, musicians, poets, painters and dramatists, besides parsons and lawyers, scientists and statesmen.

Even we who mingle in the throng may hardly know its meaning or its magnitude. We catch the faces that are near us, but the great crowd is as little expressive as are rows of cabbage heads. Types, however, we may take almost-at random, to tell the tale: types which are mostly heroic through myriad variations of temperament and achievement; types of martyrs many of them; and all alike offering, amid other mutations, one concordant act of faith in a divine guide, and all bound together, by old threads and new, in a universal brotherhood of man.

Fifty years ago the flowing tide was not with us. From the hour of the "Reformation" individual converts were made; in twos and threes they entered the ark. The Hon. Gilbert Talbot was a marked man when he crossed the Rubicon at the end of the thirties. Very early in the forties the converts included a popular young Evangelical preacher in London, who had been a fellow of Magdalene College, Oxford, Richard Waldo Sibthorp.

Forty-five years have gone since Newman abjured the State religion—"not," as he wrote to a friend, "not from disappointment or impatience, but because I think the Church of Rome the Catholic Church, and ours not a part of the Catholic Church, because not in communion with Rome, and because I feel that I could not honestly be a teacher in it any longer." Even Newman was not despaired of until he cuttingly declared: "The thought of the Anglican service makes me shiver and the thought of the Thirty-nine Articles makes me shudder. Return to the Church of England? No! 'The net is broken and we are delivered.' I should be a consummate fool (to use a mild term), if in my old age I left the land flowing with milk and honey, for the city of confusion and the house of bondage."

Within a month of Newman's secession came that of his "acolyte" Frederick Faber. The 16th of November, 1845, was the last Sunday on which he officiated in his church at Elton—that church in which he had almost torn out his heart to offer it to his Redeemer, that he might know the Divine way and work the Divine will. At Even song that day the rusties, whom he had tempted to church by cricket in the rectory grounds between the two services, had a still greater surprise. The brilliant young rector, in broken tones, told them that the doctrines he had taught them, though true, were not those of the Church of England, and that consequently he must go where truth was to be found. Next day saw him received into the Church by Bishop Wareing, of Northampton, and when he was confirmed, he felt himself, like the Apostles at Pentecost, permeated by the sensible presence of the Holy Ghost.

Six years later came what we might call the other boom among the conversions of the half century.

Archdeacon Manning, with his brother-in-law, Henry Wilberforce, aided by Mr. Gladstone, had drawn up a manifesto against the continuance of Mr. Gorham in his ministry, after what was, in effect, a denial on his part of belief in bap-

tismal regeneration. Thirteen names were appended to the manifesto; and seven of them translated within a brief space their words into deeds when the Anglican Church remained dumb under "the abandonment of one of its Articles." These seven were Manning, R. I. Wilberforce, Henry Wilberforce, Dodsworth, Cavendish, Badely and Hope-Scott. Mr. Gladstone, when he heard that Manning and Hope-Scott had really gone, said he felt as if he had lost his two eyes. Bishop Selwyn was apostolically broken-hearted about Manning. "He might have been the Xavier of the English Church," he said. But he for whom Anglicans, lay and clerical, lamented, what said he, himself? "I feel," he said, "as if I had no desire unfulfilled, but to persevere in what God has given me for His Son's sake."

Others amongst the converts are scattered over London and over England. The salt of the earth, they have made fruitful a land they found barren; Bishops like Cossin, of Southwark; Patterson, of Orders and Superiors of communities; and chief priests of large churches, such as Father Sebastian Bowden, of the Oratory; Father Lockhart, at St. Etheldreda's; Father Purbrick, among the Jesuits; Mgr. Moore, at the Pro-Cathedral; Father Kirk, at St. Mary of the Angels; Father Bampfield, at Barnet; preachers and teachers, like Anderden; Coleridge, Rivington, Garside; Stevenson, Macmullen, Maskell, Christie, Ornsby, Tickell, Richards, Akers, Morris, Bridgett, and Porter (afterwards Archbishop of Bombay). But our columns might be filled and good names remain behind.

Not in the ecclesiastical world only have these mannered us. From Lucas down to Banken, every editor of this paper has been a convert—the record being broken by the present occupant of its editorial chair. Of the paper's sub-editors almost the same record can be made. The *Dublin Review* reached its zenith under a convert, Dr. W. G. Ward; the *Month* and *Merry England* have, so far as we remember, known no others as editors. The Catholic publishing firms have a similar derivation: Mr. Burns was a convert, and so also was Mr. Oates; so is Mr. Washburne. The Secretary of the Catholic Union is a convert; so is one of the Secretaries of the Truth Society; so is the founder of the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom, Father Philip Fletcher and his right hand man, Mr. Lister Drummond; so, too, is the leading spirit of St. Anselm's Society; and so the Secretary of the Poor-School Committee, Mr. Allies. True, there was not much, from a worldly point of view, even in these posts and tasks, to tempt the Anglican parson to relinquish his place.

In fifties these ex-clergymen have gone into professions and trades—toilsomely beginning a new life at an age when they might think of rest and reward. Barff became a professor of chemistry, and a great discoverer in that capacity; Mr. Freeman quarries marble; Mr. Gresiam Wells is at the Bar; Mr. Bliss searches the archives of Rome for the British Government; Mr. Marshall and Dr. Maziere Grady and Mr. Little have done journalism; Mr. Bedford, Mr. Cansby, Mr. Humbybun, and scores of others teach; Mr. New became a solicitor before he became a priest; Mr. Aymer Valance advises and writes on decoration; Mr. Rose disguised himself as "Arthur Sketchley," and Mr. Walford as an Editor of Peetrages. Others have become Consuls in foreign parts; and others inspectors of schools, and these have no better model than Mr. Scott Nasym Stokes. These are a few names and cases which come to mind as illustrations of the careers chosen by these exiles of conscience. Others of them, with that inaptitude which is no shame, but rather a sign of predestination to the cleric, have failed to get a footing on the road to secular success. Opulent ones, they now live on incomes not larger than those of artisans, silent martyrs in an age of noisy needs.

The Anglican rectories thus emptied of their pious folk were soon refilled. Patrons had no difficulty in naming successors to those who fled. Some churches indeed, and some districts were affected more than others. St. Saviour's at Leeds, for instance, was started under Dr. Pusey's direct auspices to show that High Churchism was a really workable religion; and the pick of Oxford's zealous young men in Orders were sent down to do wonders among the manufacturing population. No fewer than seven of these chosen ones were

received into the Catholic Church by one man in one year—the man Newman, and the year 1851. In London the Church of All Saints, Margaret Street, yielded as large a harvest, including Oakeley, Garside, Cavendish, Verney, Brown-Cave Nichols, Biddleston, Hunnybun, Gresham Wells, and Orby Shipley. In many cases Anglican Sisterhoods “went over” with the chaplains, and members of congregations with their clergy. Sometimes it happened that the ex-parson returned as a priest to the scene of his former pastoral labours, and reconciled many a laggard to the Church. Canon Shortland, for instance, was first a Protestant curate in Penzance, and then for half a lifetime a devoted Catholic priest. Some of those left their livings quietly, and dropped at once out of the world’s ken. Over others a keen controversy raged. Some were abused, some scolded, some mocked, and others decently mourned.

Mr. James Anthony Froude in his story—but it is not history—of converts (and these include a brother, nephews and nieces of his own) is scornful, and he lets the readers know it. The seed sown by Cardinal Newman, he says, “is still growing, chiefly in families of the better classes, as they are called among people who have money enough to live upon and nothing to do. The movement towards the Church has affected at present the idle and the ignorant, has left untouched the industrious and the intelligent. Great lords and ladies, weary of the emptiness of their lives, have gone to the Church of Rome for a new sensation.”

It would be difficult to pen sentences less adequate or more grotesque. Such censures have been also inspirations and mandates to “great lords and ladies” without number.

The Marquis of Ripon, who has ruled India; Lord Bury, who gave good service, was rendered undesirable only by the multitude and the magnitude of his other occupations; Lord Emly, a Postmaster-General, Lord Lyons, the best ambassador of modern times; these are our “idle and ignorant ones.”

Nor, leaving official life, need we blush for the empty days of “great lords,” from the Marquis of Bute, whose diligence as a student is illustrated by a dozen volumes in a difficult department of learning, to the Earl of Ashburnham, or to Lord Bray. They who have turned aside from the pride of life which they had the means and the temptation to gratify, and who, if only as private citizens, with rare devotion to duty, are not among the least meritorious of mankind. Many names occur: The late Earls of Gainsborough and Dunraven, the present Earl of Denbigh, Lord North, Lord Henry Kerr, Lord Charles Thynne, Sir Paul Molesworth, Sir John Croker Barrow, Sir Richard Hungerford Pollen, Sir William Percival Heathcote (Kebles patron) Sir Vere de Vere, Sir Philip Rose, Mr. Wegg Prosser (who represented Herefordshire in Parliament), and Sir John Simeon (who represented the Isle of Wight); the Hon. Colin Lindsay, a former President of the English Church Union; and hundreds more to stand beside.

But women as well as men are indicted by Mr. Froude. They, too, have sought for “new sensations.” Yes “new sensations” in the slums of London had a Marchioness of Londonderry and a Marchioness of Lothair; “new sensations” in days of labour with the pen had Lady Georgia Fullerton and Lady Herbert of Lea and Lady Gertrude Douglas, who have done much to fill the purse which feeds the poor; “new sensations” in abasements and denials and sacrifices, if not sought, have not been shirked by convert Duchesses of Norfolk, of Argyll, of Athole, of Buccleugh, of Hamilton, and of Newcastle. Every grade of the peerage yields similar illustrations of a love of lowliness in an environment of splendor.

The reproach made against Christianity in St. Paul’s days, and against Catholicity within our own—that it appeals only to the uneducated and the superstitious—led him to point to Demaris then, and leads us to point to Duchesses now. Then, as now, it was the common people most of all, who heard the word gladly. These are received into the Church in their thousands every year. The converts who can be given in such lists as “Rome’s Recruits” bear to these the relation, as has been well said, which the *Court Guide* bears to the people of England. But the names of the greater people of England no book can hold; nor would the greater part of them,

even if accessible and wieldy, illustrate the point which an article of this sort seeks to prove. In one sense the Church needs not such witnesses as have the ear of the world; but she needs to be equal to their needs—to the needs of all. Could the religion that is Catholic deny itself even to the wandering woman of the world? Ask the Cardinal-Archbishop, bending with benedictions over the death-bed of Florence, Marchioness of Waterford.

We have left ourselves little space to study other phases of the light poured from the heavens upon this great wave of conversions and reflected all around.

There is hardly a family that has not contributed a member, or many members to the household of Faith. Take the names most familiar and sonorous to English ears: Nelson is the nearest still to the heart of the nation; and three of the present Earl Nelson’s sons are among the recent converts. Wilberforce is a word to conjure by; it stands for unselfish devotion to the public good; and three sons of the Parliamentary Apostle of the Emancipation of the slaves became Catholics, throughout life following in all unworldliness the example of a father who refused Pitt’s offer of an earldom. Even his son Samuel, whom an Anglican Bishopric detained, contributed a daughter and son-in-law to the Church. A granddaughter of Wesley became a Catholic; and so did a daughter of the Rev. John Owen, the founder of the Bible Society. Sir Walter Scott’s descendants are Catholic; his daughter’s daughter having joined the religion which he offered to a generation that is gone. And in a grand-daughter (of whom he was not worthy), Lord Byron, too, has his representative in the Church, Lady Anne Blunt. Mr. Arkwright, of Sutton Scarsdale, is a direct descendant of the inventor of the spinning jenny. The Bar gave us Badeley, Hope-Scott, Bellasis. Sir George Bower and (only the other day) Sir W. C. Petherham, Chief Justice of Calcutta; but its greatest names are represented in our ranks. Lord Kenyon gives us a grandson in Mr. John Kenyon, K. S. G.; and Lord Ellenborough a son in the Hon. William Towry Law; Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, Lord Chancellor Selbourne, and Lord Chancellor Westbury, have convert brothers. Mr. Gladstone and Earl Granville gave each a sister; so did Mr. Speaker Brand; and Mr. Speaker Peel gives consins. The Bishop of Rochester’s only son is a Catholic; and so is a son of Bishop Bromby. Rev. D. Lee has a Catholic wife and son. Nearly every Bishop has near relatives on the roll; and many a minister has a wife or children—whom he perhaps drops at the door of the Catholic Church on Sunday morning, when he goes on his way, a little wearily, to his own pulpit.

We have given names which stand for learning and labour. And for each letter of them we could give new names to slay over and over again the already slain. Mr. Froude sits down in the same club with Mr. Aubrey de Vere; and does he know what great literary traditions and what great performance, too, are the inheritance and the bad earnings of him whose praises have been sung by poets from Landor to Swinburne. Mr. Froude reads *Punch*, and has heard, perhaps, that Mr. Burnand’s many activities include the control of a paper from whose staff, forty years ago, Dickey Doyle retired rather than travesty truth. Miss Adelaide Procter made verses, and Mr. Coventry Patmore is a poet greater than his time. Dr. St. George Mivart’s name needs no blush among scientists; nor Lady Butler’s among painters, nor Pugin’s among architects, nor Mrs. Bancroft’s on the stage.

All these have cast the dye and parcelled out the day. Overcoming the timidity and the inertia which persuaded Keble that, though he saw not the way out of the controversy with Rome, he ought to stay where Providence placed him (and it might have been in a synagogue), these, and their comrades, bravely thought and bravely did. They saw great responsibilities ahead of them, and they did not quail. Not that first day’s work only, dread as it might be, was in the heart of the neophyte. As one of their own poets has sung:

‘Who knows what days I answer for to-day?
Giving the bud, I give the flower I bow
This yet unfaded, and a faded, brow;
Bending these knees, and feeble knees, I pray.

"Oh, rash! (I smile) as one, when spring is gray,
Who dedicates a hand of hidden wheat.
I fold to-day, at altars far apart,
Hands trembling with what falls apart? In their retreat
I sign my love to come, my folded art,
I light the tapers at my head and feet,
And lay the crucifix on this silent heart.

SOME OXFORD REMINISCENCES OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

HERE in the glacier valley of the Selkirks, ringed round by a dozen great glaciers, and under the shadow of Sir Donald, piercing the very sky with his only once ascended pyramid, the news comes to me that John Henry Newman is dead. The ocean and the Rocky mountains and a dozen years lie between me and the Oxford where I met him; but I can see every line in that venerable face as distinctly as I can see the monarchs of the Selkirks, Sir Donald, MacDonald, the Hermit, Cheops, the Eagle Crag, and Ross's Peak.

The night I met Newman was the first night he had spent in Oxford, since nearly forty years before he forsook the church of his fathers for the church of his forefathers. He came back to his old college and my old college, Trinity, at the special invitation of its broad-minded dons, who had just previously evidenced their disregard of religious tests by electing a professed Jew to a scholarship. The first thing he did was to visit his old tutor, still, after so many years, in residence. Sixty-one years before, when John Henry Newman was elected to a scholarship at Trinity, he had been put under the tutelage of Thomas Short, and now when he came back to Oxford under such different circumstances, Mr. Short was still in the same old rooms, though, of course, no longer doing any work, and arrived at the ripe age of eighty-eight. That day I discovered the angel that I had been entertaining unawares (and in my absence). The college messenger, who was a great character in his way, came to me just before dinner and said:

"Grand company you've been having in your rooms this afternoon, Mr. Sladen."

"Indeed," I replied; "I didn't know it. I've been down at the Butts all the afternoon."

"Oh yes," he said; "there was Nooman, and Neville, and the President, and the Vice-President, and the Bursar, and the Dean; they were half an hour there."

"The mischief they were!" I thought. For my rooms were studded at every point with representations of the female form divine, the beauties of my private acquaintance, and the creations of art—in all gradations of dress and undress, not to mention a stupendous litter of guns, rifles, cartridges, rockets, gloves, cricket bats, bottles of Bass, shells, letters, manuscripts, pewter and silver cups, school and university caps, bills—in a word, rooms about as unsuggestive of a scholar of the college as could well be found.

The messenger pursued the topic: "When the President looked at your pictures, sir, he *coughed*;" and that little dry cough of President W——'s meant volumes.

"And the President's compliments, sir, and would you go to his house at seven to meet Father Nooman, sir."

Well, messenger, what did Father Newman come to my rooms for? Mr. Cameron's were his old rooms."

(These were the rooms immediately above, which college tradition undisputed had assigned to Newman).

As soon as he had seen Mr. Short, sir, he says to the President: "Now, I'll go and see my old rooms," and he went straight to your rooms. The President says: "We thought the rooms above were yours. But Nooman says: 'No. My rooms were paneled,' which settles the fact, because these are the only paneled rooms on No. 7 staircase."

So mine were the rooms in which Newman spent his undergraduate days, from that eager boyhood to that rare manhood—the sitting-room, a long, low room about seventeen feet long by thirteen feet wide, by eight feet high, looking over the gardens of Balliol, in those days before Balliol had thought of her new hall or her new quadrangle; the bedroom a room about thirteen feet square: lighted by a window that cut off one corner of the room from top to bottom

and commanded a view of the famous lime-walk and broad mossy lawns of Trinity's gardens, with the great park gates given by one of her sons when he became Prime Minister of England, that ill-fated Lord North who lost the thirteen colonies.

That evening I met Newman. He had asked to be allowed to spend it with undergraduates; so about a dozen of us, all "scholars," were invited to meet him—he had made a special request that the man who had his old rooms should be one of them.

A little, old shrunken man, shrunken in figure as in face, with a feeble gait—this was one impression—the other was vast intellect, infinite tenderness, keen interest. His voice was soft and low, a winning smile was ever on his lips, and his humility utterly humiliated one. I made some statement which he considered incorrect. "I should have thought otherwise," he said simply; "but you are young and in the world and have more opportunities of acquiring the most recent information."

I was marvellously fortunate that night. When Newman seated himself among us, he said: "Now tell me something about the changes in Oxford; the old buildings and institutions that have perished, the new ones that have sprung up."

Of all the undergraduates who happened to be present, I was the only one who had taken the least interest in such things. Soulfulness was not a staple at Trinity in my day, nor indeed in the University generally. There were plenty of brilliant men, enthusiastic about this or the other subject which would pay in their examinations, but of active literary life there was none (this was in the days when the *Undergraduates' Journal* was Oxford's sole contribution to literature). Nor did one undergraduate in a hundred seem to remember that he was an entity in an institution a thousand years old, which linked with a thousand famous Englishmen, from Chaucer to Chatham and Newman and Browning.

Trinity was especially unfortunate this way. Nearly the whole college consisted of breakfast, lunch and "wine" men—men whose principal object in life seemed to consist in being entertainer or entertained at breakfast, lunch and after dinner. Probably some of them didn't know who Chatham—the glorious elder Pitt—was, the most of them were ignorant that he had caroused in the same college walls which witnessed their contributions, good and evil, to the Recording Angel. And yet how much had happened in these grey old walls since Thomas of Hatfield, the warlike Bishop of Durham, who won the great battle of Neville's Cross, founded them in the third King Edward's reign. Here, under Elizabeth, George Chapman, whose translation of Homer begot Keats' immortal sonnet, Thomas Lodge, author of one of the most famous songs attributed to Shakespeare, Lyly—the Oscar Wilde of euphuism—picked up their quaint learning. Here were bred so many prominent actors in the drama of the great Rebellion, John Selden, the prince of English jurists, Ireton and Ludlow, the Roundhead generals, Sir Harry Blount, who accompanied King Charles to the scaffold, and Harrington, the dreamer of Oceana. Later came the late Lord Chancellor Sommers, and Gilbert Sheldon, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who gave up by word of mouth (one of the most momentous changes in the English Constitution) the right of Convocation to regulate the taxation of the clergy; and then in the next century followed the two men, both Prime Ministers of England, who did most to save and lose the American colonies, Lord Chatham and Lord North.

And hither in the fulness of time came John Henry Newman. Antiquities and old associations have an inexpressible charm for me; and it was my good-fortune that I alone of the undergraduates present could meet the Cardinal half-way on the questions he asked about Oxford; so I had him to myself all the evening till chapel. Week-day evening chapel at Trinity was at ten o'clock, and it was etiquette for any one spending the evening with the President to attend it.

When the bell rang all rose, and, following the President, left the room for chapel. I say all—I mean all but Newman and Father Neville. Like Newman, I believe, a Trinity man. We were just a quarter of an hour in that dimly lighted little chapel, as ugly exteriorly as the genius of Christopher Wren

could allow any of his handiwork to be, and as beautiful interiorly as the carving of Grinling Gibbons could make it. I read a lesson mechanically—it was my week—and hardly heard evensong. I was thinking of the sublime old man left to his thoughts in the President's drawing-room; for such a man as Newman what must those thoughts have been! When last he heard that bell he was one of the most hearty to answer it: now there was a great gulf fixed between him and those who worshipped there.

Father Neville, a typical Jesuit, beautiful, brilliant, hard and elastic as steel, was no doubt better able to contain his feelings; but to the author of "Lead, Kindly Light," it must have been a sore trial.

One question Newman asked gave a marvellous instance of his memory. My sitting-room was very handsomely furnished with an oak suit, the tables standing on clustered columns, the bookcases faced with similar columns, like the Purbeck marble pilasters in old English cathedrals, and everything ornamented with trefoil piercings.

"How much did you pay for your valuation?" (*i. e.*, how much did you pay your predecessor in the rooms for the furniture, when you took them over.) I told him. "Indeed," he said; "why I paid nearly ten pounds more, and they were quite poorly furnished then; and now they seem the most beautiful undergraduate's rooms I have seen." I felt that the hundred pounds I had laid out in clearing out the unsightly, and having everything made to match the rich old paneling of the room, were well spent. He remembered what he had paid to a sovereign.

In the great hall of Trinity stands a marble bust of the Cardinal—the only one of her alumni so honoured. It stands not far from the giant over which hang the pictures of Chatham and North next to each other—as if to give them the opportunity of re-opening at their leisure the question of the right of England to tax America.—*Douglas Staden, in The Independent.*

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY'S LAST POEM.

Poets should not reason;
Let them sing!
Argument is treason—
Bells should ring.

Statements none, nor questions,
Gnomic words,
Spirit cries, suggestions,
Like the birds.

He may use deduction
Who must preach;
He may praise instruction
Who must teach.

But the poet duly
Fills his part
When the song bursts truly
From his heart.

For no purpose springing,
For no self;
He must do the singing
For itself.

Not in lines austere
Let him build;
Not the surface merely
Let him gild.

Fearless, uninvited
Like a spring,
Opal-words, inlighted,
Let him sing.

As the leaf grows sunward
Song must grow;
As the stream flows onward
Song must flow.

Useless? Aye—for measure;
Roses die,
But their breath gives pleasure
God knows why!

THE POLITICIAN.

THE politician is supposed to be a patriot. When we say that all men should be politicians, we mean, of course, that all men should be patriots. But, happily, all men are not politicians, in the professional sense; this politician, small or great, is a parasite, not a patriot. Men in politics who are patriots are ashamed to class themselves among politicians.

The politician looks on morality and the public good and the public honor as the gambler looks on his cards. Economy in public life is a phrase he is fond of—he means, naturally, that the opposite party should economize. He looks on "emoluments" to be obtained from the public treasury as smugglers do on the goods they save from the clutches of the custom-house officers. A member of a rival party may steal from the public, but the laws against such stealing become penal when they are applied to him; that is, he regards them as penal. If he can evade them, he is a successful man; if he is caught by the agents of the law, he is a martyr in his own eyes.

The politician has his own code of morality, and the first axiom of this code is that every man has his price. "A poor man," he will tell you, "cannot afford to go into politics." He sneers at the opinion that the people rule. Every ten years they are wrought up, by some revelation of political corruption, into an assertion of their rights, he says; but for the next ten years they are quiescent. During the next ten years the politician manipulates the "primaries," and throws dust into the eyes of the public as well as he can.

There is no greater cynic in America than the politician. He believes that most of his fellow-citizens were born to be fooled. See him at a church fair on the eve of an election! How good-humored, how genial; how reverential to religion he is! How generous, how kind!—he is even lavish with his money. He lives to make his race happy. And when the wily managers of the fair put him up to be voted for as a candidate for a "magnificent gold-headed cane," how forgiving he shows himself to be—although he shudders at the prospect of permitting his pure and unsullied name to appear by the side of that of his political rival! How the people rush in to vote for him (he may, from his habitual generosity, drop a hundred dollar bill occasionally among the voters)! How they show their love for his virtue! And when his rival loses the cane by a dozen votes, and it is presented to our politician, how surprised he is! He turns away to wipe away a tear—and to calculate how much it has cost him!

It is a sweet sight when he disports himself among the families of the voters. How he clusters, as it were, around the little children! His diamond pin radiates his happiness. How sweetly he promises; how noble his sentiments—and he knows just where a few dollars are better than noble sentiments. Ah, what a heart that man has!

But there comes a time when he forgets his promises and noble sentiments; when the mother who rushes forward to present her child to the great man feels that the wave of oblivion has rolled over her. This is just after the election. Things have changed. He is no longer the tender, pastoral creature he once was; he is the stern legislator now. How does he know that the amiable constituent who courts his smile may not be a corrupt lobbyist? He would like to see everybody happy; he would like to keep his promises; he would like to give railroad passes to all who could not get offices. But, alas! how can he? He must be just; and, though it breaks his heart, he will give away nothing that he can sell.

Let us hear our politician talk in his moments of ease. Let us see what he has to say to our young men, who should, above all, believe that there is disinterestedness in the world. Let us hear what examples he holds up to them. He will tell them that money makes our laws, and that the successful politician is he who grows rich in the exercise of his trade. Patriotism means a fine house and diamonds for the patriot—he leaves "reform" and that sort of thing to fools. He holds that the man who is not tricky is a failure, and that there is no higher standard than that of self-interest. He lives, and he is held up by the thoughtless and the scold as an example of success; he dies, and he is forgotten.—*M. F. Egan in Ave Maria.*

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

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

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

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

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

The late Archbishop Lynch.

The late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carbery of Hamilton.

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

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion

Published by

The Catholic Review Publishing Company, (Limited)
Offices: 64 Adelaide St. East, (opposite Court House).

A. C. MACDONELL, President

PH. DEGRUCHY, Business Manager

Terms: \$2.00 per annum, payable strictly in advance. Advertisements unexceptionable in character and limited in number, will be taken at the rate of \$2 per line per annum 10 cents per line for ordinary insertions. CLUB rates: 10 copies, \$15.

All advertisements will be set up in such style as to insure the tasteful typographical appearance of the REVIEW, and enhance the value of the advertisements in its columns.

Remittances by P. O. Order or draft should be made payable to the Business Manager.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPT. 27, 1890.

THE FAMINE RELIEF FUND.

THE following additional subscriptions have been received towards the Famine Relief Fund:

Mrs. M. A. H., Toronto	\$2.00
L. A. L. M. Montreal	1.00
W. H. Humphreys.....do.....	1.00
A Sympathizer	50
Two Little Girls.....do.....	50
R. O'Hara, Albany, N.Y.....	1.00

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY'S long delayed and long-looked for memoir of Thomas Davis, the founder of the *Nation*, and the soul and spirit of the Young Ireland Movement, has at length been issued. The volume is the filling in and the completion of a central space in the canvas of the country's history; and coming from the man most qualified to write it, from the friend and colleague of Davis' public years, has been received, so far as we are able to judge from the reviews, as a valuable and a timely work. Of the author's connection with the memoir, and with the men and the movement with which it deals, one reviewer has this to say: "It gives us a striking idea of the historical distance of that time from our own, and yet of its nearness to our own, to recall that O'Connell was living when Davis ended his career, and yet that Duffy, who to-day publishes his biography, was Davis's senior. Since then we have had the Famine, the rising of Forty-eight, the League of the North and South, Keogh and Sadlier's Brass Band, the Fenian Movement, and the Home Rule Movement of Isaac Butt. The last of these extinct events, in view of all that has happened since, seems now very ancient history indeed, and yet Gavan Duffy, who, in the plenitude of his intellectual powers, is now writing books as vigorous and charming as the work of his youth, was an important man in Irish politics before the Clontarf meeting, was tried with O'Connell as a conspirator, and wrote letters to Davis from Derrynane, where he was spending a vacation with the *Liberator* among his beagles and his mountains. If one lifetime can include such an eventful span of Irish history, what may not many of the men of to-day be destined to witness?"

Special Editorial Correspondence of the REVIEW.

In Ireland.

VIII.

LIMERICK.

ONLY one other Irish town will be touched upon in these letters, and that the ancient and important city of Limerick. A great deal of history centres around it. The first authentic notices represent it as a Danish settlement until the 11th century, when it became the residence of the Kings of Thomond or North Munster until its conquest by the English. The strong castle of St. John, still standing, and one of the city's most interesting objects, was erected there by that monarch, and from the date of its foundation the place steadily increased in importance. During the entire reign of Elizabeth, and throughout the wars that devastated the surrounding province, Limerick maintained the most unshaken loyalty. At this period we read of it as a place well and substantially built, with walls extending round a circuit of about three miles. But, as our readers know, the great episode in the history of Limerick took place during the wars of William and James, when the events which then occurred fastened on it the name of "The City of the Violated Treaty." After the battle of the Boyne, the Loyalists, that is to say the followers of King James, established themselves in this city, where they were subjected to a protracted and sanguinary siege, first by King William of Orange in person, and afterwards by Ginkell. The story of "the siege," and of the conspicuous part which was played in the defence of the city by the brave women of Limerick, is too well known to need repetition here. It is enough to say that the city was never taken, and that hostilities were at length terminated by the celebrated treaty of Limerick, ratified on October 1, 1691, and signed on a large stone near Thomond Bridge within sight of the armies of Sarsfield and William. Nor is there need to speak here of how that Treaty was broken. But the old Treaty Stone raised high in air at the end of Thomond Bridge, and facing the battered front of the castle, tells its own mute testimony of English perfidy and of English fraud.

The old city of Sarsfield spreads itself out in a broad open plain, upon both banks of the Shannon, while behind, in the distance, are the gentle undulations of the Clare mountains. The Shannon is spanned by five bridges, three of them connecting the city with the county Clare. The streets are broad and well built, and contain some good business establishments. Limerick has long been celebrated for its lace manufacture of the finest and most costly description. In the streets, at the railway station, and at the hotel entrances are always to be met one or two poor women—clad in the unmistakable costume of the Irish peasant woman—having large baskets upon their arms filled with the results of their patient, and skilful, and, it is greatly to be feared, unremunerative industry. Their little stock will probably for the most part be of lace handkerchiefs, ranging in price from two to four shillings, into which the patient workers have intertwined shamrock within shamrock, and innumerable little harps, the popular emblems. Each one of these little handkerchiefs, it makes the heart sore to think, is the result of days of patient work—and of work, too, that must be very trying to the health and eyes.

In the old Cathedral of St. Mary's, which stands close by the castle of St. John and the bridge of Thomond, Limerick

possesses one of the oldest ecclesiastical edifices in Ireland. It was founded in the 12th century by Donald O'Brien, King of Thomond. It is not now the cathedral church of the city, having given place to a new and very beautiful structure the interior ornamentation of which, whether as respects altars, colouring, or statuary, is the most tasteful, and artistic, and severely classic of any Church we have yet seen in Ireland. And the choir of this Cathedral Church has a worthy occupant, a noble-hearted, high-minded, and foully-abused man—the Most Reverend Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick. It is a pleasure to us to pay, in passing, an humble tribute of respect to a prelate, and an Irishman, whose love for his country and his people we know to be equalled only by his loyalty to God; and one who

'Defamed by every charlatan,
still bears

'The grand old name of gentleman.'

and bears it, too, unsullied by abuse, undisturbed by detraction, going about the while, his work and his labour, like his Divine Master, calmly, and undaunted by the clamours of the passionate and senseless multitude.

For ourselves, however, it was not the antiquity of old St. Mary's that most strongly appealed to us; nor the ivy growing and almost concealing its time-blackened walls; nor its old battlemented Norman tower; nor the fine view that unfolds itself from its top of the Golden Vale which the Shannon waters; but it was as the centre of the legend which filled the imagination of boyhood's years. The old legend, which furnished the theme for a poem which in conception and in execution, in the strength and delicacy of its play upon the human feelings, and in the melody and stately cadence of its metre, has few equals in our poetic literature, had not lost its charm, or its old-time potency. For whether we approached the old church from the city, or from the Bridge, or from the Clare side, or the Shannon, the mind went back musingly to the story of young Paolo, the Florentine bell-founder, of Youth and Happiness, of Manhood and Contentment, and of Old Age and Vicissitude, which form the subject of the exquisite poem of Denis Florence MacCarthy. Many, if not all, of our readers, will remember the story of the young Italian campanaro, and of his marriage with Francesca; of how prosperity smiled on his industry, and Care left few marks on either his own face or those of his dear ones. They will recall how he resolved to cast, in gratitude for life's blessings, a wondrous peal of bells; how they were dedicated to the Mother of Blessings, and for years called him and his children, morn, noon, and night, to turn from their labours at the sound of the Angelus and to recollect in Whose presence it was that they lived and laboured. Then, in the evening of life, troubles came to the old man. Death took away wife and children. War raged over his native land, and the places of his habitation were made a waste. Worst of all, even the old church had been destroyed, and the bells, the children and the comforters of his years, sacrilegiously borne away. The poet describes the dismay of the old man:

'When he felt that indeed they had vanished one fancy then flashed
on his brain,
One wish made his heart beat anew with a throbbing it could not
restrain—
Twas to wander away from fair Florence, its memory and dream-
haunted dells,
And to seek up and down through the earth for the sound of its
magical bells.'

And the rest of the poem describes his pathetic wanderings,

his waiting, with eager listening ears, for the sound of the chimes from the sacred Kiosks of Constantinople, and from the belfrys of the Tagus and the Rhine—a wanderer in all lands, and the pursuer of only a memory of home. At length the poem recites how, beaten down by age and by sore disappointment, he boarded a barque at Santiago, in Spain, to wander whither he knew or cared not. The concluding verses of this exquisite legendary poem should be quoted:

A bark bound for Erin lay waiting, he entered like one in
a dream;
Fair winds in the full purple sails led him soon to the
Shannon's broad stream,
'Twas an evening that Florence might envy, so rich was
the lemon-hued air,
As it lay on lone Scatterry's island, or lit the green moun-
tains of Clare;
The wide spreading old giant river rolled his waters as
smooth and as still
As if Donagh, with all her bright nymphs, had come down
from the far fairy hill,
To fling her enchantment around on the mountains, the
air, and the tide,
And to soothe the worn heart of the old man who looked
from the dark vessel's side.

Borne on the current the vessel glides smoothly but swiftly
away,
By Carrigaholt, and by many a green sloping headland and
bay
'Twixt Cratloe's blue hills, and green woods and the soft
sunny shores of Terveo,
And now the fair city of Limerick spreads out on the broad
bank below;
Still nearer and nearer approaching, the mariners look o'er
the town,
The old man sees nought but St. Mary's square tower with
its battlements brown,
He listens—as yet all is silent, but now, with a sudden
surprise,
A rich peal of melody rings from that tower through
the clear evening skies!

One note is enough, his eye moistens, his heart, long so
withered, outswells,
He has found them—the sons of his labours—his musical,
magical bells!
At each stroke all the bright past returneth, around him
the sweet Arno shines,
His children,—his darling Francesca—his purple-clad trel-
lis of vines!
Leaning forward, he listens, he gazes, he hears in that won-
derful strain,
The long silent voices that murmur, "Oh leave us not,
Father, again!"
'Tis granted—he smiles—his eye closes—the breath from
his white lips hath fled—
The father has gone to his children—the old campanaro is
dead!

Four miles from Limerick, and on the road thence to Adare, is the venerable ruin of Mungret Abbey, said to have been founded in the fourth century. The Psalter of Cashel states that this monastery had within its walls six churches, and, exclusive of numerous scholars, 1,500 monks. A few broken walls only remain, but extensive foundations exist in the adjoining fields at a considerable depth beneath the surface. On a commanding site overlooking the Shannon is Carrig-o-Gunnel, "the rock of the candle," one of the most striking and interesting ruins in Ireland. It was a fortress of the O'Brien's, Kings of Thomond, and a place of considerable strength. Adare, a small town, 11 miles from Limerick, is the site of a castle built by the Desmonds, and at Rathkeale, a town some few miles further on, are three more

castles of the Desmonds. All the lands about here, in the long ago, belonged to that house, but upon the forfeiture of their estates were granted to the Courtenays, now Earls of Devon. Near Askaton is Shanagolden, and near it the Hill of Sharid, an artificial mound surmounted by a castle. This castle was held by the Desmonds, and the Geraldine war-cry, *Shanid-Aboo*, is still retained as a family motto by the Knights of Glin, a Desmond branch of the Geraldines. Glin is the seat of the Knights of Glin, to whom the manorial rights have descended through an uninterrupted succession in the male line of more than 600 years.

SHANID ABOO.

THE CHURCH IN AMERICA.

We reviewed at some length in these columns, shortly after its appearance in the number of the *Nineteenth Century* for November of last year, the strikingly able and valuable article contributed by Mr. J. E. C. Bodley on "The Roman Catholic Church in America." The article, as we then explained, was one of peculiar value as the work of a keen sighted man of the world. Mr. Bodley had served under Sir Charles Dilke for many years in the Foreign Office, and acted as Secretary to the Royal Commission on Education, and brought therefore to his task a knowledge of affairs, and that capacity which comes of long habit and experience, for the adequate and accurate measurement of men and of movements. It may be remembered that as a result of his summary of the past growth and the present strength of the Church in the North American countries, Mr. Bodley forecasted that the future would bring about a remarkable issue.

"When we find," he said, "that the Roman Catholic Church can claim 10,000,000 United States citizens in a population of 60,000,000 it is difficult to overestimate the influence which the expansion of the Church in America will have on the future of Christendom. Judging from her past progress, and considering that the two races to which the majority of American Catholics belong are the two most prolific of the white races in the United States, it seems certain that she will increase her proportion with the growth of the population. But calculating as if she would remain relatively stationary and reducing by one third the estimated 60,000,000 which it is predicted the United States will contain in a hundred years' time, the Roman Catholic Church will then claim nearly 70,000,000 English speaking people in America alone. By that time Australasia, South Africa, and Canada will be thickly inhabited. Under what flag these vast regions of the earth will be governed no one can foretell; but two things are certain, —that the English language will be spoken throughout them, and that the Church of Rome will maintain the progress she has commenced this century among English-speaking peoples."

Since then, we find with pleasure that this notable article, and a subsequent one upon the same subject which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, have been issued as their great importance deserved, in pamphlet form, and furnished with a brief preface by Cardinal Gibbons. In this preface His Eminence gives his opinion of these invaluable papers. "Since Macaulay's splendid Essays of half a century ago," writes the Cardinal, "few contributions to current literature

have excited so much interest or elicited so much praise as have marked the appearance of these articles. By a masterly grasp of thought, Mr. Bodley has compressed into seventy-seven pages the salient points of a century of our history. He has given us a graphic and an interesting sketch of the rise and development and prosperity of the Catholic religion in the United States, together with the leading causes that have contributed to its marvellous extension." In closing this preface His Eminence adds that he was reluctant for some time to yield to the request made to him to write this brief introduction, in view of the frequent and too partial references of Mr. Bodley to himself, which he would willingly have expunged from the pamphlet had the distinguished author permitted. "But the importance of the subject," adds the Cardinal, "which he, as a stranger, has dealt with, has constrained me to sacrifice personal feelings to the instruction and edification of the reading public."

In our previous review of Mr. Bodley's interesting paper we said that it was not often one found in the pages of the heavier monthlies an article containing so many bright and interesting passages, or so many charming bits of personal delineation. Take by way of example the following passage:

"Of the ecclesiastical qualifications of Cardinal Gibbons for the most exalted honour in the Church's gift, it is not for a layman to speak. It is enough that the Holy See has seen fit to set him at the head of one of the most powerful and perhaps most intelligent hierarchies in the world, and that the Vatican has paid unprecedented respect to his counsel. Of his fitness as a man of affairs, and of his knowledge of the world, I have had some opportunity of forming a judgment. During many months of travel and residence in the United States and Canada my observations led to the conclusion that the North American Continent has produced in this generation two really great men, in the sense that the last generation accounted Lincoln and Cavour as great. One of them we have the honour of reckoning as a fellow-subject of the Queen, Sir John Macdonald, the Prime Minister of our Canadian Dominion. The other, the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, although twenty years his junior, is his equal in marvelous knowledge of men, and, although in some respects of singularly different nature, resembles him in the possession of that lofty opportunism which is the essential of all true statesmanship. Cardinal Gibbons combines the suavity of an Italian monsignore with that ingenuous integrity and robustness which we like to think is the characteristic of our Anglo-Saxon race. If he were called to occupy the most conspicuous and most ancient throne in Christendom, he would not go to Europe as a novice in European affairs. To have assisted at an Oecumenical Council at an age when most men are on the threshold of a career is an early training in cosmopolitanism rarely experienced. During the intervening twenty years the Cardinal's frequent visits to Europe have brought him into contact with some of the acutest intellects of the Old World. . . . The installation in the chair of St. Peter of this enlightened English-speaking churchman would be an event of such import to human society that one dare not hope to see its accomplishment; for it seems as if it would be the first step toward bringing back to the Church the great democracies which are destined to govern the world, and as if it would hasten the time when "*Unum orile fiet et unus pastor.*"

In the first of his articles, that on the Church in America, Mr. Bodley glances first at the condition of the Church in Canada; the passage over English territory from the Atlantic being "highly interesting as displaying the varied capabilities and characteristics of the two greatest organizations the world has ever seen —the British Empire and the Church of Rome."

"At each stage of the journey" we read "The Church Universal is seen justifying its title of Catholicity by its

* *The Catholic Democracy of America. Two Essays on the Position Growth, and Influence of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States*, by J. E. C. Bodley, M.A., of Balliol College, Oxford. Baltimore, John Murphy & Co.

adaptability to the nature and needs of each varying community. The Dominion of Canada, federated under the British flag, presents within its limits differences almost as marked as those which distinguish from one another the States of Europe. The Church of Rome observes precisely the same ritual, framed in identical language, for a little band of Blackfeet Indians, kneeling in a log hut in the Far West, as it uses for the French Congregation in the Basilica at Quebec, or for the Irish immigrants who worship in Toronto Cathedral; but the Church in Lower Canada differs in mode of thought and manners as widely from the Church in Ontario as do the Catholic Catalonians of Barcelona from the Catholic Flemings of Antwerp." In another place too the writer speaks of Lower Canada, that "only bit of *la rielle France* that the world contains"—"*la rielle France* in its most refined, Catholic, and devout age" as Cardinal Manning once called it—for there the church is omnipresent. In Quebec "the view of the grey buildings seen from one's windows takes one back to the beginning of the last century, and the sight of a daily newspaper scarcely removes the illusion, for the little French journal, under its *Faits divers*, announces a miracle which took place last week in a neighbouring village, and in an official column advertises a sentence of excommunication."

We quoted, too, in our former article—but it will well bear repetition—Mr. Bodley's interesting portrayal of Cardinal Taschereau, in strong contrast to whom he draws Cardinal Gibbons, the Archbishop of Baltimore. In these two Princes of the Church, the old and the new, Conservatism and progress, are compared and contrasted. The one is described as a man for aristocracies and for princes; the other as the ideal man of the people. They are, besides, at two opposite poles of thought in the one religious world. And as is the head of the church in the United States so are its members. The Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore impressed Mr. Bodley as the intensely national head of an intensely national body, and the epitome of the best and highest in the national life of the country. Cardinal Taschereau he portrays as a courtly prelate discoursing in the stately French of the last century. "At one moment his talk is of the decadence of the times, the perniciousness of modern literature, but it sounds as if a prelate of Old France were deprecating the growing license of the more recent works of the author of the *Henriade*, or lamenting that Crebillon's dramas were supplanting the master pieces of Racine. Very enthusiastically, too, does the writer speak of the American primate, of his simplicity, and commanding influence. A walk with the Cardinal through the tranquil streets of the residential quarter of Baltimore will reveal, we react, with what affection the Monumental City regards its distinguished son who was baptized and ordained in the Cathedral over which he now presides. "Nearly every hat" says Mr. Bodley "is doffed to the simple citizen who has made a greater impression on European policy than any American of his generation." "One day last spring" he continues, "we found ourselves in the midst of a congregation streaming out of a church, the architecture of which the Cardinal drew my attention to, while he responded to the salutations of the crowd. I naturally concluded that they were his own people, but no, he explained, 'they are our Episcopalian friends.'" The glimpse is a pleasing one—of exalted rank concealed beneath a simple heart, and a gentle nature which loves to live in charity with all men.

In the relations of the Church to the American nation Mr. Bodley finds one of the most interesting phenomena it is possible to conceive—the contact of the most venerable and powerful organization of the old order with the most advanced and prosperous community of the new." This he puts very attractively in the following passage:

"In all the varied history of the Church of Rome she has never had the experience which in the United States she has encountered during the hundred years since the establishment of the American hierarchy. In the Old World the old civilization has grown up side by side with her, and there is no page of the history of Europe which is not marked with the Fisher's seal. Nor has her activity been confined to the civilizing places of the earth. On virgin soil she has worked with self-denying enterprise in every quarter of the globe, and the early history of the remoter parts of the great American continent is the record of the Jesuit Fathers and the other missionary pioneers of Rome. But in the United States the Church finds herself in the midst of a new civilization, of the highest type as regards the diffusion of education and material comforts through all classes, though imperfect by reason of the nation never having passed through the discipline of youth to its precocious manhood, since in America there has been no slow development from barbarism, through mediævalism, to a ripe civilization. The Church, which in the Old World has assisted at the birth and death of empires and principalities—crowning kings, upsetting dynasties and hastening revolutions—here in the New World, amid a transplanted society, knows nothing of treaties, nothing of wars of succession and State intrigues. It is in America that she seems to have the greatest opportunity of realizing the admonition of her Founder: "*Regnum meum non est de hoc mundo.*"

In a word, the writer has given us in his pages a fine and a careful picture of the future of the Church in America, and a faithful presentation of the great work she has already accomplished on this continent. The conclusion that he reaches is that a country like America can "find no room for a reactionary tendency;" and "the fact," as he adds, "that the Catholic Church has taken root in the land and is flourishing, is the best proof that in the United States she is abreast with the democratic movement and with liberal progress." Not its least achievement, he thinks, is that in its beneficent action, and in the unique influence, both personal and public, of such churchmen as Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland, it has silenced the reproach often heard in Europe, that the growth of the Catholic religion is only found associated with retrogression and reaction. Events, as Mr. Bodley says, march so rapidly in this age that it would be futile to look forward even to ten years ahead. "Still," and this is his conclusion, "so far as calculation can be based upon phenomena which the last half century has developed, it would not seem unduly rash to prophesy that the history of Christendom is about to be revolutionized by an alliance which has been consummated in the New World between the venerable Church in whose name it was given to the Old, and the democracy of that mighty English race which wrested the American continent from its Catholic discoverers."

These, then, are the impressions of a man trained, as we have said, to the study of movements and affairs, and skilled in the political science by means of which the forces which work upon an age are known and forecasted. They are worthy, we think, of the thoughtful consideration of our readers, and they are especially worthy of the attention of our non-Catholic neighbours, many of whom fail to take note of the phenomena which surround them. It may be taken as certain that the progress of the Church in the future, even more than in the past, will be co-extensive with the growth and development of the Continent, and to the unimpressible and impartial observer it is even already apparent that the great democracies, which, it would seem, are destined to govern the world, must, in the course of time, be Catholic."

The *Catholic Review* of New York in a late number complained that in the versions of "Lead, Kindly Light," printed by sectarian houses, the final stanza is generally omitted:

Meanwhile along the narrow, rugged path
Thyself hath trod,
Lead, Saviour, lead me home in childlike faith,
Home to my God,
To rest forever after earthly strife
In the calm light of everlasting life.

The fact is, as the *Weekly Register* has been quick to point out, that only "by sectarian houses" has this verse been inserted; for it came not from the pen of Cardinal Newman but from that of the present Anglican Bishop of Exeter, who has had the good sense to decree its suppression in future editions of the "Hymnal" into which it trespassed. Cardinal Newman himself a few years ago, it may be mentioned, in answer to a letter of inquiry upon the subject, disclaimed the authorship of these vagrant lines, and described them as an unwarranted addendum.

HOW PERSEUS BECAME A STAR.

M. F. Egan, in *Catholic World*.

IV.

Perseus was silent. After all, it was like the sound of far-off bells, sweet to his ears, to think that his child might say the same old prayers and kneel before the tabernacle. Nevertheless, he would not sacrifice anything for this. As Clara took the responsibility, he left it to her. He resolved that the boys should not be handicapped by religion.

He took his wife to the opera house that night to hear her brother lecture on "The Beautiful in Life." The theatre was crowded. The Colonel was very florid in his speech. He said that beauty was religion, and if religion and the enjoyment of the beautiful were opposed, religion must go. "If God is a God of terror," he repeated, "God must go; when men's souls have attuned themselves to the grace of the Venus of Melus rather than to churchly ideas of womanhood, when the use of money shall mean more beauty in life, then virtue and sensuous enjoyment shall be one and life be complete."

"I suppose you'd like Clara to hear that kind of stuff," Perseus' wife said as they drove home.

"It was very pretty said Perseus; "I don't quite see what it means; it certainly makes irreligion very attractive. Like you, the colonel does not need religion in order to be good."

His wife laughed. "I don't know about that; but I know what he means; he means free love. As for religion, we all need it. Do you know, if you had stuck to your religion I should have had more respect for you, and it is probable I might have become a Catholic myself. There are times, Perseus, when your silly admiration for Cone City makes you very tiresome. As for my brother, can't you see that he is not a good man? He believes in God in his heart, of course he does! The way he protests against it shows that he does. As for myself, I dislike any unreasonable and illogical belief founded on man's dictum and the Bible. But I don't know Catholicism. I might like it. We all need religion—my brother worse than anybody I know," she added with a short laugh. "There is nothing in our times, except religion, to keep a woman from dropping a husband she does not like and taking one she does; and no religion that can do it effectively, except yours—I beg pardon, I mean the religion you've progressed out of. There's Mrs. Churton; she has been divorced twice, and yet she's head and front among the Congregationalists."

"You don't mean to say that you'd—" Perseus almost gasped, as he turned to his wife.

"I don't mean to say anything, but that Clara shall be fortified against the dangers that would beset me if I cared for any other man than you."

"This was frank enough. Perseus shuddered as he heard it. He imagined his mother saying such a thing! No;

toilworn, uneducated, old-fashioned as she was, there was a bloom of innocence and womanliness about his mother which his wife lacked. Such frankness gradually built up a wall of distrust before him; his wife did not see it, though she felt a difference. Later she differed with him almost habitually, and she was generally right. Finally, she came almost to despise him.

The question of the sale of the water-front came up. Perseus and Colonel Brodbeck opposed it. It meant robbery. It would open the door to monopoly. It was an outrage on the rights of the people. It was on account of his course in this matter that he was sent to Congress a third time, and was enabled to second some of his brother-in-law's schemes very effectively. Frank Carney had been his constant supporter. Frank had now no legitimate business; he was devoted to politics; he lived by subsidies from the Hon. Perseus and Colonel Brodbeck. He was their slave, and the more self-respect he lost the more valuable he became. Somebody must do the dirty work in politics, and Frank's hand, once in the mire, did a great deal of it. His mother said this to him about Easter-time, when she was urging him to go to his "duty."

"I can't, mother," he said; "don't ask me. I'd have to get out of politics if I did. When I've made my pile," he added, with a rather timid attempt at a laugh, "I'll repent."

"They say that you and Col. Brodbeck have robbed right and left. I can't bear to hear such things."

"Oh! it's newspaper lies. Don't you see the colonel's a big man for all that? It doesn't make much difference in this country where you get money, so that you get it."

The old woman could only cry and wring her hands. She saw that her son had begun to drink, and it was said that he gambled. Prayer, constant and unwearying, was her only resource.

The railway company wanted the water front badly. Its counsel and directors knew that Colonel Brodbeck and Perseus controlled the council of Cone City, of which the Colonel was the attorney. Had the Colonel and the Hon. Perseus a price? An answer to this question was easily obtained through Frank Carney. They had, and it was high. Perseus was at first inclined to be honest, but the Colonel laughed at him.

"Nonsense!" he said, "that sort of thing went out of fashion with religion. You felt yourself trammelled in the process of making your career by your Catholicism, and you gave it up. Why should you keep up your bondage after you've emancipated yourself. It ought to be whole hog or none. There's no confession to be afraid of now."

Perseus shivered involuntarily. He had the feeling "as if"—as his mother would have said it—"somebody was walking over his grave."

His wife was shocked by his change of view on the water side question. She spoke her opinion very plainly. "I might have known," she said in her most cutting tones, "that it was a risk to marry an apostate, but I never imagined this disgrace. Oh! my brother? My brother is an infidel, but you pretend to be a Christian still."

After this Perseus knew that his wife despised him, though he had cleaved the ether and was a star. He winced under sarcasms; he distrusted her. What guarantee had he that she, bound to him by inclination, not duty, might not desert him at any moment? Clara, his daughter was at a convent school; his boys were also away; his life was wretchedly unhappy—but he was growing richer in this world's goods every day.

The "deal" between the Cone City syndicate and the railroad company had been arranged very neatly through Frank Carney. There had been no tell-tale in the matter. Frank had delivered forty thousand dollars in cash to each of these most potent men in Cone City. The council had been managed, but no one knew who did it, so that while popular indignation struck the council, it never even glanced on the Colonel and his *confreere*. It was cleverly arranged; there was no scandal; Perseus admired his diplomacy and his success, for forty thousand dollars was a great sum in Cone City, and yet it was the beginning of disaster.

Frank Carney, good-natured, plastic, credulous, began to see that he was only a tool. He had been ignored in the division of the spoil. He feared Persens and the Colonel too much to find fault openly. But his discontent was growing. He was in this mood in the spring, when Easter came again. His mother met him one morning, just after old Mrs. Mahaffy's death, and said nothing. She stood and looked at him with yearning eyes. He had been drinking all night; but he was sober enough.

"What is it mother?" he said.

"What is it, dear? I'm just thinking that I'd give the world to have my own boy back again."

Frank saw a tear on her cheek in the early sunlight as she turned away.

"If God helps me, you shall, mother," he called after her; and then he said to himself: "She's worth it all; I'll surprise her; I'm tired of the mud."

(To be continued.)

General Catholic News

Rev. Father MacDonell will be consecrated Bishop of Alexandria in his own church at Alexandria on October 28th.

Two daughters of the late James A. McMaster, of the *New York Freeman's Journal*, are Carmelites. One at Boston and one at Baltimore.

The Holy Father has decided to undertake the establishment in Rome of a seminary for the education of clerical students belonging to the Maronite Church.

An Associated Press dispatch reports the collections for the Negro and Indian missions, as taken up in the Catholic churches of the country, as seventy thousand dollars.

The Holy Father exhorts all Christians, especially the members of the League of the Sacred Heart, to offer a daily prayer that the habit of daily assistance at the holy sacrifice of the mass may grow.

An important work by Father Werner, S.J., the author of the well-known "Atlas of Catholic Missions," will shortly be published by Herder of Freiburg. It will give statistics showing the position of the Church in every part of the world. It is written in Latin and will be published under the title of "*Orbis Terrarum Catholicus*."

St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, is to have its interior enriched with eight new chapels. Augustin Daly is the donor of one of them. A new ostensorium that will cost \$3000 is being made of silver and gold. It was paid for by the ladies of the Sacred Heart Society, and it will be used for the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament on the first Friday of every month.

Of all the churches in Paris Notre Dame des Victoires is the most frequented. It is estimated that it was visited by as many as twenty-five thousand persons on the Feast of the Assumption. Thousands of tapers burned before the miraculous statue of Our Lady all day long. Scores of her clients may be seen kneeling before it at any hour on every day of the year.

The Rev. Dr. Flood, O.P., Archbishop of Trinidad, and his chaplain were in Toronto for a few days last week, and were guests of His Lordship Bishop O'Mahony. Archbishop Flood preached in St. Paul's Church at High Mass on Sunday morning. Archbishop Flood is a member of the Dominican Order, and succeeded the late Father Tom Burke in the Priory of the Dominicans at Tallaght near Dublin.

His Grace Archbishop Walsh, accompanied by Very Rev. F. P. Rooney, V.G., Dean McCann and Rev. Father Walsh, held confirmation service on Sunday last at St. Joseph's Church, Leslieville. Sixty children were confirmed, to whom

the Archbishop afterwards spoke of the step they had taken, and advised them to be steadfast in the faith. At the conclusion of the service an address, signed by Wm. Petley and J. H. Monahan, on behalf of the congregation, was read by Mr. James Pape, to which His Grace suitably replied.

Mr. M. Ryan, Separate School Trustee for St. Mark's Ward, has the sympathies of the community in his recent sad bereavement by the death of his second son, a bright lad of 18 years, of Typhoid Fever, on Saturday morning last. Doubly sad the bereavement when we reflect that only a few weeks previous another son had succumbed to the same dread disease, and about a year previous the mother of the family had passed away to her eternal rest. The funeral cortege on Monday morning was very large, showing the esteem in which the deceased was held, and the funeral services conducted at St. Mary's church by Vicar-General Rooney.

The death of Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, O.P., Bishop of Dro-more, removes from the Irish episcopacy its oldest and its senior member. He was born in 1802, and entered the Dominican Order in 1817. He was educated at the College of Carpo Santo, Lisbon, and ordained priest in 1826. After his ordination he filled the chairs of philosophy and theology in his college. In 1817 he returned to Ireland, and he attended the Synod of Thurles as Provincial of his Order. In 1854 he was named Coadjutor to Dr. Blake, Bishop of Dro-more, and he was consecrated on October 1st, 1851. Since then his life has been one of pious and devoted labour for the spiritual interest of his people. The Bishop of Elphin is now the senior Irish prelate, and the Bishop of Cork the only representative of the Dominican Order among their Lordships the Bishops of Ireland.

Rev. Father Keirnan, late assistant priest at St. Mary's church, has been appointed parish priest at Whitby, and Rev. Father Davis, late of Dixie, been appointed to St. Mary's church in his stead. Father Davis celebrated Mass on Sunday last, and preached an eloquent sermon, his first in St. Mary's church. In Father Davis St. Mary's church has received a valuable addition, and one who will ably aid the Very Rev. Vicar-General Rooney and Father Cruise in the spiritual needs of their large parish. The singing of the choir on Sunday last, we may here mention, was particularly fine, showing the good work performed by their new conductor.

The circular recently issued by the Archbishop of Ottawa to the clergy of his archdiocese reveals a marked increase in its church membership. It is computed that the Roman Catholic population has more than doubled since the consecration of Mgr. Duhamel in August, 1874. This has been very largely due to colonization. In the county of Argenteuil the archdiocese comprises five parishes: in Ottawa, twenty-three; in Terrebonne, two; in the Province of Ontario it includes twenty-seven parishes, in the counties of Carleton, Lanark, Prescott and Russell—two, three, twelve and ten, respectively. The See of Ottawa was originally erected in July 1847, by Pope Pius the Ninth; in June, 1886 it was constituted an Archbishopric. The Roman Catholic population is computed to be 125,000. The vicariate apostolic of Pontiac, which is suffragan to the See of Ottawa, was erected in July, 1882. It comprises the county of Pontiac, the county of Renfrew, and parts of Hastings county and the Nipissing district, as well as the region between the Height of Land, Hudson Bay, James Bay, Whale Liver and to Lake Apikacumish, and between 72nd and 88th degree of longitude. It has a Roman Catholic population of 31,449. Mgr. Lorrain is Vicar Apostolic.

The Duke of Manchester has been favouring Ireland with his benign presence. He has not been idle. He acted as timekeeper at a boxing match in Dublin and he has stood sponsor for a baby elephant in Belfast, naming the interesting quadruped after a friend of his, a big bookmaker.

Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility.

Ahem! Trot out another, please.—*London Universe*.

Men and Things.

John Boyle O'Reilly was more fortunate than many deserving Irish literary workers in the good cause as he owned a fourth of the *Boston Pilot* which he so capably edited. He got his first lift in the United States from the late Horace Greely, who published a poem of his "The Amber Witch," and paid him well for it.

In his speech at the closing of the Coblenz Congress, Dr. Windthorst prefaced work with a greeting like that of Boaz to his reapers. It was impossible to hear without a thrill, says a witness the multitudinous shout of response to the aged voice. The veteran spoke with all his unspent fire, making points, and rousing his audience by mere force of intention. At noon he interrupted himself in mid speech to say the *Angelus*.

Facing actualities with a singular courage, Monseigneur Fallieres, Bishop of Saint-Briene, in France, and a cousin it is said of the French Minister of Justice, has published as one of the first acts of his episcopate a letter to the seminarists who now come under the operations of the new law of conscription. The law, he contends, is to be made an occasion of good. No longer shall the clergy be taunted with their privileges. No longer shall the servants of the poor be envied for any immunity. The Bishop expresses gladness that these things should be at an end.

The conversion of Mr. C. Kegan Paul to Cardinal Newman's creed at the moment that a certain class of journals were proclaiming the dead Cardinal's influence to have gone for ever and gone long since, seems, as we said last week, to possess a special significance. The author of "Obiter Dicta" reminded those weighers out of post-humous power that a Roman Cardinal was at least as influential as an Anglican Bishop, and Mr. Kegan Paul now comes to proclaim that the Newman philosophy has not lost its force. In the current number of the *New Review* he concludes a sympathetic estimate of Newman's work by a reference to that assertion of the critics.

It is acknowledged by the best qualified critics that Cardinal Newman was the greatest master of English prose which this century has produced. "This means a great deal," says a London letter, "when one calls to mind some of the other great prose writers--Macaulay, Carlyle, Thackeray, Hallam, Ruskin, Lowell, Bancroft, Motley, Prescott. He excels them all in limpidity. There is no apparent effort in his style: no straining for effect. The language flows right on, a clear, steady, irresistible stream, which carries the reader with it, overcomes all his prejudices, and lands him a willing and devoted captive in the master's hand. His command of language was inexhaustible; he was never at loss for a word, and he always used the right word in the right place. But he not only had language, but vivid imagination,--that sublime faculty which lights up language and renders it as dazzling and brilliant as the noonday sun."

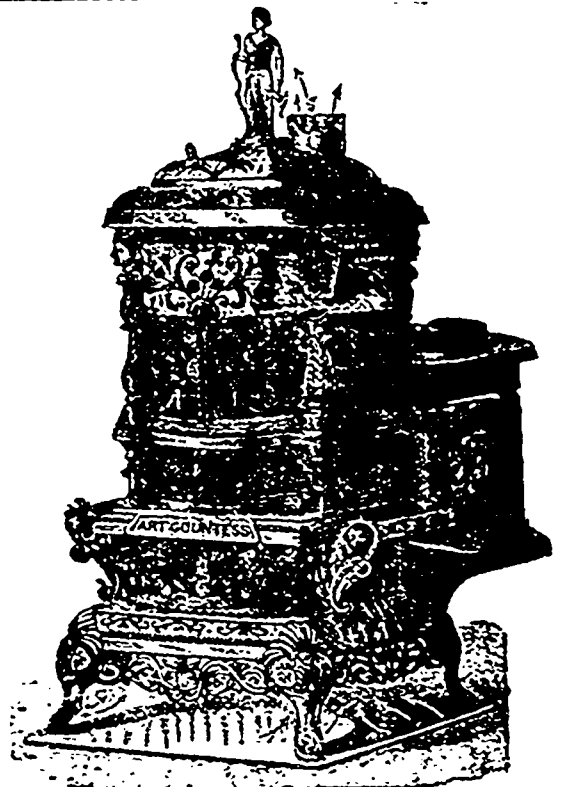
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FATHER KOENIG'S
NERVE TONIC
SAVED FROM AN INSANE ASYLUM.
COLUMBIA CITY, IND., OCT. 18, 1887.
A lady well known to me and of whose family I am a friend, was afflicted with a nervous disease for a long time and cured at last by Rev. Pastor Koenig. The circumstances were so peculiar that I will give a short history of the case. The lady's sickness started about the end of 1881, the symptoms being unusual anxiety in connection with sleeplessness, which had such an effect on her mind that delusions made their appearance. It was therefore necessary to watch her day and night for fear that she might harm herself, and in the month of August she had to be brought to an insane asylum. After a three-months' trial her condition had not improved in the least, and she was taken home again. About this time the Rev. Pastor Koenig was asked to treat the lady, and in the month of January, '82, she had so much improved by his treatment that she could sleep again, and the excitability and delusions were growing perceptibly less, she had the last of such an attack in the latter part of that month, and to-day she is a healthy person that will always remember the great blessing bestowed upon her by the Rev. Pastor E. Koenig.
She does not wish to have her name made public, and, therefore, asked me to make this statement in her name.
REV. A. M. ELLERING.

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