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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday, Sept. 3, 1892.

No. 30

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AUCTION SALE OF TIMBER BERTHS.

DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS.
(WOODS AND FORESTS BRANCH.)

Toronto, 27th June, 1892.

NOTICE is hereby given, that under Order in Council, Timber Berths as hereunder in the Nipissing, Algoma, Thunder Bay and Rainy River Districts, viz., in Biggar, Butt, Finlayson, Hunter, McCranoy, McLaughlin, Paxton, Peck, and the northerly portion of Berth Forty-nine, lying South and West of the Wahnapiat Lake, all in the Nipissing District. The Townships of Lumsden and Morgan, and a small portion of territory lying North and West of Pogomasing Lake, in the Algoma District: Berths one and seven, Thunder Bay District, and eleven, twenty-seven, thirty-six, thirty-seven, sixty-four, sixty-five, sixty-six, sixty-seven, sixty-eight and sixty-nine, Rainy River District. Will be sold at Public Auction on Thursday, the Thirteenth day of October next, at 1 o'clock p. m., at the Department of Crown Lands, Toronto.

ARTHUR S. HARDY,

Commissioner.

Note.—Particulars as to locality and description of limits, area, etc., and terms and conditions of sale will be furnished on application personally or by letter to the Department of Crown Lands.

No unauthorized advertisement of the above will be paid for.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Barracks and Mess Room at Fort Osborne, Winnipeg, will be received at this office until Friday, 26th August, 1892, for the several works required in the erection of Barracks and Mess Room at Fort Osborne, Winnipeg.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the Dominion Public Works Office at Winnipeg, on and after Monday, 8th August, and tenders will not be considered unless made on form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to 5 per cent of the amount of tender must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract, or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

M. F. E. Roy,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 1st Aug., 1892.

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
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Female Complaints,	And all Liver, Kidney and Bladder Troubles.	

Write us, giving full particulars as to your trouble, and receive from us a truthful and candid report as to what we can do for you, also read over our new book and pamphlets we will send with care, and we feel assured you will try the MICROBE KILLER and thus obtain a speedy cure.

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A Perfect Success. The Rev. A. Antoine of Refugio, Tex., writes: As far as I am able to judge, I think Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is a perfect success, for any one who suffered from a most painful nervousness as I did.

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

DOMINION : : LINE Royal Mail Steamships LIVERPOOL SERVICE.

Table with columns: From LIVERPOOL, Steamer, From MONTREAL. Dates: Thur. Aug. 11, Vancouver... Wed. Aug. 31; Frid. Aug. 19, Toronto... Wed. Sept. 7.

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Electricity as applied by The Owen Electric Belt and Appliances is now recognized as the greatest boon offered to suffering humanity. It has, in fact, become a remedy for all ailments where every other means has failed.

- Rheumatism, Sciatica, Spinal Diseases, General Debility, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Nervous Complaints, Spermatorrhea, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Female Complaint, Impotency, Constipation, Kidney Disease, Varicocele, Sexual Exhaustion, Epilepsy or Fits, Urinary Diseases, Lame Back.

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 coils.

Extracts From Testimonials. "Your Electric Belt cured a violent attack of Sciatic Rheumatism of several months' standing, in eight days."—W. Dixon, sr., Grand Valley, Ont. "SAVED MY LIFE when I had Muscular Rheumatism."—Mrs. Carnoll, West Market Street.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. Our attention having been attracted to base imitations of "The Owen Electric Belt," we desire to warn the public against purchasing worthless productions put upon the market by unprincipled men who, calling themselves electricians, prey upon the unsuspecting by offering worthless imitations of the genuine Owen Electric Belt.

TO EDUCATORS CATHOLIC SCHOOL BOOKS.

Table listing various Catholic school books by Sadlier, including 'Dominion Catholic Reading Charts', 'First Reader', 'Second Reader', 'Catechism', etc., with prices and retail/doz. columns.

JAMES SADLIER, 123 Church St., two door south of Queen Street, TORONTO.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday, Sept. 3, 1892

No. 30

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NOTES.

The London *World* (Conservative) has commenced a bitter attack on Mr. Blake. 'Tis well. Men do not attack empty fortresses.

.....

The Manitoba matter rests in *statu quo*. We have not a doubt that if the Greenway Government could see its way to a *quid* for the *quo* things would go on very nicely.

.....

Circumstances compelled our placing our comments on "Beautiful Language" in the Press column. The circumstances will explain themselves on application there.

.....

Cholera has reached England from Hamburg. Montreal is in direct communication with same port. Every effort is being made to prevent the entry of the plague to Canada.

.....

The Statistical Year Book of Canada for 1891 is to hand. Mr. Roper's work is always well done and this year's book is as full and varied in information as former numbers. Peculiarly interesting are the criminal statistics of which we hope to say more later on.

.....

The figures of Thursday's polling in Newcastle-on-Tyne afford much satisfaction to the Liberals. The election resulted in the return of John Morley, Chief Secretary for Ireland, whose seat in the House of Commons became vacant upon his taking office. In the general election Morley received 10,905 votes, but his poll on Thursday was increased by 2,078 votes, the official figures showing he received 12,983 votes. Mr. Morley was opposed by Pandeli Ralli, Liberal-Unionist, who unsuccessfully contested Gateshead at the general election. He received 11,244 votes, making Mr. Morley's majority 1,639.

The recent exposures of the frauds committed by some of the friendly insurance societies should direct the attention of Catholic young men to their own well-known and finely constituted beneficial societies. As we have often taken occasion to remark safety is the first element of proper insurance. Cheapness comes only in second place.

.....

William Hales Hingston was born at Hinchinbrook, Huntingdon Co., Quebec, on the 29th of June, 1829. His father, Lieutenant-Col. S. J. Hingston, formerly of Her Majesty's 100th Regiment, which did good service during the war of 1812-14, came to Canada with his regiment, of which he was then Adjutant. In 1819, when the regiment was disbanded, he received from Lord Dalhousie command of the militia force of the county of Huntingdon, which he organized, taking up his residence on the bank of the Chatauguay river. Subsequently, too, James Kemp gave Col. Hingston command of the militia of the county of Beauharnois. He was wounded at the battle of Chippewa, and died in 1830. At the age of fifteen, having received his primary education at the school in his native place, W. H. Hingston entered the College of Montreal, where, at the end of the first year, he carried off three first and two second prizes out of a possible five. Subsequently he spent a couple of years in the study of pharmacy, and then entered McGill College, where he graduated in medicine, in 1851. He went at once to Edinburgh, where he obtained the diploma of the Royal College of Surgeons. While in Europe he spent most of his time in hospitals, and brought back diplomas from France, Prussia, Austria and Bavaria, in addition to that from Scotland. One, the membership of the Imperial Leopold Academy, was the first ever obtained by a Canadian, the late Sir William Logan being the next recipient. Soon after beginning practice in Montreal he was appointed surgeon to the Hotel-Dieu Hospital, a position he holds to-day. His medical labors have been referred to on another page. On three different occasions he had been urged to present his name to be submitted as a candidate for the mayoralty, but declined. However, in 1875, at the unanimous request of his professional brethren, he consented, and was chosen Chief Magistrate by a majority of nearly ten to one over his opponent, and, as he stated at the time, "without having spent one moment of time, or one shilling of money, to obtain a position which no one should seek, but which, coming as it did, no one was at liberty to decline." He was re-elected the following year by acclamation. A third term was offered him but he declined. The period of Dr. Hingston's mayoralty was one of grave interest and anxiety to the order-loving citizens of Montreal, and it was well that the office of Chief Magistrate was at the time of the Guibord affair especially, held by a gentleman of character, coolness and judgment. He received the thanks of the Governor-General, Lord Dufferin, for his conduct on this occasion. Dr. Hingston in 1875 married Margaret Josephine, daughter of the Hon. D. A. Macdonald, formerly Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and has three sons and one daughter.

THE PRESS.

MORLEY'S TRIUMPH.

Mr. Morley's triumph in Newcastle will be gratifying to every one who admires straightforward politics. The presence of men like Mr. Morley in public life is a pledge that thought and culture are not out of place in political affairs. Mr. Morley confessedly lacks the politician's arts, but the fact that in a few years he has come to a front place in the Liberal ranks shows that like the cat in the fable the one art of an honest purpose is quite as effective as raynard's hundred tricks.—*Globe*.

THE SUMMER SCHOOL.

The subjects discussed at the Summer School of Catholics at New London have been of a wide range, and the success of the session is a matter for joyful congratulation among all members of the faith. The attendance was large and comprised as intelligent and cultured an assembly as was ever brought together in this country. Non-Catholics have exhibited a remarkable interest in the lectures and the proceedings of the school have been much discussed by the secular press.—*Catholic Mirror*.

WHO SHALL FOOT THE BILLS?

A partial payment of the militia at Homestead is set down at \$152,000, and as much more may be paid by the State on the same account before the business is settled. New York has entered on an even larger contract, 8,000 having been called out. The comparatively poor State of Tennessee has a similar great charge on its hands through the rioting of the miners. Probably a million dollars will be an inside limit of the cost of these three military demonstrations alone, to say nothing of subsistence. The other losses to workmen in wages and to employers and transportation companies in business and in destruction of property may never be calculated. But as far as the figures can be reached and reprisals made, is it not simple justice to hold that the man causing these losses should pay for them? They have already paid for the relinquishment of good wages, but they should also pay for the cost of restoring the peace.—*Philadelphia Telegraph*.

WANTS NO SHILLY-SHALLYING.

"In any event, they (Catholic Manitobans) will have none of the public school, even though they be taxed for its maintenance; and if they are forced to it, they will pay the double tax—for public school education, of which they disapprove, and Catholic education, for which they contend—rather than imperil the faith of their children by contact with the Godless system.

It is earnestly to be hoped that the Catholics of Manitoba will not be called upon to make such sacrifices as are here thought possible; but that they will be relieved of all apprehension of such by just and timely legislation of the Government. The Protestant sentiment of the country is not in favor of oppression of conscience, much less that the Protestant youth shall be taught, to some extent, at the cost of Catholics. This school trouble has originated with a small nest of bigots, who are ever creating religious strife and discord; and the Government, if it hopes to live much longer, must set its heel on their necks and stifle their machinations. This duty the Government owes to the Catholics of the Dominion—a duty which it would owe to any other of our religious denominations, under similar circumstances—and there must be no hesitation in its prompt performance—there must be no shilly-shallying in the matter—no pandering to the bigots—noting but a firm determination to do justice, though the heavens fall."—*Irish Canadian*.

BEAUTIFUL LANGUAGE.

"The Cleveland *Universe* has changed its policy, thrown up its old editor and put on a brand new dress. Every change was an improvement. It had to be. Papers may thrive on impudence and black-guardism for a while, but it will not be for a very long while. We have had very sorry specimens of Catholic editors in this country, but as far as our knowledge extends, we have had but one ruffian at the head of a Catholic paper in this country, and that is the man 'thrown up' in Cleveland."—*Western Watchman*.

By the above unwarranted attack upon a gentleman who has given the best years of his life faithfully serving, by his well-trained pen, the anointed Shepherd, against satanic conspiracies within and without the fold, the editor of the *Watchman* places himself where he would place Mr. Tello, the former editor of the *Universe*.

Mr. Tello will, we feel certain, give the editor of the *Watchman* yet another proof of his (Tello's) superiority as a man by not noticing the insult.—*North Western Witness, Duluth, Minn.*

Manly Tello was years ago a well known and highly esteemed Torontonion. He made the *Catholic Universe* famous by his defence of Catholic doctrines and institutions against the infamous Bowles of the *Cleveland Leader*, who, though his own daughter was a Catholic, did not hesitate to soil his pages with ghost-stories which would have made Fulton blush (for his own lack of originality). We do not know the ins and outs of the present controversy nor do we care to. We put this note here rather than on our editorial page lest a listless reader should mistake our purpose in reproducing such "beautiful language."—Ed. C. W. R.

KEEPING UP ITS COURAGE.

Let there be no misunderstanding on this great question. There will be no compromise. The Roman Catholics will be kindly, considerately and no doubt, generously treated, but separate schools in Manitoba are a thing of the past; they will never be restored, and it is just as well to recognize the fact first as last. The Government cannot compromise a right; it would not dare to do it if it were ever so willing; and as for the Dominion Government trying to impose remedial legislation on this province, we have not the slightest fear that it will even be attempted. Let the Federal Government just try it if it wants to invite annihilation.—*Winnipeg Tribune—(Greenway's Organ)*.

HE IS IN HIS SPHERE.

An orator and a politician of Edward Blake's gifts was misplaced in a country where politics is a mere matter of attention to the details of government.

Canada is one of the happiest, wealthiest and most comfortable countries in the world. The evils against which Edward Blake declaimed may swell the national debt and stifle the national spirit, but do not hinder the industrious man from obtaining or enjoying his three meals a day.

The fury of journals and the earnestness of political orators in this country are artificial. Men read editorials and listen to speeches. As citizens of a suffering country, they shiver on the brink of inevitable ruin, and as individuals go to the comforts of a good home and the enjoyment of a bountiful repast.

Here a well-fed and well-dressed audience would listen to Edward Blake, feeling all the while that the evils against which he declaimed were largely the creature of his own imagination. His own knowledge that the abuses were out of all proportion to the gun which he trained on them, kept him in the clouds.

Across the water it is different. There privilege still impoverishes the many for the benefit of the few. There is poverty and suffering to lend earnestness to Edward Blake's attacks upon what he regards as the causes of these misfortunes. Politics in a land where the state church has to be disestablished, and where great wrongs need to be redressed is nobler sport than the game in a country where politics is a question between partisans who have the offices and those who want them.—*Telegram*.

NEED NOT BE MEAN.

To the poor need not mean, to be pinched and starved in spirit. The son of a king has royal blood in his veins, and it is bound to show itself in royal ways—in courage and patient forbearance in gentleness and sweetness and love. How is any poverty going to effect the soul of one who is born with royal blood in his veins? Don't think I mean to say that a man with an inadequate income, or a poor woman with a back-load of drudgeries, is going to preserve perpetual affability of manner and sweetness of spirit. Was there ever a summer that did not carry a sheaf of dark days in its bosom? Who would appreciate June if there were no March? Poverty will fling a shadow over the soul and render many homes so dark and gruesome that it is as impossible for the soul to blossom forth into amiable speeches and sunny actions as for a rose to unfold its petals out of time; but thank heaven, we judge summer by the average and not by any special spells of weather. If at the end we can speak of gathered flowers and garnered harvest, we know that the season, on the whole, has been a success, no matter how many rainy days and how much grumbly weather there may have been.—*Theresa Dean*.

THE SWEETEST LIVES.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close knit strands of an unbroken thread,
Where love ennobles all.
This world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells,
The Book of Life the shining record tells.

Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes
After its own life-working. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
A rich man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou reudorest.

—Mrs. Browning.

SEVEN YEARS SUFFERING.

GENTLEMEN,—I have suffered very much from Inflammatory rheumatism, which through wrong treatment left ugly running sores on my hands and feet. With these I suffered for seven years, during which time I had neither shoe nor stocking on. I commenced using B. B. B. externally and internally, using the pills also, and I can say now that the sores are entirely cured, and have been for some time. I believe the bitters were the means of saving my life.

Mrs. ANNIE EARR, Crewson's Corners, Acton P.O., Ont.

THREE DOVES.

Seaward at morn, my doves flew free;
At eve they circled back to me.
The first was Faith; The second Hope;
The third—the whitest—Charity.

Above the plunging surges' play
Dream-like they hovered, day by day,
At last they turned, and bore to me
Green signs of peace through nightfall gray.

No shore forlorn, no loveliest land
Their gentle eyes had left unscanned,
'Mid hues of twilight heliotrope
Or daybreak fires by heaven-breath fanned.

Quick visions of celestial grace
Hither they wait from earth's broad space,
Kind thoughts for all humanity,
They shine with radiance from God's face.

Ah, since my heart they choose for home,
Why loose them,—forth again to roam?
Yet look; they rest! With loftiest scope
They wheel in flight toward Heaven's pure dome.

Fly messengers that find no rest
Save in such toil as makes man blest,
Your home in God's immensity;
We ho'd you but at His behest.

—George Parsons Lathrop.

REBELS IN BUCKRAM.

A writer in the *Dublin Freeman's Journal* thus traces the history of Orange bluster and threats of revolt against England if she meted out justice to Catholic Ireland: "Will the Orangemen fight?" is one of the exciting questions of the hour. They certainly will not take the field against Home Rule. I do not say that Orangemen lack gall to make oppression bitter. I am sure they would not tamely submit to oppression or coercive laws. Few races do; and we are told that even the injured worm will turn. But Orangemen are not such fools as to enter without good cause on the uncertain path of rebellion, with the chances a hundred to one in favor of its leading to the scaffold and the prison cell rather than to the spoils of victory; and, their present pot-valiant utterances notwithstanding, when they find Home Rule means no interference with their rights and liberties, they will conveniently forget their threats of civil war, as they have done in a hundred and one cases before, and bow to the inevitable. In the history of Orangeism there is nothing more amusing than the loud-resounding bellowings of the brethren of the lodges on the eve of every reform during the past century, and the complete absence of performance which followed on these storms of words. The path of the institution is strewn with broken vows as much as with sacked and pillaged Catholic homesteads. It is curious how history repeats itself in Ireland. Generation after generation since the union we have had the same performance, the same old Orange stock piece, the same truculent threats, the same vows of "No surrender," the same protests before high heaven that they never, never, would submit, and the grand old finale—the eating of the leek, and the acquiescence, with surly and scowling looks, to the law's decrees. In fact, the only change in the piece at each performance is the actors.

The game of bluff began with the union. "The gallant Orange yeomanry, who fought in '98"—as the song has it—helped to crush the rebellion, because, probably, they considered its success would mean the end of their unbridled ascendancy over their Catholic fellow countrymen; but when the union was proposed they thought they saw in the absorption of Ireland in England the extinction of their supremacy in this country, and so they gave the measure their opposition. The Dublin lodges, at a meeting held March 3, 1800, declared:

"That we consider the friends of that abominable measure—the union of Great Britain and Ireland—as the greatest enemies to our most gracious sovereign—a measure which would destroy our existence as a nation, and eventually involve the rights and liberties, and even the lives of the people of Ireland."

The same loud-voiced protestations were indulged in on the eve of every change in the constitution. Every proposal of the government since the union, which, in the opinion of the brethren of the lodges, tended to affect their dominion, or loosen their hold on the country, or which offered a concession to the Catholics after their century of oppression under the penal laws, aroused the fiery indignation of Orangeism. It is also significant that on these occasions of reform, when it was proposed to widen the bounds of civil and religious liberty in Ireland, the slumbering embers of Orangeism were fanned into fierce flames for party purposes, and the institution received a new lease of life.

It was, however, in the church disestablishment period that the Orangeman was seen in all his glory as a mother of words of sound and fury signifying nothing, as a wielder of a painted sword, and as a vower of vows made only to be broken. The Orange agitation of those days has given us that historic phrase, "Kick the Queen's

crown into the Boyne," which happily illustrates the flexible nature of the Orangeman's loyalty. Rev. John Flanagan was rector of Killovan, county Monaghan. He published some little pamphlets called "Voices of the Past," in which he dealt, with characteristic Orange bluster and rhodomontade, with the great question of the day. He wrote:

"We are arrived at a stage of thrilling interest in the fearful crisis through which we are passing, from the reckless and unprincipled conduct of a statesman, who having sworn to advise his sovereign 'for her honor,' may shortly dare to advise her for her dishonor, and in such a way as to shake the very foundation of Her Majesty's throne, and imperil the succession in her illustrious house."

And he concludes:

"May God grant our gracious sovereign strength to do her duty. If ever a traitor minister induces her to sign the spoliation bill the brightest jewel in her crown is gone, and more than a million of Protestant hearts are irrevocably alienated from England."

But Rev. John Flanagan did not confine himself to publishing pamphlets. He appeared at several Orange meetings in Ulster, and delivered the most bellicose utterances. Here is the famous extract from his speech at Newbliss, county Monaghan, on March 20, 1868:

"If they ever dare to lay unholy hands upon the church 200,000 Orangemen will tell them it shall never be. Protestant loyalty must make itself understood. People will say, 'Oh, your loyalty is conditional.' I say it is conditional, and it must be explained as such. Will you, Orangemen, indorse the doctrine of unconditional loyalty? (Repeated cries of 'No, never.') It appears wonderful that there is one thing upon which we can confidently throw ourselves, and which has been overlooked by all speakers—I mean the Queen's coronation oath. She should be reminded that one of her ancestors, who swore to maintain the Protestant religion, forgot his oath, and his crown was kicked into the Boyne. He then read the oath taken by the Queen, in which Her Majesty swore to 'maintain and preserve inviolably the settlement of the united church of England and Ireland, and the doctrine, worship, discipline and government thereof, as by law established.' Will any minister, he continued, dare to ask the Queen to perjure herself? Will any minister come and ask us to surrender our rights? We must tell our gracious Queen that if she breaks her oath she has no longer any claim to the crown. Let us not put our trust in man, but trust in God and ourselves—

'Put your trust in God, my boys,
And keep your powder dry.'

The coronation oath was the great argument of Rev. John Flanagan. But after all it was merely a compact between the Queen and the nation, and by passing the Irish Church Disestablishment Act the nation released Her Majesty from the compact. Mr. Flanagan was also in magnificent form at a meeting at Ballybay on June 2, 1869. Dealing with the effect of disestablishment on the act of union, he said:

"We must have the act of union in its entirety or not at all; and I contend that the minute the obnoxious Disestablishment Bill receives the sign manual of the Queen the solemn compact is repealed, is broken, and therefore in all equity void. We will reject the iron hoof of England, and get rid of Papacy at the same time—driving two serpents out of the island at once."

These utterances of Rev. John Flanagan are excellent specimens of the vaporings indulged in on hundreds of Orange platforms during the disestablishment agitation. But then and now the Orangemen were joined in their crusade against Mr. Gladstone's bill by the "loyal Protestant minority" through Ireland, who were unconnected with the Orange institution, and then, as now, the orators of that "loyal minority" rivalled the Orangemen in the brag and bluster of their speeches. Mr. Plunkett, Q.C., (now known as Right Hon. David Plunkett, M.P., first Commissioner of Works), made a celebrated speech at a great diocesan conference, held in the chapter room of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, March 21, 1869. His grandfather, the famous orator of the Irish Parliament, in the course of a speech on the union of the Irish House of Commons, declared that if the nefarious measure were carried he, like Hannibal, would bring his sons to the altar and make them swear eternal enmity to the union, and, if necessary, to transmit the oath to his children's children and to the children of his children's children until Ireland's ancient liberties were once more restored. "Hannibal Plunkett's" promise was never fulfilled. He accepted the union, for it brought him office. His grandson, however, went almost to the altar of St. Patrick's Cathedral to vow that he would take the field if the Church Disestablishment Bill were passed. He said:

"We appeal to our brother Protestants in England, Scotland and Wales to stand by us in this last awful hour of our fortunes. . . . We call upon them not to allow these provisions to be made law which are calculated to hamper and injure our organization in the future, and we call upon them not to drive us again to that kind of material, physical resistance, which accompanied the protestings of our forefathers."

The Irish church was disestablished, but Mr. Plunkett followed

example set by his grandfather, accepted the inevitable, and with it office in the Tory administration. Nobody who knows the estimable recorder of Dublin (Mr. Falkiner, Q.C.) would suspect him of ever having entertained the notion of taking to the hills against England. Yet at a meeting of the Central Protestant Defence Association, in the Metropolitan Hall, Dublin, April 15, 1869, he declared:

"We must tell Mr. Gladstone that if we cannot valiantly succeed we can nobly die."

All over the country at that time prophecies were freely indulged in that "fearful scenes of bloodshed and carnage in a civil war" would inevitably follow disestablishment. But these prophecies have happily never been fulfilled.

The present threats of civil war are certain to go the way of the others and swell the huge category of unfulfilled Orange vows. We shall have no civil war after Home Rule. The Orangemen are powerless to take the field even for a day. The order, like all things of its kind, has been unable to resist the influences of these days of enlightenment, tolerance and broadness of view. It was practically omnipotent in Ireland at the opening of the century; and its members occupied all the high places of the land, executive and administrative. It was sworn before the select committee in 1885 that there were 200,000 members of the society in Ireland; 50,000 members was the estimate of its present strength given a few nights ago in the House of Commons by Dr. Rortoul, an Ulster Conservative representative. The society is to-day what it has always been—aggressive; but morally and intellectually its influence is nil. Its selfish, bitter, rabid sectarianism, its narrow ultra-Toryism, has disgusted all broad-minded men. It has indeed seen the best of its days, its claws have been sadly clipped, its resources crippled, and it is powerless now for any display of physical force against the authorities beyond a street riot. Its riots have certainly been always of a most sanguinary tinge. Take, for instance, the massacre of Dolly's Brae, which took place on July 12, 1849, the very year in which the order was resuscitated, after being banned by Parliament, and began the present phase of its career. Dolly's Brae is an exclusively Catholic district in Down, and for that very reason the Orangemen of the county thought it the best and most appropriate place in the county to celebrate the battle of the Boyne. They marched into Dolly's Brae, two thousand of them armed, with drums and banners, and were treated to beer and cheese and oratory by Lord Roden at Tullamore Park. "It is for the right of private judgment in the study of God's word that Orangemen contend," said his Lordship. Who wanted to deprive them of that right? No one. How did they contend for it? Before the sun went down that evening four Catholics were slain and considerable numbers injured, and eight houses, including the chapel and priest's residence, were wrecked and burned. No one was made amenable. Like the "Battle of the Diamond," the "Battle of Dolly's Brae" is inscribed on the banners of the lodges, and as I write I have before me an Orange ballad in praise of the massacre, which thus concludes:

Come now, applaud with heart and voice
The heroes in this action;
And in their triumph we'll rejoice
Who crushed the rebel faction.
To God alone all praise we'll give
For shielding them in danger;
And for the truth we all will strive
'Gainst friend, foe or stranger.

Such are our champions of civil and religious liberty in the nineteenth century.

Orange riots have occurred at regular periods—about every four or five years—since then. In 1857 the rioting was so terrible in Belfast that a royal commission was appointed by the government to inquire into the causes. Here is an extract from the commissioners' report:

"The Orange system seems to us now to have no other practical result than as a means of keeping up Orange festivals and celebrating them, leading as they do to violence, outrage, religious animosities, hatred between class, and too often bloodshed and loss of life."

There were riots in 1800, riots in 1804, riots in 1872, riots in 1875, riots in 1880, riots in 1886. It is easy, however, for the authorities—if they lend themselves absolutely to the task—to curb these outbreaks of Orange ruffianism. It was admirably done by Thomas Drummond, while he was Under Secretary for Ireland to the Melbourne administration:

"I am very busy with the arrangements for the 12th of July—the day on which the Orange demons walk (Drummond wrote to his mother on July 10, 1836). It is very difficult to allay their fiendish spirit, but we are improving."

It may be that in the event of Home Rule we shall see the fulfilment of Mr. T. W. Russell's prophecy that the Catholics will be driven out of the mills of Belfast; we may have some weeks of bloodshed and pillage in Belfast; but in time the Orange rabies will work itself out; and seeing that an Irish Parliament will have no more evil effect on their fate and fortunes than a disestablished church, that their possession of their prosperous commercial towns and thriving agricultural districts will remain undisturbed, the Orangemen will engross themselves for ever more in money-making and industrial enterprise, and leave Ireland after her long centuries of misgovernment and disturbance to the peaceful enjoyment of her constitutional freedom.—*Boston Republic.*

LOCAL.

The Loretto Academy on Bond St., opens on the 5th September. The ladies of Loretto have been eminently successful in the management of the girls, boys and Kindergarten departments of this Academy. See advertisement elsewhere.

Lindsay.

The C.M.B.A. held a very successful excursion to Bobcaygeon on the 29rd. A very large number of excursionists left the Lindsay street wharf, some remaining at Sturgeon Point, the greater number going to Bobcaygeon. This society is in a flourishing condition.

Carmelite Monasteries.

This month the Carmelite Fathers at Niagara Falls will be prepared to conduct missions in Toronto and neighboring dioceses. Reverend pastors desiring the services of these Fathers should make application to Rev. A. J. Kroidt, Carmelite Monastery, Falls View, Ont.

C.O.F. Picnic.

The C. O. F. have every reason to feel proud of the very successful results of their picnic which was held at Long Branch on Saturday last. Upwards of a thousand excursionists availed themselves of the pleasant trip on the steamer "Merritt," which made two trips during the day. A most enjoyable time was spent on the grounds. A lengthy programme of sports was carried out in the afternoon, each event being hotly contested. The fine order of the proceedings throughout is highly creditable to the society.

C. M. B. A.

The eighth biennial Convention of the Grand Council of Canada met at Hamilton last Tuesday (30th), and as the Council is still in session on going to press the result of the consideration of separate beneficiary for Canada will unavoidably be held over till next week, together with other routine business. The recent insurance act was referred to committee. 175 delegates, representing nearly all the branches in Canada, were present, some having come from Quebec and the Northwest Territories. Undoubtedly at the conclusion of session all business will have been wisely and ably dealt with. We will publish financial statement and full report in next number.

Editor CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—As for the past week the press of this city and of Hamilton have devoted a great deal of space to the conduct of the Ancient Order of Hibernians on their excursion to Hamilton, Aug. 15th, and have given their version of the affair, it is only right and proper we should give the facts as we saw them, and let the public judge. These facts we are prepared to give on oath. In the first place, we did not go to Hamilton to insult the British flag or any other flag. We went there as the invited guests of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Hamilton to spend a day in harmony with our Brothers of that city. We brought with us our banners or the ensigns of our order, and, of course, we being an Irish society, the immortal green is our colour. We did not, as stated, go there with American flags. The first appearance of the American flag was on John street, when a lot of boys rushed out of a lane having in their hands American and German flags. A few of the processionists purchased them and held them in their hands. What the object was in sending those boys into the procession the Hibernians of Toronto would like to know, for on seeing this we anticipated some trouble. The men in charge of the Toronto contingent were on their way to ask those in possession of the flags not to wave them, when Campaign rushed out to pull down the ensign of one of our divisions. With the excitement caused by this creature of the law we abandoned our intentions, thinking we were going to have enough to do to mind ourselves and see that none of our ensigns were pulled down. Now Mr. Editor, this is a true statement, which we hope you will publish in full. As to the return to the boat our members tried to get there quietly. Many of them alone were waylaid by hoodlums.

In conclusion we are thankful to the journals who gave us a fair report. As to the papers who blackened us as they did we refer them to the police calendar of the following morning. We have long known the journals opposed to our race and who never lose an opportunity to defame us.

Please publish this and oblige

The Ancient Order of Hibernians,
HUGH McCaffrey, C. D.

An impressive ceremony in which six young ladies received the habit of religion took place last week in the beautiful chapel of Loretto Abbey, which was crowded with visitors. The names of the newly received are Miss Agnes Mitchell, of Toronto, in religion, Sister M. Xaveria; Miss Kate Donnelly, of Orillia, Sister M. Bernard; Miss Nana McKenna, of New York, Sister M. Ethelrida; Miss Teresa O'Gorman, of Eganville, Sister M. Radagonda; Miss Annie McDermot,

of Orillia, Sister M. Theola; and Miss Ellen Connely, of Hamilton, Sister Electa.

The young ladies, clothed in flowing bridal robes, each train borne by two little children in white, walked slowly up the chapel aisle and knelt at the altar rail. After repeating in clear distinct tones that they required to lay aside the vanities of the world and to be clothed in the habit of religion, they withdrew from the chapel and returned clothed in novice's dressing, black habit and snowy veil and guimp. They then received from the hands of Very Rev. Vicar General Rooney, the crucifix, girdle and rosary and with joy beaming on their countenances returned to their seats. Very Rev. F. Rooney was assisted in performing the ceremony by Rev. E. B. Kilroy, D.D. of Stratford, and Mass was celebrated by Rev. F. Campbell, of Orillia, uncle of one of the novices. In the sanctuary were Rev. Fathers Ryan, Cassidy, Walsh and Coyle of Toronto and Rev. F. O'Sullivan, Montpelier, Vermont. Rev. F. Ryan delivered a most eloquent and touching sermon, taking for his text the following passage from the sixth chapter of St. Luke:—"And it came to pass in those days that He went out into the mountain to pray, and He passed the whole night in the prayer of God. And when it was day He called His disciples and He chose twelve of them whom also He named apostles." In beautiful words the talented speaker portrayed the happiness of such as are called to the Institute of the Blessed Virgin, being thereby chosen to participate in the work confided to the Apostles when our Lord said to them "Go teach all nations." At the same time they are to accompany Him to the mountain of prayer, and by this union of the active and contemplative life to fulfil the highest vocation in the Church of God. The music by the Abbey choir, was as usual well rendered.

THE ORDER OF SISTERS, ADORERS OF THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

Written for THE REVIEW.

"Knowing that you were not redeemed by contemptible things, as gold and silver, but by the Precious Blood of Christ as of a Lamb unspotted and undefiled." 1 Peter i, 18.

"The Son of God," says St. Bernard, "died, that by the saving balm of His Blood, our wounds might be healed. As our wounds entail eternal death Jesus Christ shed His Blood in lavish profusion to show the greatness of His love." The Great Doctor of the Church, St. Jerome, calls the Blood of Christ the "key of Paradise," for "Heaven was opened as soon as the Son of God paid the price; by the offering of His Precious Blood, that wine which maketh virgins, raiseth the soul above the things of earth and fills it with abundance of peace and joy;" "that legacy of our dying Jesus, the Eucharistic Cup." The Prophet says (Ps. cxv.) "I will take the Chalice of Salvation and call upon the name of the Lord." St. Paul calls it "the Chalice of Benediction;" because it is the source and cause of every blessing which Jesus confers on His brethren. When the Chalice is offered during Holy Mass the Eternal Father beholds in that sacred cup the sufferings, the humiliation and all the infinite merits of His Divine Son, Jesus our Brother, rising to Heaven like an incense of sweet perfumes. Divine justice is satisfied; at that solemn moment justice and mercy meet.

In those modern days we behold atheism, infidelity, socialism, rationalism, &c., casting their hideous shadows over many fair lands "When the fool in his heart says there is no God." The boasted civilization of the nineteenth century tries to abolish the uncomfortable old doctrine of everlasting punishment, the eternity of hell, and ignores the counsel of our Lord, "Deny thyself, take up thy Cross and follow Me." What is to be done to make men love God? To forget God is the order of things at the present day and to disregard the glory of "Him who strikes and who heals."

Our lamp is not trimmed. The flame of charity burns low in our hearts, but He who has said "I came to cast fire upon the earth and what will I but that it be kindled," has inspired a band of generous, fervent souls to sacrifice themselves, and by love, prayer and *Reparation* to obtain the conversion of their fellow-creatures and mercy for all sinners.

This order of Sisters, Adorers of the Precious Blood of Jesus is a contemplative order and vowed to the cloister. Its essential object is to honour the Precious Blood and make *reparation by penance and prayer* for the outrages committed by sinners, and for their ingratitude towards the *Price* of their salvation.

The need of such an order has long been felt in the Church. The confraternity of the most Precious Blood formed in England and established at the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, London, has a similar purpose. As far back as 1859 it numbered 7000 members.

The Rev. Father F. W. Faber addressing the confraternity at that date states the object for which the members assembled in these words: "Our simple object is to make our dear Lord better known and loved; to have His Precious Blood worshipped with a more tender and thankful adoration and to unite ourselves to the intentions of His Sacred Heart for the conversion of perishing sinners." "We live in a land where we see God offended every day, souls perishing for want of faith. We hear blasphemies on all sides, yet "Christ shed His blood for them as well as for us." This pious con-

fraternity of lay persons are doing in an humble manner, this holy work which is brought to perfection by the order of Sisters, Adorers of the Precious Blood.

These gentle and devout sisters gather up as it were the drops of the Precious Blood unheeded by careless Christians and apply them as a healing balsam to the wounded souls of sinners. Day and night their cry goes up to God imploring mercy for those who do not pray for themselves. During their midnight hour of *reparation* they offer themselves as *victims* to repair the injuries done to God, to appease His wrath and to adore and honour the Precious Blood on behalf of those poor blind sinners who seldom or never think of God. *Reparation* is one of the noblest and highest of spiritual works; it is recommended and encouraged by the Church even amongst the laity as a most salutary devotion to draw down upon us the grace of God.

We have in our midst a community of this Order of Sisters, Adorers of the Precious Blood of Jesus. Nearly a quarter of a century ago, a small band of young but courageous nuns tore themselves from the cloister they loved so well and in response to the urgent request of the late Archbishop Lynch came to establish the order in Toronto. These pioneer sisters endured all the hardships which usually fall to the lot of pioneers especially of religious foundations. In a small and inconvenient house, scantily and poorly furnished, lacking every comfort and with scarcely the necessaries of life, the little band set up their humble sanctuary, and found their joy in imitating the poverty of that Divine Spouse whose Precious Blood, shed for sinners is the chief object of their vows and prayers. They were for nearly twenty-five years cramped for room in a house too small to enable them to carry out their rule properly. At last they have built a modest monastery adapted to their state of life and less prejudicial to their health. Their means are very limited and they rely upon divine providence to inspire kind friends to come from time to time to their assistance in paying off the debt incurred in building. In the new monastery are several rooms, outside the cloister, intended for the accommodation of ladies desirous of making a retreat, or even of those who may wish to spend a time in Toronto and prefer the religious quiet of the monastery. A chapel adjoining the nuns' choir is open all day for those whose devotion may lead them to offer up their prayers in union with the spouses of Jesus.

Here in the sanctuary, where love of the Precious Blood is fostered, where that Blood is daily, ay and nightly implored for sinners, for the sorrowful, for the afflicted; here, surely, sorrow-stricken, and sin-stricken souls shall find solace, grace and peace. "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

Labour is another form of prayer. The Sisters are engaged in various industries which aid in their maintenance. They paint statues and crucifixes artistically, make rosaries and scapulars, habits and so on. The Altar Breads for nearly all the Diocese are prepared by them. They attend to the altar linen of several churches, they make soutanes and birettas for priests. We trust that all pious persons not only in Toronto but in all the diocese will assist in this good work by their alms toward the Building Fund.

M. V. SARTORS.

Subscriptions for the Building Fund will be received by Mother St. Joseph, Supr., at the Monastery, 113 St. Joseph St., Toronto. The Sisters promise many prayers and a participation in their outer good works for those who aid them.

The following Prayer composed for the Indians by missionaries of the olden days was found in the Church of Michillimackinac in the State of Michigan, July 19th, 1832 and sent to Rome, Feb. 8th 1838. It bears these letters A. M. D. G., 1724—

PRAYER TO THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

A. M. D. G.

O Precious Blood which Jesus shed that He might show mercy to all men—Behold we draw near to Thee; flow Thou upon us in lavish abundance. Be, hold our heads, our hands, our will, our understanding, our memory, our works our interior and exterior senses. Bathe them all for all are sin-stained; purify all, for all are corrupt; heal all, for all are sick. Do Thou so change us by Thine admirable virtue, that we may unite ourselves to Thee, O Infinite Purity. Cleanse us, adorn us, save us, crown us, Amen. A. D. 1724.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

To the many young men of the country starting in life or seeking profitable, honorable employment, to the middle-aged men living by small wages and desiring to better their situation by engaging in more successful business, and to young women who desire work peculiarly suited to them, they offer (at Peterborough Business College, Peterborough, Ont.) better advantages, at a more reasonable expense, than have ever before been presented. This College is the best appointed institution for Business or Shorthand education in Canada. Messrs. Geo. S. Bean, B.A., LL.B., and A. Blanchard, Chartered Accountant of Ontario, are the Principals, and men of undoubted ability. Parents who desire to educate their sons or daughters in the shortest time and at the least expense, for successful, useful men and women, and middle-aged men who have three months' time at their command, should investigate the claims of this institution either by a personal interview or by sending for the circulars, which will fully repay any one interested.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commented 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 Dowd of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPT. 3, 1892

GRIP'S VAGARIES.

Grip has changed hands but has not changed minds. The principal cartoon of last week is as bad as the most of Bengough's work, and is worse drawn (which is saying a great deal). The balance of the paper is poorly drawn, the funny part quite insipid, and the general look of the thing, bad, decidedly. Bengough may have been a crank on sectionalism partyism and all the other isms which the daily papers related when retailing the causes of his relegation to the post-editorial limbo, and he certainly was anti-Irish and anti-Catholic, but he would have expired on the spot rather than be held guilty of such a paper. His bishops and priests always, of course, displayed a certain *embonpoint*, in accordance with the traditions of his trade, and wore (when they were to be especially ferocious) the old French collar which priests have not worn in Canada for about twenty years back (nor in our part of Canada for close on forty); but he never drew a mitre that looked like a pair of soup-tureens rampant, nor put a Bishop's ring on the wrong finger.

REBELS IN BUCKRAM.

We have a communication too long for reproduction here, taking exception to our article of 11th June in which we held that Catholic loyalty alone kept the Queen's crown at safe distance from the Boyne and (we now add it) other sink-holes. We don't like the raking up of old sores but as they will keep them ever new, we are rather glad to have the opportunity of putting in our file the extract from Dublin *Freeman's Journal* which appears elsewhere under same heading as this note.

To prevent misapprehension we reproduce the article referred to which appeared in issue named under the heading "LOYALTY." It was *apropos* of some difficulties which occurred regarding the celebration of last 24th of May.

"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 recent letter to the French Cardinals 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 Bishop held French Canada for a victor who broke his pledges, when again in the face of every enticement, allegiance was kept in 1776, and 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.

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 her crown are thereby kept at safe distance."

In writing so we felt, as we still feel, that we were but writing the truth; and the truth of what we wrote is emphasized by every word of the *Freeman's Journal* article.

DR. HINGSTON AT THE BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

The late meeting of the British Medical Association, held in Nottingham in July, had more than a passing interest for Catholics and Canadians. For the first time in the sixty years of its existence one of the addresses before the general meeting was delivered by a colonial member, and this distinction fell to the lot of Dr. William H. Hingston of Montreal.

The address was entitled "Synthesis in Surgery," and, while touching on the progress of surgery in Canada, was a plea for a greater devotion to a broader system of surgical training as opposed to the prevailing tendency among surgeons to-day to follow special lines of practice. To say that Dr. Hingston acquitted himself creditably is to utter a feeble echo of the praises bestowed on him by the medical press of the Old Country. His opening remarks must have won for him the sympathies of the Association. "The feelings with which I rise to address so large and so distinguished an audience are a strange alloy of regret that I must needs fall short of my own desires, of confusion at finding that those to whom the same post of honorable duty has been entrusted in past years have left no branch of surgery untouched; and, more than all, of dread lest my beloved Canada should suffer in your estimation at the hands of one

"who wants not the will, but the power, to do her justice on this momentous occasion."

Canada did not suffer at Dr. Hingston's hands, for his discourse was replete with all the riches of a cultivated mind and a ripe experience. After a comparison of the characteristics of practice in the old and new land, in which he specially laid stress on the advantages of the climate of Canada as favorable facts in surgical surroundings, he gave some interesting facts concerning domestic surgery among the Indians, which make very pleasant reading; an extract in reference thereto may be found in another column.

Advocating to modern surgery in Canada, he justly claims for his colleagues as much refinement in diagnosis, as much dexterity and courage in performing surgical operations, and as much nicety in technique as in the great European cities. In this connection the *British Medical Journal* says: "Dr. Hingston reminds us that the tongue and the lower jaw were first removed together in Canada, the innominate and the gluteal arteries were first ligatured in Canada, and he mentions also that to Canada and Montreal belongs the credit of the first nephrectomy, although he modestly does not say what we may venture to claim for him, that it was Dr. Hingston himself who was the first to remove the tongue and the lower jaw, and that it was himself also who preceded Simon, of Heidelberg, by several months, and the French and British surgeons by much longer periods, in removing the human kidney."

The condition of medical education in Canada was next reviewed, and the method of government in the several universities of Canada. Speaking of the similitude of constitution and systems of education between Canadian and English schools, the learned Doctor said: "In this respect our universities, Protestant as well as Catholic, are formed much on the model of the ancient university of Dublin, for which Clement V. gave a brief in the beginning of the fourteenth century,"—a bit of news some of our modern educational reformers, in Ontario as well as Manitoba, might do well to lay to heart. Elsewhere we print Dr. Hingston's graphic account of the events which led to the foundation of the Hotel Dieu Hospital, to which Dr. Hingston has been for many years Surgeon-in-Chief, and in which he has performed the brilliant surgical operations above referred to.

The *Medical Journal*, in concluding an exhaustive and complimentary review of the Doctor's address, says:

No more distinguished colonial representative could have been selected to inaugurate the precedent which this occasion has afforded, for, in addition to the surgical achievements to which we have referred, Professor Hingston's career has been one of great honor and usefulness.

Fifteen years ago he yielded to the solicitations of his professional brethren, and accepted the nomination offered to him and was elected Mayor of Montreal. He at once proceeded to create a board of health for the city. An epidemic of small pox broke out, which was attributed by writers to vaccination. This created wide-spread alarm and hostility to vaccination, chiefly among the French portion of the inhabitants. Dr. Hingston wrote a pamphlet in English and in French on vaccination, which the Town Council caused to be printed and sent to every inhabitant; the result was that the whole population was soon a vaccinated one. Some years later a second epidemic of the same nature made its appearance; Dr. Hingston was invited by the Government to accept the presidency of the Board of Health with much greater power than he hitherto possessed. He accepted, formed Boards of Health all over the country, and other provinces of the Dominion followed the example. He has received every honor the profession could confer upon him; he has been President of the Canada Medical Association, President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and many times President of the Association for the Advancement of Science.

Dr. Hingston has written a good deal on surgical subjects, and has contributed the article on lithotripsy to the "International Surgery" (vol 6). His work on "The Climate of Canada, and its Relations to Life" is the most considerable from his pen. But no doubt he will reckon this last honor and the address which is his response to it as among the crowning satisfactions of a well-spent life."

Dr. Hingston is as distinguished in private for the piety and virtue of his life as he is in his public career of scientist and patriotic citizen. A devout Catholic, his success as a man of science and business is a standing refutation, if such were needed,

of the oft-repeated assertion that a man trained under Catholic auspices and faithful to the Church is inferior to the products of modern and infidel institutions.

MR. LABOUCHERE.

CABLE despatches of recent date inform us that Mr. Henry Labouchere, in an answer to the letter in which Mr. Gladstone assumes all the blame for his exclusion from the Cabinet, says he appreciates the courtesy toward himself and the delicacy toward the Queen exhibited by Mr. Gladstone, but he is still forced to adhere to his belief that the Queen instigated Mr. Gladstone's course. To this Mr. Gladstone has responded, repeating the assertion that he is answerable entirely in every way for the exclusion. He adds that it must not be sought to lay the blame anywhere else. This has called out another communication from Mr. Labouchere, in which he thanks Mr. Gladstone again for his expression of kind personal feelings, but again hints that he has justification for adhering to his original view of the matter, seeing that Mr. Gladstone has not denied that the Queen meddled in the make-up of the Cabinet. Mr. Labouchere closes with wishing the new Government every success, but declaring that he is too good a Radical not to force as much as possible in the way of genuine reform out of the party in power. Another correspondent remarks that Mr. Labouchere is paying the penalty of funny men generally who, no matter what their talents, are, after a time, never taken seriously on any subject.

THE GLORIFICATION OF ASTRONOMY.

There is scarcely a subject which so readily lends itself to exaggeration as astronomy. The means of investigation are now so great, the results obtained already so wonderful, the data for further search so many, and, above all, the field to be entered so limitless to our present view that even the most careful have allowed themselves to be carried off by that enthusiasm without which they would never have been astronomers, to imaginary results outside their promises. There is a mental intoxication induced by the contemplation of millions of miles which overcomes readily those whose visual environment on the earth is at its best a few hundreds. The solid earth itself does not await the final dissolution to melt under their feet, but becomes a spot, scarcely that, a point, in space as they, raised about it, soar into space on the wings of thought and integral calculus. And just here comes the danger. Of those who have written best of cosmology is Flammarion. Better, possibly, had he written less. All through his works is a subtle thread that leads to infidelity. To him the Cosmos is God; the Universe is King. You will everywhere find in his writings the idea that so magnificent a structure, so superb a being, as we positively know the universe to be, must be the infinite itself. He all but names it the Cosmal Deity in his "Glories of the Heavens." Proctor, who did so much to popularize astronomy, was of more sober mood (though that sober mood carried him very far).

Though we know that, absolutely, God might have created an eternal universe, we are convinced by sound reason that He did not create an infinite one. It, however great its extent, is still His creation, governed by His will, obeying His laws and in all things, even the most minute, serving His purpose. Its magnificence is for His Glory, as its extent is for display of His power, and its infinite variations to show His wisdom.

For those who revel in the contemplation of the immeasurability as well as in the diversity of God's creation, we reproduce a recent article from Nordstjernen.

When the author writes of "unused world stuff-matter for new creations" he writes foolishly. There can be no new creation of matter but by God's specific act which is miracle. When He created matter He made laws. Some of them are

known to us; it is quite possible that we do not know yet half of them. But under the laws He made all created matter takes its varied forms, assumes its precise positions and maintains its magnificent proportions. Enough for those that believe in Him. "The Heavens show forth the glory of God and the firmament declareth the work of His hands."

WHO SUFFERS?

Who suffers by unnecessary strikes? The employers, the employees, the public, the business of the country, the country's relations with adjoining countries; all these suffer. The man who should suffer is the man who orders the unnecessary strike. We have an idea that the following article from the *Chicago Tribune* gets very near to the root of a great deal of labor trouble.

THE WALKING DELEGATE.

"The walking delegates who manage strikers, who sit in comfortable headquarters, who issue manifestoes, whose names flare out in the telegraph despatches, who are interviewed, who are photographed and sketched by artists, and whose biographies are printed, rarely suffer.

The employer suffers. The employees lose their wages, and in the case of railroad strikes the public is put to great inconvenience and expense, but the wages of the walking delegate or "Grand Master," and "Grand Sire" go on all the time, and he keeps his profitable place even after the failure of a strike of which he and his delegates are generally the cause. For the walking delegate seems to believe that his constituents will not think he amounts to anything unless he kicks up a row and orders a walk-out about so often.

It is singular that a labor union should retain at its head a man who is responsible for an unsuccessful strike. If a general sets out on a campaign of his own devising, and gets badly whipped, he expects to be removed, and usually is. If a politician gets his party into a hole he is put on a back seat. It would be a good idea for the labor unions to put their unsuccessful strike generals on the retired list. The well paid walking delegates and Grand Masters, and Most Worthy Strike Masters would not be so eager to stir up fights if they knew they would lose their fat and comfortable places if they failed to down the employers and smash up their business.

THE FOUNDING OF THE FIRST HOSPITAL IN MONTREAL

The first hospital founded in Montreal, the Hotel Dieu, is the outcome of female love and heroism. Its history is so strange, so unique, that I may be pardoned if I allude to it at length. When Jacques Cartier returned to France after his discovery of Canada, the news of his exploit travelled over France as quickly as was then possible. A French girl, described as young and beautiful, became impressed with the thought that the newly-found country should be the scene of her labors. She succeeded, after a time, in fitting out a small barque, with money furnished by a Madame Bullion, and, with twelve sailors, crossed the Atlantic in the spring of 1641. The sea voyage to Quebec occupied three months—it can now be accomplished in one-fifteenth of that time. The journey from Quebec to Montreal by the St. Lawrence, which can now be performed in a night, then occupied eight days. Miss Mance's barque came to anchor at a projecting point off the island of Montreal, then called Hochelaga. Hochelaga was, at that time, the *chef-lieu* of the war-like Hurons. They looked with amazement at the advent of pale-faced men and one pale-faced woman—for she was alone of her sex. They soon recovered from their surprise, however, and it was necessary for the colonists to throw up for their protection, as quickly as possible, wooden palisades on the land or rear approach; the big canoe, as the barque was styled, was a sufficiently imposing defence in front. If a colonist ventured beyond the palisades to gather fruit or berries, or to cut wood, he ran the risk of being pierced with arrows. Half of the first colonists perished in this manner, and Miss Mance was obliged to return to France in 1649, bringing back with her other recruits; and again in 1658, leaving France with twenty male and female recruits, half of whom died on the voyage of a kind of plague. In their attacks on this small force some of the red-men were wounded in return, and, when deserted by their comrades, they were brought within the palisades to what they and their tribe considered certain death—according to their own custom in warfare. They soon found the hospital to be a place of woman's tenderest solicitude. When the red man's wounds were healed, a repast of dog's meat was prepared for him, and he was permitted to rejoin his tribe to tell what the pale-faced maiden had done for him. It need not surprise us to be told that in the presence of such devotion the warlike Hurons soon forgot their ferocity.

A few years later it was necessary for the small colony to move a few hundred yards inland. Work went throughout the Huron camp, and, before the hour of departure, the aborigines had strewn the ground with leaves and the branches of trees and with wild flowers,

saying the earth was *not* fit to receive the tread of these women. In this way our first hospital was established, and in this way the light of Christianity was brought to the island of Montreal. Here is how the hospital has been sustained. Miss Mance had obtained from the French King a deed of gift in perpetuity of the small piece of land where she had landed, which, at that time, was valueless. It became, however, in the course of years, the centre of the village of Montreal, and eventually the commercial city clustered around it. A century and a third ago, when Canada passed from the rule of France to that of Great Britain, respect was paid by the conqueror to the rights originally conferred by the French King, and the hospital, which at first had but the aborigines for inmates, continued to receive within its walls, as colonization went on, persons of every succeeding nationality. For upwards of one hundred and fifty years after its foundation, it alone afforded asylum to the sick and wounded of Montreal and westward. How many from these shores, when sick and disabled, have there received maternal care! How many of your children, in that then far-off land, had the pillow of death smoothed for them there, and without fee or pecuniary reward! And the same continues to this day; for the property preserved to those religious ladies by a wise conqueror, has, without municipal aid or Government patronage, but with economy, sufficed for the wants of the institution.—From Dr. Huxington's Address before the British Medical Association.

THE UNIVERSE.

To form some idea of the largeness of this earth, one may look upon the landscape from the top of an ordinary church steeple and then bear in mind that one must view 900,000 similar landscapes to get an approximately correct idea of the size of the earth. Place 500 earths, like ours, side by side, yet Saturn's outermost ring could easily enclose them. Three hundred thousand earth-globes could be stored inside of the sun, if hollow. If a human eye every hour were capable of looking upon a fresh measure of world-material 1,000 square kilometres large, the eye would need 55,000 years to overlook the surface of the sun. To reach the nearest fixed star one must travel 38,000,000,000 of kilometres, and if the velocity were equal to that of a cannon ball, it would require five millions of years to travel the distance. On a clear night an ordinary human eye can discover about 1,000 stars in the northern hemisphere, most of which send their light from distances which we cannot measure. How large they must be! Round these 1,000 stars circle 50,000 other stars of various sizes. Besides single stars we know of systems of stars moving round one another. Still, we are but a short way into space as yet! Outside our limits of vision and imagination there are, no doubt, still larger spaces. The Milky Way holds probably at least 20,191,000 stars and as each is a sun, we presume it is encircled by at least 50 planets. Counting up these figures, we arrive at the magnitude of 1,000,955,000 stars. A thousand million of stars! Who can comprehend it? Still this is only a part of the universe. The modern telescopes have discovered more and similar milky ways still further away. We know of some 3,000 nebulae which represent milky ways like ours. Let us count 2,000 of them as being the size of our Milky Way, then 2,000 x 20,191,000 equals 40,382,000,000 suns, or 2,019,100,000,000 heavenly bodies. Suppose these bodies parading before our mental eye, one per minute, it would require 3,840,000 years to finish the march, in all of which time we would have to look upon them unceasingly. Suppose a human being migrating from globe to globe, and spending fifty years on each, he would require 100,955,000,000 years for the round. If he stayed only one hour would save much time, but still need 230,400,000 years for the task. Yet these nebulae are only a part of the universe! Outside the nebula limits we know of other nebulae not resolvable into stars. They appear to be primitive nebulae, pure, unused world stuff—matter for new creations. Some of them occupy a space as large as the orbit of Uranus. Some are still larger. The one in "Orion" is estimated to be 2,200,000,000,000,000 times larger than our sun. Are we come to the outermost limit? Who dares say yes? We are probably come to our limits. But the future, with new instruments and scientific devices may push those limits so much further out into space.—Nordstjernen, Copenhagen.

MOTHERS AND NURSES.

All who have the care of children should know that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry may be confidently depended on to cure all summer complaints, diarrhoea, dysentery, cramps colic, cholera infantum, cholera morbus; canker, etc., in children or adults.

MONTREAL, 21st June 1892.

MR. S. LECHANCE.

DEAR SIR,—I have been using your new hair restorer *Capilline* for some time and I can testify it is a powerful tonic for the scalp. Whilst strengthening the hair it prevents them from turning gray. I know the chemical composition of *Capilline* and I do not hesitate in recommending the use of it, as a perfect harmless preparation.

N. FAFARD M. D. Professor of Chemistry, Laval University.

VERY REV. C. H. GAUTHIER, V.G.

For THE REVIEW,

THE Very Rev. Charles Hugh Gauthier, Vicar-General of the archdiocese of Kingston and parish priest of St. Francis Xavier's church, Brockville, was born on the 13th of November, 1844, in the parish of Alexandria, in the historic county of Glengarry, which has been justly named the cradle of Catholicity in Ontario. He received the rudiments of his education in the Brothers' School, and in 1859 entered Regiopolis College, then under the presidency of the late Dr. O'Brien, afterwards Bishop of Kingston. In 1863 he graduated with marked success and the highest honors. He was afterwards appointed Professor of Rhetoric. The old students of those days remember well his kindly manner, the great interest he took in them and the untiring diligence with which he sought to impart knowledge and love of literature. Having completed his course in theology, he was ordained priest Aug. 24th, 1867, by the late Dr. Horan, Bishop of Kingston, in St. John the Baptist Church, Perth. It is seldom that so many priests have assembled to witness the elevation of any one to their order as surrounded the young Levite on that bright morning. Nearly all the priests of the diocese were present, many of them friends who had known him from his boyhood, and had watched with pleasure his brilliant college career. They predicted a noble future for the new laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. The twenty-fifth anniversary of that day has arrived, and their hopes have been more than realized.

Father Gauthier was soon after appointed Director of his Alma Mater, where his brilliant attainments acquired him a host of friends among professors and students. The friendships of those days have been strengthened as years have been added.

In 1869, before leaving for the Vatican Council, His Lordship Bishop Horan appointed Father Gauthier to the important parish of Gananoque, which then included Brewer's Mills, Lansdowne, Howe Island, and many of those beautiful Canadian islands that lend so much grandeur to the St. Lawrence. During the five years of his ministry there, he repaired and improved the churches at Gananoque and Howe Island, and gave out the contract for the present stone church at Lansdowne. He, moreover, built St. Barnabas' church, Brewer's Mills, and prepared that part of his extensive parish for the reception of a resident pastor.

In January, 1875, Father Gauthier was appointed to Westport. But on the accession of the late Right Rev. John O'Brien, D.D., to the See of Kingston, he was the same year transferred to Williamstown, where the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame had a flourishing school. At once his educational experience gave new life and vigor to the noble work to which these good ladies had devoted their lives. Not only did the schools flourish and the practice of religion progress, but a new impetus was given to the material works within the parish. Before him was a debt of nearly \$6000, which he soon liquidated. Having made a large and handsome addition to the presbytery, he built the churches of St. Joseph and of St. Ita, and after a pastorate of eleven years had the munificent sum of \$6401 in the funds of the church to leave to his successor.

The Catholics of the vicinity of Glen-Nevis, some of whom attended Alexandria and some Williamstown, had long desired to have a church of their own. The Most Rev. Dr. Cleary, soon after his appointment to the diocese, decided to form them into a new parish and to give them a resident priest. There was neither church nor priest's house. A beginning had to be made. His Lordship had long recognized the ability and work of Father Gauthier. To him the Bishop gave the charge of building up the new parish. Soon St. Margaret's took form. At a cost of \$45,000 the magnificent church and beautiful presbytery were built. In 1886 Glen-Nevis received its regular parish priest, and was numbered among the parishes of the diocese.

In reward for his labors, His Lordship Dr. Cleary called Father Gauthier to the very important parish of Brockville, and named him Dean (1886). His call was to work not to rest after his labors. A hospital had just been opened under the care of the Sisters of Providence, Kingston. The building they occupied was not suitable for the purpose nor was it well situated. A new hospital with every convenience and all modern appliances has been provided for them at an additional cost of \$5000. The old church edifice which had served for many years as a Separate School saw the days of its usefulness pass away. Accommodation for the Sisters of Notre Dame, who had charge of the schools, was needed. The new Convent (costing \$7000) and the Separate School (\$18,000) are ornaments to the town, as well as monuments to the zeal and energy of Vicar-General Gauthier, who has prudently provided for whatever debt remains. In 1888, Very Rev. Dean Gauthier, accompanied Bishop Cleary to Rome and, with him, visited many noted places and devotional shrines in Italy, France, Germany, England and Ireland. His Grace the Archbishop, to the delight of Father Gauthier's many friends, in 1891, appointed him Vicar-General of the diocese of Kingston.

Very Rev. Vicar-General Gauthier is a man of prepossessing appearance, rare talents and remarkable attainments. Descended from Scotch and French ancestry, he exhibits the best traits of each; with the shrewd business tact of the Scotchman he has all the refined polish of the Frenchman. No one can remain long in his presence without admiring his great conversational powers, the solidity of his learning and the variety of his knowledge. He is, moreover, one of the best linguists in the country and as a speaker in English, French or Gaelic has few equals. He is always clear, impressive and convincing. He never allows the ornament to overshadow the substance of his discourse. His is always instructive, and every one who hears him admires not only his well modulated tones, but also the beauty of his language and the grace of his style. As an administrator his record is well known. As a pastor he has endeared himself wherever he has ministered. Old and young cherish his memory. He has the friendship and good will of his brother priests. No wonder that His Grace Archbishop Cleary, whose great learning, wide experience and just appreciation of men are so remarkable, chose Father Gauthier as counsellor and friend to accompany him to Rome on important diocesan affairs, and afterwards appointed him Vicar-General. During the 25 years of his priestly life Vicar-General Gauthier has done much, rather, has left nothing undone, to promote Christian charity. And now at his silver jubilee, bishops, priests and laity have united in honoring him and giving expression to the high esteem in which he is held.

D. C.

THE RAIN.

There are diamonds hung on the spray,
And sea-fog blown from the bay,
The world's as wet as a river,
O thrush, sing now, or sing never,
Spring seems far away.

Sing out, O blackbird, my king,
My heart is sick for the Spring,
And O, the drenching grey weather,
With April half through her tether,
And May on the wing!

For I think when the hawthorn blows,
And the lily's in bud, and the rose,
Perhaps one would scarcely remember
To grieve for a day of November;
But nobody knows!

--Katharine Tyann.

Agreeable—There is nothing more refreshing during the warm weather than a little *Persian Lotion* mixed with the water when washing in the morning. Those who have once tried it will not do without it. Sold by all Druggists.

LORETTO ABBEY.

For THE REVIEW

Loretto, dear old Loretto, Abbey stately and tall,
Girdled around by sheltering trees, caressing its circling wall,
The sound of music and laughter, the waters rise and fall,
Beyond, Ontario's wide expanse and the moonlight over all.

How fair in the dewy morning, in the sprinkle of matin's chime,
When the glow of dimpled waters in a ripple of rosy chime,
How fair in the gleam of sunset, with its radiance melting away,
Tinging the sails that fluttered their white wings o'er the Bay.

How dear to the hearts of the children the quiet Abbey walks,
As we clustered round the Sister in our recreation talks;
How sweet, demure and lovely, how gentle, yet firm, she stands,
Clasping her rosary, slipping the beads along through her dainty hands.

How our voices rang in the parlor, and the old refectory bleak,
When the Sister, grave, unsmiling, said "Young ladies, you may speak;"
How freighted with troublesome honors, under each swinging curl,
The tiresome effort of being good, to the true blue ribbon girl.

And the school, and the hour for study, after the vesper chimes,
The good are rewarded for merit, the bad arraigned for crimes.
How terrible in their blackness, with nothing to redeem,
The Sister made them appear to us, and now how small they seem.

The sweetest hour was on Sunday, in the tender, lingering glow
Of the parting sun on the swaying leaves, or fringed the sweep of snow,
When Benediction was murmured with responses to inspire,
And the melody of the music seemed to come from an angel choir.

We thrilled at the long reception when our classmate, azure eyed,
Swept up to the altar in bridal robes, to be the Church's bride,
How fearful and how reverently we watched her sweet and pale,
Come back as Sister Angelica, with the sweep of her snowy veil.

And clustering round in the twilight, the stories we used to tell
Of the lives of the Sisters, each romance, waiting the convent bell,
For the place was full of traditions, of legends sweet and old,
How one had given her dearest love, and one had given her gold.

And one had been belle in a city, that now was old and grey,
And one, her lover had been untrue, and one was false, they say;
And under our breath we whispered the awe that we could not hide—
To give to Christ the lover, and love, and the beautiful world outside.

We longed to try our wings in the world, to take our part in the strife;
Nor dreamed they would bruise and beate us by the sorrows and ills of life;
And would flutter back to the Abbey's peace and rest in love some day,
As ships come back from their voyages and anchor in the Bay.

Loretto, dear old Loretto, Sisters loyal and true;
How often my heart in weariness and memory goes to you,
How I long for your peace and quiet into my soul to slide,
To be in my dormitory cot and lock the world outside.

If the falsehood and ambition, the jealousy and hate,
That dominates our lives outside, steal in the Abbey gate,
It never shadowed our childhood, nor entered each happy breast,
And we love the restful haven, as the fledgling loves its nest.

Loretto, dear old Loretto, Abbey stately and tall,
Girdled round with sheltering trees, caressing your circling wall,
I would anchor my boat in the Bay to-night where the waters rise and fall,
I would listen again to the organ's notes, with the moonlight over all.

EMMA PLATNER SEABURY.

SURGERY AMONG THE CANADIAN INDIANS.

If, in the depths of the forest, an Indian breaks his leg or arm, splints of softest material are at once improvised. Straight branches are cut, of uniform length and thickness. These are lined with down-like moss, or saplings or shavings of wood; or with fine twigs interlaid with leaves, if in summer; or with the curled-up leaves of the evergreen cedar or hemlock, if in winter; and the whole is surrounded with withes of willow or osier, or young birch. Occasionally it is the soft but sufficiently unyielding bark of the poplar or the basswood. Sometimes, when near the marshy margin of our lakes or rivers, the wounded limb is afforded support with wild hay, or reeds of uniform length and thickness.

To carry a patient to his wigwam, or to an encampment, a stretcher is quickly made of four young saplings, interwoven at their upper ends, and on this elastic springy couch the injured man is borne away by his companions. When there are but two persons, and an accident happens to one of them, two young trees of birch or beech, or hickory are used. Their tops are allowed to remain to aid in diminishing the jolting caused by the inequalities of the ground. No London carriage maker ever constructed a spring which could better

accomplish the purpose. A couple of cross bars preserve the sapling in position, and the bark of the elm or birch cut into broad bands, and joined to either side, forms an even bed. In this way an injured man is brought by his companion to a settlement, and often it has been found, on arrival, that the fractured bones are firmly united, and the limb is whole again. This is effected in less time than with the whites, for the reparative powers of these children of the forest are remarkable. In their plenitude of health, osseous matter is poured out in large quantity, and firm union is soon effected.

[Dr. Hingston here showed the femur of an aborigine in which the osseous matter was so abundant as not only to unite the fracture but to form a bed on which the tuberosity of the ischium was made to rest.]

The reparative power of the aborigines, when injured, is equalled by the wonderful stoicism with which they bear injuries, and inflict upon themselves severest torture. They are accustomed to cut into abscesses with pointed flint; they light up a fire at a distance from the effected part (our counter-irritation); they amputate limbs with their hunting knives, checking the hæmorrhage with heated stones, as surgeons were accustomed to do, in Europe, in the time of Ambroise Pare; and sometimes they amputate their own limbs with more *sang froid* than many young surgeons will display when operating on others. The stumps of limbs amputated in this primitive manner are well formed, for neatness is the characteristic of all the Indians' handiwork.

The aborigines are familiar with, and practise extensively, the use of warm fomentations. In every tribe, their old women are credited with the possession of a knowledge of local bathing with hot water, and of medicated decoctions. The herbs they use are known to a privileged few, and enhance the consideration in which their possessors are held.

The Turkish bath, in a simpler, but not less effective form, is well known to them. If one of their tribe suffers from fever, or from the effects of long exposure to the cold, a steam bath is readily improvised. The tent of deer skin is tightly closed; the patient is placed in one corner; heated stones are put near him, and on these water is poured till the confined air is saturated with vapour. Any degree of heat and any degree of moisture can be obtained in this way. Europeans often avail themselves of this powerful sudatory when suffering from rheumatism.

The aborigines have their herbs—a few, not many. They have all emetics and laxatives, astringents and emollients—all of which are proffered to the suffering without fee or reward.

The "Indian teas," "Indian balsams," and other Indian "cure-alls"—the virtues of which it sometimes takes columns of the daily journals to chronicle—are not theirs. To the white man is left this species of deception. The necromancing *medicine man* doubtless practices deception, but he is, in turn impressed by the energy of his own incantations; and failure, on his part, to cure, exposes him to personal danger.—From Dr. Hingston's address before the British Medical Association.

ANNUAL REUNION OF ARCHBISHOPS OF THE UNITED STATES.

The annual reunion of the Archbishops of the United States will begin on October 19, in New York city, at the residence of Archbishop Corrigan. The New York Sun has stated that Cardinal Gibbons will preside on the occasion, as he is at the head of the oldest diocese in the United States. The Sun is incorrect in its inference as to the presiding officer. Whenever a convention of Archbishops and bishops assemble, the presiding officer, by a special brief from the Holy See, is usually the Archbishop or Bishop who has been longest consecrated. The Archbishop of Baltimore presides at meetings of the hierarchy of the United States, not precisely because of his being at the head of the oldest diocese in the country, as is often alleged, but by authority of a special indult from Rome issued in 1858, by Pope Pius IX. The text of the indult is as follows:

"Since the Fathers of the Plenary Council of Baltimore, held in the year 1852, asked the Holy Father to grant some privilege to the See of Baltimore; and, since the Bishops of the Province of Baltimore, assembled in provincial synod in May, 1858, again petitioned His Holiness to annex to the aforesaid Metropolitan See a special pre-eminence of honor, that it might be distinguished from others and be ever remembered as the mother of almost all the other churches spread throughout the United States of America, the most eminent and reverend Fathers of the Holy Council for the Propagation of the Christian Name, in a general session of the 19th of July, just elapsed, deemed it expedient that the prerogative of place be granted to the See of Baltimore, so that in all councils, meetings and assemblies whatsoever, the precedence and first seat and place be given to the existing Archbishop of Baltimore over all other Archbishops of those provinces, if any are present, without taking into consideration promotion or ordination."

A SIN AND ITS ATONEMENT.

(The heart-history contained in this story has already been submitted to the Catholic public in the pages of the *Ave Maria*, whose editor assures the public that the main incidents of the story are strictly true, but for obvious reasons are disguised as much as possible. The author's desire to remain unknown will also be understood by the reader.)

III—CONTINUED.

My husband never interfered with my practice of religion,—never made any direct effort to shake my faith; he merely ignored it. At first I used to try and interest him in Catholic matters. I made for myself a beautiful little oratory, in which I took great delight. There was a high bracket supporting a lovely statue of our Lady; two inches on either side, St. Joseph with St. Margaret in them; and a crucifix, devotional but not at all artistic, standing on a little altar in front. I had appealed to Edward to help me in this, but, though he was always kind and courteous, I met with no responsive sympathy. How could it be otherwise? But it had its effect upon me. By degrees I left off making any allusion to my religion, and kept it in the background as much as possible. My dream of gently drawing my husband into the fold faded away almost without my perceiving it.

My life was a very busy one; I had many things to learn in order to prepare myself for my future work; and so it came about that I fell into the habit of hurrying over all my religious duties. The morning and evening prayers I had once said so carefully in my little oratory became shorter and shorter, and at last were omitted altogether. Mass on Sundays I still clung to like grim death, but months passed without my approaching the Sacraments. Religion was banished from my intercourse with my husband, it was being gradually banished from my own heart. It was not without a struggle,—my conscience gave me many a twinge; but I would not stop to listen, and in my pride thought, "I shall take it all up again when I am quietly settled in the new colony. I really cannot help myself now." Soon however I did not even think that. Without advice or direction from any one I launched out in the reading of mystical books far above my comprehension. Taking passages apart from their context, and reading by the light of the false philosophy that was constantly being talked all around me, I began to think that Catholics advanced in the spiritual light treated all the simple practices and precepts of Catholicism much as my husband did. I persuaded myself I was giving up mere form and ceremony, and that I still held fast all that was essential in my faith.

Edward, I have said, made no direct effort to shake my faith, but—and this was inevitable—all his influence tended in that one direction. I felt his powerful mind acting on mine, and I, standing alone, in my poor strength, was too weak to resist it. In the long winter evenings, whenever we happened to be alone, he would read aloud whilst I worked. The books he chose were often those that treated of the great questions that agitate men's minds in the present day,—but all treated from the skeptic's point of view. The Christian religion was not so much attacked as simply ignored. It was looked upon as a mere phase in the moral history of the world, a phase that was practically past, and could have no part in the regeneration of mankind that was to follow as soon as men could be made to act on the principles laid down by these new philosophers.

It all sounded very grand to me, though at first I felt that there was wanting in it, a something whose absence left me unsatisfied I was flattered by the homage paid to my intellect; my husband evidently thought that I could understand and appreciate these thoughts that to him seemed so noble. My pride was increased by the deferential manner in which Edward's friends tried to draw me into their conversations and elicit my opinion on the different ideas that were under discussion. They often drew pictures of a life in a new country, where people would be free from the trammels of old laws and superstitions, and be at liberty to develop to the full the only principles that could make man fulfil his high destiny. The part a woman of clear views and powerful intellect might play in this great undertaking would, they said, be grand enough to satisfy the wildest ambition.

I had thought myself strong enough to withstand all temptation. When doubts about the lawfulness of these readings and conversations flashed across me. I persuaded myself that it would be weak and narrow-minded to avoid them. It was well to know what people were thinking about. There could be no possible danger for an old, well-instructed Catholic like myself. Yet now—not two years since our marriage—I had practically

ceased to be a Catholic? I saw everything from my husband's point of view. I looked forward with eagerness to *our* work and already saw myself playing the part assigned to me by all our friends. Pride indeed had led me very far. I still went regularly to Mass on Sundays, however. I can scarcely say it was an act of worship on my part; I felt it a tiresome obligation but I dared not give it up. Alas! even that went at last—and then came the deluge!

We had been a year and a half in Paris, and the time for sailing for the Promised Land, as we used to call it was close at hand. The absorbing interest that filled every day and every hour threw more and more into the shade that *one thing* in which my husband took no part. I used to attend an early Mass on Sunday, so as to be free to go out with him into the country for the rest of the day. But on the particular Sunday I so well and with such pain of heart remember, we had invited some friends to a *dejeuner*, so that I knew we could not go out; and it was raining and blowing so fiercely in the early morning that I could not get to Church before breakfast. So I decided to go to ten o'clock Mass and was just preparing to set out when Edward appeared at my door, looking radiant with delight.

"There is such a treat for both of us!" he explained. "The greatest orator of all France is going to deliver a lecture in the hall of Sorbonne. De Verac has secured tickets for us. But we must make haste. Half Paris will be there, and I would not miss it for the world!"

"O Edward," I explained, in unfeigned distress, "I haven't heard Mass yet! I was just going to the Madeleine. Would it not be still time at eleven o'clock?"

"Certainly not," he answered, in his coldest tones. "I shall have to go alone. But you would have enjoyed it so." Even then he did not attempt to coerce me; but I saw his look of keen disappointment, and I heard him utter something between his teeth.

I could not stand it. "I did my best to go this morning and the storm prevented me. I ought to do what my husband wishes," I said to myself. (He was watching me anxiously.) "I will go with you," I said aloud. "I think I may consider myself dispensed from hearing Mass, as the bad weather kept me away this morning."

He was delighted, hurried me into a carriage, and as we drove off said: "I could not have enjoyed it without you. You never heard such a voice, such a torrent of fine, burning eloquence. I should like to get inside you and see what you feel."

I am not going to set down one word of that marvelous yet utterly anti-Christian discourse, which, in the frame of mind in which I was that day, seemed to break down all barriers, release me from all fetters, and bear me on the wings of an eagle up and into the innermost heaven. What wonder, when my will had been so long setting in the wrong direction that wonderful musical voice should sway it with its words of power! What wonder, since, having that very day let slip the last anchor and most powerful means of grace, I was at the mercy of that

The orator lectured for an hour on a sort of transcendental tremendous wave which swept me off the rock of faith! philosophy, which was to take the place of all revealed religion. It seemed like a few minutes, and when those silver tones ceased to thrill on the ear the whole assembly sat still for a space as if spell-bound, and then burst out in wild applause. My husband led me out and put me in a *fiacre*; still I could not speak. Then, drawing me to him, he said: "Meg, I have got inside and seen, and now—now! Your soul and mine are one,—all differences destroyed!"

We arrived home just in time to receive our friends at that pleasantest social gatherings, a Parisian *dejeuner*. M. Daquesseau, who was one of Edward's Colleagues, brought the news that a certain M. de Rechac, who was all powerful with the Minister of foreign affairs, had accepted the invitation we had sent him, and was coming with De Verac. "The fates are all propitious to-day!" exclaimed Edward, who had been long trying to secure the good graces of this man through whom he counted on obtaining certain advantages for the French colonists who were going out with him. His delight and exultation could not be disguised; his bounding spirits overflowed upon his guests, and we never had so brilliant a reunion. M. de Rechac was the only stranger, but he too felt the spell, and for the time being was delightful. He was a most violent anti-Christian leader, and was believed to be the soul of one of the secret societies.

Edward explained his plans and wishes about "Mount

Carlyon," as the new settlement was to be called; to all which the Freemason listened with evident interest, and finally promised his best endeavors to secure from the French Government the favors which would be of such material advantage. "I feel the great pleasure in assisting you Mr. Carlyon," he said in conclusion, "as I see you are a man of wide and enlightened views; and I feel sure you will never allow meddling priests to make use of your colony to further their own ends. As to those suckers from the trunk of superstition who are continually presenting themselves under the color of emigration, they will be as destructive to liberty in the new country as they have been in the old, and I shall always do my utmost to crush them."

There was an involuntary glance towards me from several of the habitual guests, who knew that Edward would never suffer any observation at his table which would annoy or distress his wife. M. de Rechac saw it in a moment, and hastened to repair what he thought was a false step.

"But I ought not to express my sentiments so broadly before ladies. Madame is a good Catholic, probably? The fair sex can seldom get on anywhere without a thread of superstition; and, by my faith, they prove themselves marvellously skilful in weaving their threads into cables."

(To be continued.)

Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls.

The "Sunlight" Soap Co., Toronto, offer the following prizes every month till further notice, to boys and girls under 16, residing in the Province of Ontario, who send the greatest number of "Sunlight" wrappers: 1st, \$10; 2nd, \$6; 3rd, \$3; 4th, \$1; 5th to 14th, a Handsome Book; and a pretty picture to those who send not less than 12 wrappers. Send wrappers to "Sunlight" Soap Office, 43 Scott St., Toronto, not later than the 29th of each month, and marked "Competition"; also give full name, address, age, and number of wrappers. Winner's names will be published in the *Toronto Mail* on first Saturday in each week.

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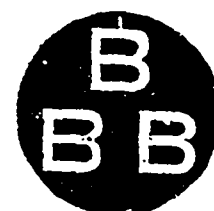
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THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY.

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 Mary 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 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 (signed) 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.

Witnesses (signed) AIME MATHIEU, LOUIS PERRAULT, 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 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 16 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.

LIST OF PRIZES.

Table with 2 columns: Prize amount and Quantity. Includes entries for \$15,000, \$5,000, \$2,500, \$1,000, \$500, \$250, \$100, \$50, \$25, \$10, \$5, \$2, \$1.

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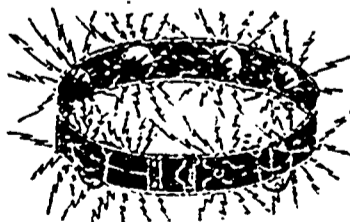
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TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of August 1892, mails close and are due as follows:

Table with columns: Destination, CLOS. (a.m., p.m.), DUE (a.m., p.m.). Includes routes for G. T. R. East, O. and Q. Railway, G. T. R. West, N. and N. W., T. G. and B., Midland, C. V. R., G. W. R., U. S. N. Y., and U. S. West States.

English mails close on Monday and Thursdays at 4 and 10 p.m., and on Saturdays at 7 p.m. The following are the dates of English mails for August: 1, 2, 4, 6, 8, 9, 11, 13, 15, 16, 18, 20, 22, 23, 25, 27, 29, 30.

N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Saving Bank or money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make order payable at such branch post office.

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