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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol V

Toronto, Saturday, July 25, 1891.

No 24

PERE FELIX.

On Monday, July 4th, Pere Felix, the celebrated French preacher, died at Lille, at the great age of 85. He was born at Neuville on July 28, 1806, and made his studies at the Seminary of Cambrai. At the age of 27, then already in Holy Orders, he joined the society of Jesus, of which he became one of the chief ornaments. In 1855 he occupied the pulpit of Notre Dame with great success, still shadowed as it was by memories of Ravignan and Lacordaire. Apart from these conferences (*"Progres par le Christianisme"* collected afterwards in 16 volumes) Pere Felix published a large number of pamphlets, among which *"Socialisme devant la societe"* and *"Patriotisme"* are the most celebrated. By tongue and by writing he laboured during the whole of his life for the Catholic cause, and his reputation, deservedly great as it was, is little beside the great and solid work he has done. A correspondent of the *London Globe* contributes some notes on the great Jesuit, a portion of which we may give here:

Pere Felix, who has just died at the ripe age of 85, was a remarkable ecclesiastic in many respects. He was, perhaps, best known as one of the great *conferenciers* at Notre Dame, where he succeeded Lacordaire and Ravignan, and preceded Monsabre and d'Hulst. Son of a small farmer in the north, he was in a large measure self-taught, and did not join the Order of the Jesuits until he had attained his 27th year. As most persons are aware, the noviciate there is long and severe; in his case it lasted seventeen years, when he was allowed to take the vows. At that moment nothing in him presaged the celebrity he was destined to acquire in the Roman Catholic world. He was considered to be only an ordinary preacher, pious and correct, but deficient in the qualities necessary for high rank. He soon showed, however, that he was made of superior stuff, and, by dint of patient study and profound meditation, he gradually came to the front, and finally established his fame as both a preacher and an author. He was above everything a dialectician, being called the Bourdaloue of the 19th century; but the rigour of his syllogisms did not exclude either elegance or passion, and it could not be said of him as Madame de Sevigne said of another preacher, whose logic wearied her—"Rather than listen to him, I prefer to be converted at once." He possessed two characters, different from but completing each other. As a student he was the most amiable of men, but as a preacher, he was the most

serious that ever mounted the pulpit. The study and the pulpit were the two scenes of his existence, which alternated from grave to gay, from lively to severe, thus explaining the opposing tendencies of his nature. There was nothing particularly striking in his appearance. His face was pallid, like that of a man suffering, and at first sight he seemed cold and forbidding; but his bright black eyes soon spread warmth and lustre over his complexion, and one felt irresistibly drawn towards him. His voice was clear and musical, and nobody better than he knew how to fill the vast cathedral.

His life was one of labour, both with the tongue and the pen, and it is difficult to say with which he was the more indefatigable. As a preacher he began his career at St. Thomas d'Aquin, from which he moved to St. Germain des Pres, and thence to the pulpit of Notre Dame; this was in 1853. Eighteen years later he left the Cathedral, after having exposed his great thesis of *"Progres par le Christianisme,"* and *"Jesus Christ et la Critique Nouvelle."* A logician rather than a poet, and philosopher rather than theologian, he appeared at the time when the romantic movement no longer attracted minds towards the high ideal which Lacordaire preached so eloquently. At that moment it was with reason, and not imagination that the preacher had to deal, and for eighteen years he reasoned with his congregations, in spite of the lady members of his flock who, if we are to believe a writer in the *Gaulois*, were not at all pleased with his ponderous conferences. The rational and learned Christianity of the present day was one of the consequences of his teaching, but it was not his fault (*sic*) he had to keep within the narrow bounds marked out by contemporaneous faith, and he did so with as much courage as talent. "Pere



PERE FELIX,

From a Portrait taken in 1836.

Felix has ceased preaching and taken to writing," said somebody to Dupanloup, who, esteeming the talent of a writer superior to that of an orator, replied, "So much the better—we shall now have some books worth reading." But he did not leave the pulpit entirely, and often preached in the provincial cathedrals. The works he published were numerous, and are masterpieces in their way. At the same time he helped to found several religious institutions, including the *Oeuvre de St. Michel* for the propagation of healthy literature, which is in a flourishing condition. For many years he was the Superior of the Jesuits' College at Lille, but resigned the post on account of old age, and it was there that he died."

NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, July 6, 1891.

For once we are not talking scandal. The people are talking of a hero. Brave Fred Brokau! A sweet, young life was the tribute he laid at the feet of duty. He hazarded his life without a moment's hesitancy to save another's. Thousands had done the same. In his death throes he was offered a saving hand, while she whom he essayed to rescue was still in the water. He refused. Only Sir Philip Sidney and he had done that. The story is simply told: Frederick Brokau was the son of the New York clothier of that name. He had just graduated from Princeton, and was taking a rest at his father's cottage, at Elberon, N.J. Although he had spent the last few years away at school we used to hear of him from time to time for he was the captain and catcher of his college baseball team, and that is the team which carried off the championship honors this year from all the colleges. When he came home loaded down under class honors and field honors, wearing them with the modesty and frankness of a child, he was the hero. Then he went down to the beach, and, on the second evening, sitting on the veranda of his father's cottage, he saw his mother's three female servants go down to the surf to bathe. The sea was very rough and two of them were immediately carried off their feet. Brokau threw off his coat and dashed to their rescue. He reached one of the drowning girls but was prevented by the breakers from taking her ashore, and before help came she dropped from his weakened grasp and floated away. Soon they both sank. A boat going to their rescue reached Brokau first, but he cried to the occupants to save the women. Then he sank and did not rise again. Two of the women were saved, the third was drowned. "Save the women!" he shouted from the coils of the sea that the next moment had strangled and dragged him under.

His body was found and was buried last Sunday at Newark; and half the Princeton students, who had just gone to their homes all over the country, came back to the funeral of their dead comrade and friend. His sad death has cast a perceptible gloom over a large circle, but his heroic deed has ignited the spark in many a breast where, otherwise, heroism had never been born.

The colleges are now closed and myriads of educated young men are turned loose upon the country, and the country stands the shock amazingly well,—better than the young men will start the recoil a little later. If dreams were facts a great many illiterate people, who have been directing affairs temporarily, would now yield their positions to leaders qualified by education. But facts are not dreams; and, to him, no fact is so unlike any dream as the fact that all the young philosopher has learned at college will have to be unlearned, to make way for a practical education. It may soothe him, however, to know that he will then be wiser for having once possessed his book-erudition. That is, it is better for him to have learned and have forgotten than never to have learned at all.

Already the stream of applicants for office positions, down town, swells. The college-bred man is daily turned away, there being no vacancies; and, when some months elapse and he has still failed to secure a field, or even a little garden, for his talents it will begin to look to him as though the world were organized without taking cognizance of him, while all the time he cherished the hope that, if it were not wanting for him, it would, at least, gladly receive the quota that he was garnering up with so much care. To many of this successful class of 1890-91 the business world will bear the appearance of being enclosed within a circular crust, inside of which they hear distinctly the sounds and shouts of busy men; while, with tiresome step, they tread the outside, vainly seeking a weak spot that will yield to force or entreaty. For young men with influential friends, or hereditary possibilities, education will command a position in the city; securing, beyond fear, the means of support. Others will quietly carve out places for themselves with their keen-edged determination. And still some others, perhaps not without determination too, who, when they come to demand the living which they claim the world owes them, will find a close, narrow machine, running in a small compass, filled to its sides with workmen, all its needs, and very resentful of any new intrusion. It is not conceivable that some classmate may then recur with a sigh to Fred Brokau who lived a whole life, died a glorious death and left an immortal name almost the same day he graduated from school.

Herr Cahensly has embarked on the ocean of statistics, and, like many another indifferent sailor in that perilous sea, has lost his bearings. He is in imminent danger of being engulfed if not rescued. Statistics afford unbounded sport, and considerable intellectual enjoyment to the skilled mariner who knows how to sail them, and takes with him a bountiful supply of heterogeneous facts and information, but, nowhere else are found hidden such dangerous shoals, quagmires, and short turns to entrap the unwary adventurer. Aside from the doubtful character of the compliment to Americans, and to their capacity for managing their own affairs, conveyed in his recommendations, the most marked feature of Herr Cahensly's memorial to the Pope, begging the appointment of foreign bishops and priests in America, is that it should proceed from Cahensly at all. If the migration were in the direction of Germany that gentleman's solicitude

might have some appearance of timeliness. But the case is the reverse. It is in the direction of America, which the immigrants are going to make their future home. The land that boasts such prelates as Gibbons, Taschereau, Corrigan, Ireland. It is generally conceded, over here at least, that these names represent zeal for the cure of souls. The Church which they have built up, and which they command, is the foundation for this general belief. A more judicious man than Herr Cahensly, before measuring out so voluminous a memorial, and flanking it with such ponderous unconvincing statistics, and carrying it over the venerable heads of the Church in America, would have visited in person the land whose moral condition gave him such concern. A tour in America would have taught him a great deal. He would have learned how the great angel of assimilation presides over the land, and how quickly he does his work. Every generation that grows up here speaks English. It is an *effete* and *erroneous* notion that religion dies with the mother tongue. Mr. Cahensly would have formed, also, every colony of foreigners provided with their own pastors. Instead of making a voyage he found it easier, it seems, to turn over the leaves of a statistical almanac. As it is barely possible that, when their emancipation plans are carried out on the lines laid down by them for remedying defects of the Church in America, there may be no Cahenslys present to direct the details of the arrangements, it might be well for Mr. Cahensly, before he dies, to file written instructions for that purpose in the museum at Berlin.

PIERRE TOUSSAINT.

THE first Catholic of New York city, bishop, priest or layman, whose life appeared in book form, was Pierre Toussaint, born a slave in St. Domingo, who by his virtues and merit acquired the esteem of people in the highest circles of society. In a life nearing three score years and ten we have known and met many, but the memory of Pierre Toussaint is indelibly impressed in the writer's mind. Saying the Rosary with him as leader in old St. Peter's is a cherished memory.

Pierre Toussaint was born about 1766 in St. Domingo, on the plantation of the Berard family, to which the grand father and mother had belonged, winning favour by fidelity and devotedness. When the revolution broke out in St. Domingo, Mr. Berard, like many others, resolved to emigrate to the United States, expecting a speedy end for the troubles in the island. He came with his wife and five of his former slaves, Toussaint and his sister Rosalie among them.

After making his plans for a residence in this country, Mr. Berard returned to settle up his affairs, but found that all was lost except what he actually had taken. Amid these trials he was seized with pleurisy and died. Toussaint had meanwhile learned hair-dressing, and by his skill began to lay up money. Madame Berard's resources were soon exhausted. She gave Toussaint her jewels to raise forty dollars on them. In a few days he handed her two packages, one containing the jewels, the other forty dollars of his own savings. When her hair-dresser presented his bill and asked for a settlement, Toussaint paid it in work. Indeed from this time he regarded all he could earn, except what he needed to live, to belong to his old mistress.

He was naturally gay, cheerful, and fond of amusement within reasonable limits but he denied himself almost everything for the sake of Madame Berard, even after she married again. In later years he said: "I only asked to make her comfortable, and I bless God that she never knew a want."

As she neared her end she comprehended fully the sacrifices of this devoted servant and friend. "She said: 'I cannot reward you, but God will.'" He replied: "O Madame! I have only done my duty." "You have done much more," she said. "There is no earthly remuneration for such services."

After her death, he was by her act freed, and he laboured to purchase the freedom of his sister and see her well married. Then in 1811 he married Juliette Noel. By this time he was the fashionable hair-dresser of New York. The most distinguished ladies in society employed him, and he went from house to house. But he was prudence itself. Nothing could induce him to carry gossip. When a lady tried to extract some information about a certain family from him, he said with dignity, "Madame, Toussaint dresses hair: he is no news journal." When another lady wished him to bear a disagreeable message, he said: "I have no memory."

Accident enabled him to correspond with members of the Berard family, and their letters showed how they appreciated his kindness to his mistress. As he was prospering in business he frequently sent them presents until they remonstrated.

He lived happily, having adopted his sister's child, Euphemia, on his mother's death. Faithful to his religion, hearing Mass daily, charitable, his days glided on in peace. Liberal himself to the orphan asylum, he always, on her birthday, took Euphemia there to present a large basket of cakes to the orphans. His whole affection centred in this child as though it were his own, and he educated her carefully, but she was frail from birth and died piously, attended by the Rev. Dr. John Power. Completely overcome, Toussaint sought consolation in prayer and the sacraments.

He was a man of thought and resource. A French lady in distress asked his advice. He suggested her giving French lessons, as her language was pure. But she declared that she had never studied the French grammar so as to be able to teach the language. He at once said: "Would you be willing to give lessons for conversing in French?" and on her consenting, obtained pupils enough to form a class, and thus introduced a new and attractive method.

Toussaint rendered great service in reconciling families in the little variances arising from zeal, or fancied slights, or hasty words. He acted with such prudence, judgment, and Christian charity, that he never failed to restore old friendship. In family troubles, when no one could apparently be trusted, Toussaint was always prompt, silent and sure. He travelled often some great distances to trace some wayward child, plead, argue, prevail, and return with joy restored to a grieving household. When there were fairs for any religious or charitable purpose Toussaint was always ready, but never thrust himself forward.

His charity went further. During the yellow fever he discovered a white man entirely abandoned. He was an utter stranger, but Toussaint took him home, and by his care and purse saved his life. On another occasion he found a priest in a garret, with ship fever and destitute. He took him to his house, and, making his case known, attended him until he recovered. Being childless, he was constantly bringing up boys until they were old enough to earn a living.

In time he purchased a pleasant house on Franklin Street, where white and coloured friends called to enjoy his company. Some of his savings were invested in stocks of insurance companies, swept away by the great fire of 1895, but when friends wished to get up a subscription for him he prevented it.

His faithful wife preceded him to the grave, and at last he became unable to totter to St. Peter's to his daily Mass. He gradually sank, and his last days were attended by Sisters of Charity and by the Rev. William Quinn, who respected him highly. He was buried from St. Peter's, and the church was filled with Protestants and Catholics, with white and coloured, the wealthiest and the poorest. The Requiem Mass was as grand as if given for a prince. Father Quinn said: "There were few left among the clergy superior to him in devotion and zeal for Church and for the glory of God; among laymen, none."

A "Memoir of Pierre Toussaint, born a slave in St. Domingo," was written by Mrs. H. Lee, author of "Three Experiments in Living," etc., and appeared at Boston in 1854. It ran through several editions.—*American Catholic News.*

A COMMON FALLACY.

THE other day while engaged in conversation with an apparently well educated and intelligent young man, he surprised me by asking to know on what grounds the Catholic Church based her assumption that all those who are not in exterior communion with the Catholic Church are certain to be damned. I say, he surprised me, because I was well aware of the erroneous, and even absurd notion which the vast bulk of uneducated Protestants entertain on this point; and though I was not ignorant that even many apparently clever and well informed Protestants labour under a similar mistaken notion, I had not expected to hear it from my present interlocutor.

Of course I hasten to disabuse his mind of any such false idea, and explained to him the true teaching of the Catholic Church on the point. And that teaching, dear reader, I venture to lay before you in order that under the name of *conscience* you may employ it "to put to silence the ignorance of foolish—i.e. uninformed or falsely informed men."

Accordingly the Church teaches—and her teaching assuredly on this point cannot be carped at as intolerant or shackling, the liberty of the individual,—a favourite cant expression of Protestants,—that as regards the eternal salvation of men outside Her pale, we have three sorts of men to consider.

The first are those who are convinced that the sect to which they now belong is not the Church of Christ, but that the Catholic Church,—the Holy Roman Catholic Church, alone presents those marks of a genuine, divinely ordained, and guided Church which stamps Her and Her alone as the only true Church of Christ on earth.

These men in refusing to enter the Catholic Church and become her faithful, obedient children, are classed among those who will assuredly be damned for not being in her fold. And will anyone with a claim to right reason condemn this teaching? Is it not a wrong thing, and therefore a punishable thing, to judge and act in direct opposition to one's conscience and convictions? And is not this precisely what such men do? Therefore, they will be damned, not because the Catholic Church says so, but because their own perverse will, refusing to bend to the judgements of their intellect and the pleadings of their conscience, of necessity lead to damnation!

The second class of men, strange to say, whom the Church declares to be in peril of eternal ruin, are actually the men who enter within Her doors and to all outward appearance are Catholics, but who really do not believe in the Catholic Church as the true Church. They still, as the saying is, believe in the Church of their fathers, but from

false motives, for example, for the sake of pleasing their Catholic consort, or gaining a lucrative post they join the Catholic Church.

Here again, we have them sinning against their conscience, and right reason must support the teaching of our holy Faith on the matter. And, what an excellent opportunity is here presented for disposing of the ridiculous assertions of even non-Catholic ministers, who would make their hearers believe that Rome, eager to swallow all she can get, sublimely ignores the internal assent of her children to her doctrines and practices, and promises salvation indiscriminately, with or without internal assent. Far from that being the case, to such converts as these, Rome will cry out: "Hold! Stay where you are under the circumstances; salvation is possible to you where you now are; but come to us, and salvation is impossible. What to a Catholic is food and salvation is, to you, laboring under your present belief and opinion, only poison and eternal ruin!"

The third class of men which the Church considers in this matter of present belief and future salvation, is composed of that majority of non-Catholics who live in doubt as to which is the true Church of Christ.

As regards such men, her teaching is, as with the other two classes above mentioned, in perfect accord with right reason; a fact which any one blessed with however small a commodity of this same precious article of right reason will unhesitatingly admit.

Such men are bound, under peril of eternal loss, to examine and search for the truth. They are bound to pray, likewise, prayer being the most necessary, most efficacious of all means established by God to win from Him the grace of enlightenment for the intellect and firmness and courage for the will.

Such then, is the answer to be given to that senseless and, alas, too widespread fallacy formulated and strengthened, as I verily believe in many cases by the ignorance and bad will of non-Catholic ministers themselves.

J. M. J.

DEATH OF CARDINAL HAYNARD.

His Eminence Cardinal Haynard died on July 4th at the Archbishop's seat, Kalocsa. The deaths of three Hungarian Archbishops within six months have left the most important sees of the kingdom all vacant together. No new appointments have yet been made for the Archbishoprics of Grau and Agram, and now the Archbishopric of Kalocsa is also vacant. Cardinal Louis Haynard, who was the son of a lawyer in a remote Hungarian province, was one of the most distinguished prelates of the Church. Not only as a churchman but as a writer, statesman, diplomatist, orator, and savant he stood in the front rank of his countrymen. Only three years ago he acted for the tenth time as President of the Magyar Assembly in the Austro-Hungarian Delegations, discharging duties which are usually assigned to a layman with the greatest ability and firmness. He was at that date a very handsome man, tall, dignified, and most courtly in manner. He was the confidant of the Tisza ministry in all its troubles, its adviser as to ecclesiastical legislation, and its intermediary in every delicate negotiation either with the Court at Vienna or with that of Rome. About a year ago he was struck down by paralysis, and lost the faculty of reading and writing. Soon after this his reason became clouded, and during the last ten months he was slowly dying. He was born in 1816, and became Bishop of Siebenburgen in 1852. He preserved good relations with the Austrian Government during the Hungarian revolution, but in 1862 he entered into conflict with it about Transylvanian affairs, and, having resigned his see, went into an exile which lasted six years. The Holy Father, approving of his policy, created him Archbishop of Carthage. In 1868, after the establishment of dualism, he returned to Hungary and was soon afterwards made Archbishop of Kalocsa. He will always be remembered in Hungary as one of the most munificent of prelates, for not only did he give largely out of his own revenues for charitable and educational purposes, but he founded the Haynard fund for promoting scholarship, science, and art under Church patronage. The fund has altogether expended about five millions of florins in endowments for the Hungarian Academy, the Academy of Music, the National Museum, and other institutions. To the National Museum the Cardinal some years ago presented a valuable library with a herbarium, which he had been 40 years collecting, and which is accounted one of the richest in Europe. The deceased Cardinal was the first to raise his voice against anti-Semitism. Charming anecdotes are told of him. Once, for instance, on a tour through his Hungarian diocese he was received with music by a large crowd of Transylvanian peasants. The Archbishop asked if there were many Catholics in the place, as he was so well received. "Not one of us is a Catholic," was the answer. The people told him they had not seen a priest or heard a sermon for so long that they were going to ask him to preach to them. They had no church, but said they would stand on the grass, and that he could lean against a tree. The Bishop delivered a sermon, which charmed them. When they crowded round to kiss his hands he asked what he could give them as a parting gift. They cried, "Stay with us, and be our pastor. We will build you a church." The Cardinal leaves five million florins in legacies to charitable institutions.—R. I. P.

SUPERIORITY OF CATHOLIC SPIRITUAL WRITINGS.

By Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, D.D., in "Fourfold Difficulties of Anglicanism."

VII.

The mention of the contemplative orders, with which my last letter concluded, naturally brings to the mind the subject of religious books, which I must not omit to notice, because the unquestioned superiority of the Roman to the English Church in this particular, is a fact deserving serious consideration. "Why cannot any of you write with feeling and unction such as this?" asked James I. of his bishops, when he had read the "Introduction a la vie devote," sent to him by Mary of Medici.

The private devotions of Archbishop Laud borrow largely from the prayers of Catholics,—the devotions of Hicke and Cosin are formed on their very model: some of the most valuable portion of Jeremy Taylor's works are founded on the great moral writers of the Continental Church,—using their very words and terms of expression, giving their advice and their cautions." In fact, the chapter on Meditation, of which this was especially said, is little more than an analysis of the scheme of the Spiritual Exercises, that all but inspired composition of St. Ignatius Loyola, which has been "wonderfully blest in the conversion of tens of thousands." Bishop Wilson recommended the use of the Spiritual Combat.—Thomas a Kempis has been edited even by some of the Evangelical party, and Fenelon is almost as familiar to Protestants as to Catholics themselves.

We read in the life of a late prominent member of your clergy (Rev. A. H. Mackonochie) that "he seemed fairly to have absorbed the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, and two or three other Catholic Ascetical works, and that they supplied very frequently the plan of his retreats, missions, and courses of sermons, or the frame-work of simple meditation," and there is reason to believe that the same might be said with equal truth of a considerable number of your High Church clergy. Long ago it was found worth while to publish a series of translations from the works of our Ascetical writers, "adapted to the use of the English Church," and in the preface to some of the earlier volumes, Dr. Pusey wrote that "in contemplation and self discipline" (i. e., in the whole of religion practical and devotional, objective and subjective) "the spiritual writers of foreign churches have, as yet, some obvious advantages over our own." Fifty years have passed away since these words were written. "Is there any token that the balance of advantage is inclining to the other side?"

Thus far we have spoken of sanctity only in its higher degree; and on that we might fairly rest the whole question, because, as Aristotle says, "that kind is altogether best, whose excellence or pre-eminence is best," but it may be more satisfactory to you if we pursue the comparison further, and consider the respective religious condition of the multitudes whose vocation lies in the world—that is, of the main body of each communion. It is obvious, however, that to enter into so vast a subject with anything like detail would be far beyond the compass of a letter. I will only make one or two remarks upon it.

The first thing which struck me when I began to frequent Catholic Churches was the intense devotion of the half clad paupers, the very beggars, who are in daily attendance there: there is something in the expression of their faces, especially when they approach the Blessed Sacrament, utterly unlike anything I had ever before seen in real life, and only reminding one of the pictures of Catholic Saints. If you could witness this for yourself, and contrast it with the almost total absence of the very poor from your public worship, and especially from your communions, I think you could not doubt which of the two religions takes deepest root in the hearts of the poor, and, considering that "to the poor more especially" was the Gospel preached, there is surely a strong presumption that the Church of the poor is the Church of Christ. This fervour of devotion, however, though most striking in the poor, seems equally to pervade all classes, and indeed is acknowledged on all hands as a marked characteristic of Catholicism. Hear the remarks of a Presbyterian traveller on this subject. "Catholicism has certainly a much stronger hold over the human mind than Protestantism, the fact is visible and undeniable, and perhaps not unaccountable. The fervour of devotion among Catholics, the absence of worldly feelings in their religious acts, strikes every traveller who enters a Roman Catholic Church abroad. . . . In no place of worship do we witness the same intense abstraction in prayer, the same unaffected devotion of mind. . . . The public mind is evidently more religionized than in Protestant countries;" and he then proceeds to enquire: "Why should such strong devotional feeling be more widely diffused and more conspicuous among people holding erroneous doctrines, than among us Protestants holding right doctrines?" which very perplexing problem he at last solves thus. "Our belief is the working of judgment, theirs of imagination; and in this way we must account for the undeniably greater devotional fervor of Catholics than of Protestants."

From this difference between Catholicism and Protestantism it may surely be expected to result, that those who "have not faith," under the one system will alter Christianity to suit their own mind, and under the other will reject it altogether, because they find it unalterable. Then, again, in practice; there is little comparatively

in Protestantism which requires self-sacrifice; a member of the Church of England, for instance, may be thoroughly irreligious at heart, and yet feel nothing in the system of his Church grievous enough to rouse him to the exertion of publicly renouncing it. To fulfil his ordinary social duties, and even to attend public worship and go through the customary round of religious observance, can be no great hardship to him; and as long as he does this, none dare call him an infidel, and he may never be led to think enough on the subject of religion to be altogether conscious to himself that he is such; but, if this person had to fast for the forty days of Lent, to kneel at the tribunal of penance, and there confess his most secret sins, and crave the blessing of absolution, he would soon find himself, as it were, forced into a position of open rebellion; and it is, I believe, because the Catholic rules of practice are thus searching and stringent, and enter so minutely into the details of daily life, that they are absolutely intolerable to the love of indulgence, and especially to the pride of the worldly heart; and therefore in Catholic countries, the opposition between the Church and the world is far more distinct than in England.

To be Continued.

REV. THEOBALD MATHEW.

The "Apostle of Temperance" claims a place here, not as a politician, not as a famous author, not even as a great orator—for his victories over hearts were due to no eloquence but that of a pure purpose—but as one who loved his countrymen, and taught them to triumph over a besetting sin. Theobald Mathew was born on the 10th of October, 1790, at Thomastown Castle in Kilkenny, where his father, James Mathew, resided with his kinsman George Mathew, afterwards Earl of Llandaff. In boyhood, as afterwards in manhood, a gentleness and amiability of disposition, combined with utter unselfishness, endeared him to all hearts, and Lady Elizabeth, the Earl's daughter, determined to educate him at her own cost. At twelve years of age he was placed by her at school in Kilkenny; at nineteen he entered Kilkenny College, and partly in Maynooth, and later under the care of the Rev. Celestine Corcoran of Dublin, he completed his studies for the priesthood, to which office he had dedicated himself at an early age. In 1814 he was ordained by Archbishop Murray.

After fulfilling the duties of his sacred calling for a short time in Kilkenny he was removed to Cork, which was destined to be the permanent field of his labours. There he became assistant to the Rev. Francis Donovan, a member of the Capuchin order, to which Father Mathew belonged. The little friary where they resided was situated in one of the most lowly parts of the city. Here the untiring zeal and devotion of the young priest began to bear fruit, and his fame as a spiritual director spread far and wide. Mr. Maguire his biographer mentions as one of the current sayings of the town, that "if a carman from Kerry brought a firkin of butter into the Cork market, he would not return home till he had gone to confession to Father Mathew." The absence of all sectarian bitterness in his character was well known, and his benevolence was not confined to those of his own faith. An instance of this is his conduct on the question of burial fees. At that time those fees fell very heavily on the poor of the locality. By Father Mathew's exertions a cemetery was opened, a considerable portion of which was given gratuitously to the needy of every religious persuasion.

In 1832 Asiatic cholera made its appearance in Cork, and during the visitation of that awful scourge the zeal and devotion of Mathew found an ample field. He was to be seen at all hours in the most wretched of the plague stricken localities, assisting assiduously in meeting the spiritual and temporal necessities of the sufferers. One remarkable instance has been placed on record by his biographer. Returning one night to the temporary hospital, he found a patient whom he had visited there during the day removed to the dead house. Feeling convinced that the patient could not be dead, he at once proceeded to the mortuary, and arrived there just as the attendants—who were necessarily intoxicated to induce them to perform their fearful task had wrapped the body in the tarred sheet previous to placing it in the coffin. Father Mathew ordered them to lay down their burden, and, to his great joy, found on examining the body that the heart still beat. In a few days the man was quite recovered, and full of gratitude to his preserver. When the plague was stayed, and the city restored to its normal condition, Father Mathew still found room for his charity in the relief of widows and orphans. His appeals on behalf of the necessities were generously responded to, from the well-known fact that the preacher practised what he taught.

But a wider and a greater work was yet in store for him. The cause of temperance had already found advocates in Cork. A church clergyman, a Unitarian gentleman, and a Quaker named William Martin had combined to form a temperance society, but the work made very slow progress. Father Mathew's influence was known to be enormous, and Mr. Martin made urgent appeals to him to give his assistance. "Oh, Theobald Mathew, if thou would but take the cause in hand," he would say, "thou could do such good to these poor creatures." The priest deeply reflected on this appeal, and having

finally arrived at the conclusion that the cause was a righteous one, determined to give it his support. For this purpose he held a meeting in his own school-room, and after indicating in a short speech his intention and convictions, he went over to the table, and with the words "Here goes in the name of God," signed the pledge on the evening of the 10th April, 1838.

From that hour the movement went on like a swift stream, gathering strength as it advanced, till in the broad river of success it swept all obstacles from its path. Some idea of the progress of the good work can be formed from the fact that during the nine months after Father Mathew took up the cause, 156,000 persons were enrolled as members of the society. Cork became famous, and thousands of pilgrims flocked from all parts of the country to receive the pledge from the hands of the good man who treated the criminal and erring as a kind father. Mr. Maguire relates that he had a wonderful faculty for discovering the half-reluctant among a crowd, or those who had been led to his presence by the entreaties of friends. He would approach the poor waverer, and with admirable tact appear to take it for granted that he had come willingly. "Kneel down, my son. Welcome! welcome!" he would say. "Delighted to see you; glad you are come to me. You are doing a good day's work for yourself and your family; you will have God's blessing on your head. Poverty is no crime, my dear child; it is sin alone that lowers us in the eyes of God. Kneel down, my dear, and repeat the words of the pledge after me, and then I will mark you with the sign of the cross, and pray God to keep you from temptation." The man would kneel down, overcome by this sympathy and this genuine desire for his welfare, and rise with a new purpose and aim in life.

In December, 1839, Father Mathew visited Limerick. In the short space of three days after his arrival 150,000 persons took the pledge. The streets of the town were completely choked up, all business was suspended except that of selling provisions; all the public halls and building were thrown open, and the people flocked with enthusiasm into the good man's presence. On the 28th of March, 1840, Father Mathew carried his temperance mission to Dublin. Here multitudes of all classes and creeds became adherents of the new crusader's cause, five hundred ladies, among others, becoming members of the Temperance Association. In 1841 Father Mathew determined to visit Ulster. From the sectarian feeling—which, unhappily, is more active in that province than in any other in Ireland—it was anticipated that he might meet with serious obstacles, his own words best show how mistaken these fears were. "In coming originally to the north I had great difficulties to contend with. I was told that I would be assassinated in Ulster; but I had confidence in my cause, as I came in the name of the Lord, proclaiming aloud, 'Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good-will.' I knew the people of Ulster were too virtuous to refuse me their aid in this total abstinence movement on any sectarian grounds. I had also too much reliance on the honour of Irishmen to suppose that the people of this province would arise in their might and crush one humble individual, who was merely trying to promote public morality. In the words of the poet, slightly altered, I may say in conclusion—

Blessed for ever the day I relied
On Ulster's honour and Ulster's pride."

Father Mathew was repeatedly invited to visit Scotland and England, but he held back till he had first carried his mission to every part of his native land. By 1842, feeling that he had accomplished this part of his task, he visited Glasgow. There he administered the pledge to thousands, and was received with respect and reverence by all classes. A banquet was given him by the committee of the Scottish Western Temperance Association, and a congratulatory address presented to him. On his return to Cork the people received him as a hero fresh from victory, and conducted him in triumph through the city.

Father Mathew had the inestimable pleasure of seeing the reward of his labours in the decrease of crime. But the great worker himself was in difficulties. Tracts, medals, placards, handbills—all these things had been paid for by the unselfish priest. When it was discovered that he was in debt, the country—knowing the glorious source of his embarrassments—came readily to his relief. But afterwards, and to the end of his life, his lavish generosity kept him in difficulties. The summer of 1848 saw Father Mathew on a tour through England. He visited the principal towns, and administered the pledge to thousands. The Bishop of Norwich, although formerly an open opponent, now declared himself a friend and admirer. In London alone he received opposition, the publicans having employed "roughs" to disturb his meetings. Notwithstanding this hostility he succeeded in his purpose, and most of the London Irish took the pledge. He was entertained by numbers of the nobility, many of whom became converts, and on leaving England he had the satisfaction of knowing that he left 600,000 persons pledged to temperance behind him. On the death of Dr. Murphy, Bishop of Cork, in 1847, it was expected that Father Mathew would succeed him. The Archbishop of the province—agreeing with the popular instinct—sent in his name for the vacant see, but another ecclesiastic was appointed. A striking proof of the respect felt for his labours was given by the then ex-

isting government, Lord John Russell, the premier, granting him a pension of £800 a year. Through the terrible years of the famine and famine fever—which had been foreseen and deplored by O'Connell before his death—Father Mathew acted the part of ministering angel. He took sole charge of the south depot in Cork when the committee suspended operations, and fed between 5000 and 6000 starving people daily. He was frequently reminded of the heavy responsibility he incurred, and asked what would happen when the necessary funds should fail. He invariably answered that he trusted in the goodness of God. His trust was not in vain, for when nearly at the end of his resources a vessel arrived from America with a cargo of bread stuff, nobly sent from that land for the relief of the famine-stricken people. A portion of this cargo was placed at the disposal of Father Mathew.

When the crisis of the famine had passed Father Mathew felt free to accept an urgent invitation from his countrymen in America, and in 1849 he sailed for New York. He was welcomed by thousands, received by the mayor and councilmen, and entertained at the White House by the President in a manner befitting a royal guest. From all quarters addresses flowed in upon him, and he was waited upon by deputations from all parts requesting his presence in their respective cities. The fatigue proved too much for his zeal to sustain, and two severe attacks of paralysis were the result.

In 1851 he returned to Ireland, and settled down in the house of his brother at Lehenagh, a place about two miles distant from Cork. Although he continued to attend to his various duties and receive all who came to him, his health never rallied. In February, 1852, his friends were alarmed by a sudden fit of apoplexy. He was brought round for a time, but only for a time. No remonstrance had the least effect in inducing him to relinquish his labours while he had the least strength. In October, 1854, he was ordered by his physician to visit Madeira, in the expectation of the benefit he would derive from a cessation of labour rather than from the climate. In the August of 1855 an improvement in his health and an earnest desire to resume his duties encouraged him to return to Cork. He soon found he had overrated his strength, and was once more forced to retire to the hospitable home of his brother. Here he grew rapidly weaker, but still he would manage to administer the pledge to those who sought him, and receive the friends with pleasure who came to visit him. He felt his days were numbered, and in the spirit of true Christian resignation and prayer, he awaited the summons. He seemed to suffer much from the cold, and shortly before his death he removed to Queensdown for the milder air. Here he was suddenly prostrated by a sixth paralytic stroke, and a few days afterwards—on the 8th of December, 1856—he died. When it became known to the Irish people that their great apostle and friend was no more, a wail of sorrow went up from the heart of the nation, and there was in thousands of households an anguish as poignant as if death had removed some near and deeply loved relative. "His example," justly observed Judge Moore, "did more for his country, his acts conferred more lasting good upon the people, than those of any patriot or statesman who ever lived."

We conclude with a few words from an eloquent address by T. F. Meagher, delivered in view of the last resting-place of Father Mathew in the Cork Cemetery, beneath the cross he had himself erected. "In the centre of this beautiful graveyard he had himself thrown open to the poor of every church, under the great stone cross, this glorious good man—all that is mortal of him—sleeps. Beside the cross—clinging to it in the agony of a breaking heart—kneels the nation whose sorrow he consoled—whose cup of poison he changed to one of living waters—whose head he lifted up and crowned with lilies when she had become a reproach among the nations. As silent as the cities of Tyre and Edom shall Ireland have become, when, in the shadow of that cross, without the city of St. Finbar, the Irish heart forgets the noblest, gentlest spirit that ever soothed it." A meeting was held by the inhabitants of Cork to consider the best means of paying respect to the memory of Father Mathew. Here Catholic, Protestant, and Dissenter met on equal ground. It was decided that a statue should be erected in a public thoroughfare. This project was soon carried into action, and a life-like statue by Foley stands as a memorial of the love and respect of his fellow-townsmen. We have yet another lasting tribute to the memory of the Apostle of Temperance in the copious and deeply interesting biography written by his friend and fellow-townsmen, the late Mr. J. F. Maguire, M.P.

Donahoe's Monthly Magazine for August, is replete with interesting articles on all subjects. We mention a few: H.L.R. leads with the Organic Unity of the Catholic Church. Mr. Riley points out the duties of Irish-American Catholic Citizens; Joseph Noonan gives his views on the Evil of Our Times; Basilica of the Sacred Heart, Montmartre; Death of O'Connell's-aid-de Camp; The Dark Continent; Monument to Leonard Calvert; Immigration and the tariff; Christian Doctors; St. Aloysius; Foreigners and the Church in America; Kildoon, an Irish Tale; Eminent Confederate Generals, Pat. Cleburne. The Fairy Tree of Dooros, a fairy tale, together with a great variety of other interesting articles.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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Commented by

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

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

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And by the leading clergy of the Dominion.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1891.

On Sunday last the disgraceful utterances in the Queen's Park of an individual—who has been made famous by his appearance at the Police Court as a decayed meat purveyor, and by violent and nauseous anti-Popery harangues—culminated in a miniature riot, which the police happily quelled before serious injury had been done. The following evening the city corporation passed a by-law to prohibit preaching in any of the parks of the city, thus completely preventing this individual from committing any more outrages on public morality in the city's breathing spots. Whilst his utterances were certainly annoying to Catholics, this person was of too contemptible and vile a nature for them to be ever seriously considered. Sufficient the fact that, being a member of the Orange Order, and apparently travelling under their regis—certainly we have not heard of his condemnation by them—he can be fairly slated as an unsavoury sample of the production of nineteenth century Orangemen.

SLANDERS ON THE CATHOLIC FAITH.

How long will non-Catholic editors and newspaper men generally require to learn that Catholics have feelings which can be hurt?

The sectarian press we can read with tranquility, even when we find it telling its readers that indulgences are licenses to sin, but the secular press, we submit, is out of order when it meddles in religious matters and allows its pages to be used for the diffusion of literature that shocks the belief of any denomination.

Now here is an instance among many how a liberal minded man will insult Catholics without seeming to know that he is doing so. *Saturday Night* of July 18th has a story entitled "Father Joseph's Penitent—A Confession," in which a priest is represented as a betrayer of the seal of the confessional, a murderer, a hypocrite, all in a breath. In the first place the writer who, by the way, reserves all rights of his malignant caricature, shows his utter ignorance of the forms of the confessional and the limitation on its use. Every Catholic child knows that confessions are heard (outside cases of necessity) in the confessional in the church, the penitent kneeling and having with bowed head recited certain formularies and implored the priest's benediction.

In the story the penitent first seats himself in a private room, and having expressed to the priest his despair of pardon, says "take it (his disclosure) as a confession if you will." Our first impulse is to laugh at the chain of absurdities, but the impulse is momentary only. The sacrament of penance, of which confession is but a part, is believed by Catholics to be of divine origin, and if we had no other ground for this than the fact that for 1800 years our ancestors in the faith have so held, that alone ought to make the thoughtless scribbler pause before holding up to ridicule so ancient a monument of Christian faith and discipline. But no, our impertinent author is not deterred, and without the knowledge of even the preliminaries of a sacramental confession, proceeds to travesty that most sacred object of Catholic practice.

The priest then is represented as sitting there without the proper emblem of jurisdiction, the stole, rancorously planning the death of his penitent as he listens to his tale.

It seems to be a prevailing notion with Protestants that in the confessional all the affairs of life, good, bad and indifferent, are related to the priest, consequently, when fitly Fulton and his ilk speak of the confessor revelling in foul disclosures an hour long, their word is believed without question. If such people would but reflect that a priest will hear 20 to 25 confessions in an hour, they would be less credulous. Life were too short to listen to detailed confessions such as Mr. Murray's penitent (all rights reserved) wishes to make.

Then the priest, Father Joseph, says, "absolve te," and forthwith, using the knowledge he has obtained through the confessional, strangles the penitent, who, years before, slew his (Father Joseph's) affianced bride. There is something so fiendish in all this that I am puzzled to think how any man could pen it without foreseeing the pain he would cause to Catholic readers. The law of the "sigillum," or seal of secrecy, imposed on the confessor is so strict that he cannot make use of what he hears as confessor even to save his own life. History furnishes many instances of the fidelity of priests to the sigillum, notably the case of John Nepomucene who was drowned by order of Boleslaus at Prague.

Finally Father Joseph puts money into the hands of the dead man in order to make it appear that the killing was done in defence of the funds of the Church! "There is one of your priests and there's your confessional," the devout Protestant will exclaim when he reads the story (rights reserved) by Mr. Henry Murray. It is easy to make a man of straw and knock him down, and it is easy to construct a mythical priest and blacken his character, thus evading the law of libel; but scribblers ignorant or regardless of Catholic belief or sentiment must know that they cannot so easily escape the stigma of slander; for the whole meaning and intent of the story we speak of is to cast a slur on the Catholic priesthood and to lessen or destroy the influence for good which is known to be so potent through the sacred tribunal of the confessional.

It is time for Catholics, too long-suffering by far, to resent this petty persecution, and by withdrawing their patronage from publishers who allow their pages to purvey veiled slanders on their faith, teach these men of the press a lesson in politeness and Christian charity.

In the same paper is a tale of woe, "The Liberation of Father Rhone," by Evelyn Durand. The poor monk can't sleep, he is too fat, he gets up, and going into the chapel finds a woman—a novelty certainly. He tells her he is "suffocating," and she says that maybe he could breathe more freely outside. He looks at the chapel, smells the incense, looks at the sunshine without, smells the flowers, and off he goes with his big stomach and gray hair, after forty years of monastic life, to find breath and—liberation.

Liberation from what? A priest, monk or secular, ascends to orders only after long preparation and much reflection. He is forced to advance or recede. If he advances and puts on the yoke of the Lord he does so because he believes the words of Christ, "My yoke is sweet, my burden light." Having once put his hand to the plow, looking back will not "liberate" him, for his conscience will upbraid him to his dying day with his treachery and faint-heartedness. Now and then a priest "liberates" himself from the yoke of Jesus Christ which he once took up unasked, and experience tells us that a more galling yoke is in store for him. "If thou wilt be perfect, sell what thou hast and give to the poor, and come and follow me."

To the ordinary Protestant intellect the violation of a vow made to God is no crime, yet the Scripture says "Render thy vows to God," and the whole tenor of Christian element, from Apostolic times to our own day, reprobates with a voice as loud as Gabriel's trumpet, the violation of priestly or monastic vows. It is only after almost a score of centuries, I suppose, that the human mind is sufficiently "liberated" to spurn the plain words of Scripture. Violation of a promise made to man is regarded as dishonourable, yet it is honourable to break a promise made to the Almighty! A creed made by a "liberated" monk, Martin Luther, could not consistently teach vow of servance, but the religion made by Christ and His apostles, the religion that civilized Europe before Luther's luckless star appeared, has, and will ever, regard vow breakers as guilty of a sacrilege, the Evelyns and Annie Besants notwithstanding.

H.

IRELAND'S MISSIONARY WORK IN THE PAST.

CHARITY is diffusive, its nature is to expand and to communicate itself to others. Animated with the purest zeal for the conversion of souls; burning with the holiest desire of bringing the blessings of their faith to others, the sons of St. Patrick left their sweet and blessed country to go into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature.

"For several centuries after St. Patrick," says Father Theobald, the island was the 'Isle of Saints,' a place midway between heaven and earth, where angels and saints of heaven came to dwell with mere mortals."

We recall the classic words of Dr. Doellinger regarding the period in which Ireland sent her heroic sons to evangelize the pagan nations of the Continent: "During the 6th and 7th centuries the Church of Ireland stood in the full beauty of its bloom. The spirit of the Gospel operated amongst the people with a vigorous and vivifying power; troops of holy men, from the highest to the lowest ranks of society, obeyed the counsel of Christ, and forsook all things that they might follow Him. There was not a country of the world, during the period, which could boast of pious foundations or of religious communities equal to those that adorned this far distant island. Among the Irish the doctrines of the Christian religion were preserved pure and entire, the names of heresy or of schism were not known to them; and in the Bishop of Rome they acknowledged and venerated the Supreme Head of the Church on earth, and continued with him, and through him with the whole Church, in a never interrupted communion. The schools in the Irish cloisters were at this time the most celebrated in all the West. Whilst almost the whole of Europe was desolated by war, peaceful Ireland, free from the invasions of external foes, opened to the lovers of learning and piety a welcome asylum. The strangers, who visited the island, not only from the neighboring shores of Britain, but also from the most remote nations of the Continent, received from the Irish people the most hospitable reception, gratuitous entertainment, free instruction, and even the books that were necessary for their studies. Thus in the year 536, in the time of St. Senanus, there arrived at Cork, from the Continent, fifteen monks, who were led thither by their desire to perfect themselves in the practices of an ascetic life under Irish directors, and to study the sacred Scriptures in the school established near that city. At a later period, after the year 650, the Anglo-Saxons in particular, passed over to Ireland in great numbers for the same laudable purposes. On the other hand, many holy and learned Irishmen left their own country to proclaim the faith, to establish or reform monasteries in distant lands, and thus to become the benefactors of almost every nation in Europe."

St. Bernard, in his "Life of St. Malachy," remarks: "From Ireland, as from an overflowing stream, crowds of holy men descended on foreign countries."

This deep-seated love of evangelizing has been graphically sketched by the Count de Montalembert:

"A characteristic still more distinctive of the Irish monks, as of all their nation, was the imperious necessity of spreading themselves without, of seeking or carrying knowledge and faith afar, and of penetrating into the most distant regions to watch or combat paganism. This monastic nation, therefore, became the missionary nation *par excellence*. While some came to Ireland to procure religious instruction, the Irish missionaries launched forth from this island. They covered the land and the seas of the west. Unwearied navigators, they landed on the most desert islands, they overflowed the Continent with their successive immigrations. They saw in incessant visions a world known and unknown to be conquered for Christ." Who has not heard or read of St. Brendan, the Irish sailor-monk, whose "fantastic pilgrimages into the great ocean, in search of the earthly Paradise, and of souls to convert" have exercised a religious charm over the Christian imaginations for twelve centuries? The account of his wonderful voyages was one of the first books printed in the German language. "For the Irish," says Wallafried Strabo, "the habit to immigrate has become their second nature."

Whilst the British would not cross the narrow span of water to bring the blessing of faith to Ireland, the Irish, after embracing the doctrine of the Crucified, would traverse every sea and country to carry the Gospel to heathen nations.

Probably no other nation of the Continent owes so much to the missionary zeal of the Irish monks as Germany; no other country has been so abundantly blessed with the illustrious lives of Irish Saints as it. To-day, over one hundred and fifty Irishmen are invoked as patron saints in different parts of Germany. Among the earliest of the Irish missionaries whose names are held in pious remembrance are Fridolin, Columbanus, Gall, Sigisbert, Trudpert, Kilian, Colomat, Totnan, Virgilius and Disibod.

When Germany sat in darkness and in the shadow of death, "Ireland was the 'seat of a flourishing Church,' abounding in the fruits of sanctity, learning and zeal." The old world and its wealth and wisdom was passing from the face of the earth, when that blessed Island in North had become "the store-house of the past and the birth-place of the future." The Religion which Patrick brought had taken a firm hold of the land and entered into the flesh and blood of the people so as to become their very life.

In the month of April, 1844, the leaders of Catholic Germany presented an address to the Irish Liberator, Daniel O'Connell, in which they said:

"It would, indeed, be divesting ourselves (the people of Germany) of all human sentiments, if we were not to entertain the deepest and sincerest sympathy for the ill-treated people of your isle, sighing under the yoke, and still reeling from the streams of shed blood. But want of sympathy on our part would, moreover, involve the blackest ingratitude. *We never can forget to look upon your beloved country as our mother in religion, that already, at the remotest period of the Christian era, commiserated our people, and readily sent forth her spiritual sons to rescue our pagan ancestors from idolatry, at the sacrifice of her own property and blood, and to entail upon them the blessing of the Christian faith.* They thus have made us their, and their nation's, spiritual children, and laid up a store of merit for the people of Ireland, which only base indifference and want of all good feeling could be unmindful of, and which just now presents itself the more vividly to our memory, *the more we behold the native land of those faithful apostles delivered over to undeserved misfortune by injustice.*"

MORALITY OF CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT COUNTRIES.

THE so often alleged immorality of Catholic countries as compared with Protestant, has again in some quarters been made to do duty. Even if the charge were true, which it is not, it could not be considered a fair objection to the Catholic Church. The character of a Church, surely, can only be judged of by the conduct of those who receive her teaching, and in the main obey her precepts, for to charge upon any system the failures of those who upon every point run counter to its principles, were to blame a physician for the death of a patient who refused to take his medicines, and pursued a regimen absolutely contrary to the one he had prescribed. Besides, the Church on earth is not triumphant, but militant, the very object of her existence is to fight against evil, wherever it is to be found, and that it is to be found within her own camp, is no more than her Lord warned her to expect. "Many are called, but few chosen," the tares and wheat must grow together until the harvest; the good and bad fish are in the same net, and it is written that "It must needs be that scandals come." A man born in a Catholic country is called a Catholic in consequence of his baptism; but to be a Catholic, that is, to submit one's self to the Catholic system, must be in all cases an act of the individual will. There can be no mistake about it in the Catholic Church a man must be either obedient or disobedient; and if he disobeys distinctly and consciously, that is, systematically, and deliberately, he as really rejects the Catholic Church as if he became a Mahometan or a Pagan, and none of his sins ought in fairness to be ascribed to her, nor himself reckoned any more among her children, but her enemies. That such a one might fall into frightful depths of wickedness, we can easily conceive; and if the Roman Catholic Church be, what we believe her to be, the one Church of God, and the sole depositary of His sacramental grace, one would rather expect that those who have rejected "so great salvation" would be more abandoned of God than those whose privileges have been less, for we are told that where the Gospel of God is not the "savour of life unto life," it is the "savour of death unto death."

But is it a fact that so-called Catholic lands are more immoral than Protestant.

The moral condition of England is at this moment a subject of such deep and sorrowful anxiety to all thoughtful persons that we need not quote any facts or authorities in illustration of it, but must be allowed to add, that we have been assured by Italian priests resident in that country, that the villages and small towns, in which they find themselves located here as missionaries, present a picture of sin and sensuality such as they had never witnessed such as does not, in fact, exist—in the villages of their own native country, and that it is a task of exceeding difficulty to awaken in the minds of some of those who become converts anything like an adequate sense of the enormity of their past guilt.

But, it may be said, whatever be the state of the case as to morals, it is certain that open infidelity is much more common in Catholic countries than it is here. This we can easily believe; and it is what we should rather expect from the more stringent character of the Catholic system, both as to faith and practice. If a Catholic once lets go his belief in any one of the doctrines of his Church, he soon finds that in rejecting one he rejects all, because, in rejecting any, he has already lost his faith in the authority on which he holds all, that is, the Church; a Catholic, in embracing any form of Protestantism subverts the fundamental principle of his Christian life quite as much as if he became an infidel at once; and therefore it is this open form, which his unbelief very often assumes; and, even if he begin by holding some Protestant creed, he generally strips it, sooner or later, of everything dogmatic, and ends (as recent instances have miserably exemplified) in discarding all positive belief whatever. Among Protestants, private judgment as to the sense of Scripture, not Church authority, is generally recognized as the rule of faith; therefore, a man violates no principle in changing from one sect to another, and

may explain away from his creed all that makes too large a demand upon his faith, without ceasing to call himself a Protestant; and it is well known how convenient a resting place is in fact afforded by Socinianism, to those who, but for it, would be professed unbelievers."

OH! BAY OF DUBLIN.

Oh! Bay of Dublin, my heart you're troublin',
Your beauty haunts me like a fevered dream,
Like frozen fountains that the sun sets bubbling,
My heart's blood warms when I but hear your name
And never till this life pulse ceases,
My earliest thought you'll cease to be;
Oh! there's no one here knows how fair that place is,
And no one cares how dear it is to me.

Sweet Wicklow mountains! the sunlight sleeping
On your green banks is a picture rare,
You crowd around me, like young girls peeping,
And puzzling me to say which is most fair;
As tho' you'd see your own sweet faces,
Reflected in that smooth and silver sea,
Oh! my blessin' on those lovely places,
Tho' no one cares how dear they are to me.

How often when at work I'm sitting,
And musing sadly on the days of yore,
I think I see my Katey knitting,
And the children playing round the cabin door;
I think I see the neighbors' faces
All gather'd round, their long-lost friend to see,
Oh! tho' now one knows how fair that place is,
Heaven knows how dear my poor home was to me.

Lady Dufferin.

C. M. B. A. News.

...On Monday evening of last week the members of Arrprior Branch No. 44, C.M.B.A., tendered Mr. Wm. Charron a farewell supper, previous to his removal to Hull, P.Q. There was a large gathering of the friends of Mr. Charron at the Grand Union Hotel, where a well-served banquet had been prepared by mine host McDonald. A pleasant feature of the evening was the presentation to Mr. Char. on of a handsome parlor lamp, together with an address conveying the good wishes of his many friends in Arrprior. M. Galvin, Esq., occupied the chair and Mr. W. E. Rowan read the address. Toasts, speeches, songs and music by different gentlemen followed, and a very pleasant evening was spent by all.

To the Editor of the Catholic Review,

Sir—The Catholic Record one of the official organs of the C.M.B.A. in Canada having refused to publish the following correspondence, by giving insertion to the same in your valuable journal you will confer a favour on your humble servant
J. O'Farrell.

To the Editor of the Catholic Record,

Ottawa, June 30, 1891.

DEAR SIR—Having read in the official organs of the C.M.B.A. the several communications advocating separate beneficiary; having been informed of the many eloquent addresses delivered by past and present deputies, for the district of Montreal, with the view of impressing most forcibly on the minds of members, at the installing of officers of old and new branches, the great financial benefits that would follow from separation—and that too before it could be argued that we paid much more than we received from the Supreme Council; having listened attentively to the speeches in favour of separation delivered by the several delegates attending the convention in Montreal; having heard the statements of the Grand Secretary,

given no doubt with the view of influencing as many votes as possible in favour of the same, viz; that we paid \$20,000 more to the Supreme Council than we received from them, and that there were only 28 deaths since last convention, a statement no doubt that exercised a wonderful influence on these delegates who felt so keenly as to what extent their pockets would be touched, although I subsequently read in the printed report Dr. Hanavan's statement that there were 39 deaths, I too was much amused at the Grand Secretary's unavailing, pathetic appeals to those delegates opposed to separation "for to pass over and make the vote unanimous." I have also read the carefully studied and ably written partisan letter of our Grand President. I too am aware of a prominent official of the C.M.B.A., encouraged no doubt by the oft-repeated "almost unanimous" vote of the Grand Council, going on a visiting tour through the Province of Quebec, &c., &c., to advocate still further division in our ranks—and that on the plea of Nationality—and so fruitless were his efforts in that direction as ought to satisfy him how strongly opposed his countrymen are to any kind of separation.

Now, sir, with my mind fully stored with the foregoing facts, I cannot see where any impartial-minded man can discover one convincing argument that can refute any of the answers of Br. 84, as given in reply to the six points published in favour of separation in the Montreal C.M.B.A. Journal. Furthermore I entirely agree with the statement of our Grand President: "that the rapid increase of our numbers was occasioned by the expectations of being granted separate beneficiary," or that the inability of members to pay the \$3.00 or \$7.00, as mentioned in his letter, has been the cause of any expulsions, as I may say all or nearly all who were expelled from our branches were well able to pay their assessments, it being a noteworthy fact that the poorer class of members are most punctual in their payments. Nor has the so-called injustice of being assessed for the extra

death-rate of the New York Grand Council caused any desire for separation in the several branches of the district of Montreal, they no doubt wisely concluding that, with their increasing death-rate in Canada, our Grand Council, like the Pennsylvania Grand Council, will ere long perceive the folly of their action in demanding separation.

The Montreal branches have decided, as shown by the election of their officers last December, that they will not be dictated to by a small family circle and their friends in Montreal, who started advocating separation, and who are the only parties still advocating it, nor that of their relatives and friends advocating the same in London, probably with the view of resenting a fancied indifference extended towards one of the circles at some of the Conventions, or with the intention of aspiring to those exalted positions in the C. M. B. A. so clearly set forth in the aforesaid answers of Branch 84 (for it does seem strange to those unacquainted with the working of the inner circle, despite the Catholic Record's criticism of Brother Leitch's letter, that the past or present Grand President could find no one worthy of being appointed to those exalted positions save some of the foregoing avowed separations), as to how the interests of themselves, their heirs, or successors shall be managed, they having the fullest confidence in the honest straightforward, and business-like manner in which the same has been conducted by the Supreme Council.

That the C.M.B.A. was established for other purposes than that of an ordinary life insurance company is proven by the fact of its members being assessed to the amount of from \$10,000 to \$15,000, and which, in the course of a few years, will very likely amount to from \$20,000 to \$30,000 annually, for paying expenses of conventions, halls, &c., &c., for branch meetings, monies which could be applied in relieving members of the so-called pecuniary injustices, so urgently pleaded by separationists as the principal and I may say the only reason

advanced by them in favour of separation, by abolishing the Grand Council, branch meetings, &c., and appointing agents in properly-arranged districts, to whom all assessments could be paid, and by them forwarded to the head office, same as with other life-insurance companies.

To those who seem to be actuated by no higher motive than the pecuniary interest of the mighty dollar, to those who are so settled in Canada that they will not be obliged to leave it, or those provided with good salaried positions for life, the much vaunted pecuniary advantage of separation and the holding of office in the C.M.B.A. may seem very satisfactory; but the advantage to the members individually in Canada would be insignificant compared with the incalculable loss to the families of hundreds, nay thousands throughout the Dominion who are now and will become members of the C.M.B.A., and, after paying the assessments in Canada for years will be compelled by force of circumstances to seek their fortunes in the States, and despite their best intentions, after a very short time, through one cause or other, will be backward in their payments, and must be expelled from their several branches in Canada, thus depriving their families of any benefits from the vast amount so paid in.

When such inevitable and deplorable results as these will be caused by separation, it becomes the bounden duty of every member desirous of averting the same not to be caught napping, but attend their branch meetings regularly, more especially members of country branches, who will be assessed most unjustly to pay for the extra death-rate of city branches, in order that delegates sent to represent them at the next convention shall get their instructions to oppose a measure that will prove so detrimental to the grand Catholic objects the wise and far-seeing founders of the C.M.B.A. had in view, and which, to my mind, the pecuniary consideration was only a means of attaining the grand result of uniting Catholics of all nationalities in a wide-spread CATHOLIC MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION, in order that by their united action they could take proper advantage of all the constitutional measures allowed them by their several Legislatures to oppose the covert, evil designs of Know-nothingism, Fultonism, Orangeism, or any other ism, on their churches and their schools; and in so acting they will not only leave to their wives and children a legacy of dollars and cents, but almost untrammelled churches and schools in which their children can receive instructions, as also a good Catholic education, which will prove an honour to themselves, their country, and their religion.

Yours sincerely,

J. O'FARRELL, of Branch 84.

...Very Rev. Father Glynn, prior of the Irish Church of St. Patrick in Rome, a few weeks ago brought a unique and venerable decoration for it—an altar tabernacle, which had been in the mano, about twelve miles from Rome. It is a canopy supported by four columns, raising above the high altar. Roman archaeologists consider it a rare specimen. The South Kensington Museum was making arrangements to buy it when Prior Glynn secured it. It is the only complete and unaltered specimen of its class in Rome. It is of marble, such as may be seen in the Roman Basilicas. Upon the canopy is raised a band in marble, inlaid with mosaics and enamel. A double order of colonnettes is over this. They support the marble covering or roof of the whole construction, which is of pyramidal form. Near the summit is another base, which supports the other colonnettes. Upon them another smaller pyramid rises, and the whole is crowned by a marble globe, richly ornamented with mosaics of enamel and various colored marbles. This tabernacle was built 729 years ago. Beneath the altar table over which it stood in St. Stephen, was an urn of the period of the Roman empire, which was a receptacle for relics.

Men and Things.

...If report be true one of the most marvellous experiments of the present century has just been made by Mgr. Verrier, in the education of deaf mutes. He has, it appears, invented an apparatus by means of which the deaf and the mute can not only gradually recover their hearing, but also learn to speak. The first great benefactor of the deaf and the mute was a Catholic priest, it will be a fitting sequel to the devoted labours of the Abbe de l'Eppe if they are brought to perfection and crowned by a prelate of the same Church.

...A Parliamentary paper on the revenues of the Church of England, was issued this week. The return shows that these revenues are derived from old Catholic endowments to an extent that no one hitherto suspected. Out of a total of £5,753,557 of annual income, no less than £5,469,171 comes from ancient endowments, previous to the year 1703, and as there were practically no Church endowments made in the seventeenth century, this sum of nearly five and a half millions represents what was once Catholic property. The revenue derived from private benefactions since 1703 amount to only £284,386.

...Emperor William is nothing if not an enterprising sovereign, fond of novelties and surprises. His latest scheme is a state lottery to raise eight million marks in aid of the German projects for combating slavery in Central Africa. The end aimed at is good, but it does not, therefore, justify the means. Other Continental nations have wrought much damage to their citizens by these State lotteries, legalising a bad form of gambling and stimulating evil passions. It is a pity that Germany should begin to revive a custom which the most enlightened and progressive nations have long since discarded.

...An incident in the life of the Abbe Defourny, who died suddenly in Paris whilst addressing a meeting of Catholic working-men, illustrates the blind folly of tyranny and its helplessness in combating the power of the press. In 1873, when the Kulturkampf was raging in the Jura, the abbe, then a French parish priest, published in the shape of an anonymous pamphlet an appeal on behalf of the Swiss Catholic to the Powers who were signatories of the Treaty of Vienna. The pamphlet caused a sensation among the Swiss authorities. Suspicion first rest on Father Hornstien, of Porrentruy. He was at once arrested and his papers ransacked. Then the Federal Government suspected Mr. Urquhart, an English Protestant residing in Switzerland, but hesitated to take him into custody. Latter on Father Coillet, a Benedictine, of Geneva, was arrested on suspicion of being the author of the brochure. The abbe Defourny, on learning the effect of his pamphlet, at once avowed himself author. The Swiss authorities, instead of recompensing the priests who had been arrested and falsely accused, expelled them from Swiss territory. Eventually, however, the pamphlet practically attained its object, for by the exposure of the persecution it really dealt a fatal blow to the Kulturkampf.

...The following paragraph appears in the *St. James' Gazette*:

"Most of us have accepted the announcement of Sister Rose Gertrude's marriage with the German doctor as a happy termination to her unfortunate dispute with the authorities of the leper island. It is, however, only fair to remember that we have heard only the young lady's version of the quarrel, and the following quotation from a sketch of her life published in the *Rosary Magazine* a Roman Catholic periodical, makes us hesitate to accept her unsupported evidence: "Before leaving England Miss Fowler made her profession of vows as

a Dominican Sister, in the Dominican Church, Haverstock hill, London, into the hands of the Very Rev. Father Gregory Kelly, O.P., Prior Provincial of England taking the name of Sister Rose Gertrude. Sister Rose's friends have repeatedly asserted that she never took regular vows."

Of course "Sister Rose's" friends are right, notwithstanding the correctness of the statement in the *Rosary Magazine*, though the *St. James' Gazette* is not to be blamed for not understanding it. Catholics will see at once that the profession spoken of was that of the Third Order of St. Dominic, of which thousands of married people are members, and whose vows are something very different from the regular vows of a religious Order in the ordinary sense of the words.

...In the current number of the *Educational Review*, says the *Ave Maria*, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Spalding, of Peoria, has a paper that forms a decidedly valuable addition to the literature of the much-vexed school question. In "Religious Instruction in State Schools," the distinguished prelate gives a fair statement of the case for and against the purely secular system now prevailing. The article will bear attentive reading and thoughtful consideration. We can not forbear quoting a few extracts for the benefit of such of our readers as may not have access to the *Review*:

"The Catholic view of the school question. . . rests upon the general ground that man is created for a supernatural end, and that the Church is the divinely appointed agency to help him attain his supreme destiny. If education is a training for completeness of life, its primary element is the religious; for complete life is life in God. Hence we may not assume an attitude toward the child, whether in the home, in the church or in the school, which might imply that life apart from God could be anything else than broken and fragmentary. . . Religion is the vital element in character, and to treat it as though it were but an incidental phase of man's life is to blunder in a matter of the highest and most serious import. Man is born to act, and thought is valuable mainly as a guide to action. Now, the chief inspiration to action, and above all to right action, is found in faith, hope, and love, the virtues of religion; and not in knowledge, the virtue of the intellect. . . The education which forms character is indispensable, that which trains the mind is desirable. The essential element in human life is conduct; and conduct springs from what we believe, cling to, love, and yearn for, vastly more than from what we know. The decadence and ruin of individuals and of societies come from lack of virtue, not from lack of knowledge. . . The moral influence of the secular school is necessarily feeble, since our ideas of right and wrong are so interfused with the principles of Christianity that to ignore our religious convictions is practically to put aside the question of conscience. If the State may take no cognizance of sin, neither may its schools do so. But in morals sin is the vital matter; crime is but its legal aspect."

In concluding his article the Bishop sums up as follows. The substance of his admirable paper is crystallized in one short paragraph:

"If the chief end of education is virtue, if conduct is three-fourths of life, if character is indispensable while knowledge is only useful, then it follows that religion, which more than any other vital influence has power to create virtue, to inspire conduct, and to mold character, should enter into all the processes of education. Our school system, then, does not rest upon a philosophic view of life and education. We have done what it was easiest to do, not what it was best to do; and in this, as in other instances, churchmen have been willing to sacrifice the interests of the nation to the whims of a narrow and jealous temper."

...The announcement made last week that the *Dublin Nation* has ceased to exist will occasion profound sorrow in many an Irish household throughout the world as well as in Ireland. For there are still alive many veterans in the Irish cause who got their first lessons on patriotism, their first knowledge of the truth about Ireland's story, from the columns of the *Nation*.

Forty nine years ago when that great paper started on its career of national education and national struggle Ireland's enemies had practically a monopoly of the press, and they used it unscrupulously and mercilessly against the faith and fatherland of the Irish race. There was not a National journal in Ireland when Davis, Duffy and Dillon put their heads together, saw the want, and resolved to supply it. The result was the *Nation*. Its first number contained a soul-stirring poetical address from the pen of James Clarence Mangan, in which that gifted Irish genius thus appealed to the patriotic spirit of his country

"This a great day and glorious, O Public for you—
This October fifteenth, Eighteen Forty and Two!
For on this day of days, lo! *The Nation* comes
forth.

To commence its career of Wit, Wisdom, and
Worth—

To give genius its due -to do battle with wrong—
And achieve things undreamed of as yet, save in
song.

Then arise! fling aside your dark mantle of
slumber.

And welcome in chorus *The Nation's* first num-
ber!"

That the *Nation* would be Irish first and foremost, yet for freedom and friendship everywhere and not desirous even that England should be "wiped out," the same pen gave assurance in characteristic style:-

"A word more. To old Ireland our first love is
given.

Still our friendship hath arms for all lands under
heaven.

We are Irish we vaunt it all o'er and all out,
But we wish not that England shall 'sneak up the
spout."

And through the whole of its brilliant career the *Nation* has been true to the programme of Mangan. It has been Irish "all o'er and all out." Through Repeal days and Independent Opposition days it did its duty to Ireland fearlessly and well under the guidance of Charles Gavan Duffy, and in later times in the hands of another able and honest Irishman, A. M. Sullivan, when Irish nationality had neither league nor organization to sustain it, the *Nation*, with the help of its associate paper, the *Weekly News* (both conducted by Mr. Sullivan and his brothers) held the fort and kept the green flag flying.

And both papers were successful to a high degree. We believe that at one time the *News* had the largest circulation of any paper in Ireland, and it continued to hold first place until the Land League, withered, as we have always been of opinion, fair or just consideration for the services rendered to national journalism by the Messrs. Sullivan, established a rival paper, *United Ireland* (with funds collected in America by the *Irish Herald*), and gave it a circulation in the country through the patronage and active help of the branches of the League.

Against such competition it was not possible for the *News* to hold out. It went down, but with a record of patriotic work that ought never be forgotten for the Sullivans—two of whom, T. D. and Donal, are still in the ranks of the good men and true, fighting for the honour of Ireland against the latest enemy to its unity and peace and prospects of freedom.

Add now the grand old *Nation* goes down, presumably from similar cause—competition of officially patronized journalism—perhaps, too, through the decay of every industry in Ireland under the blighting influence of foreign

rule and decreasing population. When the *Nation* first appeared Ireland had over eight million people, now she has less than five. If the people go, their press must go too.

Long will the *Nation*, and the brilliant names associated with its career, and its soul-inspiring songs of freedom be remembered by Irish firesides, and when Ireland's battles are fought out and won, and its history written, few records on the pages of that history will be brighter than that of the *Nation* and its men, and their great achievements for the old race and the old land.

Catholic News.

...On Friday morning next, 31st inst, at 9 a.m., an anniversary Requiem Mass will be sung at St. Mary's church for the repose of the soul of the late Rev. T. M. Shanahan.

...On Wednesday, July 15th, St. Mary's Church held their annual picnic in Alexandra Rink. The spacious grounds were well filled by the parishioners, for whom divers attractions and amusements had been provided. The acrobatic performances of the Simcoe Bros. were alike creditable to themselves and to their leader, Prof. Zock, whilst the singing of Messrs. Thompson, and Barker and the Recitations of J. H. Cameron received much applause. Much of the success of the gathering was due to the untiring efforts of the ladies having charge of arrangements and to a committee of gentlemen who ably aided them. Those having charge of the tables were: at Mrs. Burn's table, besides herself, Mrs. Madden, Mrs. Herbert, Mrs. Evans and Misses Clarke, Malone, Ward, Watson, and Shaw. At St. Peter's table, Mrs. Dissette, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. O'Connell, Misses B. Hallet, and others. At St. Mary's Sodality table, Miss Moore was in command, having as aids some 26 ladies of the sodality, whilst Miss Donoghue made an excellent postmistress, doling out pleasant epistles at so much per head. Miss Susie Burns, who is the owner of a pair of small donkeys, derived quite a revenue for the church by giving the juveniles donkey rides around the grounds.

...On Sunday last Mrs. Susan McCann, mother of Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann, died at her residence, Sunnyside Avenue, fortified by the last sacraments of the church. The deceased lady, who was highly respected and loved by those fortunate enough to possess her acquaintance, was born at West Meath, Ireland, in 1814, thus having reached the ripe age of 77 years at the time of her death. The funeral obsequies took place at St. Helen's Church on Tuesday, a large congregation being present to testify their esteem for both mother and son. High Mass was sung by Very Rev. Vicar-General Rooney, with Very Rev. Dean Cassidy as deacon, and Rev. Father Minnehan, as sub-deacon. His Lordship Bishop O'Mahoney pronouncing the absolution. Rev. Father Rohleder presided at the organ, and Rev. Fathers Chalendar, McBride, LaMarche and Harold assisted in the choir.

Beside His Lordship Bishop O'Mahoney there were present in the sanctuary, Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann, Rev. Father Marijon, Provincial of the Basilians, and Rev. Fathers O'Donohoe, C.S.B., Egan, O'Reilly, Gallagher, Hand, Williams, McColl, Sullivan, Finan, and McPhillips.—R. I. P.

...The Scapular Feast was fittingly celebrated last Sunday at the Church of Our Lady of Peace, Niagara Falls, Ont. Rev. Father Anastasius delivered the panegyric. Seven children received for the first time Holy Communion, and many were enrolled in the Scapular.

...Rev. Fathers Whitley and Crowley, New York Carmelites, are guests at the Monastery, Falls View.

KINGSTON.

Thursday July 16th, was a red letter day in the history of the Catholic Church in Brockville being the occasion of the laying of the corner-stones of the new separate school and convent buildings. The 42nd Battalion band was in attendance and enlivened the proceedings with well rendered music. Shortly after the hour announced the ceremony commenced. A procession was formed from the presbytery to the new school, headed by Father Kelly bearing the cross and followed by the nuns and children of the convent school all dressed in white and presenting a very pretty appearance. Then came His Grace Archbishop Cleary, accompanied by the following clergy of the diocese: Dean Gauthier, Brockville; Father Masterson, Prescott; Father Stanton, Smith's Falls; Father Michael Macdonald, Kemptville; Father Twomey, Morrisburg; Father O'Gorman, Gananoque; Father Twomey, Westport; Father Carson, Prescott; Father Collins, Brockville, and Father Kelly, the Archbishop's secretary: arrived at the corner of the building the corner-stone was laid with all due ceremony by His Grace, after which the walls were blessed. His Grace and clergy then proceeded to the convent school site and laid the corner stone of that building, after which they returned to the school city where a covered platform beautifully decorated with flags had been erected. Mr. John Murray then presented His Grace with the following address:

To His Grace the Most Rev. James Vincent Cleary, S. T. D., Lord Archbishop of Kingston:

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE.—For the first time in the history of St. Francis Xavier's congregation we are in a fair way to put our educational institutions on a sound and satisfactory basis. Here afore, whilst your people could find no fault with the manner in which our system of education was conducted; and whilst they contentedly accepted such limited accommodation as circumstances would permit; they have felt that the time was not far distant when it would become absolutely necessary to furnish the rising generation, and those who came after them, with such advantages in the way of increased school room and perfected sanitary arrangements as the laws of the land and the welfare of the pupils demanded. That time has come, and it is gratifying to all to know that its arrival found your Grace, in this, as in other things, able to cope with the many difficulties attendant on an undertaking of such magnitude, and a priest and people willing and anxious and able to perform their share of the duty devolving upon them.

This latter circumstance is, of course, to us a source of self-gratification, but quite apart from this we feel the deep debt we owe to you, for the unusually active interest you have taken in completing the arrangements which have enabled us to meet such a long and keenly felt want. To your Grace is due all credit for perfecting the financial scheme whereby we are enabled to place in our good old town of Brockville, that which we expect will be one of the finest school buildings in this part of Canada, and a convent which will for many years to come be ample for all the purposes of the good sisters, who have so ably conducted their departments in our schools during the time they have been with us.

For all this effort on your part the heartfelt thanks of this congregation are due, and let us assure you, are fully and freely offered. Our school and convent will, as long as they may last, remain a monument to Your Grace's ever ardent zeal and unwavering energy in the interests of the flock confined to your care; and even when time may have leveled the walls of these structures, the memory of the

many needful things done for this congregation by the first Archbishop of Kingston, will form fond recollections in the minds of those who make up future congregations.

It remains to be hoped that the result of all your labours in behalf of proper education in this diocese may have, in addition to fitting the little ones to fight life's temporal battles, the good and glorious result of rooting more deeply and strongly in the minds and hearts of those who will be in a position to reap the advantages thereof, the beauties and truths of our holy religion.

We cannot allow this—the first opportunity given us—to pass without publicly expressing the fulness of our gratitude to the Divine Master for Your Grace's recovery from your recent and alarming illness, and to voice the hope that you may be spared to supervise the completion of the work undertaken here, and to inaugurate and carry out still greater undertakings when and where they may be required.

Signed on behalf of St. Francis Xavier's congregation.

JOHN MURRAY,
PATRICK CAVANAUGH,
W. J. McHENRY,
D. W. DOWNEY,
JOHN DONAHUE,
JAMES BRESNAU,
T. BROWNE,
WM. BRANIFF,
JAMES KELLY,
J. D. KENNEDY,
HY. MATHEN.

Brockville, July 16, 1891.

His Grace replied briefly, thanking them for the address. He congratulated the congregation on the progress that had been made in the work, and hoped that the new school would be of great benefit in their midst. He stated that at 10 o'clock mass on Sunday he would reply at length to the address.

The corner-stones bore suitable inscriptions in Latin. In a cavity under each were deposited sealed bottles containing copies of the *Brockville Times and Recorder*, and other papers, the current coins of the realm, also an American silver dollar donated by U. S. Consul Ellis for the occasion. The inscription on the corner-stone of the separate school read as follows:—

Gymnasium hoc, unaque vicinum monialium cœnobium Jacobus Vincentius Cleary, Archiepiscopus Kingstoniensis, adsisentibus C. H. Gauthier, Rectore Missionario, cœtuque Cleri ac populi frequenti, sacris peractis ritibus, auspiciatus est, XVII. Kalendas Augusti, anno MDCCCXC.

The silver trowel used by His Grace was presented to him by Mr. T. H. Fitzgibbons, the contractor of the work, and bore the following inscription:

Presented to the Most Rev. Dr. Cleary, Archbishop of Kingston, at the laying of the corner stones of the separate school and convent, at Brockville, July 16, 1891.

The ceremony throughout was of a most imposing character. After it was over the procession reformed and marched back to the presbytery. The grounds were beautifully illuminated with Chinese lanterns and presented a very pleasing appearance.

The band played a number of airs in front of the presbytery and the large crowd lingered around for quite a long time.

The Separate School and Convent when completed will cost over \$26,000. The former is situated on James street almost directly behind the R. C. Church. It will be a brick building with stone trimmings 77 ft. 8 in. x 71 ft., four storeys high with a fancy ornamental tower. The basement will contain four large rooms, two class rooms and two play rooms, each

divided off separately, one part for the girls and the other for the boys. The next two storeys will contain eight class rooms, each 21 x 29 ft. The fourth storey is for a large entertainment hall the whole size of the building. It will be fitted up with a stage. The Smead and Dowd system will be used for heating and ventilating. The convent will be situated on Church street. It will be built in the same style as the school, brick with stone trimming, 2½ storeys high. The dimensions of the main building are 96x40 ft., kitchen, 24x16 ft. The basement will contain the music room and chapel, the former 21x14 ft., the latter 14x17 ft. On the ground floor will be the dining room 16x14 ft., parlor 16x13 ft., office 18x16 ft. The kitchen, laundry and pantry will be on the same storey. The second storey will be divided into seven bedrooms 8x13 ft., and a community room 14x29 ft. In the attic will be four large rooms 15x18 ft. A large verandah will be constructed around the west side. A stone porch will decorate the front. Both buildings when completed will be a credit to the town.—*Brockville Times*.

GENERAL NEWS.

...Rev. Father Forget, O.M.I., left Ottawa on Friday en route to Lowell, Mass., where he goes to act as missionary in connection with the O.M.I. Home in that city. Father Forget was for many years prefect of discipline at the Ottawa College.

...Five thousand copies of the Papal Encyclical on the Labour Question were distributed the other day in the streets of Lyons. The Holy Father continues to receive from all parts of the world letters and resolutions thanking him for its publication.

Father J. G. Hagen, S.J., Director of the Georgetown Observatory, Washington, D. C., has been engaged for the last twenty years on special mathematical and astronomical work, which he is about to publish in Berlin under the name of "Synopsis der hohen Mathematik."

...His Eminence Cardinal Manning, says the *Sigilo Futuro*, of Madrid, has addressed a letter to the Archbishop of Santiago, praying for some relic of our great Apostle to be placed in the Church of St. James, London, and exposed for the veneration of the faithful.

...The Rev. Canon Freemantle is appealing through the press for a sum of £4,000 to be presented to the apostate priest still known as "Father Hyacinthe," in order that he may be rendered independent, and able to go about addressing meetings in different parts of France. There could hardly be better evidence of the utter failure of Hyacinthe to proselytise among his countrymen, that it has been necessary to issue this appeal. Canon Freemantle informs us that his *protégé's* strength and eloquence are unimpaired, and that wherever he goes in France he is received with enthusiasm. The enthusiasm, it seems, stops short of the pocket, or it would not be necessary to make an appeal to John Bull. So far, we understand, only one-tenth of the required sum has been raised in America, and one-tenth in England; but there are quite enough of wealthy, good-natured, and foolish persons in England to raise the required sum. Nowadays, few trades pay better than that of a "converted" priest, who is willing to make a living by denouncing the faith which once he preached.

...A report has been circulated in Brussels that Princess Clemetine, the youngest daughter of the King, has decided to become a nun in the cloister of Tette-Saint-Pierre, near the capital, to which only members of the aristocracy are admitted. It is a fact that the young princess, now 19 years of age, makes long and frequent

visits to the famous cloister. Princess Clemetine was a great favourite of the dead Prince Baldwin. Grief over his untimely end is said to be the cause of her wish to withdraw permanently from the world. Many people, however, do not believe that King Leopold will permit his child to carry out her wishes and plans.

...Archbishop Ordoñez of Quito, Ecuador, was in New York recently on his way to Rome. The Archbishop stopped at the Victoria Hotel. He is about 54 years old, spare in form, with iron gray hair. It was intended to give him a public reception, but he refused to accept any special honors. He made a formal call on Archbishop Corrigan. Archbishop Ordoñez is in charge of one of the oldest dioceses of America. His diocesan city was the chief city of the Incas. The diocese has been in existence over 350 years. The cathedral is nearly 300 year old. It is rich in fine pictures and massive ornaments of gold and silver, presents from four Kings and Queens of Spain.

...Cardinal Gibbons denies emphatically that foreign Catholics are not properly cared for in this country. On his return from Washington, where he had officiated at the dedication of St. Mary's Catholic Church, he said in part:

"The vast number of churches which are erected throughout the United States not only for the English-speaking population, which forms the great mass of American Catholic people, but also for the spiritual benefit of the various European nationalities, reminds us that the Catholic church is a family formed of many nationalities. It is a vast ocean into which streams from other continents flow. It is gratifying to the European immigrant reaching here, a stranger to our institutions, to find himself at home as soon as he enters a Catholic church.

"The bishops of the United States while discharging their duty toward the great body of the faithful, are not unmindful of the spiritual wants of those who speak a foreign tongue. This is evidenced by the fact that almost every Sunday witnesses the dedication of some church for the use of Poles or Lithuanians, Bohemians or Germans or Italians.

"I venture to say that the hierarchy of no country in the world are paying more attention to the spiritual wants of foreign-born Catholic people than are the prelates of the United States. They are earnestly endeavouring to have the gospel preached to them in their native tongue during the transition period, which occurs before they are absorbed into the great English-speaking world around them.

"The city of Paris has a large colony of English and German-speaking Catholics. Vienna and Berlin have also large populations of French and English and other nationalities. The city of Rio, in Brazil, contains also a large population of Catholics who do not speak Portuguese, the language of the country, and yet in these great centres, if I am correctly informed, little or no provision is made for the foreign Catholic population.

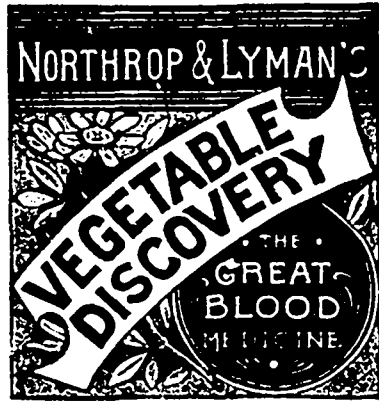
"With these facts before us we cannot view without astonishment and indignation a number of self-constituted and officious gentlemen in Europe complaining of the alleged inattention which is paid to the spiritual wants of the foreign population and to the means of redress which they have thought proper to submit before the Holy See."

...We deeply regret to say that Rev. Father Byrne, of Eganville who has been seriously ill for several weeks, is not improving, and that his illness gives cause for an alarm. During last week there were many anxious callers at the presbytery. We sincerely hope that in our next issue we may be able to announce a decided improvement in the Rev. gentleman's health.

A MAN'S LIFE SAVED

I WOULD not be doing justice to the afflicted if I withheld a statement of my experience with Jaundice, and how I was completely cured by using Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. No one can tell what I suffered for nine weeks, one-third of which I was confined to my bed, with the best medical skill I could obtain in the city trying to remove my affliction, but without even giving me temporary relief. My body was so sore that it was painful for me to walk. I could not bear my clothes tight around me, my bowels only operated when taking purgative medicines, my appetite was gone, nothing would remain on my stomach, and my eyes and body were as yellow as a guinea. When I ventured on the street I was stared at or turned from with a repulsive feeling by the passer-by. The doctors said there was no cure for me. I made up my mind to die, as LIFE HAD LOST ALL ITS CHARM. One day a friend called to see me and advised me to try Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. I thought if the doctors could not cure me, what is the use of trying the Discovery, but after deliberating for a time I concluded to give it a trial, so I procured a bottle and commenced taking it three times a day. JUDGMENT OR SURPRISE at the expiration of the third day to find my appetite returning. Despair gave place to hope, and I persevered in following the directions and taking hot baths two or three times a week until I had used the fifth bottle. I then had no further need for

the medicine that had saved my life—that had restored me to health—as I was radically cured. The natural color had replaced the dingy yellow, I could eat three meals a day, in fact the trouble was to get



enough to eat. When I commenced taking the Discovery my weight was only 125 lbs, when I finished the fifth bottle it was 172 lbs, or an increase of about half a pound per day, and I never felt better in my life. No one can tell how thankful I am for what this wonderful medicine has done for me. It has rooted

out of my system every vestige of the worst type of Jaundice, and I don't believe there is a case of Jaundice, Liver Complaint or Dyspepsia that it will not cure.

(Signed) W. LEE, Toronto.

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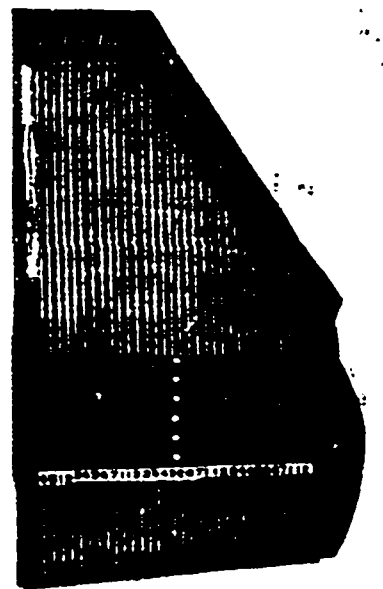
1	Prize worth \$15,000	\$15,000
1	" "	5,000
1	" "	2,500
1	" "	1,250
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5	" "	250
25	" "	50
100	" "	25
250	" "	15
500	" "	10
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100	" "	1,500
100	" "	1,000
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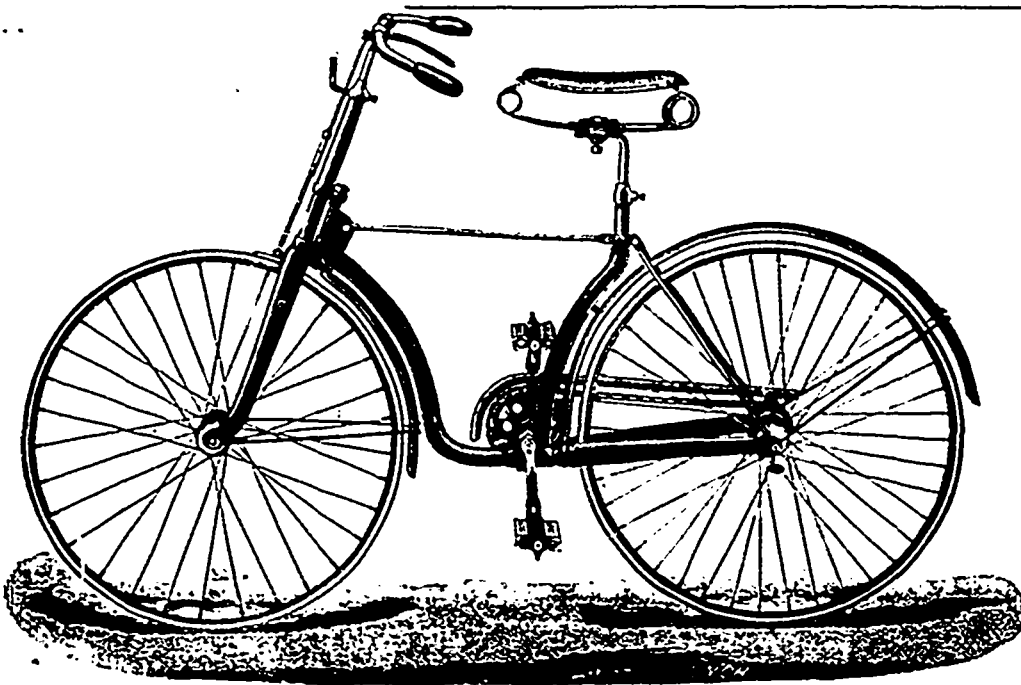
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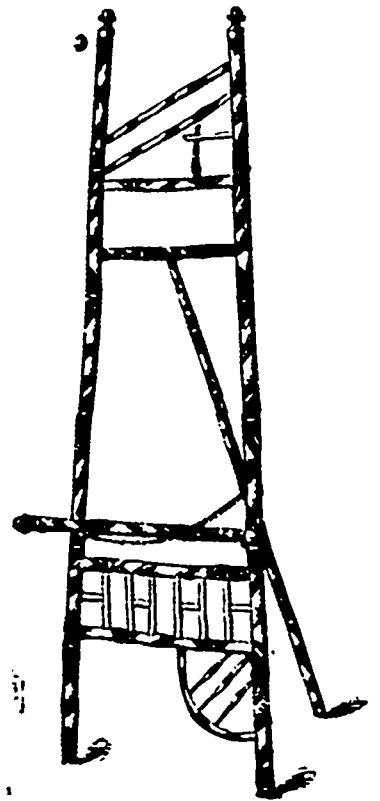
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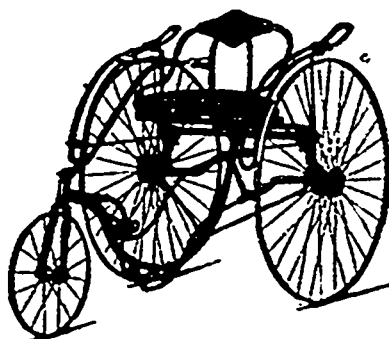


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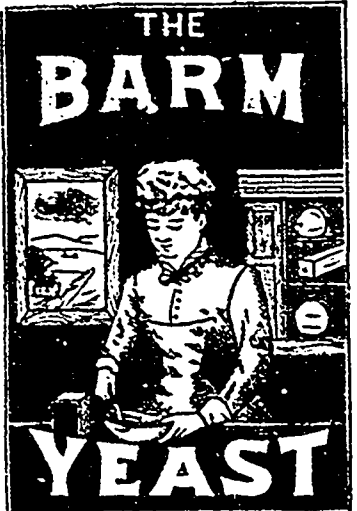


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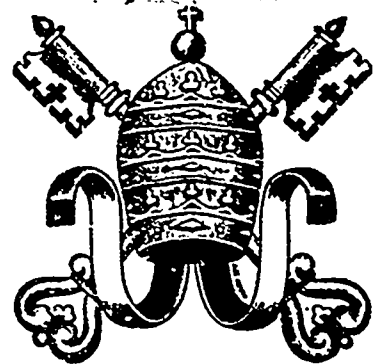
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