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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.

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Notes.

OUR readers in Toronto are reminded that the Annual Picnic in aid of the House of Providence—a charity having many claims upon the public—takes place on the Queen's Birthday in the grounds of the institution on Power St.

Six members of the English House of Commons have given notice of opposition to the Religious Disabilities Removal Bill, the object of which, as was described in these pages a few weeks ago, is to open two of the highest offices under the Crown to Catholics. The opposition of the bigots to the Bill is so strong that Mr. Campbell Bannerman has been obliged to abandon the measure for the session.

A Rome correspondent of the *New York Herald* says of Archbishop Corrigan, who has returned to Rome with the dust of Jerusalem and Nazareth on his shoes, that "the return to Rome led through Beyrout, Constantinople and Athens, where the travel-weary men visited Mars Hills, but"—unlike the apostolic Palmago—"were not tempted to orate."

AT a meeting of convocation the other day the Anglican Bishop of London, Dr. Temple, submitted a draft of the revised "form" for receiving penitent Roman Catholics into the bosom of the "barren mother," as Cardinal Newman calls the Anglican Church. On the strength of this the *Weekly Register* ventures upon a suggestion. "Shows of the human species" it says "have become familiar to the modern man. That which is most artless and that which is most artificial have been on view—babies and barmaids. We cannot help suggesting to the Bishop of London yet another assortment of specimens—we mean the converts from the Catholic Church to the Anglican establishment. We may be credulous, but there are some phenomena which must remain outside the most liberal boundaries of belief."

"We are speaking, of course" continues the *Register* "of common persons and ordinary times. That the Catholics of a generation long gone left their religion and gave some sort of adherence to the illogical substitute offered them in its place remains a mystery, but is still a fact. But that cataclysm over, and nature resuming obedience to her own normal decrees, we look in vain for any impulsive or spontaneous movement among groups of Catholics towards Anglicanism. Individual idiosyncrasy may here and there take this form; there is no limitation to the freak of nature. But that an ordinary Catholic, if he ceased to accept the Christian revelation, could make a halting place at the half way house offered him by the Establishment, is incredible. It is against reason and it is against experience. It has not only negative evidence against it, but such positive evidence as the countless movement of Anglicans to the Catholic religion affords; so that it may be said that Anglicanism itself by the thousands of converts it yields to Catholicism supplies the most convincing proof that the temporising creed which cannot keep even its own members from the church, is not likely to attract from the church her own children by birth."

CARDINAL MANNING honoured the Royal Academicians by his presence lately at their banquet and at the private view of the Academy pictures, the Marquis of Ripon and Mr. Burnand, of *Punch*, among other Catholics being present in the distinguished company. It appears that the Marquis of Salisbury in his speech became humorous in his allusions to the pictures on the walls: to the portrait of "Liberal Leaders—M. Rochefort, for instance;" to "Waiting for the Flowing Tide"—a row of hungry little boys waiting for the fishes to come in with the tide; and to Lady Butler's "Evicted." Of this latter he said:

"For the benefit, no doubt, of my two right hon. friends who are opposite (Mr. Balfour and Sir Michael Hicks Beach) there is a picture of an Irish eviction by a very distinguished artist. (Laughter and cheers) I will only say with respect to it that there is such an air of breezy cheerfulness and beauty about the landscape which is painted, that it makes me long to take part in an eviction whether in an active or a passive sense."

"An after dinner speech" remarks the *Weekly Register* in comment "is an after dinner speech; but, even so, Lord Salisbury's jaunty allusion to a social sore so acutely felt by others, will afford another illustration of that want of tact with which he is twitted, especially in his allusions to Ireland." Mr. John Morely was more felicitous when, later, he replied to the toast of "Literature." Turning to the Cardinal who was present, he paid his compliments to the Cardinal who was away. "No prose more winning" he said "has ever been written than that of Cardinal Newman."

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF JOHN LONGWORTHY.

M. F. EGAN IN AVE MARIA.

"I believe I shall," Nellie answered, spreading out her brilliant plumage. "And now," she added, quite forgetting her programme, "I want to know what you have got to say against me?"

At this moment Esther entered, humming a tune. It was not until she had passed the threshold that she found there was a third person in the room.

"Oh, come in!" Nellie said. "Don't go out because I am here. I came specially to see you, and to have my position understood. I was just asking your sister why you objected to me. Ain't I good enough for your Miley?"

Esther's heart sank as she accepted Nellie's invitation and took a chair near the piano. There was no doubt in her mind that the young lady before her was, to say the least, quite good enough for Miles.

Mary's eyes were clear but sad. Her hands held nervously a piece of school MS. she had been correcting. She did not attempt to answer Nellie Mulligan; this was an ordeal for which she was not prepared.

Esther looked at her and forgot herself in Mary's evident distress. Oh, why could they not go away somewhere and leave the house to this awful girl? If Miles chose to drive them out, let him do it and make the best of his bargain. The old house was dear, but peace was dearer: and Mary must be spared a long, heart-rending discussion with this insolent creature.

Nellie Mulligan, with rising colour, repeated her question. "Yes," Mary said, in her soft, low voice.

"Then why don't you accept the situation, and advise him to marry me as soon as he can? I am sure he is more willing than I am," added Nellie, with a giggle.

"Let us end this scene at once," Esther said. "You and Miles may marry as soon as you like, but when you enter this house we shall leave it."

"I'm sure I'm agreeable!" cried Nellie, her voice losing its softness and becoming shrill. "I'm not anxious for your company—why, there is Miles himself!"

Miles lounged into the room, with his pipe in his mouth. At sight of Nellie he uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

"Protect me, Miley!" she cried out. "Oh, protect me!" And then she put her handkerchief to her eyes.

Miles scowled at his sisters.

"I don't want any nonsense, girls," he said. "Nellie Mulligan is a lady, and don't you forget it!"

Nellie clung to his arm, as a frightened bird might cling—if frightened birds were in the habit of clinging. Miles took his pipe from his mouth and scowled again.

"I want you to know that this young lady is my intended wife."

"I have said, Miles, that the house is at your service; but when you marry this young lady and enter it as your dwelling, we, your sisters, will go elsewhere."

Esther spoke with a touch of scorn in her voice; Mary made no sign of dissent.

Miles looked from one to the other in astonishment.

"Why, you know you can't leave, he said. "If you go away what on earth shall I live on till things come right? And with a wife to support, too! If Nellie marries me she can't go on working at Lacy's; it wouldn't look well; my political enemies would catch on to it and make things hot for me."

Nellie dropped the handkerchief from her eyes, which were not at all tearful. She felt that it was her turn to speak.

"You are not thinking that I'll live on the earnings of your sisters, Miley?" she asked. "Are you?"

"What else? I'll make up to them when I strike luck." Miles put his pipe back into his mouth. "Come, be friends, act like sisters," he added, with a laugh.

Nellie pushed him away from her.

"You're a mean-spirited coward, Miles Galligan," she said, "to think of such a thing! And if I had known it I'd never have treated you like a gentleman."

Miles turned fiercely toward Nellie, but lowered his eyes; for she had raised her hand in a manner that showed resolution.

"To ask a girl to come to his house as if she were a beggar! While I can earn my own living I'll not be dependent on anybody. I wouldn't have you if you were Tammany Hall itself!"

Nellie went toward the door; she turned, however, as she reached it.

"I hope, ladies," she said "that you don't consider your brother too good for me now."

The sisters did not answer. The bitterness of her words lay in the fact that they could not resent them.

As Nellie was going out, with her head high in the air, a messenger boy ran up the steps. She heard him say:

"Mr. Bastien asks the young ladies to come to The Anchor at once. A little girl named O'Connor is dying."

XXVIII.—Bastien's Prayer.

Nellie Mulligan forgot Miles and her rage against him in an instant,—she forgot herself, in fact, and hastened homeward as quickly as she could go.

Mary did not delay long; she followed soon after with Esther, leaving Miles, without a thought of the state of mind in which he must be. He went back to his den for a while, and grumbled at the utter selfishness of all concerned. Then he made up his mind to punish his sisters with all his power. He found this easy; an hour later he sat in a corner of the tavern near by, mingling his tears with the fumes of hot Scotch whiskey. When in affliction Miles always drank alone; between each prostration he reflected on the pathos of his position, and on the pain his sisters would feel when he reeled into the house at a late hour, and they saw the result of their work.

Mary and Esther hurried toward The Anchor. Mary had paused only to give a few instructions to the little servant about Miles' dinner. Esther, who had hitherto looked on the O'Connors as merely obstacles to Mary's peace of mind, was now intensely interested in them. As they hastened along Esther might easily have spoken of her adventure of the morning, but the scene with Miles had entirely driven it out of her head; and, besides, she felt strangely anxious to see Bastien again. Perhaps she could explain her apparent rudeness to him, and then there would be no need of speaking to Mary about it.

Mary seemed worried.

"I am afraid," she said, "we have helped to spoil that girl's happiness for life. I am sure she loved Miles—I am sure she loves him still,—but after her outburst a while ago there is hardly any hope of their ever meeting again."

Esther almost paused in her rapid pace.

"And isn't that what we wanted?" she asked, in astonishment. "The girl has a great deal more character than Miles, and she is well rid of him."

"Blood is thicker than water," Mary answered, somewhat feebly. "And I can't help thinking that Miles might look back and feel that we have helped to blight his life. Perhaps it would have been better to have encouraged them to marry and have done the best we could for them. Do you remember Maud Muller, and how she looked back and thought and thought—"

Esther did stop this time to take her sister by the shoulder and give her an indignant shake in the middle of the sidewalk.

"Maud Muller was a fool, and, really, Mary, if you go on this way, I shall begin to think—don't you see that Miles is impossible? Sacrifices for his selfishness only confirm him in it. Suppose Nellie Mulligan had been willing to marry him after the wretched, shameful speech he made, what would our lives be with such a couple of our hands? And how could we conscientiously undertake such a responsibility? It is much better as it is. I have washed my hands of Miles!"

"O Esther, remember what a lovely baby he was! And—"

"I don't remember anything about it; I have heard dear mother say so, but I always thought it was merely an hallucination,—there now!"

Mary sighed. It was hard to let the idealized Miles of her infancy go out of her life. He had been her sole object of sacrifice for so many years. A pang darted through her heart

at Esther's hard words, because she felt that the spirit of them was the spirit of commonsense. And then she began to feel keenly the sense of that other loss,—the loss of a hope that Arthur Fitzgerald might have thought kindly of her. Ah, well! The love that poor Miles had held so lightly Esther would cherish; she, at least, was worthy that the precious box of ointment should be broken over her head.

The sisters did not speak again until they reached The Anchor. On the stairs they met a young priest hurrying down. Mary greeted him. He smiled gravely, turned back and went before them to the next landing. He was young, yet in any garb he chose to wear one would know him to be a priest.

"I know you are anxious about little Rose," he said, addressing Mary. "You have no need to be: I have just anointed her; she is going fast."

Tears sprang to Mary's eyes. A step sounded above, and Mr. Bastien joined them.

"Is it so bad as that, Father?" he asked, descending the steps. "The doctor gave us a little hope."

"I know the signs too well," the priest answered. "She will hardly live through the night."

"It is too bad, too bad!" said Bastien, with a touch of such deep feeling that Esther raised her eyes in sympathy; and, as they met his, she dropped them, knowing not why.

"It is not bad: it is good," replied the priest. "Who can tell, except the angels, what that little child has suffered? You all know what her home is: a drunken father, a selfish and scarcely less drunken mother, a brother depraved by the associations of this place—listen to that!"

A volley of oaths, followed by shrieks, expostulations, and more oaths, came from the room nearest them. The priest, slight and almost boyish as he seemed to be, had a dignity, a manner that surprised Bastien into a strangely reverential attitude. The oath and cries were succeeded by a heavy fall and the weeping of children.

The priest walked along the corridor to the door of the room from which the sounds came. He knocked twice, but those within did not hear him, owing to the confusion of sounds. He opened the door. The group without could not hear what he said, but when he ceased there was silence; even the children had suppressed their cries. His face was pale when he came back to the landing.

"And so," he said to Bastien, "you would keep little children in a place like this, and regret their taking off?"

Bastien did not answer.

"They are like lilies here, and many of them grow up pure as the lilies. Their perfume sweetens the life around them; but when God takes them early in their youth they are blessed. This little Rose," he continued, turning to Mary, "is the victim of—an accident. Her father stayed at home with her to-day; her mother came home late, and there was a quarrel. It seems that the woman threw a flat-iron at her husband; it missed him and struck Rose in the temple. There are two Sisters with the little girl; her brother is away, her sister Maggie is in service somewhere out of town, and the rest of the family scattered. It would be well, perhaps, if you would stay a while in the room. The poor child may regain consciousness, and she often spoke affectionately of you, Miss Galligan."

The priest went away with Bastien, who promised to come back, and Mary and Esther ascended to the O'Connors' rooms.

The lamp was lit, and the room was neater than in the morning. In the yellow light, which struggled with the twilight, two Sisters of Charity knelt at the foot of the lounge where little Rose lay. She was very still; a slight, sighing breath at times betokened life. One of the Sisters took the lamp, and, shading it with her hand, held it near the child. Mary and Esther saw the dark spot on the white temple, like a bruise on the petal of a lily. Mary was as quiet as the Sister, but a lump rose in Esther's throat; she could not keep back the tears. And surely it was a place for tears.

The father and mother of this dying child—her protectors and guardians—were in prison; justice had led them thither to await hearing. She was alone,—a feeble bird, her wings beating against the cage of life, which a stronger force than hers was soon to open. Where was the motherly care, the

duo of all little children? Where the father's love, which supports them and makes even their death a passing from one father's arms to those of another? Below was the sound of rattling dice, audible in the sudden hush of other sounds, broken by an occasional oath; outside was heard the sudden rush of the elevated railroad trains, and when they passed The Anchor shook. There in the dim light lay the slender figure, decently covered with white by the kind Sisters, deserted by those who should have cherished it,—a victim to their selfishness and to the un-Christianity of a world which calls itself Christian.

The only glimpses of a purer life that this little child had, had come to her before the lighted altar in the church. The only mother-face she had known had been the benignant face of the Mother of God softly smiling from her shrine; for she had seldom heard her own mother speak without harshness, or gazed at her without a scowl. The little red gown and white apron, the symbols of her daily work, lay on the chair beside the lounge; and her shoes, piteously worn and shaped to the small feet, were on the floor below the chair. It was the sight of these that made Esther burst into sobs.

"Oh, let me go—let me go!" she said. "I must go or my heart will break!"

There was a tear on the eyelashes of the Sister as she lowered the lamp. Esther opened the door and went out into the corridor, in which a light shone. She shook with sobs; she could not repress them. As Bastien came up the stairs again, she turned to him, forgetting all except the scene within.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "surely you, with all your power, can temper this wretchedness! Do it—save some of them—or my heart will break!"

He looked at her streaming eyes, like violets in the rain, and the sweetness and gentleness, the earnestness and the self-forgetfulness of her face, struck responsive chords in his heart.

"Esther," he said, "I can not do it; for money and power can do nothing without that love which made your Christ—as the priest has just said—come down and die for such as the little child within. I am blind; I am helpless; I am almost hopeless. Will you help me? Will you teach me?"

Sudden as his words were, Esther looked into his face—in which she, in a flash, recognized a face she had seen before—and understood him. And so at that moment, in the earthly halo of the suffering of a little child, their two hearts became as one. She, with her tears still falling, put her hand in his, without a question, without a doubt.

"But my Christ must be your Christ," she said.

He bowed his head, answering, "I will try."

They entered the room where Rose lay; and, while the Sisters and Mary and Esther said the prayers for the dying, Bastien murmured softly to himself:

"Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom;
Lead thou me on!"

And when, after he had gone out and come back again, the little child's soul was lifted in the arms of her Guardian Angel to the mercy seat of God, as the dawn struck the window, he heard Esther's clear voice say, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us, sinners, now, and at the hour of our death." Bastien answered, "Amen!" and felt a new peace in his heart.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Gladstone's longevity gave occasion to a good story on the occasion of his last speech. There was a great rush to hear the grand old man, and among those present with admission cards was the young son of a well-known member. Appealing, writes a correspondent, to the Speaker's secretary for a good place for the boy, the father said: "I should like him to hear Mr. Gladstone before he dies." Mr. Ponsonby, naturally mistaking the drift of this remark, observed that Mr. Gladstone was in excellent health and strength—not likely to die for a long while yet. "Ah," said the father, "I was not thinking of his dying, that's out of the question. I was thinking of my boy."

THE LATE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY OF ART.

The annual Exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts has just closed, leaving behind it a general impression that it was a very creditable one. Most of the leading artists of the Dominion were represented there, and the work compared very favourably with that of former years. Among the most notable pictures were several large ones by G. A. Reid, and of these his "Mortgaging the Homestead" occupied the place of honour. In spite of his technical skill, both as regards drawing and highly finished colouring, this picture is an unpleasing one. Poverty may be picturesque, and at times even lovely under the brush of an artist, but not when it is portrayed with grim reality. The mean and shabby individual one meets with in the lanes and by-ways, is not precisely the same one likes to see confronting him from a canvas. The face of the woman in the foreground has a certain strength in its repressed suffering, if a little hard. The same over-realism depresses the observer in "Two Sides of a Question." This is much less perceptible in "Dreaming," the most attractive, if not the most important, picture exhibited by Mr. Reid. The ideal has touched it, and the pose of the woman's figure before the fire, as well as the firelight effects, give a meaning to the name.

Landscape preponderated in the collection, but some of them were excellent. Those of Mr. Homer Watson, for instance, have a peculiar charm. They are touched by that "light which never was on sea or shore." Standing before them one feels more than meets the eye. "The Hill-Side Gorge," "A Gleam in the Lane," "After Autumn Rains," "A Village by the Sea" and "Moonrise," are all specimens of Mr. Watson's style, the two first, being to the writer's mind especially pleasing.

Mr. L. O'Brien, more particularly in certain of his canvases which were on exhibition, possesses also this poetic sense, touching reality with an indescribable something, which never can be defined. His "Evening at Canterbury" is idyllic in its suggestion of repose. The shadow of antiquity is on the place, and one is conscious that it is far from the mad whirl of life. It is simple in conception and treatment. A brick wall, with a figure leaning upon it, towns half hidden by foliage, the red roofs of a cottage, and, over all, the subdued light of evening. "A Norman Stairway" is a most effective bit of work and in a totally different style, so is "Closely." "Trawlers Becalmed" and "Out in the Night" were also exhibited by Mr. O'Brien, as well as "Herring Boats on St. Ives Bay, Cornwall," a fine and stirring coast scene.

Mr. Brymner contributed in his "Afternoon at Bord a Plouffe," a veritable Canadian landscape, and one both natural and true to life. The snow mist envelopes everything, and one can scarcely distinguish the rude *habitant* house and the toiling figure in the deep snow of the road. A very pretty summer scene was shown by the same artist, in which the little nook, a wall of a house, with vivid red flowers growing upon it, a cart standing without, and a pleasing effect of distance, makes up a delightful whole. However the gem of his exhibit, seemed to the writer, to be an "Afternoon at Fontainebleau." It is tender and delicate in colour and shows the careful and conscientious work, so perceptible in Mr. Brymner's canvases. The dreaminess of the place and hour are well expressed.

Mr. Fraser has depicted a variety of scenes, some of them in the Scottish Highlands, which are, for the most part, vivid, stirring and full of life, the features of the scenery being admirably brought out. "On a fresh June Morning," "Where a Highland River meets the Sea," "Through the Hay," "In a Scented Summer," "In the Mists and Rain at Appen," are the most important.

Mr. Barnsley exhibited a number of water-colours, many of them so small, so dainty in design and execution as to remind one of miniatures. With delicate but masterly touches, he gives a careful and detailed finishing. His colours are warm and yet subdued. His very names are poetical and suggestive. "The End of a Winter Day," "Late Autumn," "Winter Winds" and "An Inlet in the Seine."

Mr. Jacoby, the newly-elected President of the Academy, was well represented by glowing masses of colour, which he

has caught from the autumns of our Canadian forests and from our northerly skies. The foliage is noticeably rich and harmonious. The "Chaudiere River" and "Conticook near Lennoxville," are both from the brush of this veteran artist.

Mr. Percy Woodcock showed several large pictures, "Mt. Stephen," "A First Ray on Mount Field" and "*Le Fin du Jour*," the last of which was most pleasing. His style is somewhat florid but effective. Mr. C. M. Manly had in the gallery a very good representation of "Lower Town Quebec," and a striking autumn scene. "November's bareness everywhere." "A Scene on Lake Harrison" by Mr. Bell Smith, "An Old Beech Tree" by Verner, "Day Dreams" by Dignum, "A Pasture" by D. W. Tryon, "The Fallen Bench" by Fowler, "Sunset Over the Marsh" by A. T. Taylor, "On the Road to Cantlie" by Watts, "An Old Pier," "A New Jersey scene, by Knowles, "Success" by Wiekson, were amongst other noticeable pictures. Mr. Raphael's work was as usual of excellent quality. His "Hay Field" was particularly pleasing. Three charming little "Bits of Colour," as they are modestly named, from the brush of E. Colonna, excited universal admiration. Miss A. Bell displayed "*La Petite Malade*," "The Trivial Round" and "Tranquil Moments," all of which give unusual promise of future achievement, for the artist is only at the beginning of her career. The first is undoubtedly the best. The figures of the woman and the sick child are life-like as well as that of the child upon the floor. Both the drawing and the application of colour show freedom and boldness. The pupils of the Art School exhibited some creditable work. "A Landscape of November" by Mrs. Brown, a sunset scene, by Mr. McLennan, "A Basket of Onions" by Mr. Gill, and another bit of still life from Mr. Macmillan, were all satisfactory. A number of portraits were on exhibition, the most important being by Mr. Harris, of which those of Miss Dawson and Miss Watts were of particular excellence. But Mr. Harris' representation of nuns in the 16th century is most unsatisfactory. The faces of the nuns are chiefly remarkable for their total absence of the spiritual. They are commonplace, even frivolous, nor is the Madonna upon the wall, at which they are looking, less undignified and puerile.

Miss Tully showed two very life-like portraits of children; "A dear little girl" by S. D. Buell, and Mr. Forbes' portrait of Sir John A. Macdonald attracted considerable attention.

It is a remarkable fact that the religious element was totally absent from the exhibition, and there were no high flights of the imagination visible. It seems to be the bane of modern art, this resting upon low levels. Nor do the exceptions, who, taking higher ground for their labours, have met with such marked success in the foreign exhibits these last years, do more than prove the rule. Modern art inclines to the commonplace. Another remark that may be made in connection with the closing of the Exhibition this year, is, with some notable exceptions, the lack of patronage on anything like an extended scale, given to native art by wealthy Canadians, as well as their total indifference to its progress. That this indifference is shared by the people at large is evident from the comparatively small number who visit the gallery or show any interest in its concerns. While this continues it is difficult for either art or artists to grow prosperous, and Canada must submit to be left behind in the race for artistic perfection.

A. T. S.

Montreal, May 17, 1890.

"Life is a song," so piped the thrush;
Perched on a sweet, whiteblossomed bush.
"Tis an awakening," said the rose,
Whose blushing petals 'gan to unclose,
"Tis pleasure," breathed the butterfly,
Kissing the rose, and flutt'ring by.
"Tis work," buzzed out the busy bee,
Sipping the rose sweets greedily.
"Tis freedom," shrieked the eagle proud,
Piercing the fleecy summer cloud.
From leafy copse, the gentle dove
Cooed softly, murmur'ing, "Life is Love."
"Tis labour! that, and nothing more,"
The wave moaned, breaking on the shore.
"A dream," the mist sighed, "set with fears,"
The soft rain wept, "'tis tears, all tears!"

—Fred Tyster—*What is Life?*

STATE EDUCATION.

We know how strongly attached many people are to what is known as the "common school" system of education. It was established and found its greatest usefulness in New-England, where the church and the schoolhouse stood side by side, not only as the symbols of a higher civilization, but as the bulwarks of social order and free institutions. Where the great mass of the people were substantially of one religious faith, no difficulty was experienced in the care and maintenance of these schools by State authority. Here and there a dissatisfied citizen objected to the religious character of the training in these schools, but the dissentients were an insignificant minority. Many parents who made no profession of religious faith, and not a few who led an irreligious, or even a grossly immoral life, were glad to have their children taught to reverence religious things, and hence the highest moral principles with sanctions drawn from what was believed to be the revealed will of God were everywhere inculcated as the proper rule of life. This was the ideal common school, and where the community is composed of parents who are agreed upon the standard of ethics there is no objection to supporting such an institution at the public expense.

But as the communities become more populous there was of necessity an increasing divergence of views as to the character of the training to be given to the children. The number who were dissatisfied with the peculiar religious tenets of the founders of the system became more numerous, immigration representing other religious orders and systems added to the dissentients, and the prevalence of rationalistic opinions and theories increased the difficulty. The States had no established religion, and most of them were forbidden in their organic laws to favour any form of religious faith. No one could answer the argument put forward by a socialist or a skeptic denying the right of the State to support at the public expense a school where any doctrines of religion were recognized and reverence for them was inculcated and enforced as part of its discipline.

To meet this objection the State authorities, or those acting for them in the care of the schools, began the work of eliminating the religious element in the system of instruction. The teachers were directed to omit all forms of prayer, and in most cases to discontinue the use of the Bible as a text book. The schools were to be made wholly secular. But there was found to be no end to the work of excision. What is the history of the world with no reference to Moses and the Prophets. What a blank must be left in the common geography if the glorious record of the Hebrew nation and the Jewish faith cannot be recognized and described. What can be given of intelligent instruction to any child concerning the events of the last 1,800 years if the line of the teacher are sealed concerning Christ and the Christian Church? Is Christian civilization a myth or a reality? Why is it the noblest aim of human ambition to be loving, patient, self-denying, forgiving, active in service to others at whatever sacrifice to self and selfish passions? The text books were carefully edited, everything of a decided religious character was stricken out, all historical incidents the recital of which was likely to hurt anybody's feelings were omitted, but the goal was as far off as ever.

For now came up a new difficulty. The main effort had been to reconcile the common school system to rationalists, communists, socialists, and to sectarians who dissented from the more common religious faith. But there was remaining the great majority who still believed that there could be no proper education of a child without teaching him first of all, and as the chiefest thing for him to learn, the fear of God and a reverence for His commandments. The Roman Catholic believed this most heartily, and unlike many Christians of other denominations, had the courage of his convictions, and removed his children from the public institution where the little ones could be taught the faith of their fathers. Other denominations of believers were slower in their action and followed the example more quietly; but the more thoughtful among them, who were able, have gradually withdrawn the members of their households from the public and transferred them to private schools, where under Christian teachers they are trained in all that a child should learn.

The new and burning questions are quite as difficult of solution as the old. All earnest Christian people believe that there can be no proper education of a child without giving him with every line of study a constant reference to the great end and aim of man's being. Shall they be taxed to support an infidel institution, where all religious sanctions for holy living are carefully excluded. And what sort of citizens will they be who graduate from a school in which the facts of all spiritual existence, and any allusion to the love and tender watchful care of an ever present God, are treated as forbidden topics? And how shall the Romanist be answered who is taxed to support those so-called "secular" affairs when he asks for an equal appropriation for his better managed parochial schools and more legitimate system of instruction? We are strong in the Protestant faith, and do not believe in giving the public funds to schools in charge of any church, but we should much prefer to have the money exacted from us, or to have a child of our family go, to the schools of that denomination, than to a godless school managed by a time-serving politician.

The recent occurrences in Wisconsin have brought up another phase of the never-ending conflict, and have given us some hope that wise and thoughtful people everywhere will come to see that a State without a church cannot undertake the education of its children from the public funds. In Wisconsin there was approved April 18, 1889 a law which required every child in the State between the ages 7 and 14 (with certain exceptions of no importance here) to attend some public or private day school for a given period in every year. To this there would have been no serious opposition, but another section of the statute provided that "no school shall be regarded as a school under this act unless there shall be taught therein, as part of the elementary education of children, reading, writing, arithmetic, and United States history in the English language." The Lutheran Church, which is largely represented among the Christians of Wisconsin, maintains many parochial schools where the exercises are in the German language. If these had been supported out of the public treasury, and the Legislature had decided to withdraw that support unless English was substituted for the German, such action could have been defended by a plausible argument. If the State supports a school it may say what shall be taught in it.

But this act virtually shuts up all private schools under a heavy penalty until they conform to the prescribed regulations. It punishes by a fine all parents or guardians who do not send the children subject to their authority to school so many weeks in the year, and declares that no institution which does not maintain a prescribed form of instruction shall be eligible for selection. The Catholics see at once, that if the State may require under a penalty all its children to attend a school which is subject to its dictation, then it may break up every private and parochial school in the State unless such institutions submit their teachings to the required practice. The Lutherans opened the fight against the law by an unanimous protest from the entire church organization, and the Roman Catholics have joined them in the issue. The contest was for the repeal of the law, and the fact that the Republicans, who have been in an immense majority in Wisconsin, are responsible for the statute, and have resisted all attempts to change it, will very likely revolutionize the State. It shows what the "paternal" policy, or, as we have seen in the Federal government, the "centralizing" policy, will lead to if unchecked in its attempt to do everything for the citizen with or without his consent. It does away entirely with home rule, even to the abolition of self-government. It will clothe its subject in homespun, because imported finery is opposed to the theory of protection; it prescribes what he shall eat, and still more what he shall or shall not drink, and it will educate his children after the fashion which the authorities prescribe. It first directed that his family should be compelled to study, and now goes further to say what he shall study, and in what schools he may be educated. We wonder if those who have blindly supported this policy for years will not open their eyes at last to its oppressive character. It seems to us that personal freedom and a reverence for God are worth even more than the knowledge of the English language.—*New York Journal of Commerce, April 14, 1890.*

"THE ANGELUS" IN MONTREAL.

MILLET'S great picture, "L'Angelus," was placed on exhibition by the Art Association of Montreal in the gallery on Saturday morning last. It is hung in the small room leading from the main gallery against heavy crimson draperies, with the proper light arranged above. A velvet carpet lies in front with a massive cord at the outer edge, and near at hand stands a watchman, day and night to guard, the precious treasure. The arrangements the Association was able to make are not specially elastic, in view of the great demand for such a picture, but they could not bear in the interest of the public that it should lie unseen in the vaults of the Bank of Montreal, and for this the association deserves the highest praise. The terms they made were the most advantageous possible, and, though the admission fee is the same as that charged in New York, it is to be remembered that the picture is the "Angelus" with the enormous risk and cost incident to it. Of this work of art there is nothing to be said that all the world does not know; praise is superfluous and criticism would be impertinent. Two continents have been filled with its praises, it has been heralded as a national treasure and attended with all the prestige of an almost priceless thing, and yet it is hardly possible to form too high a conception of its marvellous beauty and power. As the day dies, two peasants, a man and woman, hear the Angelus, they stop their work and standing bareheaded recite in reverent attitude "*Angelus Domini Nuntiavit Mariam*," that is all. But the picture seems filled with the glory of the Lord, and in its depth of devotion, its intense righteousness, its simplicity and singleness of purpose, it expresses the faith of humanity and the relation that exists between mankind and their Creator. It embodies at the same time a creed wide enough for all believers and a code of morals comprehensive enough for every man. A knowledge of such a picture is more than an education, it is an inspiration and a tendency towards righteousness. The note of the painting is truthfulness and simplicity. It has nothing to do with social theories, as has been alleged, it does not touch upon the hardness of the peasant's life, it merely indicates the natural longing of the heart of man after a higher existence and the gratitude of humble souls expressing a tribute of thanks for the mercies of God. "The Angelus" depicts a sentiment, and in doing so, one forgets for the time the marvellous skill with which it is done. The technical value of the picture seems to consist in the harmoniousness of its colouring, the magnificence of the distances, the lamination of the clouds and the transparency of its atmosphere, all of which are insensibly blended by the genius of the painter to create just such an impression as he intended to be received.

"L'Angelus" is 22½ by 25 inches, the size of a moderately large window pane, but in value it exceeds the building in which it is placed. Millet first demanded for it \$600, but was glad to sell it at \$960, but he never received more than \$100. Its next selling price was \$600, and when it next changed hands it brought \$1,000. Its value then appears to have been \$7,600, and in 1881 it went to the block with an upset price of \$26,000, but it fetched \$32,000 from Defoer Bey. Last year it was sold to the American Art Association, represented by Mr. James Stutton, of New York, for \$110,600, which with other charges brought its price up to \$116,180, or about \$3,000 per square inch. — *Montreal Gazette*.

The Paulist Fathers have received permission from the Belgian Government to take a cast of the celebrated statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary at the Cathedral of Bruges for the new shrine of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City. There is only one other copy of this famous statue, and that is in Paris.

The custom of lifting the hat had its origin during the age of chivalry, when it was customary for knights never to appear in public except in full armor. It became a custom, however, for a knight, upon entering an assembly of friends, to remove his helmet, signifying, "I am safe in the presence of my friends."

WHAT IS THE POWER OF THE PRESS?

Two factors contribute to the power of the press—its reiteration and the extensive audience which the printed word reaches. An editor can reiterate again and again in numberless ways what he desires to impress upon the minds of his readers. What is more he reiterates at intervals either daily or weekly or monthly, and so enjoys the advantage of giving his reader's mind the opportunity of relaxing its attention between times. He may repeat them without the fear of growing tiresome. In fact reiteration is the only way he has of becoming effective at all. The public never takes in an idea all at once. It is only after it has been presented under many and various aspects that it at last arrives at the sticking point. The editor's power and influence is derived from his capability of reiterating the impression he desires to make under many and different aspects. He alone of all others has at his disposal the printed word by which he may enjoy the opportunity of reiteration. The vastness of his audience is a second source of his power. He reaches every individual in that vast concourse, easily and effectively. His words are not lost upon unheeding ears. What a tremendous effect he finally produces, he himself is unable to estimate. But that effect he does have, and that for good or for evil. He writes his own record for or against himself, and his responsibilities are proportioned to his vast influence. The press in itself is neither bad or good. Its uses will determine its morality. If, then, the power of the press be so great, and it may be used indifferently in the service of truth or falsehood, of good or evil, it becomes the duty of those who possess the truth and seek the good, to use this tremendous engine in their own service.

Not only, then, is it to the interest of Catholic editors but to the interest of the Catholic clergy and laity as well to foster and aid the Catholic press of this country in its work of propagating and confirming the faith in the public mind.

If clergy and laity realize the power of the press, they cannot fail to understand at the same time that it is their duty as well as their interest to utilize this most potent medium of spreading Catholic truth. — *St. Louis Church Progress*.

AN AMERICAN STUDENT IN ROME.

There are very few persons visiting Rome and remaining there for more than two or three days that have failed to notice the great number of students within its walls. Perhaps in no other city are there so many institutions of learning which represent, in their corporate capacity and their students, not cities or provinces, but republics, monarchies and empires. There are many Romes, or rather many ways of looking at Rome. It may be viewed with the eyes of the loyal Catholic who sees within Rome's precincts the Vicar of Jesus-Christ, the head of the Catholic millions spread all over the earth. He visits her basilicas, grand in their construction and beauty of decoration, and her underground or half-buried churches of the past, grander still in the faded but immortal glories that surround them, and in the ineffaceable history that is written on their walls. He sees unfortunately a king other than the right and lawful one holding the reins of temporal government and finds him who, in justice and right should be its head, deprived of his sovereignty and limited in his temporal sway to the one palace on the Vatican hill.

It may again be looked at by the careless tourist who has visited Rome without any fixed purpose other than to have it to say afterwards that he has been there. He finds the Eternal City quite a big museum, an everlasting exhibition of wonders. He goes through the museums and art galleries and catacombs and churches, and after three or four days gets tired of it all and starts for the next place marked out on his map. Then comes a friend from the New World, the place where no moss grows and no ivy hangs from broken arches and dismantled towers! He is annoyed and disgusted first of all to find that so many streets are turned from their otherwise comparatively straight course on account of a heap of old stones railed around and made sacred and mysterious looking by tablets written in language that is dead to him. "Why on earth didn't they dig up those rocks and let that street run straight on?" he immediately demands. "We wouldn't have them standing very long in my town. These people over here are

too slow. What does that slab in front mean? Why didn't they put it in English while they were at it, anyway?" A church that is not exactly grand enough to lull him into reverential silence he finds cuts off another street, and he asks, "Are there not enough churches here without blocking up avenues with them?"

The ordinary Roman guide is in himself an institution. He studies the man whom he is to conduct and guide. If his strange friend shows himself to be an ardent admirer of united Italy and of the means adopted to secure and maintain its unity, he will show him to the Quirinal Palace, conduct him through its many rooms, pass over in hurried discourse anything that still tells the tale of the wrong man in the wrong place or suggests too strongly the names and character of its former owners. He will not draw his attention to the statues of SS. Peter and Paul over the main entrance of this palace nor to the cross that surmounts the tower, nor to the many records in stone of the works of improvement and restoration made by the Pope. His friends want none of that stuff. He brings him: the Capitoline hill and shows him how grateful united Italy is to its founder, for yonder once stood a palace of the Popes and the mother-house of a religious Order, which have been demolished in spite of the claims of four centuries to make way for a statue of Vittorio Emanuele. He takes his friend around the walls of Rome to show him the progress that Rome has made since her new rulers took charge. He cannot contain the pleasure he feels in pointing out the many new buildings that have gone up since 1870. The stranger cannot, however, help feeling that he sees before him a rather cheap imitation of the Parisian blocks. He is brought to the piazza Vittorio Emanuele, and is delighted to hear that all those houses on the four sides of the largest square in Europe went up in less than five years. He is not let into the secret that two of those very fine buildings fell into the street before they got their roofs on; neither does he dare ask why it is that five or six of these completed palaces still have enormous props and traces holding up their walls. So much for visitors of this kind.

But for the student, and especially for the ecclesiastical student, who comes to Rome to stay, not for a day or two, but with his bag, baggage, being and all to settle down for years of work, Rome presents sights and scenes that are not granted to the one day or one week, or even one month visitor. We shall not say anything of his feelings as he lifts his other foot from American soil and plants it on the big ship that carries him away from the country which he unconsciously loves as yet, but which will come in for a larger share of his affections when in after days he looks back upon her and sighs for one breath of her air, one look at familiar faces.

The average Roman student has put two points on the globe, which battle for first place, in his mind—the city of his residence and the city of his studies—Rome; and all intervening places, cities, towns and scenes are only so many streets, lanes, alleys and courts leading him from one to the other. He knows them only to pass through them. He is pushing always for the American College, the miniature of the United States down in the leg of the boot of Italy.

He stops at Dublin, London, Paris and many other famous European cities, but it is not as a student we see him there. He is one out of the many thousands of foreigners who visit these famous cities. His impressions of Rome will be better worth listening to, because they will be the result of long observation and close study. Without posing among archaeological students, without ambition to be a De Rossi or an Armellini, he can tell glibly how he saw Rome and what he saw. He can speak of the famous Forum where Horace and Cicero won fame and honors. He can describe the Colosseum, the Catacombs, her triumphal arches and her famous aqueducts and fountains; and rehearse all he has read of her massive walls and fortifications, of her palaces, churches and squares. And not a word is uttered about such modern and unclassical encroachments as horse-cars, cabs, gaslamps, etc. Pagan, classical and Christian Rome is uppermost in his mind. He does not think of attaching any modern fungous growth to her venerable foundations. The ideal alone fills his mind. Milan and many other beautiful cities leave little impression upon him as he speeds down the famous peninsula, and passes at last over the Campagna, that low, level, miasmatic plain, in the midst of which Rome is embedded.

In a few half hours he will have reached the end of his journey. The many ruins of once famous villas please his fancy as they pass along uninterrupted before his eyes. The aqueducts built by Emperors and restored and repaired by succeeding Pontiffs, run along his track, now rising high, now sinking low, sometimes completely burying themselves from view in the soil. The abandoned aqueduct pleases him more with its broken arches, and pier hung with ivy, marking out faithfully the course the water once took to Rome. He is just feasting on all this when suddenly there breaks upon his view hundreds of big whitewashed tenement houses! Can he believe his eyes! Can this be Rome? A lonely temple in ruins and in shape like a dome, flies by his window.

He becomes interested again, but it is only as a bird in passage. Tenement after tenement succeeds one another much to his disappointment and disgust. The tracks multiply on each side of him. The train reduces speed and in a few minutes he finds himself in the station. He cannot help admiring the grand and spacious depot. If it were in any other city than in Rome he would call it magnificent, but somehow or other he feels that it does not belong there. It is not in harmony with his views of Rome, especially ancient Rome. How much more realistic would it not be to enter Rome through one of her venerable gates and pass under one of her triumphal arches, under which passed emperors and kings when they came to Rome to be crowned, or banished and exiled Pontiffs when they made their triumphal re-entry into their own city; and if not in a chariot at least in a lumbering 'bus which could lay more or less claims to mediæval antiquity. That would be in keeping with the feelings of our student. This is the first shock that he experiences, and it will be a long time before he recovers from the same. He passes over his ticket, submits himself to the customs examination for the last time—he having already undergone the same ordeal three or four times since he entered Italy, and now finds himself in the streets of Rome.—*Catholic Review*.

Only a short time before his death Father Burke was going over to England, and at Holyhead happened to be alone in a second-class carriage with a small dark man, who somewhat resembled the portrait of Marwood. Presently to the disgust of his fellow-traveller, a number of labouring men came up to the carriage, deposited their bundles, and ran off for a drink before the train started. "What a nuisance!" said Father Burke's fellow-traveller; "I thought we should have the carriage to ourselves. You are a priest; cannot you make your fellow countrymen go elsewhere?" "Certainly," said Father Burke, "if you will leave me free to use what means I like." The man consented, and when the Irishmen returned and greeted him respectfully, Father Burke made a significant grimace, and, pointing over his shoulder into the carriage, whispered to them, "Marwood." Then, turning to his fellow-traveller, he said, aloud, "Well, sir, did it all go off well at Kilmahinham?" The man looked astonished, and answered doubtfully, "Yes, very well." This was quite enough. The Irishmen seized their bundles and left the carriage with hot haste, as if the very devil were there. When the man heard of the trick that was played on him he was not a little wroth with Father Tom, who had the malicious satisfaction, after he had left the carriage at Chester, of seeing a crowd of curious and inquisitive faces gather round it in order to catch a glimpse of the supposed hangman.

Some people are so good-natured that they are always ready to promise and never ready to perform. A French philosopher used to say of one of this ilk that he spent his mornings in making promises and his afternoons in making excuses.

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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

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

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

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

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

The late Archbishop Lynch.

The late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carbery of Hamilton.

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

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion

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SOME RECENT POETRY.

It is our pleasant duty to give welcome this week to two volumes of poetry, the works of two Canadian Catholic writers, which will be found to answer in a high degree, we believe, to the best tests of true poetry, as respects strength and sincerity of purpose, delicacy of conception, and artistic treatment—*Aminta: a Modern Life Drama*, by Cornelius O'Brien; D.D., Archbishop of Halifax; and *The Water Lily: An Oriental Fairy Tale*, by Frank Waters, of Cornwall, Ontario.

The Archbishop of Halifax stands in need of no introduction to the community of scholars; for, long ago, his gifts as a writer won the recognition of the high priests of criticism through an occasional sonnet, and—if we are not mistaken—an admirable novel that a few years ago appeared from his pen. But well known though the literary gifts of the Archbishop of Halifax were to those who set store upon native talent and a native Canadian literature, few will have been prepared for a poetic work of the strength and sustained excellence of the volume before us. For this work (which comes, as befits it, in the handsomest dress of the Appleton's) must take rank among the graver and more important contributions to poetic literature made in America. A brief preface to the work explains that it is "not intended for the light and thoughtless but for those who, having received a liberal education, reflect at times on the unrest of modern intellects, and seek to learn something of its cause." "We venture to hope" it is added "that such as these will find that new ground in poetry has been broken. It is a very real modern life drama." From this no intelligent reader of *Aminta* will dissent. For apart from any consideration of it as a mere literary performance, it is the grave utterance of a man who really has something to say and is impelled by the necessities of duty and desire to say it. In *Aminta*, the author has touched upon the passions and doubts, and the most disturbing problems of modern life,—the intellectual unrest, the aberrations and infatuations which are in the air of the epoch,—the unrest which comes of the world's departure, in our day, from the security of a simple and sustaining Faith. It is high praise—and it will seem, it may be, a daring thing—to say of Archbishop O'Brien's volume that it is Tennysonian, alike in its strength and subtlety of thought, and in its wholesome and vivifying meanings. And yet to say less than that were not enough. *Aminta*, in its strength and exaltation of sentiment, in its searching earnestness, has much in it of the "In Memoriam" and

"Lockesley Hall" of Tennyson. A few extracts from a volume tempting in quotations, will give some slight idea of its power. The central figure of the tale, the girl "Aminta," is an agnostic. Of her the lines here speak:

Just God! it is a painful sight,
A writhing soul in guilt-born toils
A fettered slave whom sin despoils
Of all that makes existence bright;
And yet less painful than a soul
Proud, passionless, with self-control
But cankered by Agnostic blight.

There stood the fair Agnostic; cold
As moonbenches on an iceberg's crest.
An outcome of a creed unblest—
Life is to her a trackless wold.
Sin scared Gonzalez, in his grief
Made Christian, for an instant brief,
Does not from hope his thoughts withhold.

Aminta smiled with flashing scorn
To hear Gonzalez pray to God;
Man was to her an earthen clod,
And sin a name from custom borne;
Foul deeds she shunned as outward stains
But thoughts she never once restrains;
So sin was of the act but shorn.

The love of "Aminta" for "Coroman" is described in lines of uncommon beauty:

O gentle muse! deign thou to weave
Genetic story of true love.
Is it an ark emitted dove
That o'er a wasteful world must grieve?
Is there no spot where it may rest?
Bears it no branch of olive blest
To joy the soul at life's quick eve?

Eternal cycles measure not
Love's awful span of living years,
While stars shall circle in her spheres,
Its youthful face shall know not blot;
E'en should the stars by stronger will
Clash in their orbits, even still
Unaged, Love will guard our lot.

Life comes from love and love from life,
A seeming paradox this law;
Its chain of reason shows no flaw,
The Gordian knot requires no knife,
For God is love and life, or each,
Unbounded essence, as they teach,
A simple act with causes rife.

Walk back the years—He ever is;
Unfold the laws of cosmic kind,
In vain in them you seek to find
A power or plan that is not his,
The firmest fixed of nature's laws—
That all effects must have a cause—
Proclaim aloud—He ever is.

They truly love who love in God
A fitting soul to be their mate,
Nor blindly think a myth-born fate
Can shape their future by a nod;
Nor for a throb of love sublime
Mistake the frenzies of a crime;
Nor think that all must own Love's rod.

Of false love the poem speaks:

Self is the measure of our age;
Its science starts and ends with self;
Art reckons triumph by its pelf.
Nor seeks to live on glory's page;
Philosophy, are termed the views
That most unbridled lust diffuse
Or 'gainst the God-head loudest rage.

As lightest dew on fungus seared
The culture of our age is spread
O'er souls to high emotions dead,
Who scout the God their sires revered;
The risen sun the fungus bares,
We see how changed the look it wears
How foul when dews have disappeared.

Nor wonder then that lives are sad,
That blossoms wither ere their eve,
That passions round us cobwebs weave
And pleasures cloy once they are had;
Eternal love produced the soul
And gave itself for final goal;
Walk in its light and life is glad.

On Faith and unbelief, we take these three from many verses :

I live--I feel--I know--I love ;
My slightest act laughs at the sham
Of science guessing; whence I am,
Shall Folly then pretentious shove
True wisdom from its God built throne,
Seated in its stead a creed unknown,
And snap the chain that's linked above ?

I sink into unconscious naught I
I follow in the dreary wake
Of fading sparks that cornstalks make
Whose glow dies quick as passing thought ?
I subject of emotions deep
Of untold powers that calmly sleep,
By hand divine divinely wrought ?

Accursed, and thrice accursed the creed
Of cold materialism born
Where death of life is not the morn,
But night eternal is our meet,
From me undying thoughts have birth ;
Can this be from organic earth
Devoid of life's undying seed ?

For the present these extracts must suffice, although, dragged from their setting, they afford no proper notion of the story. The poem is one to be read; and no review, short of its reproduction, would do it justice. It is a notable contribution to poetic literature; all the more welcome in that it is the contribution of a Canadian Archbishop.

The "Water Lily" is a smaller volume.

As regards the subject matter of the poem, the author lays claim to no originality. The story, he explains, is taken from a remarkable book, entitled "Oriental Fairy Tales," which he read once in early childhood—a work in which, as in "Lalla Rookh," a number of detached tales were "strung, gem-like, on the golden thread of a connecting narrative." The central figure in the work was the Wandering Angel, whose various experiences formed the subjects for the different tales. At the time when he first read the book, the author explains in a very interesting Preface, he was too young to be consciously aware of its exquisite beauty and deep significance; but that even then, it left a lasting impression—especially the charming and pathetic legend of The Water Lily. When, therefore, many years later, he met the tale detached, in a book of readings, it took, on that second perusal, a permanent place in heart and mind and became to him "one of those waking and persistent dreams which haunt us all under many forms." Shortly after, the author began a versified rendering of the story—a filling in of the poetic outlines, and the lights and shades of fancy and of feeling which the original suggested vaguely, rather than supplied. The result is the volume now before us.

In a Preface, written with much charm and gracefulness of expression, Mr. Waters gives in a few words his conception of the significance of the story. We read :

"Even in its obvious and merely superficial aspect—regarded as only an Oriental fairy tale—the story is yet well worth reading, and cannot but charm and touch those human sympathies to which it is the distinctive part of poetry to appeal. But, for those who can look below the surface, there is a soul of inner meaning to this body of external beauty and grace. For the story hints to us rather than broadly speaks—(and it is so; I venture to think, that poetry should attempt to convey moral lessons, at least in its sustained efforts)—it hints to us, not only of the strength and wonder of a mother's love, conquering all death and change; but also of that strange perversity in our nature which ever goads us on to yearn for that which is forbidden us; of the veiled destruction which so often awaits us even as we lay our hand on the prohibited prize; of the vanity with which men or angels would oppose the rulings of the ineffable and all-wise Providence that sways through all; and of the solemn certainty—bitter or sweet, as we ourselves make it—that all is best as it stands ordered for

us, and that, in overstepping the bounds marked out for us, it may be but to fall over the brink of some blossom hidden despair.

Such, as it seems to me, are a few of the deeper meanings which this truly exquisite little story may be legitimately held to convey to those who have ears to hear withal. And, if my work should be adjudged to possess no other merit which I shall yet venture to hope may not be the case—it will still be a great consolation to me to think that, in an age when the public mind is so flooded with all that is loose and vicious in literature, my little effort has been put forth as a feeble dam thrown adventurously out into the roaring torrent of evil—to abide or be swept away as it lodges on men's heart, or misses them and its object together."

The Review can only add its meed of praise to the many eulogiums which have been passed upon Mr. Waters' exquisite treatment of an exquisite story. "The sentiment of the poem" the *New York Herald* has said, "is wholly sweet and wholesome and there are evidences running through it of a broad, human, philosophy not unlike that of Wordsworth." A little child, straying from its mother, loses its life, in an effort to possess itself of a floating lily:

For, as she bent above the bloom,
Fate stole upon her through the gloom,
And smote her treacherously behind;
Till, shaken rudely on the tree
Of life, by that ungentle wind,
Her little blossom quiveringly
Writhed a moment—floated free—
And drop into Eternity.

A Wandering Angel assumes the form and features of the little child; which the mother, finding, takes to her breast with tender joy. It is in the changings of the mother's feelings towards the alien child that the pathos and beauty of Mr. Waters' rendering of the tale consists:

But, while she looked and feasted, lo!
O'er the deep heaven of her eyes
A cloud, a shadow, gathered slow—
The vapour of a vague surmise,
A dim and unfulfilled surprise:
The feeling of a Want unknown.

It seems her child, yet not her child—
The same in every feature fair;
And thus she ever looked and smiled:
Yet there is something wanting there.

She strove—so hard—to love her child,
But still her yearning thoughts would stray;
And ever more, her heart, beguiled
By some vague power, would range away,
And like the water-lilies shake
And tremble o'er the quiet lake.
She strove to hearken for that voice
Which in more happy days had been
The little herald of her joys;
But still, her ear and it between,
Flowed in the memory of that song
Wailing the twilight glade along.

The mother dies, and in the Unknown finds her child.
The Wandering Angel stands above:

And, "Rest," he said, "poor human hearts,
The broken by my foolish dream:
For Fate will work its many parts
However men or angels deem.
I thought to yield an infant joy;
And lo! I lured but to destroy,
I thought to save a mother pain;
And lo! I pierced both heart and brain.
Soul of a mother! what may blind
The spiritual eye of mind?
Thy love, that seeketh and will win,
Through darkness, death, and change, its kin?"

Very simple, and very beautiful, withal, and having a world of tender meanings,—telling of Life, and Death, and Destiny—of a Love outstretching the accidents of life, and reaching with tremulous hand beyond the grave and Death.

Mr. Waters' work is marked by great delicacy and beauty of conception, and refinement of fancy; and is Shelley-like in the deftness of its shadings and poetic colourings.

ARE JESUITS POLITICIANS?

Of the many charges brought against the much calumniated Order, we hear none more oft-repeated either in or out of Parliament than that of meddling in plots of Governments and the ambitious intrigues of princes and politicians. It is only fair that on a subject of such grave importance the Order should be allowed to speak for itself. In the April number of the *Dublin Review* Father Morris, S.J., relates the first conspicuous attempt at State interference on the part of one of its members, and the manner in which it was met by the highest authority of the Society in a decree ratified by the Supreme Pontiff. The event was one of no less magnitude than the invasion of England by the Spanish Armada in the reign of Elizabeth, and within a score of years from the framing of the Jesuit constitutions. Father Persons, S.J., following the saintly and illustrious Fisher, thought that no temporal advantage, not even national independence, could be a sufficient price for the preservation in England of the one true religion. With the approval of the General Aquaviva he exerted his powerful influence in the Spanish Court to determine and hasten Philip's invasion. The body of the nation, however, were neither of Person's opinion nor disposed to second his measures. He was bitterly opposed by the noblest and best of the national clergy, many of whom afterwards shed their blood for the faith and have been ranked among the martyrs. Moreover when the dispute was referred to Rome, judgment favoured the latter. The truth is, England under Elizabeth was no longer the England of Fisher under Henry VIII. Since it had been severed from Rome, and the mass of the people, though still Catholic at heart, was joined by very slender ties to the centre of unity, Invasion in Henry's reign might have been able to save the the national religion; under Elizabeth, it could only result in turning the heart of the nation against Rome as well as against the potentate who had espoused its cause. When the General Congregation of the Order, to which the General himself is amenable, met, the following decree was enacted:

"As our Society, which has been raised up by our Lord, for the propagation of Faith and the gaining of souls, can, under the banner of the Cross, happily attain to the end it aims at, with usefulness to the Church, and the edification of our neighbour by the ministries proper to the Institute, which are spiritual arms; so it would hinder these good things and expose her to the greatest dangers, if she were to handle those things which are secular, and belong to politics and State government. Therefore, it was most wisely ordained by our predecessors, that we, whose warfare is for God, should not engage ourselves in other things which are repugnant to our profession. But since in these very dangerous times, in several places and with various Sovereigns (the cherishing of whose love and charity the holy Father Ignatius held to belong to the service of God) by the fault, perchance, or ambition, or indiscreet zeal of some, our Order has been ill spoken of, whilst to bring forth the good odor of Christ is necessary; the Congregation held that everything having an appearance of evil must be avoided, and that complaints must be met, as far as possible, even when they arise from false suspicions. Wherefore by the present Decree it gravely and severely forbids all of Ours to mix themselves in any way in public affairs of this kind, even though they be invited and enticed, nor by any prayers or persuasions may they be turned away from the Institute. (Cong. V. Decr. 47.)

The Decree was embodied in the Constitutions. The Congregation gave it the highest sanction in the Order by making it binding on all the members under pain of sin in virtue of holy obedience. Furthermore, as if to emphasize its will in the strongest possible manner, it appealed to the Sovereign Pontiff that he might give it his supreme sanction and elevate it to the dignity of a Canonical law. From that day forward the Society in all its members was pledged to the policy of non-interference, to embrace all parties, however much at variance, with a universal love, to wield whatever influence it might acquire over the powerful and the great solely for the good of religion, and the spiritual welfare of souls.

THE RESULTS OF UNSECTARIAN TEACHING

We published last week the impressive declaration of the Archbishop of Philadelphia that the modern system of unsectarian teaching "is sapping the very foundations of Christianity and Christian civilization." It is moral training that educates.

"In order to make popular education truly good and socially useful," wrote the Protestant historian, Guizot, "it must be fundamentally religious. I do not simply mean by this," he goes on to explain, "that religious instruction should hold its place in popular education, and that the practices of religion should enter into it, for a nation is not religiously educated by such petty and mechanical devices; it is necessary that national education should be given and received in the midst of a religious atmosphere, and that religious observances should penetrate into all parts. Religion," he continues, "is not a study or an exercise to be restricted to a certain place and a certain hour. It is a faith and a law which ought to be felt everywhere, and which after this manner alone can exercise all its beneficial influence in our minds and our lives."

The ineffectiveness of education—in the secular sense of the term—as an agent for the betterment of mankind may be seen from the reports respecting convicts and prisons. In one of his Reports, M. Prins, the Inspector General of Belgian Prisons, thus gives his opinion:

"Social education is a powerful arm against criminality; it results from the life, the experience, the surroundings, from that permanent collection of external circumstances which determine the conduct and character. But between this powerful and insensible education and the instruction which consists of giving, during a certain number of hours, notions of reading writing and arithmetic there is an abyss. Instruction is one of the numerous factors of the development of the individual, it acts either for good or evil; it makes a man accessible to good or bad influences; reading writing, and arithmetic are instruments; they can be used for reading bad books, for committing crimes, or for planning frauds, exactly as they can be used for increasing the intellectual and moral patrimony. Instruction has never prevented a magistrate of the *ancien regime* from applying torture; a despot from declaring an unjust war; a political or religious fanatic from burning or exterminating his adversaries; neither does it prevent a being with criminal instincts from committing crimes. The history of crime shows clearly the accessory part of instruction, and the predominant part of social education in this province."

The fallacy of the statistics which are used to connect criminal tendencies with an absence of mental cultivation is thus referred to Mr. Prins:

"Incontestably prisons contain a great many uneducated people. Yet there is no link between crime and ignorance; there is a coincidence. Criminals recruit themselves among the disinherited and degenerate of all descriptions—that is to say, among men placed in conditions the most unfavourable in point of view of instruction."

On this subject Mr. Herbert Spencer also writes—

"The partisans of instruction triumph when they prove by statistics that the number of uneducated criminals is the most considerable. They never dream of asking themselves whether other statistics established on the same system would not prove, in a manner quite as conclusive that crime is caused by the absence of linen, the uncleanness of the skin, the dwelling in narrow alleys, etc. He who would teach geometry by giving lessons in Latin, or who expected to learn the piano by drawing would be judged fit to be placed in a madhouse. He would not be more unreasonable, though, than those who intend to improve the moral sense by instruction in grammar, arithmetic, etc."

The opinions of these learned men are instructive in this, that they serve to show how wise and unassailable is the position which the Church has consistently maintained in respect to education. Her contention has ever been that religion constitutes an essential element in the education of a

Christian people, and that religion, in the words of the learned Bacon, is the aroma which keeps all knowledge from corruption. Experience proves that mere intellectual culture of itself, divorced from moral training, is no safeguard against criminality: nor does it tend to the diminution of crime. "Our prime rascals," it has been said, "are educated ones," and it was the Duke of Wellington, who had had much experience of the world, who said that "Learning, without religion, only tends to make man a cunning devil." Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his lecture on "Sociology," asks: "Are not fraudulent bankrupts educated people? and originators of bubble companies and makers of adulterated goods, users of false trade marks, retailers who have light weights, and those who cheat insurance companies, and the great majority of gamblers?"

This is the answer which the social reformers make to the advocates of purely secular training. Intellectual culture, we need scarcely say, is not to be depreciated or decried; nay, more, it cannot be too highly prized. But the lesson of all experience is that it must not be separated from moral training if it is to work for the highest good of either the State or the individual.

FATHER McCALLEN ON THE HOME INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

THE third of a series of lectures by the Rev. J. A. McCallen, under the auspices of the St. Patrick's T. A. and B. Society of Montreal, held last week, was very largely attended. The subject was "Woman's Home Influence." Mr. M. Sharkey, second vice-president of the society, presided. The rev. lecturer was then introduced, and began his lecture by comparing women in the pagan times to the Christian woman, restored to her right and privileges, man's companion, helpmate, guardian angel, and queen of the Christian household. The home of Nazareth was the model of the Christian home, and Mary, the mother of Christ, was the most perfect type of womanhood. Sanctity before marriage was the pledge of God's blessing on the future home, and its greatest obstacle was courtship, as now practised. The Catholic Church is, and always has been, the protector and defender of this sanctity, upholding the unity and indissolubility of the marriage tie against modern divorce. And by the lessons of mutual love and respect she teaches parents, and of obedience which she implants in the minds of children, the mother, more than the father, was given the care of moulding the young heart to love and practise virtue. To wife, daughter or sister is given the mission of exerting the gentle influence of their sex over the stern qualities of husband, son or brother. Moulding of children's characters must begin early. Little defects should not be allowed to develop. The ill-tempered, self-willed, slothful, dishonest, gloomy or dishonest child would, under the firm but gentle rule of the virtuous, painstaking mother, be changed into a meek, obedient, industrious, cheerful son or daughter, who would console, honour and bless the old age of such a teacher. The Christian home should be made attractive. "Home Sweet Home" should not be the song of the lips, but the sincere expression of the feelings of the husband, son, or brother as they cross the threshold on their return from work.

The lecture was interspersed with anecdotes relative to the influence of woman, and the Rev. Father was awarded a vote of thanks, which was proposed by Mr. Ph. DeGruchy, of the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW, seconded by Mr. P. Doyle.

During the evening a choir of young ladies gave several well rendered vocal selections, amongst those who participated being the Misses Denman, McCaffrey, Menzies, Carroll, McAndrew, Jenson and Madden.

It is announced that the Allan Line of steamships intends to have chaplains on board its ships. This is certainly a good move on their part; the presence of a priest on board would be a blessing to the passengers.

From Our Exchanges.

DROPPING A NAME.

THERE is manifest among all denominations of Protestants, a growing tendency to drop the name by which they have been known since the Reformation, and to substitute one less personal and polemical. The Baptists were the first to discard the name "Protestant." The Church of England seldom uses it now. The Protestant Episcopal Church frets under the appellation and has several times in general synod striven to shake it off.

Of late we have noticed the frequent use of the term "non-Catholic" among our separated brethren; and we are rather pleased with the name. It is the one we most frequently use ourselves, and the only one that applies to all classes and denominations holding to the doctrines of the Reformers. "Protestant" was never a proper designation. Originally it means those who were opposed to tolerating Catholicism, and was appropriated by those bigots in the sixteenth century who thought it the duty of the State to suppress Catholic worship whenever it was possible. Since Protestants ceased persecuting Catholics they have no right to the name.—*Western Watchman, St. Louis.*

THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

MONSIGNOR O'CONNELL, Rector of the American College in Rome, thinks that one source of trouble in the school question is, "that the utterances of many irresponsible persons are taken as utterances from the Church." We believe this to be true, but not at all in the sense in which Mgr. O'Connell uttered. The upholders of the public school system as a proselytising institution have never been willing to take even the declarations of the bishops, the Catholic press, the clergy, and the late Congress as utterances from the Church. They have steadily insisted that these utterances have not expressed the convictions of American Catholics, but have been manufactured by Rome. They prefer to accept as Church utterances the declarations of Dr. McGlynn, the foolish prattle of Catholic public school teachers in favour of the godless system, and the warm remarks of New England parents who fell out with their pastors on the parochial school questions. It is these utterances which have given trouble, and the Monsignor is altogether out if he sees trouble in any other quarter. The one Church utterance on the question of education is, that every Catholic child must be educated in Catholic schools, *because* the public school is dangerous, unfit, and incompetent to educate the Catholic child properly. To this declaration we must all adhere, and the one trouble is, that too many of us object to the adhering.—*N. Y. Catholic Review.*

DR. BARNARDO'S LATEST.

DR. BARNARDO'S latest exhibition of anti-Catholic bigotry has opened the eyes of even some of his friends to the spirit in which he works. His name has been on the Council of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, although since the inaugural meeting in 1881 he has not attended a single meeting. He has now written to the Secretary of the Society, the Rev. Benjamin Waugh, to resign his position on the council, and gives the following reasons for taking this step: "I cannot resist the conviction thrust upon me that your Society is coming more and more under the dominant influence of Rome, and is used by her in the promotion of her schemes for the perversion of the faith of the people of this country. Cardinal Manning's authority is paramount with you. It is through him that our beloved Queen announces her patronage to your Society. To please him you are ready to defend the cowardly neglect of the waifs and strays by the Romish Church." The President of the Society has replied that Dr. Barnardo's allegations are quite unfounded; that all that Cardinal Manning has done is to unite with the representatives of every religious body in England in securing more ample protection for children, and that the society is no sense a proselytising organization. This latest move of Dr. Barnardo will hardly

strengthen his position even with those who have so far supported him in his mistaken policy. Its effect on the general public must be to alienate from him the sympathy of all right minded men.— *Liverpool Catholic Times.*

General Catholic News

The new Cathedral of San Francisco, a magnificent structure, will be completed in six months.

The editor of a Roman paper, frankly called *Satana*, and now, happily, defunct, has just been acquitted on the charge of publishing, last year, articles insulting to the Pope.

On Monday, May 5th, a pilgrimage of Catholics was made to the Tower of London in honour of Our Lady and the English martyrs. It was under the auspices of the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom.

The Catholic University of Washington intends to confer no honorary degrees, but candidates from outside are welcome to present themselves for examination, and to receive the degrees if they are capable of standing the necessary tests.

The consulters of the archdiocese of Milwaukee have forwarded three names to Rome, from which a successor to the late archbishop may be chosen. The three bishops of the province, Rt. Revs. Flaseh, Katzer and Vertin have done likewise.

At Quebec, on Sunday last, Mgr. Blais was consecrated Bishop of Germanicopolis and Coadjutor to Monsignor Langevin for the populous and prosperous diocese of Rimouski. Cardinal Taschereau officiated. Among the dignitaries present were the Archbishop of Ottawa and the Bishops of Chicoutimi, Rimouski, Sherbrooke, Nicolet, Three Rivers. Mounseigneur Blais began his episcopacy by confirming some 200 boys and girls.

Miss Raffalovitch, who is to be married to Mr. Wm. O'Brien, is receiving instructions in the Catholic faith from Cardinal Manning himself. The Cardinal has announced his intention of confirming her on her reception into the Church. He has expressed to Mr. O'Brien great satisfaction at having secured the accession to the Church of a lady of such high intellectual distinction. The wedding is to be private. The Irish party have subscribed about \$750 for a wedding present for their colleague. It will probably be a piece of plate.

A convention of editors and business managers of the Catholic papers of the United States was held in Cincinnati, on Wednesday, May 7th, to discuss such measures as might be of benefit to the Catholic press of the country. At the Catholic centennial celebration in Baltimore last November, an informal meeting of the editors was held. The convention is the result of that meeting. The Rev. F. W. Graham, of the *Catholic Tribune*, St. Joseph, Mo., was temporary chairman of the convention, and Mr. Conde B. Pallen of *Church Progress* St. Louis, temporary secretary.

Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, was presented by the priests of that city lately, prior to his departure from the old Glebe house to a new and more suitable episcopal residence, with an address and a portrait of himself. His Grace made a kind and touching reply, expressive of his love and attachment to his priests. He desired them to observe that the change of residence would make no change in the spirit of union which bound them and him together. He felt assured that they would lend their hearty co-operation in the future as in the past, to aid him in his plans and designs for the advancement of holy Church. Want of suitable accommodation for his priests made the change necessary. But he hoped they would regard the new residence as their home also and visit him there as they now do at the Glebe house.

At 1 o'clock on Sunday afternoon a large number of the

parishioners of St. Michael's Cathedral met in St. Vincent's Chapel, Church Street, to discuss ways and means for putting the great edifice in repair. As on the previous occasion His Grace Archbishop Walsh presided, there being present Vicar-General Laurent, Vicar-General Rooney, Hon. Frank Smith, Eugene O'Keefe, William Dineen, Mr. D. A. O'Sullivan, W. T. Murray, W. A. Murray, P. Bommer, Joseph Connolly, E. F. Wheaton. It was decided to ask for subscriptions, and an executive committee composed of M. McConnell, W. A. Murray, William Dineen and John Carroll was appointed to perfect arrangements. Before the gentleman disbanded the sum of \$9,260 was collected. Of this amount

His Grace contributed	\$3000
Senator Smith	1000
E. O'Keefe	1000
W. T. Murray	1000
Vicar-General Rooney	500
Vicar-General Laurent	500
William Dineen	500
Joseph Connolly	300
D. A. O'Sullivan	150
John Hamahan	150
R. Bigley	200
John McGlue	100
P. Bommer	150
M. P. Redmond	100
W. Brown	100

Men and Things.

On the 23 of May last, on the occasion of the seventh anniversary of his assumption of the duties of Minister of Inland Revenue, the Hon. Mr. Costigan was the recipient of a number of addresses of felicitation from officers of his department from one end of the Dominion to the other; but the Province of Nova Scotia was absent. Friday last however, Mr. Costigan was the recipient of an address, accompanied by a token of their esteem from his officers in that Province. The latter is in the shape of a massive virgin gold watch seal with a native gold bearing quartz setting, the whole the product of Nova Scotia's gold mines, while the manufacture is also Nova Scotian. It bears the following inscription: "Presented to the Hon. John Costigan by the officers of the Inland Revenue Department, Nova Scotia, 1890."

The address which accompanied the souvenir contained reference to Mr. Costigan's administration of his department. "We have reason to know" it reads "that in carrying out many of the requirements of the law in your department much odium must naturally be experienced, because the faithful execution of its duties, in many cases, comes in direct contact with interests clandestinely, rather than legitimately, operated.

In the interests of the legitimate manufacturers, the trader and the public generally, everything discovered to be of an illegal nature has, under your direction, been impartially frowned down and thwarted as much as possible, and hence there may be some sounds of dissatisfaction from some unsavoury quarters. But the law-abiding and the hope of the country express satisfaction at prompt action in these matters, and trust that in the future, as in the past, faithfulness in this respect will characterize your ministrations."

We would advise the Rev. Clergy, Nuns, and our readers generally, when they are requiring Church Ornaments or Religious articles to write or call on Desautier Bros & Co., Montreal, for Catalogue and Price List.

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Bristol Service, from Avonmouth Dock.
 SAILING DATED.

Texas	May 22nd
Idaho	June 5th

RATES OF PASSAGE.

Cabin to Liverpool \$50 to \$60 ; return \$90 to \$110, according to steamer and accommodation. Intermediate \$30. Steerage \$20. Cabin to Bristol, \$40; return \$80.

*These Steamers have Saloon, State-rooms, Music-room and Bath-rooms, anti-ships, where but little motion is felt, and carry neither Cattle or Sheep.

G. W. TORBIANER, DAVID TORRANCE & Co
 18 Front St. W. Gen. Agts.
 Toronto. Montreal & Portland

Str Alex Campbell, John L. Malkey, Esq.
 President. Vice-Pres.

THE BOILER INSPECTION
 and Insurance Co. of Canada

Consulting Engineers and Solicitors
 of Patents.

—HEAD OFFICE—

QUEBEC BANK CHAMBERS . . . Toronto
 G. C. Robb A. Fraser
 Chief Engineer Sec.-Treas.

TENDERS.

SEALED TENDERS marked "For Mounted Police Provisions and Light Supplies," and addressed to the Honourable the Minister of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, will be received up to noon on Tuesday, 3rd June, 1890.

Printed forms of tender, containing full information as to the articles and approximate quantities required, may be had on application at any of the Mounted Police Posts in the North-West, or at the office of the undersigned.

No tender will be received unless made on such printed forms.

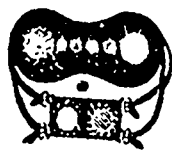
The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted Canadian bank cheque for an amount equal to ten per cent. of the total value of the articles tendered for, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the service contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

No payment will be made to newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority having been first obtained.

FRED WHITE,

Comptroller, N. W. M. Police.
 Ottawa, April 22nd, 1890.

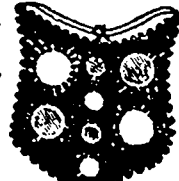
W. K. MURPHY
 Funeral Director &
 Embalmer
 407 QUEEN ST. WEST TORONTO
 Diplomatist for Embalming



—THE—
CLIMAX OF ABSORPTION
 A CURE
WITHOUT MEDICINE.



Our appliances act as perfect Absorbents by destroying the germs of disease and removing all Impurities from the body.



All diseases are successfully treated by

CORRESPONDENCE,

as our goods can be applied at home.

STILL ANOTHER NEW LIST.

Senator A. E. Botsford, Sackville, advises everybody to use Actina for failing eyesight.

Miss Laura Grose, 166 King w., Granulated Eye Lid; cured in 4 weeks.

Rev. Chas. Cole, Halifax, is happy to testify to the benefits received from Butterfly Belt and Actina.

A. Rogers, tobacconist, Adelaide west, declares Actina worth \$100.

Miss Flora McDonald, 21 Wilton Ave., misses a large lump from her hand of 13 years standing.

S. Floyd, 119 1/2 Portland st., Liver and Kidneys and Dyspepsia cured.

G. H. Glassford, Markdale, Sciatica and Dyspepsia cured in 6 weeks; 15 years standing.

Mrs. McKay, Ailea Craig, after suffering 13 years, our Sciatica Belt cured her.

"H. S." says Emissions entirely ceased. Have not felt so well in 20 years. THESE LETTERS ON FILE.

Mrs. J. Swift, 87 Agnes st., Sciatica for years, perfectly cured in 6 weeks.

Chas. Cosens, P.M., Trowbridge, general Nervous Debility, now enjoys good health.

Thomas Bryan, 371 Dundas st., general Debility, improved from the first day, now perfectly cured.

Wm. Cole, G.T.R., fireman, cured of Liver and Kidney troubles.

A. E. Colwell, engraver, city, Rheumatism in the knees, cured.

J. A. T. Ivy, cured of nightly emissions in 6 weeks.

Your Belt and Suspensory cured me of Impotency, writes G. A.

Would not be without your Belt and Suspensory for \$50, says J. McG.

For General Nervous Debility your Butterfly Belt and Suspensory are cheap at any price.

Have not felt so well in 20 years. THESE LETTERS ON FILE.



CATARRH Impossible under the influence of Actina. ACTINA will cure all Diseases of the Eye. Given on 15 days trial.

Combine Belt and Suspensory only \$5. Cure certain. No Vinegar or Acids used.

W. T. BAER & CO., 171 Queen st. West, TORONTO, ONT.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully,
 T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.



STATUTES OF CANADA

AND

OFFICIAL PUBLICATIONS.

The Statutes and some of the publications of the Government of Canada are for sale at this office, also separate acts, Revised Statutes, price for 2 vols. \$5.00 and for supplementary volume, \$2.50. price list sent on application.

B. CHAMBERLIN.

Queen's Printer and Comptroller of Stationery.

Department of Public Printing and Stationery.
 Ottawa, May, 1889.

- Church Pews -
 SCHOOL FURNITURE

The Bennett Furnishing Co., of London, Ont. make a specialty of manufacturing the latest designs in Church and School Furniture. The Catholic clergy of Canada are respectfully invited to send for catalogue and prices before awarding contracts. We have lately put in a complete set of pews in the Brantford Catholic Church, and for many years past have been favoured with contracts from a number of the clergy in other parts of Ontario, in all cases the most entire satisfaction having been expressed in regard to quality of work, lowness of price, and quickness of execution. Such has been the increase of business in this special line that we found it necessary some time since to establish a branch office in Glasgow, Scotland, and we are now engaged manufacturing pews for new churches in that country and Ireland. Address

BENNETT FURNISHING CO
 London Ont., Canada

NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY

Under the patronage of Rev. Father Labelle.

Established in 1851, under the Act of Quebec, 32 Vict., Chapl. 36, for the benefit of the Bloccan Societies of Colonization of the Province of Quebec.

CLASS D
The 35th Monthly Drawing will take place

WEDNESDAY JUNE 18th

At 2 p.m. PRIZES VALUE

\$50,000

Capital prize: One Real Estate worth \$5,000.00

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Real Estate worth	\$5,000	5,000
1 do	2,000	2,000
1 do	1,000	1,000
4 do	500	2,000
10 Real Estate "	300	3,000
30 Furniture sets	250	7,500
60 do	100	6,000
200 Gold Watches	50	10,000
1,000 Silver Watches	10	10,000
1,000 Toilet Sets	5	5,000
2,367 Prizes worth		\$50,000.00

TICKETS \$1.00

It is offered to redeem all prizes in cash, less a commission of 10 per cent.

Winners, names not published unless specially authorized:

A. A. AUDET, secretary.

Offices, 19 St. James street, Montreal, Can

ESSAYS

ON THE

Church in Canada.

The Growth of Catholic National Churches Anglican and Gallican The Church in Canada under

French Rule

The Capitulations at Montreal and Quebec

(1759-60): The Treaty of Paris,

1763- The Quebec Act, 1774,

and the Speeches

on it in the English Parliament- The

Church under British Rule Terri-

tory within the Act and the

Treaty-Geographical

and Political

changes resulting in the the present Do-

minion- The Church in Ontario.

By D. A. O'SULLIVAN, ESQ., Q.C., LL.D.,

OF OSGOODE HALL, TORONTO.

Author of "Government in Canada," Etc.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP

OF TORONTO.

PAPER COVER 35

CLOTH BOUND 50

D. & J. SADLER & CO.

115 Church Street, TORONTO

1669 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL.

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of May 1890, mails close and are due as follows:

	Clos.		Dues.	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.00	7.30	7.45	10.30
O. and Q. Railway	7.30	7.45	8.00	9.00
G. T. R. West	7.00	3.20	7.40	12.40
N. and N. W.	7.00	4.40	10.00	8.10
T. G. and B.	7.00	3.45	11.00	8.30
Midland	6.30	3.30	9.30	12.30
C. V. R.	7.00	3.20	9.00	9.20
G. W. R.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
	2.00	9.00	9.00	2.00
	6.00	4.00	10.30	7.30
	11.30	9.30	8.20	
U. S. N. Y.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
	6.00	4.00	9.00	5.15
	11.30	9.30	10.30	11.00
U. S. West States	6.00	9.30	9.00	
	12.00		7.20	

English mails will be closed during May as follows: May 1, 5, 7, 8, 12, 14, 15, 19, 21, 22, 26 and 29.

McShane Bell Foundry.

Finest Grade of Bells, Chimes and Peals for Churches, Colleges, Tower Clocks, etc. Fully warranted; satisfaction guaranteed. Send for price and catalogue. J. H. McSHANE & Co., BALTIMORE, Md., U.S. Mention this paper.

A. J. McDONAGH

DENTIST

Office and Residence, 250 SPADINA AVE TORONTO

Third door south of St. Phillips' Church

FIRST CLASS WORK. TERMS MODERATE

Night calls promptly attended

"Best cure for colds, cough, consumption is the old Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam." Cutler Bros. & Co., Boston. For \$1 a large bottle sent prepaid

I CURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.

When I say **Curo** I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of **Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness** a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to **Curo** the worst cases. Because others have failed it no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a **Frog Bottle** of my **Infallible Remedy**. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address:—**M. G. ROOT, M.C., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.**

AGENTS

Can make from \$5 to \$10 per day, by canvassing for the Catholic Weekly Review, apply to Business Manager.

ASTHMA CURED FREE DR. TAPP'S ASTHMALEN

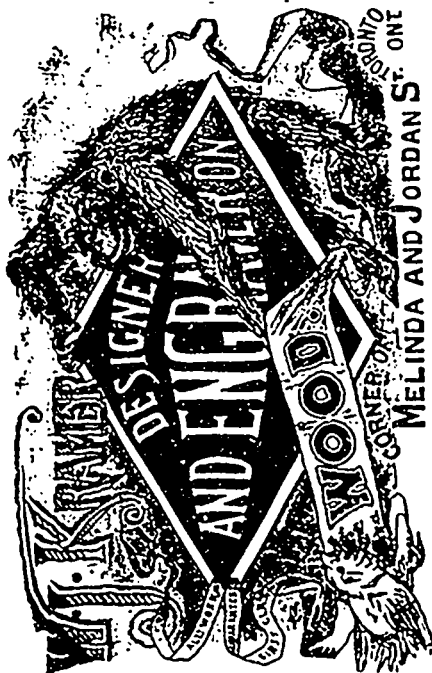
ALEXANDER & CABLE
Lithographers

Engravers Etc:

MAL BUILDING

- Toronto -

The Great Secret of the Canary Breeders of the World
MINN BIRD MANNA feeds and brings them in health by mail. Sold by druggists. Dues, 10c. Free. Bird Food Co., 40 N. 2d St., Phila., Pa.



John McMahon

MERCHANT TAILOR

39 King St. W., : Toronto

TENDERS

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Indian Supplies," will be received at this office up to noon of **MONDAY, 21st April, 1890, for the delivery of Indian Supplies, during the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1891, consisting of Flour, Beef, Bacon, Croceries, Ammunition, Twine, Agricultural Implements, Tools, &c., duty paid, at various points in Manitoba and the North-West Territories.**

Forms of tender, containing full particulars relative to the Supplies required, dates of delivery, &c., may be had by applying to the undersigned, or to the Indian Commissioner at Regina, or to the Indian Office, Winnipeg.

Parties may tender for each description of goods (or for any portion of each description of goods) separately or for all the goods called for in the Schedules, and the Department reserves to itself the right to reject the whole of any part of a tender.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted Cheque in favor of the Superintendent General of Indian affairs, on a Canadian Bank, for at least five per cent. of the amount of a tender, which will be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into a contract based on such tender when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted, the cheque will be returned.

Each tender must, in addition to the signature of the tenderer, be signed by two sureties acceptable to the Department for the proper performance of the contract based on his tender.

This advertisement is not to be inserted by any newspaper without the authority of the Queen's Printer, and no claim for payment by any newspaper not having had such authority will be admitted.

L. YANKOUGHNET,

Deputy of the Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs.

Department of Indian Affairs, Ottawa, March, 1890.

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY.

Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Fire Alarms, Fairs, etc. FULLY WARRANTED. Catalogue sent Free. **VANOUZEN & TIFT, Cincinnati, O.**

Quebec
Paris
London

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and it will not be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 Wall St., N. Y.



Canadian Photo-Engraving Bureau
Engraving of every description,
Best work in Canada

HALF TONE

Process A Specially

MOORE & ALEXANDER
203 YONGE STREET
TORONTO.

O'MEARA TAILOR

HAS OPENED HIS NEW STORE
561 QUEEN ST. WEST,
With an entirely new and select stock of
Irish, English and Scotch Tweeds,
Worsted, &c.

Good Fit & Workmanship Guaranteed
561 Queen Street West,
Opposite Denison Ave.

J. W. MOGAN

House Sign and Ornamental

PAINTING

Graining, Glazing, Paper Hanging,
Kalsomining and Tinting.

Estimates Furnished
310 KING STREET EAST.

The Father Mathew Remedy



The Antidote to Alcohol found at Last!
A NEW DEPARTURE

The Father Mathew Remedy

Is a certain and speedy cure for intemperance and destroys all appetite for alcoholic liquor. The day after a debauch, or any intemperance indulgence, a single teaspoonful will remove all mental and physical depression.

It also cures every kind of FEVER, DYSPEPSIA, and TORPIDITY OF THE LIVER when they arise from other causes than intemperance. It is the most powerful and wholesome tonic ever used.

When the disease is strong one bottle is enough; but the worst case of debility tremens do not require more than two bottles for a radical cure.

If you cannot get from your druggist the pamphlet on Alcohol its effect on the Human Body and intemperance as a disease, it will be sent free on writing to,

S. Lachance, Druggist, Sole Proprietor
1538 and 1540 Catherine st., Montreal

Monday and following Days we
will show Special Bargains at
M'KEOWN & CO.

We have cleared several lots of goods this week from wholesale men at wonderful prices. We will place them on our counters to-morrow and give the buying public a chance of rare bargains.

This will certainly be the greatest Bargain Day of the season.

Come and see the value we will offer you in Dress Goods, Silks, Mantles, Jackets, Waterproofs, Ladies' Parasols and Umbrellas, Ladies' White Underwear, Jerseys, Hosiery, Gloves, Ribbons, Lace Goods, Corsets, Buttons, Braids, Trimmings, Embroideries, &c., &c.

Household Linens of every description at less than manufacturers' prices.

Lace Curtains, a wholesale stock to choose from, the newest patterns, in white and cream, bought at 50c on the dollar, selling at half price.

Ladies, call and see our stock of Lace Curtains before purchasing.

PERFECT DRESS MAKING.

McKEOWN & CO.

182 Yonge Street.

STAINED GLASS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
J. SPENCE & SONS
NECCLESIASTICAL & DOMESTIC
GLASS PAINTERS
MURAL DECORATORS
CHURCH FURNISHINGS & BRASSES, &c.
COR. BLEURY & JURORS STREETS
MONTREAL, QUEBEC

SURPRISE
Washday
SURPRISE
EVERY WOMAN
Can save half the hard wearing-out toll of wash day and be fresh and strong. Can have clothes sweet, strong, white, never yellow. Finishes cotton, silk, cotton, rubber, handkerchiefs, but soft and white. Has the "surprise" test. No boiling or scalding. Remarkable! Try it!
Read the directions on the wrapper.
St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co.
St. Stephen, N. B.
SOAP
Send us 25 SURPRISE wrappers and get one of our beautiful envelopes.

R. BEULLAC
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

Church Ornaments

1674 NOTRE DAME ST.

MONTREAL.

Send to us for Catalogue & Price List



CURED AFTER THIRTY-TWO YEARS.

MILWAUKEE, May 23, 1887.
Rev. FATHER KOENIG—I am personally acquainted with a man who (in the year 1873, then forty-four years of age) commenced to take your medicine for epilepsy, which he had had for thirty-two years. The attacks which he had formerly every four weeks diminished as soon as he took your medicine and disappeared entirely since August, 1880. The man is so healthy now that he can attend to his business without fear. By this wonderful cure a large family has been made happy, and of this he is convinced and gladly testifies.

Rev. FATHER AEGIDIUS,

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MEDICINE CO.,
60 W. Madison cor. Clinton St., CHICAGO, ILL.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Price \$1 per Bottle. 6 Bottles for \$5.
Agents, Lyman & Co Toronto