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# Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, Nov. 1, 1890.

No. 39

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# The Catholic Weekly Review.

Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, Nov. 1, 1890.

No. 39

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## Notes.

At the time of publication the intelligence comes that the Very Rev. Father Vincent, for many years President of St. Michael's College, and Vicar-General of the archdiocese, is fast sinking, and that all hope of his recovery is now abandoned. At an early hour on Thursday morning the last rites were administered, and the members of the Basilian community took a last farewell of their friend and spiritual father of many years. Father Vincent, like his life-long friend, Vicar-General Laurent of St. Michael's Cathedral, was one of the pioneer priests of the diocese, and for well-nigh half a century has lived and laboured here as pastor and educator. No name is better known to the Catholics of this city; and by them, and by the many elsewhere who in their student days came under his care and his influence, he will be sincerely mourned and affectionately remembered.

As will be seen by reference to another column the Comte de Paris while in Montreal on Saturday and Sunday last visited the chief educational and religious institutions of that city. It was a noticeable fact that at none of the institutions he visited did the Comte make any address, and it is believed that this was done to avoid the slightest ground for any remark. He received with the utmost politeness and dignity all the attentions that were paid him, but made no remark beyond the briefest possible expression of thanks.

THE four Archbishops and the Senior Suffragan of each of the ecclesiastical provinces in Ireland will be in Rome this Saturday, November 1st. In cases in which for any reason, the Senior Suffragan is unable to undertake the journey, another Bishop of the Province is directed to take his place. There is little doubt that this conference of the Sovereign Pontiff with the representatives of the Irish Church will have some important bearing upon matters in Ireland.

It is greatly to be hoped, and if the despatches be true they furnish some ground for believing, that the visit of the Irish Chief Secretary to the most impoverished districts of the west coast of Ireland, will lead to some prompt and effective action on the part of the Government towards furnishing permanent employment to the people. This will be best served, in the sea coast regions, by the development of the deep sea fisheries.

MR. BALFOUR is reported to have been deeply impressed with the scenes he witnessed in Achille, with the general wretchedness of the peasants, and the prospects of famine. At Westport he received a deputation of citizens headed by a priest, who drew his attention to the coming of distress. Mr. Balfour conferred at length with them as to the best method of providing relief, which he admitted would be necessary. The priest said the system of affording relief adopted on former similar occasions had a demoralizing tendency and suggested that the people be employed in the construction of light railways and other works, but not unless such works were likely to prove to the benefit of the district. Mr. Balfour expressed his concurrence in this view.

ANOTHER report which appeared in the despatches of Monday last, and which we give with all possible reserve, was to the effect that Cardinal Simeoni, by order of the Pope, is reported to have forbidden the bishops of America to give any official or overt approval to the campaign of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien in America. Whether this report be true or not we have at the moment no means of knowing; but, if true, it could scarcely be held surprising. When they organized the other day, a public demonstration against the Bishop of Limerick in his cathedral city, Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien blundered, to put it mildly. It can scarcely be hoped that their activity on that occasion has yet been forgotten, or that it has tended, in Sir George Errington's phrase, to "keep the Vatican in good humour" with them.

ON Sunday last the pastoral letter adopted at the annual autumnal meeting of the Catholic hierarchy, was read in the Catholic churches throughout Ireland. The letter protests against attempts to minimize the extent of the potato crop failure, as such a course was the disastrous one pursued during former famines. It appeals to the Government for timely assistance to palliate what trustworthy reports show to be a real and widespread danger. The report which comes by cable as to the contents of the letter is slightly contradictory. The letter, the despatch says, contains a reiteration of the papal prohibition of the "plan of campaign" and boycotting, and directs the people to have nothing whatever to do with politics. It concludes by expressing sympathy with evicted tenants and the hope that Parliament may succeed in adopting measures reinstating the evicted and preventing further evictions. The full text of the pastoral will however reach us in a few days, and will be looked for with interest.

## Cardinal Newman in the Magazines.

FROM MR. LILLY'S ARTICLE IN THE *FORT-NIGHTLY REVIEW*.

In 1878 the long and stormy Pontificate of Pius IX. came to a close. When Leo XIII. was elected to the Apostolic Chair it was felt by many of Dr. Newman's friends that the time had at last arrived when a strong effort should be made to obtain from the Holy See some worthy recognition of his splendid services to Christianity and Catholicism. It would be out of place here to enter upon a detailed account of what was done for this end. I may mention, however, that when the Duke of Norfolk visited Rome to recommend the matter to the favourable consideration of the Pope, he found the Holy Father fully aware of Dr. Newman's high desert, and most graciously disposed towards him. I should also mention that until an official communication from Rome, expressing the desire of the Sovereign Pontiff to confer a Cardinal's hat upon Dr. Newman, reached the late Bishop of Birmingham, the illustrious man was in entire ignorance of the efforts which were being made on his behalf. He had never dreamed of so high an honour from "the greatest in the Christian world." And I was told by a common friend, who broke the news to him, that, for a time, he was quite overcome by it. But there was a difficulty. It is a rule—which has very rarely been relaxed—that Cardinals, who are not diocesan Bishops, must reside in Rome. That would have been impossible for Dr. Newman, on account of his delicate health and his advanced age. Upon this being represented to Leo XIII., he at once said: "Let Dr. Newman continue to dwell among his own people."

When the matter was practically settled, a General Meeting of the Catholic Union voted a warm address of congratulation to the future Cardinal, which, together with his formal reply—a very beautiful and pathetic document—appeared duly in the public prints. The letter which follows was written to me privately a few days before the date of that formal reply.

The Oratory, March 12, 1879.

My dear Lilly.—Hitherto I have been restrained, from the suspense I have been in, at not having received any official notice of the Holy Fathers purpose towards me, but through Cardinal Manning's kindness I received yesterday a personal message from the Pope, which is as good as anything official. Also, I wish to give a contradiction to any ideas that may be afloat as to any dissatisfaction on my part with any step taken by Cardinal Manning. He has been kind enough to go out of his way to write to me, and I wish every such report swept away for good and all. Should you see Lord — or A —, or anyone else, you may say so, if you think well. And now, am I to answer the Address of the Catholic Union? And if so, what am I to say? I did not understand the suggestions in your letter of the 4th. Till now I could not take for granted the words of the meeting of the Union that I had the offer of the hat, nor did I know how to meet their silence as to my availing myself or not of the offer.

Very sincerely yours,  
JOHN H. NEWMAN.

It fell to me, as Secretary of the Catholic Union, to administer a fund which had been raised for the Cardinal designate, and of which the Duke of Norfolk and I were the trustees. In acknowledging a remittance which I sent to him, Dr. Newman gives a vivid picture of his serious illness in Rome, which had greatly alarmed us all.

48, Via Sestina, Rome,  
May 10, 1879.

My dear Lilly,—I got Father Pope to tell you that the £500, which you so thoughtfully sent, has been received, because I am so tired myself. I am pulled down by a bad cold, which I really think would go if the bad weather went; but I am necessarily a prisoner to my bedroom and to my bed, and cannot speak or write without an effort. At Turin on Sunday I had to squeeze, kneeling at Mass, against a

man who had a very bad cough, and I said to myself, "What if I catch it?" As we went down to Genoa I said, "If I was at home, I know from my throat that something there would turn to a bad cold." When at Genoa I felt so uncomfortable that I said, "Let us rest at Pisa for two days," and so we did. Thence we got to Rome in a day, but by that time the cold and cough were fixed. I have seldom had so bad a one. I have been a fortnight here, and have said just one Mass, and been into one church—St. Peter's! Is not this melancholy? The Holy Father has been abundantly kind, inquiring after me every day. My public days begin on Monday, and it seems as if I should not be able to go out up to them! There has been cold hail yesterday and to-day. I am much better, but very much pulled down. There is no fever on me; all I want is fine weather. The thought comes on me that I cannot be well till I am back. But perhaps when I once well turn the corner, all will come right.

Most truly yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

A letter regarding an article of mine, entitled "Cardinal Newman," which appeared in this *Review* in July, 1879, so well manifests the antique sincerity, the transparent candour of the writer, that I cannot persuade myself to withhold it from my readers, for it is most congruous with my present purpose.

The Oratory, July 8, 1879.

My dear Lilly,—Your article in the *Fortnightly* about me has come to me this morning, and I thank you very much for it. I thank you because it is written in a tone which I don't think will provoke a reaction of feeling in the public mind. I am truly grateful for the affectionate warmth of many of the addresses which have been made to me; and though I could not in my conscience accept them as just, and as the sober truth, still it delighted me to find that friends and bystanders think so well of me. Nevertheless, I have for several years felt that their language might provoke some Nemesis, and that I might fall again under the power of calumny and consequent disrepute, perhaps with the necessity of some dreary self-vindication. Now your article, though evidently the writing of a friend, is written with a sobriety which can irritate and repel no one.

Yours most sincerely,

JOHN H. CARDINAL NEWMAN.

## CHATS WITH GOOD LISTENERS.

### A CONTRAST.

THERE is no doubt about the truth of Bishop Spalding's recent assertion that the balance of cultivation in America is, particularly among Catholics, in favour of the women. This statement—the Bishop worded it differently—has been received rather aggressively. Nevertheless, it is true. And what is the reason?

Let us take any Catholic parish, and compare the young men who have finished their education with the young women. The advantage is, as a rule, on the side of the latter. The young men read the newspaper, especially the Sunday newspaper, but seldom a book, unless there is some popular and unmeaning "craze" for it. They have not the intelligent interest in life that the young women have. Art and literature and music are to them almost unmeaning terms. As to those graces of life, to which the worldly Lord Chesterfield so piteously begged his son to sacrifice, they leave them to their sisters.

It is very easy to make the old-fashioned, coarse, vulgar fling at all the fineness of life; to say, "Oh, if a young man earns a good living and is ordinarily religious, he doesn't need anything more!" But he does, particularly in our time; and indeed in any time the more a man's thoughts were turned to things above the mere animal needs of everyday life, the more secure he was against animal temptations. Cultivation without religion does not prevent ruin: history teaches us that; but are we not continually crying out that it is to the Catholic Faith we owe a perfect union of religion and cultivation? Good taste is, after all, in young people, a great preservation of morality. If some of our young men

had the taste for music and books that their sisters have there would be fewer fathers and mothers with broken hearts. Why is it that in many Catholic neighbourhoods the social circle created by the girls is greatly above that in which the boys delight? And why is it that so many Catholic girls remain unmarried because they must, if they do not marry beneath them, marry a non-Catholic?

The truth is that we have got into the habit of considering anything in the way of education good enough for the boys. The girls have the Sisters, and nobody from the outside can imagine how carefully the Sisters have developed their methods of refining the young people in their charge. Or if it should happen that the young girl has not the Sisters, she is encouraged to take pleasure in things appropriate to the higher civilization. Her companions are looked after by every decent parent; but the boy,—“Oh, he'll make his way!”

Perhaps I have not found the true reason for the superiority of Catholic young women over Catholic young men in many things that make life pleasant and endurable. This carelessness about the boy's education is the way by which the automatic voter is made; by which the Catholic without interest outside of his own petty aims is made; by which the uncouth, loud-laughing, vacant-minded, whiskey-smelling youth is made. If you bring him up with no resources except those he can find outside of his own home, what can you expect?

We read in every Catholic paper and magazine loud preans to the wisdom of the Church in encouraging the fine arts in all ages, and Catholic orators never tire of the subject. But how slightly do we seem to value influences in our day which we boast of as the Church's glory in times gone by? If “anything is good enough for the boys,”—if we agree that they are naturally rough and must remain so, and that the finer things of life ought to be as nothing to them,—then we show that we attach no importance whatever to the work of the Church in saving the world from relapsing into barbarous indifference to those aspirations and practices that bring man nearer to that beauty which is a reflection of the halo of God.—*M. P. Egan in Ave Maria.*

#### A THRILLING SCENE IN THE PASSION PLAY.

From an exceedingly interesting sketch of the Passion Play at Oberammergau in 1890, contributed to the *London Month*, by P. J. O'Reilly, we quote this passage, descriptive of the pathetic rendering of the agony of Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane:

Two tableaux are shown. Adam, as a punishment for sin, toils in the sweat of his brow, a figure of that bloody sweat which Christ endured for men, and Joab stabs Amasa while offering a kiss, typical of Iscariot's treachery. Chorus and chorusers having done their part by pointing the morals of both stories, retire, and from the street by the house of Annas comes Judas and the guard appointed to apprehend Our Lord, attended by a crowd. They consult, and Judas gives the sign; when they reach the garden he will kiss Him for whom they seek. They go their way, and when the stage is cleared the curtain opens on Gethsemane.

The garden, which is empty when the scene commences, is, as a picture, very beautiful. Christ with His disciples enter. Peter, John, and James remain beside Him in the foreground; the others sit down to rest about the garden, and there begins a scene most moving and pathetic.

No dialogue or description will convey the sense of utter desolation which the spectators feel to be overwhelming Christ in that dread ordeal, when, bearing all our sins upon His head, He bows before the justice of the Father, a scapegoat isolated from the world, and in that hour of darkness, by the whole world deserted. Sorrowful to death, He asks them to remain and watch with Him, and then in a little while totters apart to pray the Father to give him strength. He throws Himself upon His knees, and prays the Father to let this chalice pass from Him, sinking in an agony of anguish flat upon the ground. The conflict ended, He rises to His knees, crying to the Father, “Not as I wilt, but as Thou wilt,” and then stands erect, with eyes cast up to Heaven. Then He approached John and Peter, who, with

James and all the rest, are sunk in sleep. He calls on Peter, and they awake. He asks—Cannot they watch with Him one hour? They say that sleep has overcome them. “Watch ye and pray that ye fall not into temptation.” “Lord,” they answer, “we will watch and pray.” “Truly,” says Christ, “the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.”

Again He leaves them to seek the grotto, again they fall asleep. A second time Christ kneels before the Father, and a world of meaning is thrown into the pathetic cry which rises from Him: “Father, the strife is fierce.” Again He lies prostrate awhile, then He lifts Himself: “If this chalice pass not from Me unless I drink it, Father, Thy will be done.” He rises with firm resolve to carry out the sacrifice that the Father's justice demands, and coming down again to the disciples looks at His sleeping friends. Even from them he receives no consolation or support in that awful hour, facing alone the justice of the Father, and encompassed by the bitterness of death; they lie sunk in sleep, unconscious, like the world, of His agony.

He totters back again and for the third time kneels. “My Father, if it be not possible this load of sin be lifted off Me, Thy will be done, Father,” he cries, “Thy Son—hear Him.” The Father's messenger, an angel with outstretched wings, tells Him to contemplate the blessings to mankind from this terrific conflict in His soul. The Father has required it. He has offered Himself freely, therefore He will carry out the sacrifice for sinful man.

The angel then departs. Christ declares He will no longer pray against that which He knows the Father has ordained, but will accomplish all, and rises from His knees refreshed and strengthened.

This great scene is undoubtedly the climax of the first portion of the Passion Play. And when Christ rises for the third time from His knees, there are few eyes in that vast crowd not moist with tears. Its effect upon an audience varied in its composition as no other audience of our time has been, is the highest tribute which could be paid to the histrionic powers of Joseph Mayr, who makes the spectators realize, as they have never realized before, the mental agony and utter isolation from this earth, worse a thousand times than death or pain, which their Redeemer underwent for them within the olive-garden. When, strengthened by the message, and the conflict over, He rises to His feet, the pent-up feelings of the crowd find vent in a way which shows the touching pathos of the scene.

#### C. M. B. A. News.

The pressure upon our columns arising out of the important ceremonies in Kingston and Alexandria this week necessitates our holding over till another issue publication of the Official List of Grand and District Deputies, lately appointed by the Grand President, and other interesting information.

Grand President MacCabe was presented lately at a regular meeting of Branch 28, C.M.B.A., Ottawa, of which the Grand President is a charter member, with a congratulatory address. The address which was handsomely engrossed, was read by Chancellor F. R. Latchford.

A new Branch (No. 141) has been organized at Chapleau, Ont., by Rev. Joseph Bloem, of North Bay.

At the opening of one of the afternoon sessions of the Supreme Council at Niagara Falls last week, already referred to in *The Review*, the Supreme Spiritual Adviser, Right Rev. S. V. Ryan, Bishop of Buffalo, attended the Convention, and made a short but very instructive address, expressing his pleasure at seeing so much harmony and so many different nationalities and races blended together in one Catholic brotherhood. He gave some very rare information as how Branch One was started, and the large part he had to do with it.

## ARCHBISHOP CLEARY INVESTED WITH THE PALLIUM.

THE investiture on Sunday last of Archbishop Cleary with the pallium, the pontifical insignia of office, was a brilliant event and one long anticipated by the Catholics of Kingston diocese. The occasion was an historic and memorable one, for it marked an epoch in the annals of the diocese fraught with much that concerns the stability and growth of Catholicism there. Years ago people looked for the elevation of Kingston to the archiepiscopal rank and dignity, but for good and sufficient reasons their hopes were not realized at the time, and Toronto became the Metropolitan see of the province. Owing, however, to the growth of religion in the past decade and the tact and influence of Archbishop Cleary, Kingston has received her due, and will henceforth take her proper place among the flourishing dioceses of Ontario. The Catholics with great unanimity prepared for the occasion and made it a marked success.

St. Mary's Cathedral was magnificently decorated. It was packed with eager spectators, and the music, gorgeous robes, and stirring ceremonies combined to make the event one long to be remembered. The service began at 10.30 o'clock, and continued until 2.30 o'clock. There was a representative gathering of prelates and priests, among whom were the following:—Cardinal Taschereau, Quebec; Archbishop Walsh, Toronto; the Bishops of Rochester and Ogdensburg, N.Y., Trenton, N.J., London, Peterborough, Hamilton, and Pontiac, Que.; Mgr. Farrelly, Belleville; Mgr. Gleason, Buffalo, N.Y. The priests were:—From London diocese, Revs. G. Northgraves, W. Flannery; Pontiac, Rev. P. J. Ryan; Ottawa, Very Rev. J. McGuckin; Montreal, Revs. P. Dowd, M. Callaghan, Vicar-General Marechal; Ogdensburg, Rev. Aloysius Murphy; Brooklyn, J. M. Kiely, P. J. O'Hare, D. Sheshy, Duffy; Quebec, Mgr. Gagnon; Trenton, N.J., Rev. Fedigan; Albany, N.Y., Rev. J. J. Swift; Rochester, N.N., Revs. J. Kiernan, J. Stewart; Toronto, Very Revs. Rooney, Laurent, McCann, Teefy, and Brothers Tobias, Odo, and Rev. J. L. Hand; Hamilton, Very Revs. Heenan, Doherty, Revs. McEvoy, J. J. Craven, Peterborough, Very Rev. J. Brown, Revs. D. O'Connell, E. J. Murray; Alexandria, Revs. Fitzpatrick, Corbett, Twomey; Kingston, Revs. McWilliams, Stanton, Murray; Gauthier, Hogan, Spratt, Quinn, Davis, O'Donoghue, Twomey, and McDonough.

High mass was celebrated with great pomp and ceremony. The celebrant was Bishop O'Connor; the assistant priest, Vicar-General Rooney, Toronto; deacon, Dean Gauthier, Brockville; sub-deacon, Rev. C. Murray, Trenton; masters of ceremonies, Revs. Father Neville, Kingston; Father Hand, Toronto; deacons of honour to the Cardinal, Mgr. Farrelly, Belleville; Mgr. Marechal, Montreal.

Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, N.Y., was the orator, and he delivered an admirable sermon on "The Spread of the Catholic Faith in America." It was a purely gospel sermon. He dwelt on the individual liberty and responsibility afforded by Rome, and on the early efforts of the Church in Canada. In free America the Church was untrammelled, and Catholics were allowed to progress as rapidly as their wealth and strength warranted. He hoped the day would come when all would be as one people with one faith.

Succeeding this the investiture occurred. Cardinal Taschereau adjusted the pallium, the oath was administered, and the Archbishop congratulated.

Cardinal Taschereau was first addressed, the Provost reading it in French, welcoming him in Kingston on this his first visit, and recalling the fact of Kingston's connection with the ancient and historic See which formed a part of its ecclesiastical tradition. The loyalty of the Church people was mentioned, and though composed of many races, the unity of Catholic peace bound them together.

The Cardinal briefly returned his thanks.

Archbishop Cleary then received two addresses, Mgr. Farrelly reading one from the clergy congratulating His Grace on his well-merited promotion to the archiepiscopal

rank, and making a declaration of their esteem for his person and office. "Allow us," said he, "to proclaim that we, your priests, love you dearly and devotedly, as we know you love us. We work with ready hands and ready will under your direction, confiding in your wisdom, prudence, and charity, and this shall be our aim to the end." Mention was made of the spiritual and material success secured under his guidance. The address contained intimation of the presentation of \$11,800, "the free gift of the priests and people in token of their joy at your elevation and of gratitude for your generosity on their behalf." Assurances of unswerving fealty were expressed. Mention was made in flattering terms of the presence of the Cardinal and Archbishop Walsh and all who come from the several surrounding provinces to do honour to the occasion.

Mr. M. Flanagan followed with an address from the city after which the Archbishop made a vigorous reply. The gift was accepted, and the money devoted to the rearing of the Morning chapel, now nearing completion.

Archbishop Cleary made a stirring reply. He thanked the laity for their kindly sentiments, and said that union of pastor and people made a church useful and strong. He alluded to the recent attack on the Department of Education owing to its stand towards the Roman Catholics, in which he said even ministers took part. He considered that the Department merely dealt fairly with Roman Catholics and their children. In the battle for rights Catholics were assisted by a portion of the Protestant electorate, who had a greater spirit of charity than many of its ministers, and by their action the onslaught had been stopped effectually. Throughout the battle Christian faith had triumphed. The Catholics would always believe that among the Protestants they had friends possessed of a most desirable spirit of charity. He referred to his recent action in behalf of the Roman Catholic children and to his battle with one whom he termed "a leader of the fanatics," who had tried to injure the Church, and with his followers wanted to rob Catholics of their faith.

Roman Catholics would not surrender their children to the wolf, and were bound to defend their lives and education at any cost. This was the duty of the bishops, and they were determined never to surrender. He thanked the Protestant electorate for timely assistance in their defence against the onslaught on their educational system.

An address was then read to His Grace in behalf of the pupils of the Christian Brothers' school, to which a happy and feeling reply was made.

Rev. Father Kelly then read the Papal bull which elevated Kingston to a metropolitan see and the ceremonies of the morning concluded. The procession of clergy then reformed and returned to the palace, where a sumptuous banquet was in waiting. This terminated at four o'clock, after which Cardinal Taschereau held a reception, which was attended by hundreds of prominent citizens.

In the evening the monster cathedral was again packed to the doors. The preacher was Bishop O'Farrell, of Trenton, New Jersey.

The pallium is a pontifical ornament and is the distinguishing insignia of an archbishop, who receives it from no other hands than those of the Sovereign Pontiff himself. It consists of two strips of white cloth, some two inches wide, and decorated with a number of purple crosses made of the fleece of two milk white lambs, which are annually blessed at Rome. These lambs are carefully kept by some religious community until fleecing time arrives. The pallium made of this wool is deposited upon St. Peter's tomb in the great church which bears his name, where it is left during the whole night previous to the festival of that chief apostle. It is solemnly blessed on the altar the following morning, and is then sent by the Pope to the metropolitans for the bishops who obtain the right of wearing it. It is the peculiar characteristic badge of archiepiscopal rank and dignity, somewhat similar to the distinctive dress of the Jewish high priesthood, whence Romans derived it, and to which they gave the very significant and appropriate name of pallium.

## MR. DAVIN ON AUTHORITY.

Mr. DAVIN, M.P., discusses in the *Toronto Week* of Sep. 26th the existence of "a visible religious authority above the mind of man." He argues that "if such an authority existed in this world there would be no need for any man with ordinary faculties of observation to reason himself to its side; it would draw towards it by irresistible cords all that was wise and noble in humanity." Indeed! Such an authority did exist at least during the greater part of a century, from the time our Lord began to teach till the death of St. John, and among the thousands who then came into contact with it without accepting it Mr. Davin would classify very many as "wise and noble." The wise and upright citizen may yet be a very proud man, and very unwilling to admit the claim of superior enlightenment in another, that other being perhaps a foreigner, and "behind the age." And so it proved. Tacitus, Suetonius, and Pliny agree in calling Christianity a superstition, a bad and excessive superstition. The philosopher Celsus accused Christians of "assenting at random and without reason," saying, "Do not inquire, but believe." "They lay it down," he says, "Let no educated man approach, no man of wisdom, no man of sense, but if a man be unlearned, weak in intellect, an infant, let him come with confidence." And again, "They are able to convert none but fools, and vulgar and stupid and slavish women and boys." This is the way Christianity appeared to men of culture. They would not submit to be taught. They thought it slavish and puerile to submit; and would not examine the grounds on which submission was claimed. Hence St. Paul is obliged to record that in his time there were among Christians "not many wise, according to the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble." No, indeed, Mr. Davin; the "cords" in question were not and are not irresistible. The world is too strong a counter-attraction for that. The mind of man is not naturally disposed to allow itself to be led even by divine authority. Besides, God made us responsible beings having the necessity of choice between good and evil. An irresistible cord would make us irresponsible. We admit, of course, or rather maintain that one needs no more than ordinary faculties of observation and ordinary powers of reason to make a right choice in the alternative of authority or self-guidance; but there are certain moral qualities equally necessary. "Except I shall see in His hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the place of the nails, and put my hand into His side, I will not believe." There is many a doubting Thomas who thus bargains for conditions instead of seeking light with simplicity. Put the doubting Thomas in Mr. Davin's place and this is what he would say: Except I see the religious authority to be so unmistakably above the mind of man as to force itself into almost universal recognition, I will not believe. "Unless you be converted and become as little children, you shall not enter the kingdom of heaven."—*Antigonish Casket.*

## TWILIGHT.

When I was young the twilight seemed too long.  
How often on the western window seat  
I leaned my book against the misty pane  
And spelled the last enchanting lines again  
The while my mother hummed an ancient song  
Or sighed a little and said: "The hour is sweet,"  
When I, rebellious, clamoured for the hour.  
But now I love the soft approach of night.  
And now with folded hands I sit and dream  
While all too fleet the hours of twilight seem;  
And thus I know that I am growing old.

Oh, granaries of Age! Oh, manifold  
And royal harvest of the common years!  
There are in all thy treasure-house no ways  
But lead by soft descent and gradual slope  
To memories more exquisite than hope.  
Thine is the Iris born of olden tears,  
And thrice more happy are the happy days  
That live divinely in thy lingering rays,  
So autumn roses bear a lovelier flower;  
So, in the emerald after sunset hour,  
The orchard wall and trembling aspen trees  
Appear an infinite Hesperides.

Ay, as at dusk we sit with folded hands

Who knows, who cares in what enchanted lands  
We wander while the undying memories throng?  
When I was young the twilight seemed too long.

—*Athenaeum.*

## A STORY OF PERE LACORDAIRE.

It before his conversion Pere Lacordaire had said of himself that he had "loved glory and nothing else," we may say of him after his conversion that he feared glory and nothing else. A touching incident will show how great this terror was. His Lenten station at Lyons in 1845 was one of those which obtained the most extraordinary success. Nothing like it had ever been seen there before; it was a perfect delirium. At the very time when the Chambers and the press were blowing up the flame of anti-religious passions, and seeking to stifle every attempt at monastic restoration under their contempt, a friar in his medieval garb was fascinating by his eloquence a chosen audience among the population at Lyons, and renewing in the nineteenth century those marvels that had been wrought by the great preachers of the ages of faith. From five in the morning an immense crowd besieged the doors of the cathedral. Hardly were they opened before the waves of this immense crowd burst into the church, and purchased the happiness of enjoying an hour of Christian eloquence by seven or eight hours of waiting. And when this immense assembly, excited by the accent of the speaker, trembled under his words, respect for the sacred character of the place alone, and with difficulty, repressed the murmurs of their enthusiastic applause.

One evening, after one of the finest of these conferences, the dinner hour had passed, and the Father did not appear in his place. They waited for some time, but not seeing him come (he who was generally so punctual), an ecclesiastic went up to his chamber. He knocked, but no one replied. He entered and perceived Pere Lacordaire kneeling before his crucifix, with his head in his hands, absorbed in prayer, which was interrupted by his sobs. He approached, and, folding him in his arms, "My dear Father," he said, "what is the matter?"—"I am afraid," replied the Father, lifting his face, bathed in tears.—"Afraid! Of What?"—"I am afraid," was his reply, "of all this success."—"The Inner Life of Pere Lacordaire," *Chocarne.*

## From Our Exchanges.

## A NEW VIEW OF THE REFORMATION.

The divisions in the Anglican Church are always brought out sharply when any reference is made to that national apostasy which is generally called the English Reformation. Some English churchmen appear to think that the prelates of Queen Elizabeth's making had a specially communicated Divine gift; and that the articles they produced are really infallible. Others denounce the Reformers and their work altogether. It has been reserved, however, for the modern Ritualistic party to discover an entirely novel estimate of the Reformation. It was, according to the *Church Times* for last week, "a purely Catholic movement!" Its foreign and Brazilian "colouring" are but skin deep. It was "the climax of the echo of the decree of Nicea that 'the ancient customs are to prevail.'" We do not suppose that the writer of this jargon laughed to himself when he wrote it, nor that many of the Anglican readers of the *Church Times* will laugh as they read it; but certainly to every historian, to every Englishman whose eyes are not blinded by a foolish theory which cares nothing for facts, the statement will appear to be the climax of absurdity. A revolution which, whatever its merits or demerits, deposed the bishops, overturned the altars, drew up new Articles of Religion unknown to the rest of Christendom, denied every distinctively Catholic doctrine, gave the people brand-new services and brand-new ministers, and for three centuries at least cut off the Anglican Establishment from communion with every church, sect or denomination bearing the Christian name—this Reformation, forsooth, was "truly Catholic! It must indeed be a strong delusion" that can lead people to write and to believe nonsense like this.—*Liverpool Catholic Times.*



## The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto.  
The Most Rev. C. O'Brien, Archbishop of Halifax.  
Rt. Rev. T. J. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton.  
The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto.

The late Archbishop Lynch.  
The late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carbery of Hamilton.  
The Rev. Father Dowd of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.  
And by the leading clergy of the Dominion

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THERE is a touch of mischief in one sentence in the concluding portion of Mr. Joseph Jefferson's very entertaining autobiography which appears in the *Century* for October. Speaking of the extent to which the dramatic instinct now-a-days pervades all classes of humanity he says: "Within these temples actors, opera singers, minstrels, and ministers hold forth, and the same audience goes to hear them all."

HERE are two advertisements selected by the *Pall Mall Gazette* from out a dozen in a single issue of the *Irish Times*, which seem to suggest that Irish Protestants, who talk loudly of Catholic intolerance, judge others by their own practice:—

Intelligent Protestant Lad Wanted at Donnybrook to clean boots.

Wanted a Protestant boy to milk.

One can understand vaguely the confused fear of Papal infection in the milk; but the dread of Popery getting into the blacking seems a little morbid.

THE *Orange Sentinel* is exercised anew about a story which it has exhumed from the *Cork Examiner*, telling of the stilling of the sea during the passage of the "City of Paris" on which that vessel was disabled. It appears that a number of Passionist Fathers were on board on that voyage, and the story, which purports to have been related by one of these Fathers in a letter, is to the effect that the priests blessed the wind and the waves, recited the Rosary, chanted the "Ave Maria Stella," blessed the sea with the relics of St. Paul, St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin, and placing themselves under the protection of St. Joseph, dropped a small statue of the saint, which they carried with them into the stormy sea, when a calm came over the mighty ocean and the winds and the waves were quieted. The *Sentinel* relates all this with hysterical contempt; and calls upon THE REVIEW to tell it what we think of "these modern medicine men" and their goings on. Especially does it want to know what, supposing the winds and waves to have been quieted "after the fetish had been engulfed"—mark the mouthful of frenzy in the word "engulfed"—the virtuous statue had to do with the quieting process? The *Sentinel* ought to ask us something harder. It ought to have asked us if the statue swam ashore.

## THE LOGIC OF CATHOLIC FAITH.

MR. JOHN BURROUGHS contributes to the October number of the *North American Review*, an article of some interest entitled "Faith and Credulity." Although writing from the point of view of an agnostic, and in support of the theory that faith is a matter of the will rather than of the reason, Mr. Burroughs is withal clear and equably-minded enough to acknowledge that all depends upon the premises from which the question is approached. Like Mr. Mallock, one of the very ablest of modern theistic writers, he pays testimony to the commanding claims of the Catholic Church to the submissive and willing adherence of all who proclaim themselves believers and Christians. In one passage of great clearness, Mr. Burroughs concedes the contention which Cardinal Newman so resolutely urged, the contention, namely, that to thoughtful and cultivated minds there is no middle way, no standing room, between Catholicism and agnosticism, between no belief and an acceptance of the teachings of the Church, and a recognition of her authority as a Divinely ordained, Divinely maintained, institution. All depends, Mr. Burroughs acknowledges, upon the assumption with which we start. In the article to which we refer he says:—

"If we start with the assumption upon which the Church is founded, namely, the assumption of an anthropomorphic God, an Infinite Person, the creator and upholder of all things, whose plans with reference to man have not gone smoothly, but have been sadly deranged and frustrated by man himself through what we call sin, so that the creature is hopelessly estranged from the Creator, and so on through the rest of the theological formula—if we start with this assumption, all the rest comes easy; faith and revelation are easy, the theory of the Christ and the atonement is reasonable, and with one or two more assumptions, which Cardinal Newman readily makes, the Catholic Church becomes the very child and servant of reason. It is reasonable that this Infinite Person, who is not here upon earth, but in heaven, should want a representative, a Vicar, in this world, to look after the well-being of His children, etc., and what more reasonable than that the great mother Church, the Church which the Apostles founded, should be that Vicar, that representative? The Protestant churches are all more or less compromises with the devil—that is, with reason, with sense, with the natural man; but the Catholic Church makes no compromises with the individual; it stands for authority. In fact, out of the purely human or anthropomorphic conception of the universe upon which our theology is based, it arises as the inevitable result. If your assumption at one end of the Christian scheme is reasonable, your acceptance of the Catholic Church at the other is equally so. If the universe is an institution, a government, a hierarchy, and if mankind are in a lost and rebellious condition, with reference to the head of this government or hierarchy, then does the idea of an infallible Pope and all the saving ordinances of the Church harmonize perfectly with this conception.

When you once assume the existence of the supernatural, you adjust your reason to that assumption. If the supernatural exists, it is reasonable that it should exist; it is reasonable that it should present difficulties, that we should be able to apprehend it only in part, that we should need a special endowment of power or insight, called faith, to fully enter into it; it is reasonable that faith should not obliterate the inferior intellectual faculties, but should supplement and

raise them ; it is reasonable that there should be a revealed religion, and that this religion should possess mysteries.' "

This is no more than the logic of common sense. As Mr. Mallock, in a chapter on the " Human Race and Revelation," says in one of his incisive sentences, " A heretic who denies the dogmas of the Church has his counterpart in the quack who denies the verified conclusions of science. The moral condemnation that is given to the one is illustrated by the intellectual condemnation that is given to the other."

#### PIUS IX. AND CARDINAL NEWMAN.

A FEW weeks ago our Quebec contemporary, *La Verite*, found something to cavil at in a sentence in *The Review* in which reference was made to the seeming neglect with which, in the light of his inestimable services to the Church and to English Catholics, especially during the excitement which followed the publication of the Vatican Decrees, Dr. Newman was treated for several years, a neglect which seemed particularly marked throughout the four or five years that intervened between the flooring of Mr. Gladstone and his elevation, by the present Holy Father, to a seat in the Sacred College. It suited *La Verite* to dislocate the meaning of the passage and to construe it into an insult upon the memory of the late illustrious Pontiff, Pius IX. It argued that *The Review* had sought to imply that the neglect which Dr. Newman endured for some years, was due to personal feeling on the part of the Sovereign Pontiff ; and not content with that it went on to hint darkly that if Pius IX. did not honour Father Newman at that period there were weighty motives for it. Since then *La Verite* has somewhat qualified this wanton and unworthy insinuation, but not in a manner likely to fully remove the impression that between two such lovable and venerable figures as the Prince of the Church who has just passed away, and the late illustrious Pontiff, there was not the fullest sympathy and confidence. As a matter of fact it can be proved that between these two holy men there was not only sympathy and confidence, but genuine affection. If Dr. Newman endured undeserved distrust and suspicion, if there were those of the household of the Faith who spoke against him in all uncharitableness, this much is certain—that the trouble was not at the summit of the rock of Peter, but at the base.

There are several passages in the late Cardinal's writings which bear out what we have said as to his own strong affection for the late Pontiff, and of Pope Pius IX's gentleness and consideration in return. Two utterances of the Cardinal, however, one before, and one subsequent to, his elevation to the Cardinalate, will suffice for our purpose. The first is a passage in one of Cardinal (then plain Dr.) Newman's sermons :

" And if I am to pass on to speak of the present Pontiff, and of our own obligations to him, then I would have you recollect that it was he who has taken the Catholics of England out of their unformed state and made them a Church. He it is who has redressed a misfortune of nearly three hundred years' standing. Twenty years ago we were a mere collection of individuals ; but Pope Pius has brought us together, has given us bishops, and created out of us a body politic, which (please God), as time goes on, will play an important part in Christendom, with a character, an intellect, and a power of its own, with schools of its own, with a definite influence in the councils of the Holy Church Catholic as England had of old time. This has been his great

act towards our country ; and then specially, as to his great act towards us here, towards me. One of his first acts after he was Pope was, in his great condescension, to call me to Rome ; then, when I got there, he bade me send for my friends to be with me ; and he formed us into an Oratory. And thus it came to pass that, on my return to England, I was able to associate myself with others who had not gone to Rome, till we were so many in number that not only did we establish our own Oratory here, whether the Pope had specially sent us, but we found we could throw off from us a colony of zealous and able priests into the Metropolis, and establish there, with the powers with which the Pope had furnished me, and the sanction of the late Cardinal, that Oratory which has done and still does so much good among the Catholics of London.

Such is the Pope [Pius IX.] now happily reigning in the Chair of St. Peter ; such are our personal obligations to him ; such has he been towards England, such towards us, towards you, my Brethren. Such he is in his benefits, and great as are the claims of those benefits upon us, great equally are the claims on us of his personal character and of his many virtues. He is one whom to see is to love ; one who overcomes even strangers, even enemies, by his very look and voice ; whose presence subdues, whose memory haunts, even the sturdy resolute mind of the English Protestant. Such is the Holy Father of Christendom, the worthy successor of a long and glorious line. Such is he, and great as he is in office, and in his beneficent acts and virtuous life, as great is he in the severity of his trials, in the complication of his duties, and in the gravity of his perils." (" Occasional Sermons " p. 271.)

The second is from an Address delivered at Birmingham in January, 1880. His Eminence said :

" As an instance of what I mean I will notice the great figure presented in this way to the whole world by the late Pope Pius IX., and its effects in favour of Catholics. This, surely, is a fair and striking instance of knowledge of Catholics, telling in their favour. If there is any representative of the Roman Church from whom Protestants ought to shrink it is her head. In their theory, in their controversial publications, in their traditions, the Pope is all that is bad. You know the atrocious name they give him : he is the embodiment of evil, and the worst foe of the Gospel. Then as to Pope Pius IX., no one could, both by his words and by deeds, offend them more. He claimed, he exercised, larger powers than any other Pope ever did ; he committed himself to ecclesiastical acts bolder than those of any other Pope ; his secular policy was especially distasteful to Englishmen ; he had some near him who put into print just that kind of gossip concerning him which puts an Englishman's teeth on edge ; lastly he it was who, in the beginning of his reign, was the author of that very measure which raised such a commotion among us ; yet his personal presence was of a kind which no one could withstand. I believe one special cause of the abatement of the animosity felt towards us by our countrymen was the series of tableaux, as I may call them, brought before them in the newspapers of his reception of visitors in the Vatican. His misfortunes, indeed, had something to do with his popularity. The whole world felt that he was shamefully used as regards his temporal possessions. No foreign power had a right to seize upon his palaces, churches, and other possessions ; and the injustice shown him created a wide interest in him ; but the main cause of his popularity was the magic of his presence, which

was such as to dissipate and utterly destroy the fog out of which the image of a Pope looms to the ordinary Englishman. His uncompromising faith, his courage, the graceful intermingling in him of the human and the divine, the humour, the wit, the playfulness with which he tempered his severity, his naturalness, and then his true eloquence, and the resources he had at command for meeting with appropriate words the circumstances of the moment, overcame those who were least likely to be overcome. A friend of mine, a Protestant, a man of practised intellect and mature mind, told me, to my surprise, that at one of the Pope's receptions at the Vatican he was so touched by the discourse made by His Holiness to his visitors that he burst into tears. And this was the experience of hundreds. How could they think ill of him or of his children, when his very look and voice were so ethical, so eloquent, so persuasive?"

The dead Cardinal's motto was *Cor ad cor loquitur*: and here, surely, between these two great men, heart spoke to heart.

*Special Editorial Correspondence of the Review.*

## In Ireland.

### XI.

#### FROM KILLARNEY TO GLENGARIFFE.

WHAT sends picturesque tourists to the Rhine and Saxon Switzerland? Within five miles round the pretty inn of Glengariffe there is a country of the magnificence of which no pen can give an idea. I would like to be a great prince, and bring a train of painters over to make, if they could, and according to their several capabilities, a set of pictures of the place. Were such a bay lying upon English shores, it would be a world's wonder. Perhaps if it were on the Mediterranean, or the Baltic, English travellers would flock to it by hundreds.

*W. M. Thackeray.*

Leaving Killarney, *en route* for Glengariffe and Bantry, the road traverses a country revealing, in the judgment of experienced travellers, some of the finest scenery to be met with in Europe. An ever varying panorama of charming scenery delights the gaze on all sides—of verdant, gently undulating valleys, of rocks and glens, and miniature lakes, of craggy precipices, and the barren magnificence of mountain wilds. The grandeur and beauty of the drive force upon the traveller the truth of the saying of a celebrated writer, that the attractions of Ireland are kept too silent—that there has been a conspiracy of silence in respect to the natural loveliness of the island. As far as Kenmare the road ascends, the aspect, as the mountains are crested, becoming wilder, and the valleys of greater depth. A sudden turn in the lonely mountain road unfolds a magnificent view of the Upper Lake of Killarney, with its arbutus-clothed banks sweeping down to the shore, and with just a glimpse of the gloomy solitudes of the Black Valley stretching away among the towering fastnesses of the Reeks. It is the last view of the Lakes, and the jarvey, if he be of the right sort, will stop to garnish it with an illustrative legend. The little town of Kenmare is about halfway between Killarney and Glengariffe. It is a dilapidated little place, but approached from the mountains behind, Nature will be seen to have framed it in a circle of glorious landscapes. Kenmare is the property of the Marquis of Lansdowne. A short distance east of the town is a huge stone structure, as extensive in its dimensions as a provincial prison. It is the workhouse!—an answer to all questionings as to the affluence of the Kenmare and Kerry peasantry. The district hereabouts is hung with sorrowful

memories, of fever, and famine, and heartless exaction, for Kenmare has been the centre of an Irish Siberia and has known, in other days, as iron a rule as the Czars in Lord Lansdowne's agent, Mr. Townsend Trench. The reader of *The Review* who is not acquainted with the conditions of life that—until recent legislation intervened—obtained in this district will do well to read the book published some ten years ago by Mr. (now Sir) Charles Russell, M.P., on the subject.

A drive of four hours through mountain solitude, with only the strange stillness of nature everywhere about us, and gradually the scene changes, the solitude is dispersed, and the fanciful legendary beauty of Glengariffe and its glorious bay slowly reveals itself below. Glengariffe ("the rough glen") so called from its wild and rugged aspect, is a mountain glen lying in the midst of rocks, cliffs, and mountains, thrown together in the greatest confusion, and all embowered in luxuriant woods and verdant glades. The spot is sheltered and warmed by the Gulf Stream, and its soothing, balmy temperature is perceptible as one approaches from the high roads. It is getting to be a great health resort, for even in winter the temperature rarely varies, and many diseases, prevalent elsewhere, are almost unknown here. The mountains which enclose this lovely and salubrious district are lofty, close-clustering, and of irregular outline, their gloomy grandeur contrasting strangely with the valley below which is aglow with the beauty of luxuriant growths of yew, holly, and arbutus.

Along the western shore rises the Sugar-loaf mountain, and Hungry Hill, its barren, rocky summit rising grandly 2,100 feet, in steep ascent, from the sea, outvicing all its fellows in height and magnificence. From the top of this mountain the Fall of Adrigole, the finest cascade in the British Isles, rushes in wild grandeur from a tarn in the mountain side with a fall of eight hundred feet. There are several lakes on the mountain, and one of them supplies the fall which is in all its glory after heavy rains, and is distinguishable as far as Bantry, fourteen miles away. Further west is the Slieve Miskish range, their dark indented sides standing out in fine contrast with the smooth waters of the bay; while far behind is a precipitous cliff—the Eagle's Nest,—which looks down upon the Upper Lake at Killarney, and concerning which many legends are extant chiefly in connection with the O'Sullivans, the ancient chieftans or princes of Bere. The Cahra mountains to the west of Glengariffe contain, it is said, 365 lakes, a lake for every day in the year, which were granted in a water famine through the prayers of a holy saint.

A richly wooded mountain stretching down to the shore charmingly shelters Glengariffe Castle, and the approach to it affords a splendid view of the bay and surrounding mountains. But the view of views is that to be had from Cromwell's bridge of the glen of Glengariffe—its wooded hills, and lofty mountains, its fertile, shelving shores, the splendid bay and its numerous and varied islands—some rocky and barren, some fringed with unfading verdure; its sylvan glades sonorous with the music of a thousand rills. It is in wandering amidst these hidden dells, and in exploring the depths and recesses of its woodland solitudes that the beauty of Glengariffe reveals itself in all its power, and that the witching charm of this romantic region operates most strongly on the mind. Mr. Froude devotes many of the best pages in his novel, "The Two Chiefs of Dunboy," the scene of which is laid in this not less historic than beautiful neigh-

bourhood, to describing the glories of Glengariffe and Bantry; and to very many others, doubtless, as to the writer, it has been a source of marvel that one who can portray with so much enthusiasm, and power, and grace, as does Mr. Froude, the surpassing loveliness of Irish scenery, can of all men delineate with such reckless inaccuracy, with such evident dislike, and with such unsparing and unsympathetic touch, the character and qualities of the Irish Celt. The secret of his close familiarity with the *locale* of the country between Killarney, Glengariffe, and Bantry, is, however, made clear by the fact which I learned while myself at Glengariffe, that Mr. Froude has occupied a cottage there for several summers. Before bidding adieu to Glengariffe and the grandeurs of Bantry, we shall have an opportunity of letting that brilliant writer, in his own unequalled word colourings, describe the beauties of these enchanted regions.

SHANID AHOQ.

## Men and Things.

When in Montreal on Sunday last the Comte de Paris and his party visited the chief educational institutions in the city.

The first visit was to the Archbishop's palace. Here the visitors, in the absence of Archbishop Fabre, were received by Grand Vicar Marechal, administrator of the diocese, and escorted to the grand salon, where about one hundred priests were assembled from the different parishes of the city. Grand Vicar Marechal tendered a hearty welcome to the visitors on behalf of the clergy, and thanked the Comte for having placed his visit to the archbishop and clergy at the head of the list. He alluded to the fact that Montreal had been first settled by French priests, who were the pioneers in the great work of colonization afterwards performed by the kings of France.

The Comte briefly replied, thanking the clergy for their kind reception and for their fond remembrance of France. The Grand Vicar remarking incidentally that Canada had preserved much of its French origin, the Comte replied, with a smile. "You have preserved all that was good."

The visitors then took their departure and next proceeded to the Jesuit College of St. Mary's. The visitors were escorted through the college and the Church of the Gesu, which was greatly admired. The reception to the Comte, which took place in the Academic hall of the college, was very cordial. Father Drummond, in receiving the Comte and party, made a felicitous speech, assuring them that they were amongst a people who, though a distinct nation, were still French in spirit and heart, and above all Catholic. He said he was happy to welcome the descendants of those kings who had done so much for their country, and especially for their order, as these kings had understood that religion was the true basis of civilization.

The Comte de Paris simply thanked Father Drummond for his remarks, and the visitors then retired.

After a visit to McGill University and to Montreal College, where the distinguished visitors were received by the Abbe Colin, Superior of the Sulpicians, the party dove out to historic Monklands, the former residence of the Governors-General of Canada, where a visit was paid to the Villa Maria convent, the famous girls' academy, which is under the direction of the Congregational nuns. The visitors were cordially received by the Sisters and escorted to the grand salon, where all the lady pupils of the establishment, to the number of several hundred, were assembled. After some splendid musical selections an address was presented by the French pupils, and was followed by some charming English verses, which were read on behalf of the English scholars. The verses were very complimentary to the Prince, and expressed the hope that he would soon be restored to the throne of France.

Before their departure the good Sisters had a splendid lunch served to the visitors.

## HIS LORDSHIP'S HOUSEKEEPER.

BY WALTER SARGENT.

SOME fifteen years ago a man calling himself Henry Redman set up business as a maker of clocks in one of the largest villages of the Black Forest. He was a silent, grave, and rather unsociable man, about thirty years old; and though the villagers were willing to ascribe his cold, taciturn demeanour to his English birth, still he was by no means popular in the place. The only person who at all took to Redman was a man, also a clockmaker, named Muller. This man had lived for some time in England, and could therefore converse with Redman in his native tongue. Redman made use of Muller by learning German from him. At the end of ten years Redman left the Black Forest, and, returning to England, set up in business in a large Cathedral town in the North, with Muller for his partner. They were both of them active men and extremely clever at the trade, and very soon their shop by the close held the foremost rank in the town.

With all this, Redman found occasional hours of leisure, and these hours were the most painful of his life, for it was then that his mind had time to revert to and brood over the great trouble of his early days. As he sat alone beneath the great roof of the Cathedral, unconsciously listening to the deep, solemn cawing of the rooks outside, and mechanically noting the quarters as the great clock above announced their flight, his face would wear a fixed expression of sadness. At times a deep sigh would escape him, and he would whisper a woman's name. What was the picture before his mind at such times? A watchmaker's shop in a Midland town, over which an old man presided, with benevolent countenance and hair of snowy whiteness, and in the little room beyond the shop a fair-haired girl, fragile and beautiful. In Redman's fancy that face was as perfect as he had pronounced it when first it met his gaze. Then, as now, he could see no lines of obstinacy or hardness on that matchless countenance. And yet his experience told him that those qualities had existed, and they had helped to make him what he was, a miserable man—yes, in spite of all his success, a miserable disappointed man!

Martina Colwyn, indeed was not a model wife. She had been indulged and petted from her childhood, and when she was married to a man of strong character and quick temper, she rebelled incessantly against her yoke. It was a wretched marriage, and the sight of his girl's unhappiness had hastened the old watchmaker's death. Henry Crawley found his married life intolerable, and in bitterness of spirit he determined to escape from it. The business belonged to his wife. Well, let her keep it! He wanted none of it. In a new country and under a new name he would begin a new life. One morning Mrs. Crawley's servant found her mistress lying in a death-like swoon, her fingers clutching a letter which announced her husband's flight.

"You will never see me again." So ran the letter. "It will be useless to search for me. We can never be happy together. Let us live our lives apart, and may God forgive us both!"

And so for many years did Redman, as he chose to call himself, banish the face of his wife from his mind and steel his heart against all the tender memories of the past. This surely was enough to make anyone taciturn and unsociable. But Redman was by no means a bad man, and as he sat in the ancient cathedral musing over his past, he acknowledged he had sinned. He had in an angry moment thrown aside the duties which he had solemnly assumed at the altar; and he had abandoned his wife, whom he had sworn to love and protect, to the cruel mercy of the world. The bitter self-reproach which now constantly filled Redman's heart brought back that love which had once been the joy of his life.

And now he determined to atone for the past. He would search for his wife. He would seek high and low, in town and in country, and never rest till he either met her face to face, or until he stood by her lonely and deserted grave. The next day he started. He merely told his partner that business called him away, and that the length of his absence was uncertain.

His first goal was the shop in which he had spent those miserable years of married life. This he found easily enough, and his heart grew heavy within him as he recognized the old home. But his remorse became more and more bitter as he contrasted the scene before him with his own past. The shopman who came forward at his entrance was a good-looking man of about thirty, with pleasant blue eyes, and happiness and prosperity in every line of his face. Through the open door leading to the little sitting room behind he could see the wife surrounded by happy romping little ones. It was a picture of domestic bliss which mocked his sad heart and nearly maddened him as it met his gaze.

"I want to make a few inquiries," he began, "about a Mrs. Crawley who used to be here. Has she left the town?"

The man started somewhat as the name caught his ear.

"Mrs. Crawley?" he replied, "Why, she's been gone this nine years and more. She didn't stay here long after her husband left her."

"Where did she go?" asked Redman, scarcely able to speak.

"Goodness knows," replied the watchmaker. "She had a long illness, poor soul, and the business went down to nearly nothing, and when she was well enough to move, she just left the town, and went—no one knows where. I bought the shop from her, but it wasn't worth much—very different from what I've made it since."

*To be Continued.*

## General Catholic News

Rev. Father Lafamme, chaplain of the Convent of the Precious Blood, St. Hyacinthe, has sailed for Europe.

Rev. Father Lefebvre, O.M.I., has been appointed provincial of the Oblats in succession to Rev. Father Augier, who has gone to Europe.

After returning from High Mass at Notre Dame, Montreal, on Sunday last, the Comte de Paris and the Duc d'Orleans were waited upon by a deputation from the Pontifical Zouaves, and presented with an address.

A correspondent writing to the *N.Y. Sun*, asks this question: "Which of all religions has the most complete and extensive missionary system?" The *Sun* makes answer: "Probably the Roman Catholic Church. That is the best organized and best managed machine in existence and has a wonderfully-complete missionary system."

The *Liverpool Catholic Times* informs us that there is an international movement in progress on the continent to promote the recognition of the Holy See as a permanent Court of Appeal for the peaceful solution of disputes between Christian nations. The governments of Belgium, Austria and Portugal are said to have non-officially given their approbation to the proposal.

A touching ceremony occurred in the chapel of the institute for deaf and dumb in Montreal last week. Five novices, all deaf mutes, made their religious vows. These religious follow the rule of the Sisters of Providence but form a class under the title of Little Sisters of Our Lady of Sorrows. What a God-send they would prove if we could get them as teachers in our deaf and dumb asylums.

Dean Wagner, of Windsor, is exhibiting a painting called "The Crucifixion" at the Windsor exhibition which was sent him recently at the request of the Mother Superior of the Ursuline convent at Prague, Austria, and which is believed to have been painted by Hans Memmling early in the fifteenth century, and from which the celebrated Van Dyck copy was made.

Mr. Baillarge, Deputy Minister of Public Works, has spent considerable time in making up a statement showing the

"progress of the Catholic Church in Canada." According to the latest returns the total Catholic population in Canada is placed at 2,048,800, spread over 1,157 parishes. This enormous number is ruled by one cardinal, five archbishops, 22 bishops, 4 suffragan bishops and 2,352 priests. The number of R. C. churches and chapels is 1,914, mission stations 317, seminaries 17, universities 3, colleges 53, convents 338, academies 166, schools 3,243, hospitals 68 and asylums 48—truly a wonderful record.

Eighteen thousand six hundred children assembled in the parish church of Notre Dame in Montreal on Friday afternoon, presenting a most impressive scene. The occasion was the two hundredth anniversary of the death of Marguerite Marie Alacoque to whom our Lord appeared. When the children consecrated themselves to the Sacred Heart, the hymn "God and Father" was sung in unison and an appropriate and touching sermon was preached by Rev. Father Nolin, S.J. It was a strange scene that presented itself when the little ones, none of whom were over fifteen, trooped out of the church. Two policeman safely guarded the little ones across the Place d'Armes, restraining many an impatient driver and sent them on their homeward way, filling Notre Dame street east and west with their cheery chatter.

## THE LAZY MONKS.

A LEARNED and eloquent minister of New York city, in his Sunday sermon, said: "The friars had grown lazy, selfish and fleshly. The vow of poverty had bred religious beggary, and pauperism is no more respectable under the surplice than under the ragged sack of a professional tramp."

The writer remonstrated with him for keeping up stale prejudices in which malice and ignorance are equal factors. The writer claimed that it was evident that his knowledge of the monks was gleaned from the early teaching of his Presbyterian nurse.

Mallet tells us: "The monks softened by their instruction the ferocious manners of the people, and opposed their credit to the tyranny of the nobility, who knew no other occupation than war and grievous oppression of their neighbours, and on this account the government of monks was preferred. It was a usual saying that it was better to be governed by the bishop's crozier than the monarch's sceptre."

"There were schools of learning and education, for every convent had one person or more appointed for the purpose, and all the neighbours that desired it might have their children taught grammar and church music without expense."

Drake says: "The monks of Cassius, observes Wharton, were distinguished not only for their knowledge of the sciences, but their attention to polite learning, and an acquaintance with the classics; followed with great spirit and emulation by some English monasteries."

Every monastery had a scriptorium set apart for copying. Libraries were early established. The Vatican Library flourished in the 6th century; it was famous even then. There were other libraries also in Rome at that time, as we learn from Gregory the Great. Sharon Turner speaks highly of the English monasteries. Even Victor Hugo, though an infidel, admits that the French monasteries sowed and nurtured the seeds of civilization in France. The learned Leibnitz says; "It is manifest that both books and letters have been preserved by the aid of monasteries." The great Edmund Burke says: "The English monks, during the Middle Ages, rendered invaluable services to literature and civilization. Besides copying books and teaching the poor gratuitously in their schools, they instructed the people in agriculture, in the art of fishing, and in various other useful occupations."

The *Quarterly Review* (Dec., 1811) contained this: "A community of pious men devoted to literature and to the useful arts as well as to religion, seems, in these days, like a green oasis amid the desert. Like stars on a moonless night, they shine upon us with a tranquil ray. In these days the

Church offered the only asylum from the evils to which every country was exposed—amid continual wars the Church enjoyed peace. It afforded a shelter to those who were better than the world in their youth, or weary of it in their old age. The wise, as well as the timid and gentle, fled to this Goshen of God, which enjoyed its own light and calm amid darkness and storms." The Benedictine monks from the sixth century to the invention of printing were continually transcribing books. The Goth, the Vandal, Iconoclast and Saracen conspired for the destruction of ancient learning, and books, manuscripts, painting and sculpture were destroyed. It was the mission of the monks to destroy and to restore. They preserved the ancient culture from oblivion, and multiplied the copies of the classics, and saved the elegance of antiquity to be used as standards in our seats of learning to-day.

Luther especially railed against the monks, but a fact will always remain to weaken his testimony, viz., when frightened by the lightning which caused his companion's death, and desiring to save his soul, he entered a monastery. This shows that he had a high opinion of these institutions at one time, and in his most serious moments. M. Guizot, in his history of European civilization, says: "It is not true that in the sixteenth century abuses, properly so-called, were more numerous, more crying, than they had been at other times." Teachers and reformers and providential men were at work in Luther's time to purify the Church, Franciscans, Dominicans and Jesuits, monks and nuns. There were St. Ignatius, who founded the Order of Jesus; St. Francis Xavier, St. Francis Borgia, St. Theresa, St. John of the Cross, St. Peter of Alcantara, St. Thomas of Villanova, St. Lewis Bertrand, St. Paschal Baylon, St. Francis of Solano, St. Joseph of Calassancius, founder of the pious schools; St. Jane Frances de Chantal, founder of the Order of Visitation Nuns; St. Vincent de Paul, who founded the "Congregation of the Mission," a charitable order; mother Ailee Leclerc, who founded the School Sisters of Notre Dame; St. Francis de Sales, St. Francis Regis, St. John of God, St. Stanislaus, St. Philip Neri, St. Aloysius, St. Charles Borromeo, St. Andrew Avellino, St. Catherine of Ricci, St. Francis of Paula, who founded the Order of Minims. These were saints of the Church during the great revolt of Luther and his co-workers. One of these, St. Francis Xavier, a Jesuit, alone preached the faith in fifty kingdoms, or independent States in India and Japan. He baptized a million of converts with his own hand. The seed he sowed in Japan in forty years bloomed into 250 churches and 400,000 converts. In 1590, 20,000 of these died for the faith.

St. Ambrose, of Milan, wrote a defense of monasticism, and St. Jerome took charge of a community of Sisters. He wrote a work in praise of virginity. St. Augustine drew up a rule for a convent of women, of which his sister was a Superior. Gregory the Great, who was himself a monk of the monastery of St. Andrea, sent in 596 the prior of that monastery (St. Austin) with forty Benedictine monks to convert England. All the nations of Western Europe and America were converted by monks, and twelve thousand are still at work in China, Japan, India, Africa, Polynesia, Greece and Asiatic Turkey. The Jesuits carried Christianity to our Northern Indians, as well as to the South American races, before the Puritans landed in New England. They converted three-fourths of the tribes. Father Claude Allouez alone baptized twenty nations. Father De Smet baptized a hundred thousand Indians during his long life among them. Jogues, Brebeuf, Lalamant, Garnier, Chabanel, Viel and twenty others died as martyrs in the cause. All history, all tradition, testifies to the labour and devotion of the monastic orders. Only ignorance or malice could asperse them. A thousand years before the Reformation the monks were building, with their unpaid labour, the structure of modern society on the foundations of a Christian civilization, and utilizing the learning and experience of the past.

The term "monkish ignorance," found in Blackstone, is repeated in all the religious works of Protestantism; also in historical novels, novelettes, sketches of travels, besides the heavier and more laboured works of history. It figures in red and blue and gold in the libraries of Young Men's Christian Associations, Evangelical Alliances, Protestant

Unions, etc. We have seen that the monks are not lazy, and perhaps they may be found not so ignorant as represented.

It was St. Anatolius, Bishop of Laodicea, who made the astronomical calculations for the annual recurrence of Easter Sunday. Denis, a Scythian monk, invented the cycle which has fixed the commencement of the Christian era. Alcuin, a monk, made the first classification of the planets.

It was a priest, Virgilius, who first declared the rotundity of the earth and the existence of the antipodes. Albert the Great discovered zinc and arsenic. Richard Warrington, Abbot of Albans, made the first astronomical clock. The monk Galbert, who afterwards became Pope Sylvester II., made the first watch, constructed a dial for the great clock of Magdeburg, invented a steam machine and introduced into Europe the system of decimal notation which St. John Damascene had himself taught.

In the revival of philosophical studies St. Anselm, born in the lovely valley of St. Aosta, leads the way. Then we have Peter Lombard, St. Thomas of Aquin, St. Bonaventure, Albertus Magnus, who wrote 500 books, and a whole galaxy of glorious names. Cousin has written that the grandest literary monuments of the triumph of the human mind that have come down to us from the Middle Ages are the "*Summa Theologica*" and the "*Contra Gentiles*" of St. Thomas of Aquin.

Dom Ponce, a Benedictine of Spain, first made known those principles for the instruction of deaf mutes which the Abbes de Eppee and Sicard at a later date brought to such perfection. P. Lava, a Jesuit, invented a system for the instruction of the blind.

The Venerable Bede invented a deaf and dumb alphabet, and made the present form of a calendar. Guy, a monk of Arezzo, invented the gamut, or musical scale. Roger Bacon constructed a telescope and made corrections in the Julian calendar, afterward perfected by Father Clavius, a Jesuit.

Boethius, a priest, invented pipe organs, artesian wells, the application of hydraulic power, and the first terrestrial sphere.

A Pope instituted the Gregorian calendar. A Pope instituted the Gregorian chant.

Copernicus, a monk, promulgated the theory, now universally accepted, of our solar system. Father Kircher, a Jesuit, invented the magic lantern and magnifying glass. The Cure Campagni taught the art of inventing precious stones. Jean Duteon, a religious, introduced algebraic signs. The Abbe Lacaille made the first direct measurement of the lunar parallax. The Deacon Nollet, of Pimpire, in France, two years before Franklin, explained the existence of storms by the presence of electricity in the air. Fossil chronology owes its study to the Abbe Giraud Soulavie. Mgr. Rendu first spoke of the movement of glaciers. The illustrious Father Secchi first proclaimed the laws of the unity of physical forces.

The monks were the pioneers in scientific and useful discoveries in every nation in America.

The first who discovered the salt spring in Salina, N. Y., was the Jesuit Father La Moyne in 1621.

The first who worked the copper of Lake Superior was the Jesuit lay brother Giles Mezier, about 1675.

The Jesuits were the first who raised a crop of wheat in Illinois, and the first who introduced the sugar cane into Louisiana.

The Jesuits also discovered the use of Peruvian bark, from which quinine is made. It was for a long time called Jesuit's bark.

The first who made known the existence of petroleum was the Franciscan Father Joseph de la Roche de Allion, who was at Niagara in 1629.

The decree of Pope Gregory XIII., who corrected the calendar that only one day is lost in six thousand years, thus settling a question that had vexed the world for centuries, was at first accepted only in Catholic nations. England, Germany, and the Northern kingdoms refused, out of opposition to whatever proceeded from Rome, though the decree

was founded on exact science, exacted by necessity and universal benefit. The old style lasted through Elizabeth's long reign, James, Charles I., and the Commonwealth. It was not until the days of George II. that England and the colonies adopted the Gregorian calendar. Parliament adopted it as the law of the land in 1751. Other Protestant States followed, always protesting against the authority of the Pope. Those members who carried it through the British Parliament were subjected to petty abuse for a time. — Philip O'Neil, in *Catholic Mirror*.

### THE CONSECRATION OF THE BISHOP OF ALEXANDRIA.

The consecration of Vicar-General Macdonell as Bishop of Alexandria took place on Tuesday morning at St. Finnan's church, Alexandria. Archbishop Cleary officiated, assisted by Mgr. Farrelly, and attended by Bishops O'Connor, Peterboro', and Lorrain, Pembroke. The Bishop-elect was assisted by Fathers McWilliams, Railton, Doucet and Dean Gauthier. Amongst the prelates present were: Archbishop Walsh, Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto; Bishop O'Connor, London; Bishop Dowling, Hamilton, and many others.

The town was *en fete* and gaily decorated. After the ceremony the new Bishop was presented with addresses from the priests of the diocese, from the Kingston priests, from the Catholic residents of Alexandria, and from the Protestants of the town. Archbishop Cleary received an address from the clergy. The new Bishop banqueted the clergy at the

old church. There were no toasts or speeches, except a general thanksgiving to those present. The great feature of the address from the residents was their protestation of loyalty and being bound by indissoluble ties to the British crown.

A fuller report of the ceremony of the consecration will be published in our next number.

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 Desaulnier Bros. & Co., Montreal, for Catalogue and Price List.

Diamonds, Fine Watches, Novelties in Jewellery at D. H. Cunningham's Jewellery Store. Every satisfaction in ordered work and manufacturing. Designs and prices given for fine Diamond work, unset stones kept on hand. Best value in the city. Remember the address, 77 Yonge St., two doors north of King.

We cannot all be first, but T. A. SLOCUM of 186 West Adelaide St., Toronto, Ont., must feel more than ordinary pride in the success of his valuable preparations for the cure of lung diseases, viz: SLOCUM'S OXYGENIZED EMULSION of PURE COD LIVER OIL. No preparation of the kind has ever met with the same success in the same time and the testimonials in its favour are all from the most authentic sources. Every druggist sells it.

## The Great Blood Purifier.

A Word to the People.

"Truth is Mighty, and will prevail."

THE remarkable effects and most satisfactory results, in every variety of disease arising from IMPURITIES OF THE BLOOD, which are experienced and made manifest from day to day, by those who have taken NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, for complaints which were pronounced incurable, are surprising to all. In many of these cases, the persons say their pain and sufferings cannot be expressed, as in cases of Scrofula, where apparently the whole body was one mass of corruption.

This celebrated medicine will relieve pain, cleanse and purify the blood, and cure such diseases, restoring the patient to perfect health after trying many remedies, and having suffered for years. Is it not conclusive proof that if you are a sufferer you can be cured? Why is this medicine performing such great cures? It works in the BLOOD, the Circulating Fluid. It can truly be called the

### GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

The great source of disease originates in the BLOOD, and no medicine that does not act directly upon it, to purify and renovate, has any just claim upon public attention. When the blood becomes lifeless and stagnant, either from change of weather or of climate, want of exercise, irregular diet, or from any other cause, NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY will renew the Blood, carry off the putrid humors, cleanse the stomach, regulate the bowels, and impart a tone of vigor to the whole body.

The conviction is, in the public mind as well as the medical profession, that the remedies supplied by the VEGETABLE KINGDOM are more safe and more effectual in the cure of disease than mineral medicines. The Vegetable Discovery is composed of the juice of most remarkable roots, barks and herbs. It is pleasant to take, and is perfectly safe to give an infant. Allow us to ask you a candid question:—Do you need it? Do not hesitate to try it. You will never regret it. All druggists have it for sale.

Mr. JOHN C. Fox, Olinda, writes:—"Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is giving good satisfaction. Those who have used it say it has done them more good than anything they have ever taken."

IN ITS WORST FORM.—MISS JULIA A. PILSWORTH, Toronto, writes:—"I had Dyspepsia in its worst form for over a year, but after taking three bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, a perfect cure followed. I take great pleasure in recommending it to anyone suffering from Dyspepsia."

MR. W. THAYER, Wright, P.Q., had DYSPEPSIA FOR TWENTY YEARS. Tried many remedies and doctors, but got no relief. His appetite was very poor, had a distressing pain in his side and stomach, and gradual wasting away of flesh, when he heard of and immediately commenced taking Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. The pains have left, and he rejoices in the enjoyment of excellent health; in fact he is quite a new man.

Sold by all Medicine Dealers at \$1.00 per Bottle.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest.

## CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa., U. S. A.



## THE GREAT REMEDY!

By Destroying all living Poisonous Germs IN THE BLOOD,

### RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER

is a Safe and Sure Cure for all Diseases of Throat and Lungs, Kidneys, Liver and Stomach, Female Complaints and for all Forms of Skin Diseases.

Making Inquiries; no charge; convincing Testimonials at hand, write to. Ask your druggist for it, or write to

WM. RADAM MICROBE KILLER CO. LTD., 130 KING ST. W., TORONTO, ONT.

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**FREE** Send ten cents in silver and get your name and address inserted in the WORLD'S AGENTS DIRECTORY, and you will receive for years to come hundreds of news papers, magazines and costly samples of all kinds; also business cards which might pay you very handsomely. The great quantity of mail matter you will receive from the small investment will surprise and please you. Try it. Address, Drawer 207, Montreal, Que.



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**NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY**

Under the patronage of Rev. Father Labelle.

Established in 1881, under the Act of Quebec, 32 Vict., Chapt. 36, for the benefit of the Diocesan Societies of Colonization of the Province of Quebec.

**CLASS D**  
The 40th Monthly Drawing will take place

**WEDNESDAY NOV. 19th**

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	200	3,000
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
2,307 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

**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 cases of delirium 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

**The Province of Quebec Lottery**

AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE

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

MONTHLY DRAWINGS FOR THE YEAR 1890

FROM THE MONTH OF JULY

July 9, August 13, September 10, October 8, November 12, December 10.

FIFTH MONTHLY DRAWING NOVEMBER 12, 1890

3134 PRIZES  
WORTH \$52,740.00  
CAPITAL PRIZE  
WORTH \$15,000.00  
TICKET, . . . \$1.00  
11 TICKETS for \$10.00

Ask for circulars.

**LIST OF PRIZES.**

1 Prize worth	\$15,000	\$15,000
1 "	5,000	5,000
1 "	2,500	2,500
1 "	1,250	1,250
2 Prizes	500	1,000
5 "	250	1,250
25 "	50	1,250
100 "	25	2,500
200 "	15	3,000
500 "	10	5,000

Approximation Prizes.

100 "	25	2,500
100 "	15	1,500
100 "	10	1,000
999 "	5	4,995
999 "	5	4,995

3134 Prizes worth \$52,740

S. E. LEFEBVRE, -- MANAGER,

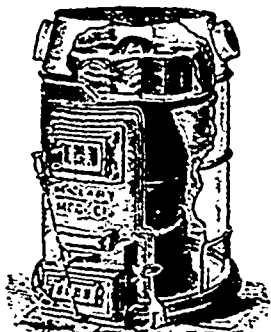
81 St. James St., Montreal Can.

**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.

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581 Queen St. WEST  
General dealer in Stoves Ranges Heating Apparatus Etc.

A complete line of Tinware, Coal Oil, etc., always on hand

Agent for the celebrated

**McClary's & Copp's FURNACES**

These Furnaces cost 25 per cent less and consume only half the quantity of fuel than most other Furnaces

References given. Estimates Furnished

Leave Troughing and Jobbing attended to

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

	Close.	DEE.
	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	12.40 7.40
N. and N. W.	7.00 4.10	10.00 8.10
T. G. and B.	6.30 3.45	10.40 9.00
Midland	6.30 3.30	12.30 9.30
C. V. R.	6.00 3.20	11.20 9.35
G. W. R.	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
	6.00 4.00	10.30 7.30
	11.30 9.30	8.20 9.30
U. S. N. Y.	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
	6.00 4.00	9.00 5.45
	11.30 9.30	10.30 11.00
U. S. West States	6.00 9.30	9.00 5.45
	12.00	7.20

English mails will be closed during Oct. as follows: Oct. 1, 2, 6, 8, 9, 13, 15, 16, 20, 22, 23, 27, 29, 30.

**TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE**

Best Teeth on rubber, \$3; on celluloid \$10 All work absolutely painless. Vitalized Air C. H. BIGGS, I.D.S., South east cor. King & Yonge in Toronto. Telephone 1-78

**EXHIBITION TIME**

APPROACHING.

Important Hotels, Boarding Houses, And Housekeepers of Toronto.

**M'KEOWN & CO.**

Are opening the fall season with a special sale of Household Linens, Blankets, Curtains, etc. Hotels, boarding houses, and others wishing to make extra accommodation for visitors, will find this a rare opportunity of purchasing Household Napery at less than wholesale prices.

Table Linens were sold 52c yard, offered 15c yard.

Damask Table Linens were sold 40c, offered at 25c yard.

Damask Table Linens were sold at 50c, clearing at 35c yard.

Bleached Damask Tablings for 40, 50, 60c, were sold from 60c to \$1 yard.

**McKEOWN & CO.**

182 Yorge Street.



Quebec  
St. Francis

# ROYAL BAKING POWDER

**Absolutely Pure.**



A cream of Tartar Baking Powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—U. S. Government Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

## Dominion : Line : Royal : Mail STEAMSHIPS SUMMER SEASON.

Liverpool Service—Sailing Dates  
FROM MONTREAL, FROM QUEBEC.

Toronto.....	Thur. Oct. 23
*Sarnia.....	" " 29
*Oregon.....	" Nov. 6
Dominion.....	" 13
Vancouver about Sat "	15 Thur. Nov. 20th.

Passengers per S. S. Vancouver must embark at Quebec.

Rates of Passage from Montreal or Quebec: \$40, \$50, and \$60, according to accommodation. Intermediate \$30. Steerage \$20.

Bristol Service, for Avonmouth Dock. SAILING DATES.  
FROM MONTREAL.

Ontario.....	October 25th
Texas.....	Nov. 12th

No passengers carried to Bristol.

\*These Steamers have Saloon, State-rooms, Music room and Bath-rooms amidships, where but little motion is felt, and carry no Cattle or Sheep.

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

# ALLAN LINE

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT, 1890.

Reduction in Cabin Rates

Liverpool, Londonderry, Montreal and Quebec Service.

STEAMER	From Montreal At Daylight.	From Quebec 9 a.m.
Parisian.....	30 July.....	31 July.....
Circassian...	13 August	14 August
Sardinian.....	20 ".....	21 ".....
Polynesian..	27 ".....	28 ".....
Parisian.....	3 Sep.....	4 Sept.....
Circassian..	17 ".....	18 ".....
Sardinian..	24 ".....	25 ".....

### RATES OF PASSAGE.

Montreal or Quebec to Liverpool. Cabin, from \$45.00, to \$80.00, according to accommodation. Intermediate, \$30. Steerage, \$20.00. Return Tickets, Cabin, \$95.00 to \$150.00.

Passengers are allowed to embark at Montreal, and will leave Toronto on the Tuesday Mornings Express, or if embarking at Quebec, leave on the Wednesday Morning Express.

H. BOURLIER,

GENERAL WESTERN AGENT

Corner King and Yonge Street  
TORONTO



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NICHOLSTER, Manufact'g Optician, 49 NASSAU ST., N. Y. CITY.



Sleeplessness Cured.

I am glad to testify that I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with the best success for sleeplessness, and believe that it is really a great relief for suffering humanity.

F. FRANK, Pastor.  
St. Severin, Keylton P. O., Pa.  
**A GREAT BLESSING.**

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 1, 1887.  
I can most truthfully testify to the fact that here in Cleveland, several cases of epilepsy, which were cured by the medicine of Rev. Father Koenig, of Ft. Wayne, Ind., have come under my personal observation. In other similar cases great relief was given even if up to this time they have not been entirely cured. It would certainly be a great blessing if the tidings were more widely circulated that many could be cured by this medicine.

REV. ALARDUS ANDRESHECK, O. S. F.  
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 Pastor 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.  
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A CATHOLIC of good habits and fair education wanted in several sections of the United States and Canada. Permanent employment and good pay to industrious person. References.

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36 & 38 Barclay st., N. Y.



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

## POEMS

OF

POPE LEO XIII.

As the Edition of these Poems is limited, and our stock is fast being depleted, we would advise those of our readers who have not yet secured one to send in their orders at once.

**ASTHMA**—DIL TAFT'S ASTHMALENE CURED never fails; send us your address, we will mail trial BOTTLE FREE THE DR. TAFT BROS. CO., ROCHESTER, N.Y.