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The 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. V

Toronto, Saturday, April 4, 1891.

No. 8

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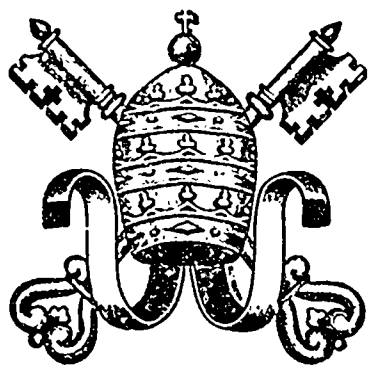
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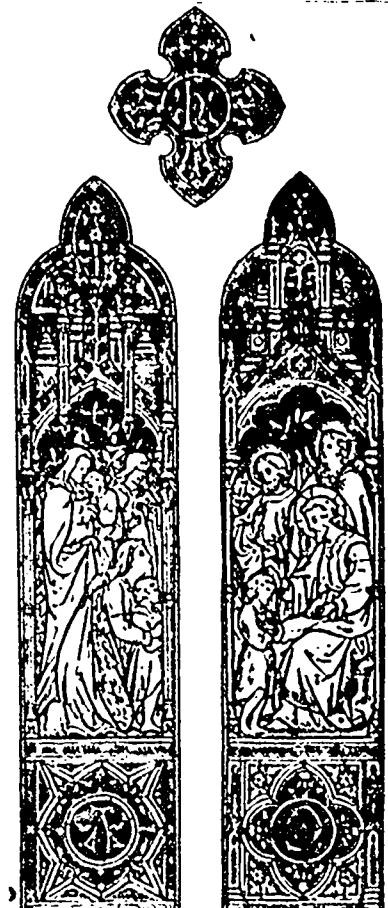


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	6.00	4.00	9.00	2.00
	6.00	4.00	10.30	8.20
	11.30	9.30		
U. S. N. Y.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
	6.00	4.00	9.00	5.45
	11.30	9.30	10.30	11.00
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THE ART OF CONVERSATION.
 Uncle Josh: "How's your
 father?"
 Miss Belle: "Very well, thank
 you."
 Uncle Josh: "How's your
 mother?"
 Miss Belle: "She's well too."
 Uncle Josh (after a three min-
 ute's pause): "How're your
 parents?"—*Yale Record.*

"I wish, Susan, that when you
 give baby a bath you would use
 a thermometer to ascertain
 whether the water is at the right
 temperature."
 Susan—"Oh, don't you worry
 about that, ma'am; I don't need
 no 'mometers. If the little 'un
 turns red, the water's too hot! if
 it turns blue, it's too cold; and
 that's all there is about it."

A very amusing story was told
 about Chancellor Bismarck by
 Earl Russell. The incident oc-
 curred at Versailles during the
 war of 1870. Lord Russell was
 to have an audience, and he was
 waiting for Count Von Arnim to
 leave Bismarck's study. Present-
 ly Von Arnim came out, fanning
 himself furiously with his hand-
 kerchief.

"I really cannot understand,"
 said he, "how Bismarck could live
 in such an atmosphere; he is
 continually smoking, and the
 strongest cigars, too. I had to
 ask him to open the window, for
 I could not stand it."

Then he took leave of Lord
 Russell and went his way. As
 soon as Lord Russell entered the
 room Bismarck said to him:

"What strange tastes some
 people have! There is Von Arnim
 now, who has just gone out of the
 room; it is a fad of his to scent
 himself up to an unbearable de-
 gree, and to-day the perfume was
 so intense that I had to open the
 window."

NEWSPAPER FUN.
 The—"I wish I could vote."
 He—"Pair with no need."

One may screw up his courage
 and have his attention riveted.

Druggists, however prosperous,
 always do business on a small
 scale.

We thought we knew what a
 bureau is, but the bureau of sta-
 tistics seems to be all tables.

Before the Dentist's Door—"If
 I were only sure that the doctor
 was out I would ring the bell!"

She (after a lover's quarrel)—
 "You may return my letters."

He (editor)—"Did you enclose
 stamps?"

The Associate Editor—"I have
 some paragraphs on 'Socks' here.
 Where shall I put them?"

The Chief—"Among the foot-
 notes."

The Author—"I am troubled
 with insomnia. I lie awake at
 night hour after hour thinking
 about my literary work."


His Friend—"Why don't you
 get up and read portions of it?"

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NAME OF FOOD.	SPECIAL USES OF FOOD	Quantity in Package	Quantity in Case
Decalcified Wheat	For Dyspepsia, etc.	4 lbs.	1 dozen
Decalcified Rolled Oats	Porridge, easily digested	4 lbs.	1 dozen
Snow Flake and Barley	Porridge, puddings, etc.	3 lbs.	1 dozen
Decalcified Rolled Wheat	Porridge, etc.	3 lbs.	1 dozen
Buckwheat Flour, S. R.	Griddle Cakes, etc.	4 lbs.	1 dozen
Prepared Pea Flour	Soup, brose, etc.	2 lbs.	1 dozen
Barley Milk Food	For Infants	1 lb.	1 dozen
Patent Prepared Barley	Invalids, children and any one	1 lb.	1 dozen
Patent Prepared Oats	Children, light suppers, etc.	1 lb.	1 dozen
Barley Meal	For soups, porridge, etc.	4 lbs.	1 dozen
Lye Meal	For Liver and Kidney troubles	4 lbs.	1 dozen
Farinose or Germ Meal	For Porridge, etc.	4 lbs.	1 dozen
White Corn Grits	For Porridge and Corn Cakes	4 lbs.	1 dozen
Wheat Grits	Porridge, etc.	4 lbs.	1 dozen
Quaker Flour	For diabetes and indigestion	4 lbs.	1 dozen
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A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA

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Vol. V

Toronto, Saturday, April 4, 1891.

No. 8

THE LATE BISHOP CHARBONNEL.

COUNT ARMAND FRANCIS MARY DE CHARBONNEL, second Bishop of Toronto, and successor to Bishop Power, died on Sunday last, in Lyons, France, which had been his place of residence since his retirement in 1859, when he resigned on account of his ill-health, being succeeded by the late Archbishop Lynch.

As his title indicates Bishop Charbonnel was a scion of a noble French family, several members of which took part in the crusade of Louis VII. He was born at Monistrol-sur-Loire, diocese of Puy. His father was Count De Charbonnel, who, in 1791, saved the lives of the aunts of the King of France. His mother was the daughter of the Marquis of Agrain, who, during the epoch of the Revolution, was first President of the Parliament of Dijon. Having finished his studies at the College of Annonay (the mother-house of the Basilians), in 1819 he entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice at Paris, and there received all his orders. Being ordained priest in 1825, by dispensation as to age, he refused the functions of Almoner to the Duchess of Berry, which Mgr. Frayssinous, Bishop of Hermopolis, offered him. Declining likewise the title of Vicar-General tendered him by his relative, Mgr. Clussol de Montals, Bishop of Chartres, he entered the Society of the Priests of St. Sulpice. Being successively Director, Professor of Holy Scripture and Econom at the Grand Seminaries of Lyons and Bordeaux, Abbe De Charbonnel, during the *emeute* in 1834 in the first of these cities, rendered to his house and the troops of the line, at the peril of his own life, services which the Government of Louis Philippe wished to reward with the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Happy to have preserved, by his intrepidity and courage, the Grand Seminary from pillage, he refused any recognition. At Bordeaux, as at Lyons, they loved to remember his erudition, his spirit of faith, fervid eloquence and charming originality, and they prized him also highly for his wise administration of temporal affairs.

Several American and French bishops wished to attach him to their respective sees, and Queen Marie Amelia urged him to accept a bishopric, but he persistently refused these honours, and, in 1839, came to Canada to locate at the house of the Sulpicians in Montreal. Shortly after his arrival he was again urged to accept a bishopric in the Canadian colony, and again refused.

During the terrible typhus epidemic among the Irish emigrants in 1847, he did heroic work in the hospitals—work that to-day is lovingly remembered by the older generation of inhabitants of Montreal. Completely broken down in health by the unwearied extent of his labours, after a short stay in the parish of Longueuil, he was sent to France to recover his health, where he had the great sorrow to lose his brother, Colonel Louis De Charbonnel, who was killed in June, 1848, at the barricade of Faubourg St. Antoine. He occupied the chair of Moral Theology at the Grand Seminary of Aire, when Pope Pius IX. preconized him Bishop of Toronto. He hastened to Rome to signify his refusal; but Mgr. De Charbonnel was not successful, and the Holy Father consecrated him with his own hands in the Sistine Chapel. Mgr. Charbonnel made an early departure for Toronto,

and his first work on assuming the episcopal chair of the diocese was to finish what little Bishop Power had left undone in the building of St. Michael's Cathedral, and to clear off the debt on the diocese. In 1856 he obtained permission from the Holy see to divide the diocese into three sees—Toronto, Hamilton and London—and three years later, at his request the late Dr. Lynch was appointed his coadjutor, and consecrated Bishop of Echinus (*i. p. i.*)

Mgr. Charbonnel was an earnest worker in the cause of education, and was the introducer of the Basilian Fathers, The Sisters of St. Joseph and the Christian Brothers into Toronto. He was a strong Conservative in politics, but though pronounced in his views did not take an active part in the party warfare of the times. To his unwearied exertions and determined stand, aided by the Very Rev. Vicar-General Rooney, the Catholics of Ontario practically owe their Separate School system of to-day.

The Archbishop of New Orleans, and his suffragans, in 1860, begged him to accept the coadjutorship of that Archdiocese. Instead of acceding to their wishes he went to Rome and besought the Sovereign Pontiff to accept his resignation of the See of Toronto, and to permit him to enter the Order of the Capuchins. The Pope reluctantly consented, and the Administrators of the Propaganda of the faith enlisted his services in still further disseminating that glorious work. His preaching had already been productive of the most gratifying results in that direction, and the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, in recommending this work to the bishops, held up Mgr. De Charbonnel as a model.

Since that time Mgr. De Charbonnel had given himself up to that great work with the ardent zeal for which he was remarkable, and continued to preach spiritual retreats to ecclesiastics as well as to the faithful. Cardinal Bonald, Archbishop of Lyons, having demanded him as auxiliary, he was preconized Bishop of Sozopolis (*i. p. i.*) in the consistory of October 1st, 1869. The Cardinal was represented by Mgr. De Charbonnel at the Vatican Council.

The Requiem Mass was celebrated on Thursday morning last in the cathedral, which was heavily draped in mourning, by Very Rev. Vicar-General Rooney, with Father Conway, of Peterboro diocese, as deacon, and Father Sullivan of Thorold, sub-deacon, Father McBride being master of ceremonies. His Grace the Archbishop assisted, vested with cope and mitre, supported at the throne by Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann and Dean Harris. His Lordship Bishop O'Mahony was assisted by Very Rev. Dean Cassidy and Father McInerney, C.S.S.R. There were also present in the sanctuary Rev. Fathers Teefy, Dumouchelle, Challandard and O'Donohoe from St. Michael's college, and Fathers Walsh, O'Reilly, William, Cruise and Rohleder, of Toronto, and McMahan of Brechin.

Father Challandard conducted the musical portion of the Mass with Father Rohleder as organist, the students of St. Michael's College forming the choir. Besides the priests above named there were present the full staff and students of St. Michael's College and the Sisters of St. Joseph and Loretto.

Rev. Father Teefy will preach on next Sunday at 10.30 mass on the life and labours of the deceased Archbishop.

RESURGAM!

No Easter of recent years has found the prospects of the Church so bright as at present. In all lands we behold her emerging as from the cerements of the dead and reassuming her commanding position in the world. Thus she follows the example of her Founder and her Bridegroom, whom death could not conquer, the tomb could not hold. She is as immortal as He is.

A rapid survey of the world will show this. In the United States we observe that the old prejudices against Catholics are fading away. The various attempts to revive Know-Nothingism are ignominious failures. The public have simply buried them under a load of derision and contempt. In regard to the question of incorporating voluntary or religious schools into the public system, some progress has been made in New York State, whose influence over the school system of the country is likely to be marked. Several Catholic high schools or colleges have been admitted to the benefits of the State University scheme, and some of the regents have expressed the opinion that this can only be the forerunner of a long delayed act of justice—the admission of Catholic and other religious schools to the benefits of the tax paid by all the citizens. This will come in time, and will remove the only large complaint of Catholics in the United States.

In Mexico, Central and South America, there is a notable improvement in the position of the Church. There seems to be a truce between the Mexican President and the spiritual authorities, and Senor Diaz shows every disposition to treat religious orders fairly. Costa Rica, the most progressive of Central American States, has shown the metal in her by overthrowing the infidels when they unmasked their designs, and by electing Don Rodriguez, a firm Catholic and a great admirer of our Republic, to the Presidency. A better feeling prevails in Brazil. General Fonseca, who has just been elected President, has formally, and rather unexpectedly, announced that Catholics must have free flag to state their grievances, which, if well founded, he pledges himself to correct. In all the other States the Church is left in comparative freedom, the great majority of the citizens paying no attention to the clamours of Freemason sheets, whose hollow mockery has been proved. In two of the Republics, Ecuador and Colombia, there are strong Catholic Governments that delight to do honour to religion.

Turning our eyes toward Europe we find one unpromising black spot in unhappy Ireland, where the Church, the episcopacy, and the clergy are the objects of most malignant attack on the part of a moon-mad faction. We have no doubt as to who will triumph in the end, but meanwhile it is sad to reflect how many thousands of souls may be led astray by these Irish disciples of Jean Jacques Rousseau and Continental atheism. In England and Scotland the Church is still drawing to her the brightest minds, but, apparently, no machinery has yet been devised to reach the native masses. Canon Franklin says that churches and schools have multiplied but there is a frightful leakage still through poverty.

The fall of Crispi and the accession of the Rudini ministry in Italy certainly places the Pope in a less uneasy position than when he was physically at the mercy of the Sicilian adventurer, and offers bright prospects for the future.

The new Italian policy is thus described by the Roman correspondent of the *London Tablet* under date of March 9:—

"On Friday last I had an interview of half an hour with the Marquis di Rudini at the Palazzo della Consulta. He received me very graciously and did not take my question at all amiss, although, of course, I made no denial that it was perhaps rather a pointed one for me to ask. The question was what policy he intended to follow towards the Holy See. 'Well,' he said, 'the question of the Papacy, or of the restoration of the Temporal Power, is a most difficult one to solve. The Italian Government, however,' he continued, 'will observe to the last point the concession of every possible liberty in the fullest sense of the word. It is my policy also to be strictly inoffensive in regard to anything touching to the Vatican.' These are the new Italian Premier's words, and he gave me full permission to use them, as he laughingly expressed it, on my leaving the room, 'with discretion.'

"A good deal is implied in these words, even if they are few, and in a general discussion of the subject I could see that he was very well disposed towards the Vatican. One must remember, however, that the Marquis di Rudini must content a large number of Freemasons and anti-clericals who have the power of throwing him over if they are displeased with him for favouring the Vatican at all, so that his future policy toward the Vatican may be little different from that of the late Premier. But of course anticipations are of very little use. We must wait and see."

Cardinal Lavigeric's programme is still being discussed by French Catholics, and the idea thus started is sure to bear fruit. The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris has given an acquiescence. We observe a moderation of their harassments of the Church on the part of the Radical Government. In Germany the last of the laws against the Church are being repealed by Governmental action in the Reichstag, just as Dr. Windthorst, the brave leader of the Centre Party who

achieved this series of brilliant victories, had laid down his life, but the brave Archbishop Kopp is ready to take up the struggle where he left off. The Hungarian Diet, alarmed by the vigorous and increasing protests of the Catholics, is on the point of wiping out its anti-Catholic marriage laws. The negotiations between Russia and the Vatican are progressing favourably. So are those for the reconciliation of Eastern schismatics. In Asia and Africa—notably in Africa—the missions were never more flourishing, and soon the cross will be planted in every corner of the Dark Continent.

When we look back twenty years ago, and recall how the continental atheists and the English-speaking Protestants rejoiced over what they supposed the last fatal blow to Catholicity, we can measure the difference. It was indeed a period of gloom. But the supposed dead has come alive, and never before has she so flourished over the earth. *Resurgam!*—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*

EASTER IN ROME WHEN ROME WAS FREE.

By seven o'clock this morning we were in St. Peter's. Early as it was, there were multitudes of women seated in the tribunes. When we had obtained a good position we turned our attention to the scene around us. The great marble pillars were all hung with crimson cloth, striped with gold. The altar was covered by a drapery all sparkling with precious gems, while around the tomb of St. Peter a thousand lights in gorgeous candelabra were burning. The stairway to the vault below was wrapped around with white satin, heavy with rich embroidery. The noble-looking Swiss Guards, in their picturesque, though gaudy dress, designed by Raphael, were drawn up in long lines, like a parterre of red and yellow tulips, amid the black-robed priests, who flitted to and fro over the tessellated pavement, noiseless as shadows.

At ten o'clock the trumpets sounded, and loud strains of martial music announced the approach of the Pope. He soon after entered. Quite a number of men supported upon their shoulders a platform. On this was an enormous chair, in which his Holiness was seated. Over his head was a white canopy, edged with gold fringe, held by attendants. Two persons walked behind him with immense fans of white ostrich plumes, mingled with peacock feathers. Cardinals in scarlet robes and ermine tippets, and bishops in purple gowns with long trains, walked after him. Slowly they bore the Pope along, until they reached the throne, which he ascended, and the services began. The triple tiara was then placed upon his head, and all the dignitaries of the Church in turn approached him and kissed his hand. After several other ceremonies, the Pope came forward to the grand altar and commenced the Mass. A profound silence fell upon that mighty crowd, while the sweet and clear tones of his voice resounded throughout the church. For two hours the services continued, and ended by the kiss of peace, given by his Holiness to the cardinals around him. Again he was borne down the aisle in the same manner in which he entered. No one moved until the cortege disappeared. Then came the impatient rush—the fierce eagerness to be first out. A good Spanish priest, seeing us hurried along so furiously by the tumultuous crowd, kindly drew us from it, and conducted us by a side door to the broad steps of the Basilica. What a wonderful spectacle met our eyes! The vast Piazza seemed paved with a mosaic of human heads. At least one hundred and fifty thousand people were there assembled, and carriages without number.

At twelve o'clock the Pope appeared on the balcony over the great door of St. Peter's. As he raised his hands to Heaven, one impulse of feeling seemed to touch the hearts of that multitude; for all sank upon their knees—princes, beggars, noble ladies, soldiers, peasants and children. The silence was so profound that the falling waters of the fountains could be distinctly heard. In a loud, clear, sonorous voice his Holiness blessed the kneeling throng. What an impressive scene it was! Truly did I feel that even the strictest Protestant must cease, then at least, to protest, and feel upon his soul the influence of the benediction. When the blessing was over the cannon sounded forth from the Castle of St. Angelo, and the military bands burst into triumphant strains of music. All sprang to their feet, and soon the vast concourse of people parted like streams and flowed away.

At sunset we drove in an open barouche to St. Peter's, and stopped just within the colonnades. An immense concourse of people, almost equal to the throng of the morning, was assembled in the Piazza. The carriages were drawn up in lines, precisely as upon our races in America. The mounted police, with drawn sabres, kept order over the movements of the crowd. A hoarse murmur, like the sound of a distant cataract, rose up from the dense mass of human beings. As twilight melted into darkness, along the front of the church sprang up innumerable gleaming lights, until frieze, column, cornice and pillar were all traced out in fire. This was the "silver" illumination. We gazed upon this for some time, in wonder and admiration, when the great bell of St. Peter's tolled the hour of eight. At the first stroke a meteor, as though from the sky above, darted to the summit of the dome, and fixed itself upon the top of the cross; then as quick as thought, swift as electricity, thousands and thousands

of blazing fires flashed over the noble structure, along the graceful colonnades, around the statues, and beneath the arches. The waters of the fountains, catching the vivid radiance, fell like drops of liquid gold into the marble basins. Glorious was the spectacle—a miracle of beauty! It seemed some vision of enchantment—a cathedral of flame, whose perfect architecture was all revealed in glittering light. A slight wind caused the fires to waver to and fro, as though they were stars which had fallen from their sphere above, and were now trembling and fluttering in their new abode.

For hours we continued gazing upon this last illumination, styled the "golden"; then, slowly disentangling our carriage from the multitudes around it, we wended our way to the Pincian Hill. The view thence was but another and more glowing revelation of its wondrous grandeur. All around was deep darkness, save the dome of fire, which absolutely appeared built in the heavens. Oh, it was a radiant mystery, wildly beautiful! Like a gorgeous dream, it seemed as though each moment it would vanish from our sight. Just above the luminous dome the evening star was shining in the clear sky, almost eclipsed by the brilliant blaze below it.

Most reluctantly did we leave the Pincian Hill, and look our last upon the grand cathedral. Long after the midnight I stole gently from my chamber, and climbed a terrace above our hotel, whence I could still behold the "temple of fire." Not one light was extinguished, and thus it blazed and glowed till morning came.

On the night after Easter Sunday came the *girandola*, or fireworks. The place chosen for this marvellous display was Pincian Hill, which rises directly from the windows of our drawing-room. The position was, however, too near; so we hired seats in the Piazza del Popolo, just opposite the Monte Pincio. A dense mass of people were gathered within the square, while in their midst were many of the Pope's mounted dragoons, who with gleaming sabres enforced order. Along the summit of the hill, from time to time, flashes of light appeared. Then the crowd would surge to and fro like great waves of the sea. At eight, balloons, with lamps within them, ascended. As these sailed slowly away, flights of rockets rushed upward, and, bursting, discharged beautiful flowers of red, blue, and yellow. Indeed, such was their profusion that the sky above us seemed a garden with flowers of flame and foliage of fire. These soon faded—even more quickly than the "flowers of earth,"—and night resumed its empire.

Suddenly, as though by the touch of an enchanter's wand, up rose a magnificent Gothic cathedral, perfect in its graceful proportions, which were all expressed in fire, dazzling as the rays of the golden diamond. There were draperies to the great windows of crimson light, while the columns and noble facade were revealed in blue and white flame. Radiant and beautiful it glittered in the darkness, like some "glorified structure." As the cannon sounded forth, it vanished as swiftly as a gleam of lightning. The next moment raging flames darted from the summit of the Pincian; clouds of lurid smoke encircled it, and streams of burning lava flowed down the side of the hill. A fierce volcano in full eruption seemed before us; and the solid earth shook and trembled, as enormous blood-red stones rushed upward, then fell with crushing violence upon the ground. This seeming convulsion of nature soon ended, and again the Gothic cathedral appeared, disclosed to us in a soft light like that of the moon. We were looking delightedly upon the sweet and gentle vision, when a fiery glare usurped the place of the moonlight. From every window, door and column, sprang out serpents of fire, cataracts of red light, and showers of stars. The heavens were filled with blazing meteors, crossing and recrossing one another in such bewildering confusion that the eyes were absolutely blinded by their excessive radiance. One more terrific burst of flame, almost converting the air to fire, and the *girandola* was ended.

While in Paris we had seen a grand display of fireworks on the fete-day of the Emperor, but they were as shadows compared to the wondrous beauty of the *girandola*. About them was something artificial and prosaic; but the gorgeous spectacle of the Pincian Hill was perfectly unique in its grandeur and magnificence. It had the poetry of Italy and its romance, kindling the imagination to wild delight.—*Ave Maria*.

No pleasure or success in life quite meets the capacity of our hearts. We take in our good things with enthusiasm, and think ourselves happy and satisfied; but afterwards, when the froth and foam have subsided, we discover that the goblet is not more than half filled with the golden liquid that was poured into it.—*Louise Imoyen Guiney*.

By putting off things beyond their proper times, one duty treads upon the heels of another, and all duties are felt as irksome obligations,—a yoke beneath which we fret and lose our peace. In most cases the consequence of this is that we have no time to do the work as it ought to be done. It is therefore done precipitately, with eagerness, with a greater desire simply to get it done than to do it well, and with very little thought of God throughout.—*Father F. W. Faber*

THE BENEFICENT INFLUENCES OF THE CATHOLIC RELIGION.

What does the poet represent them (men of delicate and susceptible minds,) in describing Tasso:—

from my very birth
My soul was drunk with love, which did pervade
And mingle with what'er I saw on earth;
Of objects all inanimate I made
Idols, and out of wild and lonely flowers,
And rocks, whereby they grew, a paradise,
Where I lay me down, within the shade
Of waving trees, and dreamed uncounted hours
Though I was hid for wandering, and the wise
Shook their white aged heads o'er me and said,
Of such material wretched men were made,
And such a truant boy would end in woe,
And that the only lesson was a blow.

They judged rightly; for they took not into account the resources of faith, and they saw, that, in a world of incurable disorder, so intense a love of what is beautiful and perfect must needs, of natural necessity, bring with it disappointment and the keen bitter sense of discord, and the cruel pangs of having to witness, and perhaps endure the triumph of injustice and wrong. Had they, indeed, looked upwards, and conceived the charm of that substance of things not seen; had they remembered the offers of Eternal Truth, to give rest to the wearied spirits that would follow Him who was meek and lowly of Heart, that end of woe would not have seemed inevitably awaiting the object of their solicitude. For oh! what a balm has the Catholic religion provided for those eagle spirits, when confined in the net of earthly calamity! Its effects may be witnessed by referring to the words which the same poet ascribes to Tasso, where he represents him afterwards in the dungeon saying,—

I once was quick in feeling,—that is o'er,
My scars are callous, or I should have dashed
My brains against these bars, as the sun flashed
In mockery through them.

He once was quick in feeling. How much is expressed in these few words! what wounds would it display, recent and old, as if inflicted by those flames which had already begun to prey upon it; tormented, as if by demons, whose instruments are a very brief and vile contingency! "But," he adds, "that is over." In fact, all is changed, all is reversed: he is no longer what he was. No one can tear the impatient answer from his tongue: no indication of neglect, no cruel injustice, no merciless wrong, can any more trouble that heart; for it has found rest and peace unutterable, peace everlasting. That rest has been found by entering upon the way of the holy cross; he has been taught how to endure, how to sanctify sorrow. Objects have been made familiar to him, before which he loves to kneel and weep in lowly reverence. The passion of his Saviour, the crown of thorns, the drink of vinegar and gall,—these have taught him that he could never have gained from all the consolations of philosophy,—these

Have from the sea of ill-love saved his bark,
And on the coast secured it of the right,

teaching him to estimate the value of being condemned to suffer bitterness, and yielding him in return, for that proud and lofty spirit which he renounced, the power of preserving his peace while beholding man's unkindness; the power of reducing to a sweet calm that restless and troubled sea of the heart, swollen and agitated with a thousand passions; nay, even the faculty of converting pain and misfortune, and the dire events of a calamitous life, into images of quiet beauty, on which the memory and imagination may dwell, almost with a poetic fondness; for now he can say with Lovelace, that

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.

or apply to himself what Richard Plantagenet says of Mortimer:—

In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.

Abandoned to nature, the man who is endowed with a delicate and sentimental soul is found to breathe only the vague desires of the modern poet, whose ideal may be seen in that Burns, of whom we read that "he has no religion, his heart indeed is alive with a trembling adoration, but there is no temple in his understanding; he lives in darkness and in the shadow of doubt; his religion, at best, is an anxious wish, like that of Rabelais, a great Perhaps." The error of the modern poets consists in their not viewing the visible world in union with the mysteries of faith, and in supposing that a mere description of its external form can satisfy even the thirst after poetic

beauty, which is inherent in our nature. Dante is blamed by them for mixing scholastic theology with his song; but it is precisely their very mixture which gives that charm to it which attracts and captivates the thoughtful heart. The same error is committed with regard to life; and while spirituality and faith, with all their beautiful expressions and sublime affecting symbols, have been effaced instead of increasing, proud and sensual men have forfeited the possession of the present good. The earth is infected by its inhabitants, and its joy has passed away. Observe the characters of those cantons of Switzerland where the Catholic religion is unfelt, and men are left in the presence of nature alone without an object or a sound to recall the images of faith. What overpowering melancholy reigns in those valleys, notwithstanding all that dressing, fattening, harrowing, and distillation of the earth, in hopes of gain! What a silence is there, excepting when interrupted by the fall of the avalanches, the roar of the torrents, and the eternal sighing of the winds! What a morose blight has attended the political demarcation of the territory! There are indeed, here and there, some immense enterprises for the sake of profit and pleasure; some unsightly buildings the fruit of careful speculations to afford luxury and ease to the distempered inhabitants of licentious cities, who come here in the summer season, in hopes of enjoying some vague dream of Arcadian life, united with the solid advantages of the Epicurean form; but nowhere do we see the beautiful chapel or the venerable cross; nowhere anything to realize a tender or sublime idea; no sacred sentences, no devout image, to exalt men to the spiritual life. You pass, as on the borders of those Berne Lakes, whole villages without a church; and upon the sloping lawns you can only hope to find some ruins of a convent, or the tower of some ancient church, which you will find converted into a barn or a magazine. Yet even amidst the devastated valley, covered with sand and rocks and bare trunks of broken pines, ploughed up with rains, and burnt by the fire of summer's day, which now present that pale and horrid aspect of a fearful nakedness, the Catholic religion would have planted her peaceful and her beautiful trophies. That religion has left the stamp of genius and the imperishable monument of her faith in the deserts of the East, and on the wildest rocks of the Alps or Pyrenees; amidst the lions under the fire of the tropic, as well as amidst the bears and icebergs of the pole. Where is there a garden of more rich and beautiful variety, than in the very valleys surrounding the tracks over which heresy has passed? Even to the mere poetic soul, what a delightful accompaniment to the silent hymn of nature is that chiming of angelic bells which rises at evening and at noon, and at the sweet hour of prime, from all sides of a Catholic valley?—bells that well may be termed of the angels, that are not rung, as in other lands, by base hands, through love of sordid gain, to celebrate some occasion of sensual joy, temporal and vain, soon to change to mourning as vain;—but by pious hands, through the devout intention of inspiring men with thoughts of prayer. How inspiring it is to hear the great bells of the abbey of Engleberg, at the fourth hour of the morning, awakening the echoes, amidst the rocks and eternal snows of Titlis, and piercing the vast forests of the surrounding Alp! What consolation to the weary pilgrim, when, stopping to shelter from the storm under some covered bank which charity has erected by the mountain's side, he beholds, even there, some poor prints, representing, in successive stages, the sacred passion of our Lord, and dictating some seraphic aspiration! How sweet and cheering,—and, in a philosophic point of view, how important, is all this, and how it cherishes and strengthens our young affections! But as the swimmer in the blue flood of the arrowy Rhyne sees the pale line of snowfed waters issuing from the devastated bed of the Arve, and no sooner plies his right arm to be borne up that new channel, and enters its sullen wave, then instantly a sudden cold and deathlike chill strikes through his whole body: so is the full glow of youthful devotion checked and chilled, when we pass from Sarnen to the Scheideck, or from Soleure and Freyburg to the shore of Lemane Lake.

KENELM H. DIGBY,

THE LATE FATHER LAURENT.

The Mayor, Ald. Saunders, chairman of the Executive, and John Blevins Monday afternoon visited St. Michael's Palace and presented Archbishop Walsh with the resolution of condolence and sympathy for the death of Vicar-General Laurent, passed by the council in December. The resolution was beautifully engrossed and bound and bore the city coat of arms. It made an exceedingly handsome volume.

In presenting the memorial, the Mayor made a few eloquent references to the deceased. He said he had ocular testimony of the good work done by the late Vicar-General amongst all classes and assured the Archbishop that the expressions made use of in the address were words of sincerity, voicing the feeling of the citizens generally.

Archbishop Walsh in reply said: "Your Worship and gentlemen of the council

I need hardly assure you that I am sincerely thankful for the honor and pleasure you give me by this friendly visit and for your delicate courtesy in presenting in this way the illuminated copy of the resolution of sympathy and condolence with myself and clergy and Catholic

people you were kind enough to pass on the occasion of the sudden death of the Very Reverend Vicar-General Laurent. This thoughtful kindness on your part is creditable to yourselves and the citizens you represent as it is gratifying to us and honorable to the memory of the departed.

"The city that knows how to honour the virtues of an eminent citizen deserves to possess such men, and furnishes a strong human motive and incentive to virtuous, honourable actions and to useful and noble lives. The example you give on this occasion of good-will and friendliness towards your Catholic fellow-citizens is worthy of all imitation and cannot but exercise a salutary influence on this city and on the country at large. Such an action as yours, and such an example, tend powerfully to bind men of different creeds and races into a homogeneous people, who, whilst holding fast to their religious convictions, will live together in peace and amity, and combine to build up a great and prosperous country. This is a result which must commend itself to the hearts and minds of all good citizens and all honest and sincere lovers of the country. We are here to stay. We enjoy the happiness of free institutions and the protection of equal and just laws. We possess a form of government which combines in the happiest manner the blessings of liberty without license and authority without despotism, and it is the duty of all citizens to help to perpetuate this happy condition of things, and, with this view, to labor to strengthen and uphold the reign of peace, concord and good will amongst all classes of our people. Nor are such sentiments inconsistent with the religion we profess. On the contrary, they are the direct outflow of the Christian faith rightly understood, which exhales and spreads abroad on the air we breathe the sweetness of kindness, and the fragrance of blessed charity. I thank you once more for your presence on this occasion and beg to assure you that this illuminated copy of your resolution of condolence relative to the death of Vicar-General Laurent, will long be preserved here as the record and memorial of your great kindness.

TWO DISTINGUISHED CONVERTS.

We take the following from the *Boston Pilot* of March 28th:

The following interesting letter has just come to hand. As our readers are well aware, Mr. Lathrop is an eminent American author, as is also his wife, the daughter of the greatest romance-writer, Nathaniel Hawthorne. They were received into the Church on Thursday, March 19th, by the Rev. Alfred Young, of the Paulist Fathers, at St. Paul's Church, New York, and were confirmed by Archbishop Corrigan on Saturday, March 21.

NEW LONDON, CONN., March 24.

MY DEAR MR. ROCHE:—No one ever suggested my becoming a Catholic, or tried to persuade me; although a number of my friends were Catholics. The attempt to inform myself about the Church began with the same impartiality, the same candour and receptiveness that I should use towards any other subject upon which I honestly desired to form a just conclusion. Notwithstanding that education had surrounded me with prejudice, my mind was convinced as to the truth, the validity and supremacy of the Roman Catholic Church, by the clear and comprehensive reasoning on which it is based. And, while the reasoning of other religious organizations continually shifts and wavers, leaving their adherents—as we now see them almost every day—to fall into rationalism and agnostic denial, the reasoning of the Church, I found, led directly into sublime and inspiring faith. This union of solid reasoning and luminous faith I cannot discover elsewhere.

In carefully examining the matter, I observed that expositions of doctrine were presented by the Catholic Church in a positive manner, with a confident appeal to the intellect; and her replies to attacks made by adversaries impressed me as remarkably calm, thorough, free from malice or abuse, and imbued with a profound spirituality; strongly contrasting, as I hardly need remind you, with the prevailing tone of those who resist or disparage her divine claims.

The Church revealed herself to me as broadly liberal and gentle towards all mankind; thus worthily justifying, in my estimation, those titles of Catholic and of Mother Church by which she has always been known. Moreover, the present active and incessant spirituality of the Church does not stop short with this life, or end in that pagan acceptance of death as an impassable barrier, which one meets with in Protestant denominations. It links together religious souls of all periods, whether now on earth or in the world beyond, by a communion which is constant and transcends time. Those with whom our mundane lives have been joined in bonds of personal affection, or by the higher interests of the spirit—those whose visible presence death has taken from us for a time—do not cease, in the Catholic Church, to be one with us, in heart and soul. Neither, in this communion, are the saints forgotten merely because their human careers were ended long before our day. The Church retains all, living or dead, in a great company which connects earth with heaven, at every moment. This is what one might naturally expect, if Christianity and the spiritual are supreme.

Faithfully yours, GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

PARNELL AND THE CHURCH.

SPEAKING to his congregation before the recent Parnell meeting at Drogheda, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Murphy, archdeacon of Drogheda, said: Before making the usual announcements, I wish to call your attention to a subject to which nothing but a strict sense of duty could induce me to do so. Within the last few days I received a letter from His Grace the Primate in which he states he was grieved to learn that some people of this town were about to invite Mr. Parnell to a public meeting in Drogheda. Such a movement, especially during the holy season of Lent, must be regarded by every well-thinking Christian as a grave scandal and social disgrace, and is sure to draw down God's anger on the heads of its promoters. It is calculated to disturb the peace and harmony of the town, and to create dissensions, bickering, and ill-will amongst the people of this parish. In the face of the unanimous manifesto of all the bishops of Ireland and in opposition to the Lenten Pastoral of the Primate it is almost incredible that any Catholic who has the interests of religion and the welfare of his country at heart could be found to invite a publicly convicted adulterer to come amongst the Catholic people of Drogheda for a popular ovation, and introduce to their families a man who has been confessedly wallowing for years in that foul and most degrading crime, which the Apostle forbids to mention. I have no hesitation in saying that the attitude assumed by the followers of this would-be leader of the Irish people, is calculated to blast the national prosperity of Ireland, whilst it is sure to bring ruin on the poor evicted tenants, and joy to the enemies of our religion and country. I have very little hope that anything that I may say this morning will influence these dupes of wicked and designing men to retrace their steps; yet, as everything at the present time is misrepresented by a lying and anti-Christian press, and as my silence in this present crisis may be construed into approval of their acts I deem it my duty as your parish priest to protest in the strongest terms against the conduct of persons who, under the garb of patriotism want to raise a rebellion against the lawful pastors of the church by inviting a publicly convicted adulterer for a popular ovation. Christ says, "He that will not hear the Church let him be to me as a heathen and publican;" and again He said to His Apostles, "He that humbleth you humbleth Me, and he that despiseth you despiseth Me." So that he that despiseth the pastors of the church despiseth the Almighty God himself, the greatest crime that can be committed. Let me then entreat you to take no part in this movement which is so strongly condemned by the Irish bishops, and abstain from all co-operation either by your presence or any other way. Be guided by the advice of your bishops and do not allow yourselves to be deceived by these wicked men who profess to be patriots and pretend to take a great interest in the welfare of poor tenants, whilst at the same time they show by their words and acts that they cherish in their hearts a deadly hatred for religion and by their foul calumnies they aim at sundering the bonds of love and sympathy which have always bound together the priests and people of Ireland. The priests were always united with the people and the people with the priests. It was by this means we gained whatever liberties we enjoy and it is by this means, and not without it, we can hope to gain what remaining liberties remained to be won. He appealed to the people of that parish, to the young men and to the women to discountenance such conduct, to keep away from such meetings, to beware of these people who are going about the country teaching the people false doctrines, pretending to be the friends of the tenants but in reality their enemies, and who were striving to separate priests from each other. He therefore asked them to hearken to the voice of their pastors, and not lend their approval to the efforts of those men, who, if they succeeded, would inflict serious injury not only on the interests of religion, but on those of the country as well. The venerable Archdeacon, who spoke impressively, was listened to with rapt attention, by full congregations.

A CATHOLIC AND A MASON.

SOME one writes to the editor of the *Sun* that Lawrence Barrett was a Roman Catholic and a Mason.

"The Roman Catholic Church," says the correspondent, "is opposed to Masonry and denies Masons the rites of the Church. Was Mr. Barrett one of the chosen few for whom the infallible Church changes its laws? When the Roman Catholic Church ceases to make laws for the poor man and set aside the same laws for the rich man, then honest-minded people may become Catholics and not sceptics, as the majority of the Americans are now."

For a type of ignorant malevolence commend us to the New York renegade. The lack of church room and the consequent neglect of the sacraments have begotten a species of ecclesiastical nondescripts seen nowhere outside of Gotham.

It may be true that Lawrence Barrett was a Mason, and was excommunicated. But when did it require the possession of wealth to procure absolution from ecclesiastical censures? The most excommunicated man in the United States is Dr. McGlynn; but how long would it take him to be reconciled if he had the disposition to sub-

mit? Masons return to the Church every day. Every priest in the United States has power to absolve a Mason upon his renunciation of the craft. It does not require that the person under censure shall go to Rome or to the bishop of the diocese. Then at the moment of death priests are empowered to lift all censures even those especially reserved to the Pope. There is no crime and no censure that the priest is not authorized to absolve in *articulo mortis*.

Father Shorman absolved Lawrence Barrett as he had the right and power to do. And if it was a rag-picker or an escaped Italian bandit red-handed from slaughter in sunny Italy, instead of one of the greatest tragedians of the age, he would have been similarly absolved. This is such a matter of course that a refusal of a priest to administer the sacraments would render him liable to ecclesiastical discipline. The actor may not have made a full confession. He did all he could when he welcomed the priest and consented to receive extreme unction. God does not require impossibilities of any man and certainly the Church does not. If Lawrence Barrett had died suddenly without giving any signs of repentance he would have been denied Christian burial. This is one of the penalties of excommunication.

The Church has not one set of laws for the rich and another for the poor. On the contrary, the rigours of her discipline always fall hardest on the wealthy. The Catholic Church is the most inconvenient Church in the world for a rich man to save his soul in. He has to jostle with the chimney-sweep to get into the confessional. He has to kneel beside the poor negro to receive communion. He has to sit for hours at High Mass in a building filled with the ragged and too often unbathed multitude and breathe the air polluted by their odorous exhalations. The holy water he sprinkles over his forehead when he enters the sacred edifice has felt the finger-tips of a thousand hands before his own. He is made to listen to instructions adapted to the illiterate. He has to accept the chiding intended for the shiftless and improvident. He has to support institutions which the vices of men he would not admit to his parlour have made necessary. He is compelled to share in all the disgrace and obloquy the Catholic name too often receives. When dead he is obliged to lay his bones beside the poor in a grave yard tenanted in vast majority by those the world calls lowly.

Is it true that those who now drift with infidelity would become more austere? Is it true that stern discipline is conducive to conversions? We doubt it. These sorehead Catholics who are ever rushing into print with a grievance against the clergy would be disturbers if every bishop in the world were a St. Paul and all confessors were as terrible as St. Peter.

We would not advise Catholics who are Masons to trust to the chance of a priest's absolution in death. Such grace is not merited by contumacy. Poor Barrett was to be pitied. He had not the care of a mother in his boyhood years and it is doubtful if he ever made his First Communion. All his life was a struggle for success. He was a good, upright, clean man both on and off the stage, and it was because of this, perhaps, that he was vouchsafed the grace of a death-bed conversion. At least we may hope that his repentance was adequate. We do not like these parlour funerals. If the deceased is entitled to the sacraments he should be buried in the church. This half-loaf service is not authorized by the rubrics. We fear the practice will become general for death-bed converts to claim exemption from the order of Catholic sepulture. The church deserves some recognition and the grave and the altar must not become estranged.

Sublime, danger over which none weeps,
When any young wayfaring soul goes forth
Alone, unconscious of the perilous road,
The day-sun dazzling in his limpid eyes,
To thrust his own way, he an alien through
The world of books! Ah, you!—You think it fine,
You clap hands—"A fair day!"—you cheer him on
As if the worst could happen were to rest
Too long beside a fountain. Yet, behold,
Behold!—the world of books is still the world;
And worldlings in it are less merciful
And more puissant. For the wicked there
Are winged like angels. Every knife that strike
Is edged from elemental fire to assail
A spiritual life. The beautiful seems right
By force of beauty, and the feeble wrong
Because of weakness. Power is justified,
Though armed against St. Michael. Many a crown
Covers bald foreheads. In the book-world, true
There's no lack, neither, of God's saints and kings.
That shake the ashes of the grave aside
From their calm locks, and undiscomfited
Look steadfast truths against Time's changing mask.
True, many a prophet teaches in the roads;
True, many a seer pulls down the flaming heavens
Upon his own head in strong martyrdom.
In order to light men a moment's space.

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

Published by

The Catholic Review Publishing Company, Limited

Offices: 64 Adelaide St. East, (opposite Court House).

A. O. MACDONELL, President

PH. O'GRUCHY, Editor and Manager

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

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

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1891.

We notice in an evening paper the statement that the Board of License Commissioners had resolved that all the hotels of the city should be closed on the 24th of May and 12th of July. It is now in order for the Orange Lodges to protest against this as another infringement upon their rights by the "Romish" minority, who would thus wish to injure them by compelling the "boys to go dry" on the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne.

Mr. J. J. CURRAN, M.P., will, it is rumoured, receive one of the vacant portfolios in the Dominion Cabinet. No more graceful act could be rendered to the Irish Catholic people than to accord to Mr. Curran this honour, and none, we are assured, would receive fuller approbation. A thorough Catholic and Irishman, he commands the respect of his co-religionists of all political parties.

His utterances in a speech on St. Patrick's Day celebration at Montreal, show that he is as true a lover of the "old land" as he is a loyal son of Canada, and deserve to be recorded. Very similar are they to those spoken by our illustrious Archbishop, which we previously published. In speaking of the visit of the delegates of the warring faction, he said: "The dispute should be settled at home, men abroad were not going to constitute themselves a jury to decide which side was right. They would welcome the representatives of a united Irish people. It would be disastrous to transfer the feud here or elsewhere. When a delegation came representing a united Irish party the last dollar would be divided with them to further and fight for the constitutional liberties of the land of their forefathers."

With this issue the Review extends its congratulations to two well known priests, the Very Rev. Fathers McCann and Cassidy on their ecclesiastical promotions, on Thursday last, respectively as Vicar-General of the archdiocese and Dean of Toronto.

Vicar-General McCann is a worthy successor on the advisory board of the archdiocese to the saintly Father Laurent, whose death was so much deplored. Of commanding appearance, and gifted with rare eloquence, he possesses strong administrative qualities, as witness the parish of St. Helen's, which, when he assumed its pastorate, was little better than a mission, is now one of the foremost parishes in the city. His work also, as Secretary-Treasurer of the Separate School Board has been of incalculable service to the cause of Catholic education in its most trying times. In January, 1890, he was appointed Dean of Toronto, and, on the death of Father Laurent, was transferred to the Cathedral as Rector and Chancellor of the archdiocese.

Dean Cassidy, previously Archdeacon, is well known and respected in Dixie, Ajala and Barrie, where he laboured previous to his appointment as rector of St. Helen's church, on the transfer of Dean McCann to the Cathedral in January last. He has fully ingratiated

himself into the affections of his parishioners, who are conscious of the honours bestowed upon them by his promotion.

That they both may live long to continue their good work and enjoy to the full the honours that have been so unstintedly bestowed upon them is the fervent wish of the Review and its numerous readers.

THE AGITATION IN IRELAND.

Those of our people who sanction the methods being pursued by Mr. Parnell and his friends, and who are favourable to his continued leadership of the Irish Parliamentary party, would do well to remember that the battle, as at present waged in Ireland, has come to a point where it is no longer the struggle of one section of the party against the other, no longer a struggle of ways and means, but is a struggle wherein the paramount rights of the Church are concerned, and in which the united priesthood and the vast majority of the people are on the one side, and rebellion against the church's authority and faction on the other. Day after day the bishops and priests of Ireland are being attacked with venomous bitterness, and charged with interfering in a matter which is no concern of theirs. In the columns of the organ of the deposed leader, we notice, in its report of political meetings, such interjections as "Down with the bishops," and "Down with the priests." It seems almost incredible that in faithful Catholic Ireland a few persons could be found thoughtless enough to use such expressions, forgetting that in the dark days of their forefathers, as now, the priests were their guides, philosophers and friends. Can Irishmen ever forget the patriotic heroism of that king amongst men, Archbishop McHale - John of Tuam—and the noble band who sacrificed every consideration of personal convenience to minister to their wants and befriend them. Irish Catholics ought to—and in the majority of cases do—value most dearly that priceless inheritance of the faith for which their ancestors endured privations and cheerfully faced death.

The people of Ireland are being told to use their own judgment. But they are not left to exercise their strong common sense. They are misled by a web of sophistry and misrepresentation and are advised to cut adrift from the guidance of those who have clung to them through good report and evil report, with a love and devotedness strong as death. "It is for endeavouring to counteract this baneful influence," says the illustrious Primate, "that the bishops and priests of Ireland are to be denounced as enemies of freedom, shunned as false guides, ostracised as betrayers of their country, and threatened with the ruin of religion as the penalty of their folly or their perfidy. Utterances, to which the public has lately become accustomed, do not, perhaps, put the case as strongly and distinctly as this; but their meaning is unmistakable. I think we have little reason to be moved by these threats. There is little likelihood that a handful of desperate men shall be able to effect what neither the bribes nor threats nor chains of our enemies could bring about—the divorce of Irish patriotism from Irish faith."

The Bishops of Ireland, at their meeting, early in last December, proposed to themselves the question—"Who is to be in the future the leader of the Irish people, or rather, who is not to be their leader?" They answered, without hesitation, "that whoever else is fit to fill that highly responsible post, Mr. Parnell decidedly is not." They add, most significantly, that, "as divinely commissioned teachers of this Catholic nation, they do not base this their judgment and solemn declaration on political grounds," therefore, not on Mr. Gladstone's letter of "dictation," "but simply and solely on the facts and circumstances revealed in the London Divorce Court."

The contention of many of Mr. Parnell's sympathisers is that, whilst they are ready to follow the teachings of the bishops in matters of faith and morals, they strenuously claim that the question of Mr. Parnell's fitness or unfitness for the leadership does not come within the range of either, and therefore they are at liberty to judge it as a political matter purely, no matter what the clergy may decree to the contrary. To this Archbishop Croke, in a letter to the *Irish Catholic* of Dublin, replies as follows:—

"In the first place, I humbly think it may be assumed as certain, that, in its direct bearing, and, as I might say, intrinsically, the mere fitness or unfitness of a person for a given secular post cannot be a

question of morals. But, indirectly, and, as it were, by accident, it may, nevertheless, become so. Thus, for instance, suppose there was a question of appointing a certain clever young man to the post of Professor of History in a Catholic college, and that I, a professing Catholic, and one of the committee of nomination, who had long known him to be vicious to the heart's core, a thorough profligate, and in various ways base and bad, was asked my opinion of him—asked whether I thought him fit to be placed as professor over a number of Catholic youths, could I, on the grounds that he was a good historian, conscientiously answer in the affirmative, especially after his pranks had become notorious, and whilst it was in everybody's mouth that he had been recently convicted in open court of the gravest possible offence against religion and the purity of social life? I certainly could not do so without offering a serious affront to the public conscience, and rendering myself obnoxious to the charge of being a lax moralist and a very unscrupulous man. The Bench of Bishops, at all events, if applied to, could not, and would not, support the candidature of such a man, nor would they fail to protest against it vehemently, lest their views might be misunderstood by their flocks."

Continuing, His Grace, in his application of these principles to Mr. Parnell's case, says:—"You ask me is he fit or unfit to be the leader of the Irish nation? I answer with the Bishops, decidedly unfit. He should not be set up, as on a pinnacle, by a Christian people, to be respected, consulted, and dealt with as a leader must be, and could not be so placed without manifest disregard of every moral sentiment, without sensibly lessening the social and mundane sanction that does so much for its support, and without leading young persons especially to think that, as Luther profanely expressed it, they 'may sin boldly,' and be none the worse for it, here or hereafter. In other words, you cannot support Mr. Parnell's leadership without giving public scandal, condoning his offence, at least to some extent, and thus disturbing the landmarks of social morality. It is not correct, then, to say that the question of Mr. Parnell's fitness or unfitness for leadership is purely political, for, involving as it does serious moral issues, it is obviously a moral question as well.

"Again, if a doubt should at any time arise as to whether a special question belonged exclusively to persons, or to faith, or morals, either directly or indirectly, who is to decide the case? Is there any divinely instituted tribunal competent to pronounce definitely upon it? Catholics are, of course, unanimous in acknowledging, and are bound to believe that such a tribunal exists. How does that tribunal, namely, the Church, declare its views and deliver its judgments? Is it through the mouth of its lay members or through the Bishops in their respective dioceses? Through the latter, most assuredly. And now, pray, where would be the practical advantage of having the prelates of the Church endowed with a plenary jurisdiction as regards faith and morals, and the further privilege of deciding authoritatively on both, if individual members of the fold can at pleasure, or according to their caprice, render that jurisdiction nugatory by stating that they cannot accept the ruling of the Bishops in a particular case, inasmuch as it involved only secular issues? In other, and, perhaps, plainer words, what does it avail if the Catholic Parnellite members declare, as they do, that they acknowledged the directive power of the Irish Bishops in moral matters, while they at the same time hold that Mr. Parnell's case, notwithstanding the prelates' pronouncement to 'the contrary, is of a 'purely political' nature?'"

As an offset to the National League, which it is designed to replace, and as an antidote for the poison which is being instilled into the public mind, the Irish Parliamentary party, with the full aid and concurrence of all the bishops of Ireland, formed, on March 10th, a league called the National Federation, with a constitution as follows:

The Federation shall consist of an Executive Council, a central body, and branches in Ireland and elsewhere. The Executive Council of fifteen members (with power to add not more than six to their numbers) is to hold office until the next general election, and shall have to elect officers and regulate the working of the Federation. A convention of delegates of branches will meet within three months after the close of the general election and further define the constitution of the Federation. The central body shall consist of members elected by the vote of the body, each president of the branch being an *ex-officio* member. Branches shall be admitted by a resolution of the

Central Council, and the affiliation fee shall be proportionate to the number of members, but not less than five pounds. The essential purpose of the Federation is to aid in securing for Ireland a Home Rule constitution, Legislative and Executive, acceptable to the Irish people. It will also agitate for the reform of the Land Laws, improvement in the condition of Irish labourers and artisans, and for the other needed Irish reforms.

The Executive Committee is composed of some of the most patriotic and brilliant members of the party, as witness the names of the following members of Parliament. Messrs. Justin McCarthy, John Barrie, Thomas Condon, John Deasy, Thomas A. Dickson, Timothy Healy, John Morrough, William Murphy, Michael McCartan, Arthur O'Connor, Thomas Sexton, David Sheedy, Timothy D. Sullivan, and Alfred Webb; and also includes the name of Michael Davitt.

The Federation has a noble work before it, and undoubtedly the intelligence, honesty and patriotism of the Irish people will enable it to accomplish that work with triumphant success. "It will clean the political atmosphere," says the Primate of Ireland, "create a healthy public opinion, heal dissensions, put an end to hero worship, and bring into closer union and inspire with a more determined purpose all who place the interests of country above every mere private or personal consideration. Finally, sustained by the support it is sure to receive, it shall soon, we trust, win the only self government that is worth fighting for, not a government by leaders and cliques, but the government of the people, by the people and for the people."

THE DECADENCE OF RELIGIOUS BIGOTRY.

In this country Catholics hold high positions in the Legislatures, in the halls of Education, and the various learned professions—positions to which they have raised themselves by indomitable push and energy—and in which they receive the support and respect of all classes. There is no path of public or civil service which is not now open to them, and, though oftentimes placed at great disadvantage, they are not put under the ban. This tends to show that the false spirit of bigotry and intolerance is dying out; slowly, it is true, yet, nevertheless, surely. Once and again there has been outbursts of old time Protestant fear, resentment and bigotry as happened recently in the so-called Equal Rights agitation and the crusade against the Separate School system, but the result was the crushing defeat of the political party who fathered the cry.

A further evidence that the feeling of hostility, amongst sensible and thinking men, is practically no more, was shown by the action of the Toronto City Council, who in December last, passed a resolution of condolence on the death of Vicar-General Laurent. This Resolution, beautifully engrossed and bound, and bearing the city arms, was presented to His Grace the Archbishop on Monday, by the Mayor and a deputation of city Aldermen. In his reply to the eulogistic address of the Mayor, the Archbishop struck the true keynote of patriotism, and put the Catholic position before his hearers in a way that they could not fail to understand. Said His Grace:

"The city that knows how to honour the virtues of an eminent citizen deserves to possess such men, and furnishes a strong human motive and incentive to virtuous, honourable actions and to useful and noble lives. The example you give on this occasion of good-will and friendliness towards your Catholic fellow citizens is worthy of all imitation and cannot but exercise a salutary influence on this city and on the country at large. Such an action as yours, and such an example, tend powerfully to bind men of different creeds and races into a homogeneous people, who, whilst holding fast to their religious convictions, will live together in peace and amity, and combine to build up a great and prosperous country. This is a result which must commend itself to the hearts and minds of all good citizens and all honest and sincere lovers of the country. We are here to stay. We enjoy the happiness of free institutions and the protection of equal and just laws. We possess a form of government which combines in the happiest manner the blessings of liberty without license and authority without despotism, and it is the duty of all citizens to help to perpetuate this happy condition of things, and, with this view, to labor to strengthen and uphold the reign of peace, con-

cord and good-will amongst all classes of our people. Nor are such sentiments inconsistent with the religion we profess. On the contrary, they are the direct outflow of the Christian faith, rightly understood, which exhales and spreads abroad on the air we breathe the sweetness of kindness and the fragrance of blessed charity."

These eloquent words—applicable as they are to every portion of this country—should be iterated and reiterated by Catholic and Protestant alike on all occasions where sectionalism is striven to be introduced. Thus done, the demagogue would have no foothold, and the agitator would sink into insignificance.

THE ABBE OF THE BIRDS.

From the Catholic World.

And in a louder voice: "On your knees," Babet knelt upon the stone pavement, holding her donkey by the bridle. Abbe Coupjac lifted the aspersoir once more, sprinkling the two with the last drops of holy water; then raising his arms he murmured in a fervent undertone: "May the all-powerful God bless and protect you. (*Benedicite vos omnipotens Deus, Pater, et Filius, et Spiritus Sanctus*)."

"Amen!" responded Pere Targan; and the little procession took up its interrupted line of march to the sacristy with all the pomp imaginable.

Within the vestry the assistants in the ceremony were disrobing with all possible haste and preparing to go home. The good priest only, his lips moving in silent prayer, slowly laid aside his vestments, then turning to me a little archly:

"So you are to share the feast at Border Lands? They have killed the fattest calf in your honor."

"What do you think?" I asked, repressing a strong desire to yawn.

"Your eyes look as if they would rather sleep."

"To tell the truth, after these weeks in the open air, I would rather be in bed than at a banquet."

"And it all prepared for you monsieur," said Jeanne. "A bed

where monsieur will sleep like a saint;" and she smiled at clumsy Pierre wrapping a warm woolen shawl around her yellow locks and rolling her like a child into a great mantle.

"Au revoir, then, my dear friend. We will meet in the morning."

Outside all was silence and repose. An ideal serenity fell from the crystal clear sky on the sleeping earth; only a few faint wandering lights, like falling stars, showed where the patient herds were moving slowly homewards. On a heavenly night of Christmas, in the Black Espinoze! Oh, unforgetful night! What a memory of innocence and peace you have left with me!

It is humiliating to confess, but I could not join in the homely festivity of the farm-house. A lamb had been stuffed with chestnuts and roasted whole. Jeanne placed the most delicate morsels on my plate; the family looked at me with kindly smiling eyes; the old grandfather brought the rosy Bambino to put in my arms. In vain! In vain! Nature revealed herself for this unusual night watch after the twelve days spent in her company, and I had to beg at last like a child to be allowed to go to rest.

"But certainly, monsieur. The bed is quite ready—the bed of monsieur. May you sleep well! After a wolf hunt one needs to close the eyes. Only it would have pleased us well to see you able to eat a little."

Father Targan himself, with Pierre bearing a second candle, lighted me up the stairs to the carpeted chamber and the great four-posted couch of monseigneur the bishop. Ah, what a night I passed in that soft, warm solitude! Did monseigneur know such delicious rest that night after the last Confirmation at Cabracolles? Did any thought flit through his dreams, as through mine of that gentlest, sweetest, purest of souls the Abbe Cyprien Coupjac, who is but the counterpart of many a hidden gem among the poor parishes in the mountains in the Black Espinoze? did he regret, as I, the harshness he was obliged to use in casting loose the beloved band of little creatures from the heart that so loved them, especially the blackbird who, receiving his freedom with a sigh, turned back again to perch on the thornbush outside his benefactor's window, and to call for the last time "Cou-pi-ac! Cou-pi-ac! Cou-pi-ac!"

THE END.

EASTER IN THE CHURCHES.

On Sunday the church cast off the garb of mourning with which she has been clad since Ash Wednesday, and clothed herself in joyful garments, as she emerged from the shadows of Tenebrae to the glorious beauties of the Paschal tide. Every church both in the morning and evening, was crowded to its utmost capacity. A considerable number of Protestants attended each place of worship. The musical services throughout were of a high order, and the decorations marvels of art.

At St. Michael's Cathedral the altar was beautifully decorated with Calla Lillies and White Roses. The rich tintings, frescoes and other alterations which have been recently completed, was for the first time seen to advantage. They make a vast improvement in the cathedral and reflects great credit upon Mr. Conolly, under whose supervision and designs the work was carried out. At vespers, more especially, when the altar was ablaze with myriad lights, whose refulgence, toned and softened as their glare shone forth from amongst the mass of flowers harmonizing perfectly with the rich frescoing and colouring made the sanctuary of the cathedral into a veritable bower of beauty.

At High Mass the choir, under the direction of Father Rohleder, sang Haydn's Imperial Mass, the soloists being Mr. Michael Stack, baritone, and Misses Lizzie Fletcher and Lizzie O'Leary, the chorus of the Gloria being especially well rendered. The music of the mass was followed by Lambillotte's "Regina Celi," duet and chorus, and "Hæc Deus" sung by the full choir. Mass was celebrated by Vicar General McCann, assisted by Rev. Fathers William, and Winterberry, as deacon and sub-deacon.

An eloquent sermon which took fifty minutes to deliver, was preached by the Archbishop. It was truly an edifying sight to see the vast multitude who thronged the noble Cathedral listening with rapt attention and drinking greedily every word that fell from the Archbishop's lips, as he literally carried them away

by the force of his wonderful eloquence from the cares of this world to the glorious beauties of the Resurrection. Hardened indeed must be the heart of any be they Catholic or Protestant, and barren the soil, upon which the seed fell, that does not bear fruitful testimony to the sublime words then enunciated by His Grace. Many an eloquent sermon has been preached within the walls of St. Michael's Cathedral, but, without hesitation, we can say, that this sermon on Easter Sunday morning was the peer of them all.

In the evening Gorza's Musical Vespers were sung, the soloists being Miss Fletcher, Miss Spencer, and Miss Severn. The last named lady, who has a very sweet soprano voice, sang as a solo specially selected for the occasion, Mercadante's "Salve Marie." The sermon was preached by Rev. Father William.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

The greatest reward, and one that gives most pleasure to a priest of the Catholic Church, is to know that his arduous labours during Lent have borne fruit, by the numbers who flock to the altar rails to receive Holy Communion. The hearts of the Rev. Vicar-General Rooney, the beloved pastor of St. Mary's church, and of his two zealous curates, Rev. Fathers Minnehan and Cruise, must have indeed been filled with thankfulness and joy at the numbers who performed their Easter duty on Sunday morning last. The work of the Sisters of St. Joseph in the decoration of the altar was perfect. Cluster upon cluster of fragrant flowers, was interwoven with its handsome fixings, the immaculate petals of the lily, whose purity entitle them to the foremost place, preponderated, mingled with the delicious perfume of the cream rose, make the altar appear like a glimpse of fairy-land, yet without adding to the sublime holiness and sanctity that centered there. At High Mass Mozart's First Mass was sung by the choir under the leadership of Mr. P. McEvay, assisted by a full orchestra. The solo, "Agnus Dei," was sung by Miss Kate Clark in an in-

imitable manner. Her voice, which is highly cultivated, and very full and rich, filled every nook in the noble edifice dying away in its soft cadence, sweet and pure as an angel's whisper. The duett, "Regina Celi," was also well rendered by Messrs. O'Reagan and Tate, as were also the solos in the "Agnus" by Miss Tessie Cummins. The rendition of the choruses showed the careful training and practice that the choir had been subjected to by Mr. McEvay. Rev. Father Cruise was the celebrant at mass, and Vicar General Rooney preached a very instructive sermon on the significance of the Feast. At the close of which he took occasion to thank the choir and collectors for their labours, and also the congregation for their munificent collection. The collection, we might here say, was \$1,129.00.

At Vespers the church was again filled to its utmost capacity, the sermon being preached by Rev. Father Cruise, on the "Spiritual Resurrection." The preacher, after saying a few introductory words on the glorious festival, went on to remark that Christ's resurrection was an image of our spiritual resurrection. Christ's resurrection was immortal. He rose to die no more. So should our resurrection be, we ought, after having risen from sin, never relapse. Christ, after His resurrection left the realm of death, quitted the grave, left behind Him the grave clothes. So should we leave the companionship, the place which occasioned our sin. We ought to leave behind the grave clothes, that is, the ties which bind us to sin. The preacher referred to the joy which His Blessed Mother must have felt in beholding her newly risen Son, and concluded by an exhortation to place great confidence in her powerful intercession.

The Litany was sung in alternate verses by the altar boys and the choir, the boys being accompanied by Mr. McEvay on the cornet. The solos in Verge's "Tantum Ergo" were well sung by Miss Allie Walsh, who possesses a voice of good compass and flexibility, and by Miss Kate Clarke, Miss O'Reagan singing the "Regina Celi." Miss Nellie Clarke, presided at the organ at both services.

ST. BASIL'S CHURCH.

St. Basil's church has always enjoyed the reputation, on festal occasions, of having the best musical service in the city. This is not to be wondered at, as on the staff of the college there are some of the finest musicians in Ontario. In the persons of the Reverend Fathers Challandars, Murray and Guinane St. Basil's possesses musical advantages not within the reach of other churches. This reputation for good music, combined with the well known eloquence of those who ascend her pulpit, helped to throng the church to its utmost capacity, both at High Mass and Vespers, many present being strangers.

The musical part of the service was unusually interesting. In the morning Hayden's second mass was rendered with a full orchestra in a manner worthy of the great composer's masterpiece. The soloists were Miss Pringle, soprano; Miss Todd, alto; Mr. Kirk, tenor, and Messrs. Miller and McNamara, basses. In the evening Rev. J. R. Teefy, B. A., preached a sermon appropriate to the season, and Mrs. J. C. Smith's splendid soprano voice materially aided to enhance the musical work of the choir.

The singing of the choir was excellent and showed the careful training to which they had been subjected. Rev. Father Challandau was leader and Father Murry presided at the organ.

The church was beautifully decorated and showed the excellent taste displayed by the Misses Mary Smith Claire Berthon and the Altar society, as well as by the sacristan Mr. Michael Perry. Father O'Donoghue took occasion to compliment the parishioners on the numbers of them who received Holy Communion, which was past anything previously heard of in the congregation, the number of young men performing their Easter duty being especially remarked. The Easter collection was the largest yet received.

ST. PAUL'S.

Various Masses were celebrated at 8, 9, 10 and 11 o'clock. It appeared that every one in the church had received Holy Communion, judging from the number that gathered about the altar railing. At 11 o'clock High Mass was sung by Father Guinane, with His Lordship Bishop O'Mahony presiding pontifically. The musical service was rendered by the full choir under the direction of Mr. Nevius. The principal parts in the singing were taken by Miss Carroll, soprano; Miss O'Hagan, alto; Mr. Tomney, tenor, and Mr. Quinn, bass. "Regina Celi" by Lanbelotte, was beautifully given by Miss Carroll and Miss O'Hagan. In the evening Vesper services were rendered by the choir, His Lordship Bishop O'Mahony presiding in the sanctuary. An eloquent sermon on the Feast of the Resurrection was preached by Rev. Father Lynch. Millard's "Tantum Ergo" was sung, the solo part being taken by Miss O'Derham. Miss Lizzie Murphy presided at the organ.

OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

The service of the above church was characterized by its usual impressiveness, and the choir were well up to their work in rendering, under the direction of Mr. L. J. R. Richardson, Mozart's First Mass in C, assisted by an orchestra under the direction of Professor Obernier. The solo parts of the Mass were sustained by Miss McGrath, Miss Elliott, Miss Morton, Mr. W. S. O'Connor, and Mr. O. E. Paresot. Miss McGrath's solo, "Agnus Dei," was particularly fine. Father Lawlor, was celebrant, and a most eloquent sermon was delivered by the rector, Rev. Father Walsh. The Misses Rowland, of Boston, aided materially in the orchestration by their performance upon the first violins. The Gounod-Bach "Ave Maria," with harp accompaniment, was

rendered by Miss Breen. The organ was presided over by Miss Elderry.

The Church was beautifully decorated with flowers, cream roses and Easter Lillies predominating.

C. M. B. A. News.

SEPARATE BENEFICIARY.

In our last issue we had an article dealing with this question. The points taken then were:—

1st. Separate Beneficiary does not imply complete separation.

2nd. Canada has asked by an almost unanimous voice for Separate Beneficiary.

3rd. The reply given to Canada's petition was an illegal elimination of the clause giving the right to ask for Separate Beneficiary.

4th. Canada could stand an epidemic as well as the whole of the remaining Grand Councils together.

5th. An epidemic in Ontario would of necessity reach Northern New York.

6th. That Canada is healthier than the States mentioned.

The third point is acknowledged by the best authorities on constitutional law, as well as the highest legal authorities of the C. M. B. A.

The fourth and fifth must be taken together.

Canada's branches are far apart and an epidemic in one section could not reach another on account of distance and difference of climate. An epidemic in Ontario would naturally reach Buffalo, Rochester, etc., in New York, on account of constant communication and similarity of climate. And what is said of Northern New York might also be said of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan.

6th. Canada is healthier.

This we will endeavour to show by the statistics of the C. M. B. A. and A. O. U. W., which fraternity has often been quoted as an argument against Separate Beneficiary.

The A. O. U. W. maximum assessment must not exceed 20 in any one year in Canada. In New York and Pennsylvania 23 is the maximum. In Ohio 26 is the maximum. While in Ontario the A. O. U. W. have only 14 assessments, in New York 23 was called for, and still a relief of \$198,586 was required to pay their claims. Pennsylvania had 23 assessments and required relief to the extent of \$53,145. Ohio levied 26 assessments and required \$53,838 for relief.

We will now look at their average death rate per thousand for the past eleven years in the A. O. U. W.:

Grand Lodge of Ohio.....	15-90
do Pennsylvania	8-99
do New York	8-69
Grand Lodge of Ontario ...	5-99

The Grand Lodge of Michigan had in the same time an average death-rate of 6.70 per 1,000.

Ontario is 3rd in point of numbers. New York holds first and Missouri second place.

For the C. M. B. A. we regret that we have not at present before us statements from which we could compile a statement of death-rate for the whole period of the existence of the C. M. B. A. We will, however, take a statement published in the C. M. B. A. Weekly of August 20th, 1890, giving the average death-rate for three years, from July 1st, 1887, to July 1st, 1890.

The following is the average death-rate per 1,000 members given by the Weekly:—

New York Grand Council.....	10-46
Michigan	8-25
Pennsylvania	7-69
Canada	7-66
Ohio	5-71
Supreme	5-71

Canada has the second lowest death-rate of any Grand Council and has the second highest

membership. With Separate Beneficiary she would soon double the present membership and outstrip New York by many thousands.

But in the face of all these facts, the right of asking for Separate Beneficiary being illegally taken away, the Canada Reserve fund being put in jeopardy in a similar manner, and that the increase in the Canadian membership is mainly due to the fact that Separate Beneficiary jurisdiction has always been expected, Canada's petition has been thrice refused, and she is now told that she will never get what she asks. What then is our duty under the circumstances? We will not be permitted to look after our own local business and retain the existing fraternal relations. It is the almost unanimous desire of the Canadian membership to have Home Rule. Are the wishes of a representative body like the Canada Grand Council, held in Montreal in September last, to be disregarded and their petitions treated with contempt?

There appears then only one course open to us, and that we regret to have to advise: We cannot have Home Rule. We must then have independence.

Catholic News

During Holy Week the services in the city church were of the usual solemn and impressive character. On Holy Thursday many of the priests of the archdiocese attended the blessing of the holy oils at St. Michael's Cathedral by His Grace the Archbishop. On Good Friday the Mass of the Pre-sanctified took place when Rev. Dean Mc Cann delivered a beautiful and soul-moving sermon on the Passion of our Saviour. The office of the Tenebrae was sung in several of the churches on three evenings, beginning on Wednesday. Great numbers attended all the ceremonies of Holy Week, commemorative of the bitter passion and death of our Divine Lord.

The Altar Society of St. Mary's church have undertaken a task that must commend itself to the good wishes of all the people of St. Mary's parish. Fired by zeal at the handsome appearance of the Cathedral since the fresh-comings were completed, these ladies have conceived the idea of beautifying the Sanctuary of St. Mary's church in like manner, and with that end in view will hold a concert in St. Andrew's Hall on Monday evening next to raise a portion of the funds. That St. Mary's people will patronize them goes without saying, but as the beautification of a church especially such a noble edifice as St. Mary's, is a source of gratification and honor to the whole Catholic population of the city, they should be aided to the fullest extent by people from other parishes, who, from the character of the entertainment, will, in addition to helping a noble work, spend an evening of thorough enjoyment.

The St. Alphonsus Young Men's Catholic Association, combined with the Catholic Young Ladies Literary Association, will give an entertainment in the Auditorium on Wednesday evening next. In addition to a diversified programme of music etc., the farce "Ici on Parley Francais," will be given in which the members of both Associations will appear. These two associations have been doing a good work in bringing Catholic young people together, and to their efforts, in a great extent, is due the fact that in this city, it can be said that Catholic young people are fast awaking to the fact that there are better societies within the pale of the Mother Church than are to be found outside of it. It is a pleasing thought to know that they are joining the ranks of Catholic manhood, and nobly assisting each other in true Christian fraternity, as they journey together along the straight path of life appointed and endeared by their meek and loving Master. A Catholic young man who fears to lose political or social prestige by a

frank and open avowal of his creed is only half a man at best, and far more an object of pity than blame. A traitor and coward was ever, to all tribes and nations, from the earliest nomadic barbarians through the epochs of highest civilization, an object of detestation and scorn. The young man of the present who expects to raise himself in the esteem of Protestants, by the evasion or denial of his faith, is sadly mistaken in his estimate of non-Catholic honour and intelligence. The very ones to whom he toadies most slavishly are the ones to detest him most heartily. A slave never at any time commanded the respect and confidence accorded to free independent manhood. Neither does such skulking, slavish fawning arouse any feeling but disgust within the souls of those it is intended to propitiate. There are many young men of this kind in our midst occupying too high and honourable positions who could serve the cause and be pillars of strength to their Church, but they prefer to be Catholics only in name. Their faith is too strong and their courage too weak to openly apostatize, so they temporize with their conscience, and toady to the opposition pitied alike by both. Christ has said: "He that gathereth not with Me, scattereth." Therefore let Catholic manhood gather together in harmony, proud of the banner of Christ and His Church, winning thereby for themselves the solid respect of all right thinking men, and reflect the credit expected of them upon the Church they represent.

...The concert given by the Ladies' Sewing Society of St. Mary's church, on Monday evening last, was a pronounced success, St. Andrew's Hall being filled to its utmost capacity by a large and appreciative audience, who had the pleasure of partaking in one of the best entertainments ever given within its walls.

Ald. Wm. Burns, who ably filled the chair, in a neat speech took occasion to compliment the ladies upon the work that they had done in relieving the poor and distressed. As an old St. Vincent de Paul man he was fully alive to the valuable and which societies such as theirs—which, he said, was the only one of this description in any of the parishes—(in this he evidently erred, as the parent society has been established in St. Basil's parish for 20 years and is still doing good work) could give to the St. Vincent de Paul confraternities. A lengthy programme, consisting of songs, piano solos and recitations was then proceeded with. The vocal selections of Miss Matthews, Mr. R. A. Brennan, Miss O'Reagan, Sims Richards, Mr. Costello, Miss Maudie Alexander, Miss Read and Messrs. Roberts and Driscoll, were well received, as was also the instrumental solos and duets of Miss Eva Richards, Miss Henry, Misses Ryan and Oaks. The comic songs of Mr. Driscoll were especially good, and, metaphorically speaking, brought down the house. Miss E. M. Patterson, ably recited "Shamus O'Brien" and other pieces. Mrs. Barf, the President of the Sewing Society, who has, during the past month, laboured unremittingly to ensure the success of the entertainment, is to be complimented upon the results of her labours.

OBITUARIES.

On Thursday at 9 a.m., the funeral of Geo. J. Cotter took place from the House of Providence. He was the son of the late Dr. Cotter, and was favourably known to a great number of Catholics in Toronto. He was the last surviving member of the family—excepting Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart, of St. Joseph convent. Father Morris celebrated the mass, and amongst others present were Fathers Murray, Trayling and Lynch, and Chevalier Macdonell. May his soul rest in peace.

It becomes our sad duty this week to record the death of one of Toronto's respected citizens, Mr. John Mallaney, a native of the county Roscommon, Ireland, and an Irishman heart and soul. His death, which occurred at the family residence, 38 Claremont Street, on the 18th inst., was quite unexpected. Although he had been ailing for some time back his family were hopeful of his ultimate recovery until Wednesday, when he sank rapidly, fortified by the rites of the Church. Mr. Mallaney was a devout Catholic and a loving father, and leaves behind three daughters and one son to mourn his loss. He was 65 years of age, and a resident of Toronto for 40 years. The funeral was largely attended, showing the respect in which he was held. May his soul rest in peace.

Rev. Eugene Grimm, C.S.S.R., of the Redemptorist novitiate at Ilchester, and formerly president of the Redemptorist College at the same place, died at the parochial residence of St. Alphonsus's Church, Baltimore, on Friday 20th ult. Father Grimm had been an invalid for several months, and his condition grew steadily worse as the complication of diseases from which he suffered took a deeper hold upon his system. The obsequies were held at Ilchester on Monday, and were attended by the faculty and students of the institution, all the members of the Redemptorists in this vicinity and a large number of other clergymen and friends of the deceased.

Eugene Grimm was born in Germany, July 13, 1835, and was brought to America by his parents when he was not more than a year old. He grew up in St. Alphonsus' parish, Baltimore, and received his early education at St. Alphonsus' school, completing it at St. Charles' College. After his graduation he joined the Redemptorist order, making the vows of his profession on August 22, 1853. In September, 1859, six years later, Archbishop Kenrick ordained him a priest. For some time after his ordination he was stationed at St. Alphonsus' Church Baltimore, whence he was sent to the Church of the Holy Redeemer, New York. He remained there for several years, leaving it to become one of the founders of the Redemptorist house in connection with St. Alphonsus' Church, New York, in November, 1866. After two years' service at St. Alphonsus' he was sent as rector to St. Alphonsus' Church of St. Louis, where he stayed for several years. He returned to St. Alphonsus', New York, and went from church to Toronto, Canada, where he became rector of St. Patrick's Church. On the death of Rev. Dr. George Ruland, president of the Ilchester College, about five years ago, Father Grimm was elected his successor. He continued in this office until last June, when he gave up active work on account of ill health. Father Grimm was an energetic worker and devoted much of his leisure to literary labor, being the author of a number of religious and devotional works of excellent merit. May he rest in peace.

GENERAL.

...The Catholic League of the People, founded in Germany to oppose the Socialist propaganda, has been holding its first general meeting at Cologne. The Archbishop of Cologne presided, and five thousand men were present at the meeting.

Non-Catholics who visit the temple of ex-Father Hyacinthe in Paris declare that the sermons of that unfortunate man are treated more like lectures on light topics than serious discourses. Men keep their hats on until the preacher begins; conversation is freely indulged in, and there is none of that reverential attention that greeted the words of the preacher of Notre Dame in the days before his fall.

...The late Padre Stoppam, a professor of the University of Padua, was one of the most eminent geologists in Europe and the leading authority on the geology of Northern Italy.

The Catholics of Brussels have held a meeting in which they have decided to support the proposed extension of the franchise and the revision of the Constitution.

Rev. N. Loguet, a native of France, has been for over a year a missionary among the savage Apaches of New Mexico, and is meeting with wonderful success. He is going to build a church and school.

...Signor Francesco Giuliano of Pinerolo in Italy, who died on the 14th ult. has left legacies amounting to 850,000 francs to various Catholic charities, including 150,000 franc (£6,000) to the Salesian Institute of Don Bosco.

It is probable that the vacant leadership of the Centre, caused by the lamented death of Dr. Windthorst, will be filled by Archbishop Kopp—an able debater and skilful tactician.

The Rome correspondent of the *Catholic News* says it is stated that in the consistory to be held shortly after Easter the Pope will create five or six new cardinals. There are eight vacancies in the Sacred college. The college now numbers 33 Italian cardinals and 29 cardinals of foreign nations. In the coming election three of the five cardinals will certainly be Italians.

...The retreat preached during Passion Weeks in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Boston by Rev. John J. Murphy, S. J., of Philadelphia, for the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston College, was well attended throughout and eminently successful. At the mass with which it closed, on Palm Sunday, 1000 young men received holy communion. This included 800—nearly the full membership—of Y. M. C. A.

...One hundred and thirty-eight employees of the Merrimack Mills, Lowell, Mass, were discharged last Wednesday, for celebrating St. Patrick's day. The superintendent, says the *Buffalo Union and Times*, belongs doubtless to that peculiar specimen of the *genus homo*, called the "British-American" that is, very much of a Britisher with the American supplement left entirely out.

...Dr. John Gilmary Shea was the first recipient of the Lætare medal of the University of Notre Dame, Ind., which this year has been awarded to Hon. Daniel Dougherty. The others upon whom the honour has been conferred are P. C. Keely, the Brooklyn architect; Eliza Allen Star, of Chicago; Gen. Newton, the late P. V. Hickey of New York; Mrs. Anna Hudson Dorsey, of Washington, and William J. Onahan, of Chicago.

...The Catholic Church not only inspired the first form of the drama, but to her influence is due the Oratorio. Few people know that it derives its name from the founder of the Oratorians, St. Philip Neri, who invented this most intellectual form of dramatic music. It was St. Philip's practice to preach his sermon between the two parts of the Oratorio, in which Scriptural stories were set to music, both vocal and instrumental. No one left the church before the second part of the Oratorio was performed.

...A Portuguese Catholic Congress will be opened on the 1st prox. by the Archbishop of Braga, Primate of Portugal. The chief subjects to be discussed are: The question of the temporal power of the Holy Father, the views of the Church on the various forms of government, and the organization of Catholic societies. Braga, where the Congress is to be held, is thirty miles from Oporto. It is said to have been founded 296 B. C., and is surrounded by old walls. It possesses a stately cathedral, which was rebuilt by the first King of Portugal, Alfonso Henriquez, in the twelfth century.

...Monsignor Patrick Strain, the worthy pastor and permanent rector of St. Mary's, Lynn, who has just been honoured anew by Pope Leo and made a Prelate of the Papal household, is one of the oldest priests of the archdiocese, and he has held his present parish nearly forty years, having succeeded therein Rev. Charles Smyth. Monsignor Strain supervised the erection of his own church and the one at Chelsea, which city was originally included in his parish; and the Nahant Catholics are indebted to him for the handsome edifice in which divine services are held at that summer resort. In the recent jubilee of Archbishop Williams Monsignor Strain, as one of the senior priests of the see, acted as deacon of honour at the grand pontifical mass in the cathedral.

...A college to rival Vassar is to be built at St. Paul, Minn. The Sisters of St. Joseph will have charge of the institution. It will consist of a strictly collegiate department where young women will be able to find instruction in the most advanced branches, so that it would better be described under the name of a university than an academy. The new college will be located at the corner of Randolph and Cleveland avenues, and the first building, the construction of which will be begun in the spring, will cost at the least \$100,000. Thirty acres will be reserved for the college grounds. The rest of the more than 100 acres offered to the Sisters for this purpose will be platted and sold for the benefit of the new institution.

...Another illustration of the work of the secret conspiracy to injure, by creating prejudice against, the Catholic conventual charities, was exhibited recently in a statement in the Milwaukee *Sentinel* to the effect that the Little Sisters of the Poor is "one of the richest societies" in that city; that "it is worth about a million dollars" and that "most of this money is loaned on first mortgages on farm lands." The Mother Superior of the Little Sisters at Milwaukee, replying to this statement, said that the house not only has no money loaned on mortgage, but has not money enough to pay off a mortgage of \$1,500 on the Milwaukee Home. She also stated that the Home cares for 175 old people and has no other means of supporting them than the daily results of the Little Sisters' begging for them. The Milwaukee *Sentinel* was requested to publish this contradiction, but has refused to do so. Call this American fair play! The Sicilian Mafia is more American than is the *Sentinel's* journalism.

...St. Alphonsus Liguori is known to all Catholics as a favourite writer of devotional works, as a special client of our Blessed Lady, as the founder of the great Order of Redemptorists, as the Prince of Moral Theologians, and as a Doctor of the Church, so proclaimed by Pius IX. In his early days, too, it will be remembered, he was a lawyer practicing in Naples. But he now appears in a yet fresh capacity; as a musician and an artist. There has recently been discovered the MS. of a musical composition from his hand, entitled "Duetto between the Soul and Jesus Christ, with violin accompaniment, by the Rev. D. Alfonso de Liguori, Rettore Maggiore del SSmo. Redentore," and dated 1860. The MS. contains several corrections. Also at the Convent of Pagani, where he died, there is still kept the old clavichord played upon by him, and, standing as it was, in the first of the two rooms reserved for his use. Over it lies a small painting from the Saint's own brush. It represents a long skeleton stretched on the ground, with crowned head. Beneath is written: "Alexander the Great."

...The twentieth general assembly of the Catholics of France is to be held at Paris during the first ten days of May.

Men and Things.

...An idea of the extent to which Bismark, when he was in the height of his power, enforced the Kulturkampf can be gleaned from the fact that ten years ago this time there died in the parish of Ottorowo the only priest for miles and miles around, and his death left no less than 141 vacant parishes in the diocese of Guesen and Posen alone. Dr. Windthorst and his colleagues certainly did not lack material with which to give the iron chancellor battle.

...Friday, April 3, was the the third anniversary of the consecration of Bishop O'Donnell of Raphoe, that see which has given the primal see of Armagh more than one successor to St. Patrick. Dr. O'Donnell was consecrated at the pro-cathedral at Letterkenny by his predecessor in Raphoe, Archbishop Logue of Armagh, who was assisted by Bishops Kelly of Derry and McAllister of Down and Connor. The consecration sermon was by Bishop Woodlock of Ardagh.

...March 30, 1856, saw the consecration of Right Rev. James Walshe, bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, who died three years ago at the advanced age of 85, after having been a priest for fifty-seven years. Dr. Walshe was a native of New Ross, and was ordained at Carlow College at Pentecost, 1830. He afterwards became a professor at his alma mater, and subsequently attained its presidency. He was consecrated March 30, 1856, and obtained a coadjutor in 1869, when Bishop Lynch was transferred from the vicariate of western Scotland. He was in his day the oldest bishop in Ireland in point of age, though two others, the bishops of Dromore and Derry, numbered more years than he in the purple.

...A despatch from London, dated March 17, says: A "Blue Book" issued by the Government to-day discloses the fact that 152 Peers of the realm are the owners of places in which intoxicating drinks are sold. The number of drink shops owned by these Peers is 1,509. The list is headed by the Earl of Derby, who, the Blue Book shows, is the owner of seventy-two drinking places. Next comes the Duke of Bedford with forty eight drinking shops to his credit. Then comes the Duke of Devonshire with forty seven, followed by the Earl of Cadogan with thirty nine, the Duke of Rutland with thirty seven, the Duke of Northumberland with thirty four, and the Duke of Portland with thirty two. Included in this list is the Rt. Rev. Richard Lewis, D. D., Protestant Bishop of Llandaff, who, the Blue Book shows, is the owner of two places which are devoted to the sale of intoxicating liquors.

At the trial in Cork on March 25th, of Michael O'Brien, Dalton and others, charged with riotous conduct and assault at the time of the trial at Tipperary of William O'Brien and John Dillon, John Morley testified that the police upon the day of the alleged riot without justification charged upon and batoned the people. Mr. Morley said he saw the police strike Messrs. Harrison and Keating several murderous blows. Mr. Morley declared there was no violence to provoke the police, and that, judging from the English standard, the crowd was harmless.

...Mr. Vessey Knox, the Protestant M. P. for East Cavan, in a recent speech, paid this deserved tribute to the Irish Catholic peasant: "The Irish people, the Irish peasantry, have no need to advertise their purity. If they did, they might publish comparative statistics of illegitimacy. Of all the nations upon the face of the earth—and this I say because, as one who differs in religion from the majority of the Irish people, I can say it without it partaking of the nature of a boast—of all nations on the face of the earth, the Catholic peasantry of Ire-

land have the cleanest record in this matter; and if there was any nation entitled to throw the stone it was they. Many things have been reft of our people. Cruel laws and cruel governments have taken from the Irish peasant much of the world's goods, but there is one thing which no cruel law has been able to take from our people, and that is the just pride and pleasure the Irish peasant feels in the purity of his humble home."

...In his interesting work on African exploration, 'The First Ascent of Kasai,' C. S. L. Bateman has something to tell of missionaries in the Dark Continent, remarks a European journal. "Another contrast," he says, "always occurs to me whenever I encounter the Fathers of the Catholic Mission in Africa, viz., the enormous difference between missionaries and missionaries; between the highly-born and educated man of great intellectual power, and, it may be, knowledge of the world, who in a divine enthusiasm for the work abandons all the prizes that the world can give, and the less than half-educated secretary, to whom the mission field abroad offers a solid advancement from uncertain and ill-paid occupations at home, and who may, possibly, if smart enough, turn out a good geographer, but rarely, indeed, an efficient pioneer of Christianity. The Fathers had built a small house to serve as an oratory, but as yet there was no attempt at a church. I make no doubt, however, but that when it shall have become a necessity the church will be there. These men are competent missionaries; personal contact with the people; the going about amongst them doing physical good; the bettering the general condition of their lives these things are made to accompany preaching and to precede theology; and since such was also the method of the First Teacher of Christianity, it is not wonderful that the success of these priests should be sometimes proportionate to their consistency."

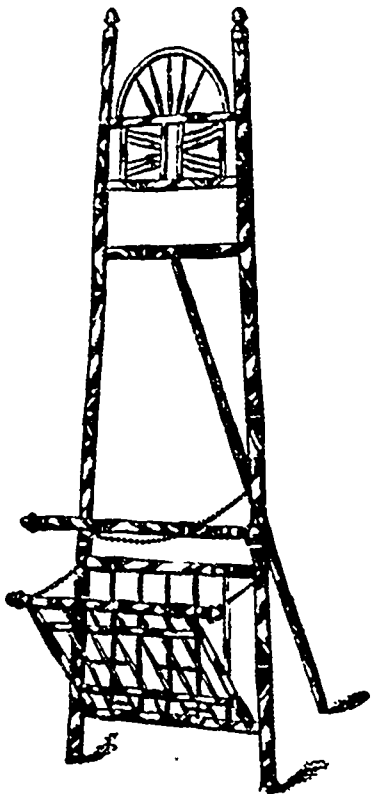
...Born in New York City John Howard Hayna the author of "Home Sweet Home" like many boys, was placed after his school training at a desk in a merchant's office. His taste for the stage was shown by his editing of the *Theatrical Mirror*. He then had an opportunity to pass some time in Union College, but did not go through the course. In 1809, at the age of seventeen, he appeared at the *Park Theatre*, New York in the character of Norval. His success was so great that he was called upon to play in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and even to cross the Atlantic and appear on the boards at Drury Lane. His success as an actor was established, and he next appeared as manager and author. His literary taste was good and he enjoyed the friendship of Washington Irving and his contemporaries. In his play of "Clari, or the Maid of Milan," he introduced a song which has become immortal, "Home, Sweet Home." Edmund Kean played in his tragedy of Brutus, and Charles Kemble in his Charles II.

His mind was attracted to the Catholic Church. He frequently visited Georgetown College and attended the public exercises. In 1841 he was appointed United States consul in Tusin, and died there on 10th of April, 1852 closing strangely almost in exile far from his native land a life which began so full of brilliant popularity. In the quiet of his latter days his mind reverted to his early religious preference. He was received into the Catholic Church and died fortified by the sacraments. William W. Corcoran, of Washington a patron of art and learning, entertained a high regard for Hayne. In 1888 he had the poet's remains transferred from their forgotten grave in Africa and interred at Oak Hill Cemetery, where a becoming memorial was erected over them. His life and poems have several times appeared but the song "Home, Sweet Home," will always save him from oblivion.

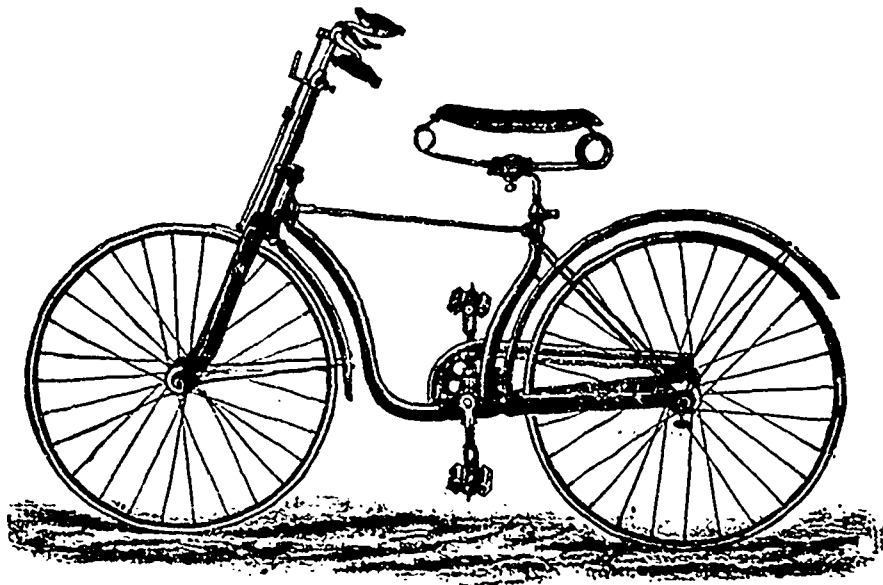
These Illustrations represent a portion of our Premiums which we offer for the getting up subscription clubs,

The Review, with its increased size and the new features about to be introduced, is now in the front of Canadian journalism. We take this opportunity of thanking the many friends who have sent us in lists of subscribers, and as a still further incentive, for efforts on our behalf, we have determined to donate the following premiums to those sending in to us the number of prepaid subscribers as designated below. All these goods are of the best quality, manufactured by the well known firm of the Gendron Manufacturing Co., 7 and 9 Wellington St., Toronto,

and 1910 Notre Dame St., Montreal, and can be seen at their warerooms at either of these two cities. We ship them prepaid to any destination in Canada or the United States. We have no hesitation in saying that this is an unprecedented offer, and our reputation, we think, is sufficient to warrant the prompt fulfillment of obligations, and a guarantee that goods are as represented. We wish to double our circulation during the next six months, and take this as the most effective way of so doing, at the same time remunerating those who work on our behalf.

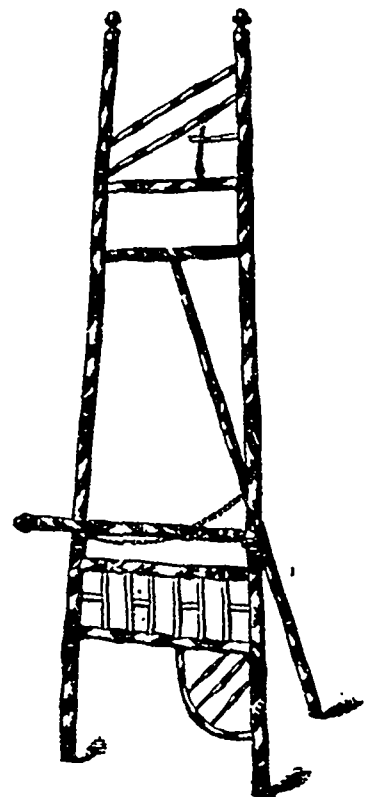


Portfolio Easel, worth \$5.50
5½ feet high (Bamboo)
Given with 7 subscribers



The frame is made of imported weldless steel tubing; the front and rear forks of special steel, concaved; the handle upright and bar, as also the spade handles; the swivel head and its brackets; the double rail bottom bracket; the sprocket shaft, cranks and pedal pins; the front and rear axles are all made of steel dropped forgings—the only absolutely reliable material.

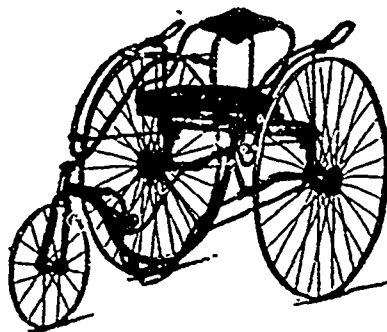
No. 2 Safety Bicycle, worth \$85.00 given for 90 subscribers
No. 3 " " \$100.00 " 120 "



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5½ feet high worth \$8.00
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To any subscriber sending us 12 paid subscriptions we will send a full size reed baby carriage, upholstered in cretonne, has oil cloth carpet, canopy top, steel wire wheels, S. springs, wood handle. The wheels, springs, axles, and cross reach are C. plated

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With Music and Words Given with two subscribers.

What do the Jesuits Teach.
By Rev. Father Egan Given away with 1 subscriber

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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

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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 juices 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.

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January 14, February 11, March 11, April 8, May 13, June 10, July 8, August 12, September 9, October 14, November 11, December, 9.

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25	" " " 10—	250
100	" " " 5—	500
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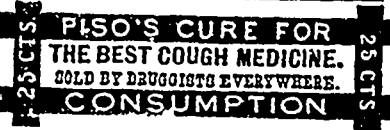
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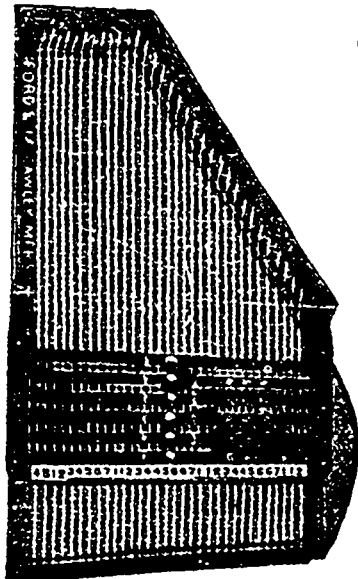
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