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# The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, Sept. 6, 1890.

No. 31

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# The Catholic Weekly Review.

Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, Sept. 6, 1890.

No. 31

## CONTENTS.

NOTES.....	475
THE CHURCH AND TEMPERANCE.....	476
ASPECTS OF CARDINAL NEWMAN'S CHARACTER.....	479
A PROTESTANT'S TESTIMONY.....	479
EDITORIAL—	
The Graphic on Cardinal Newman.....	480
A Methodist Example.....	480
In Ireland.....	481
By the pleasant Waters of the River Lee.....	481
Cork's Cathedrals.....	481
A Trip down the River.....	481
Poetical Tributes to Cardinal Newman.....	482
License Transfer—A Protest.....	482
STORY—How Perseus became a Star.....	483
General Catholic News.....	485

## Notes.

A RECENT visitor to the Vatican from Ottawa was impressed with the striking resemblance in personal appearance between Pope Leo XIII. and the Canadian Premier. The resemblance between His Holiness and the Dominion statesman holds good at least in one particular—their tenacious vitality. Dozens of times during the past decade and a half the question has been raised, 'Who will succeed Sir John Macdonald?' Yet the veteran Premier neither dies nor resigns, but gives promise of being spared for yet many a day to his country.

A MEMOIR of Cardinal Newman is being prepared by Mr. R. H. Hutton, one of the editors of the *Spectator*. The memoir has been in preparation for some time, and was announced before the lamented death of the Cardinal. It will, therefore, not be a mere *memoire pour servir*; and it will be to a considerable extent, if we may judge by Mr. Hutton's previously published writings, sympathetic. By the way, Mr. Hutton is an Irishman, and, it is said, a relative of Davis's betrothed, whose story has been recently told by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.

Some mention has been made, too, of a life of the Cardinal, to be published under the direction of the Fathers of the Oratory. For some time it has been generally understood that Father Neville, the secretary and constant companion of His Eminence, was engaged in preparing the materials for the publication of such a work. These materials include, it is stated, a very valuable series of more than 200 letters which the deceased addressed to a friend during a period extending from 1843 until five years ago.

A SEQUESTERED patch of green turf, so closely marked and sheltered by yew and oak and laurel that it is visible only to the heavens, is, writes a newspaper correspondent, the burial-place of Cardinal Newman. "The stranger who in time to come finds out his grave will discover a simple grassy mound, only distinguished from the half-dozen neighbouring graves by the inscription on the little Latin cross which forms the headstone. This is the resting-place which he chose for himself years ago when he was plain John Henry Newman, and he kept to his choice. His dearest friend lies in the same grave—Ambrose St. John, died 1875—and the luxuriant bed of St. John's wort in yellow flower which runs down one side of the small enclosure was grown in memory of him." "*Cor ad cor loquitur*" was the

Cardinal's motto. Death has not quelled the voice of his heart.

CARDINAL MANNING'S words on his dead friend are the most eloquent and touching yet spoken. His estimate of Newman's influence and work is noteworthy, "It has been boldly and truly avowed," he said on Wednesday at the Brompton Oratory, "that he is the founder, as we may almost say, of the Church of England as we see it. What the Church of England would have become without the Tractarian Movement, we can faintly guess; and of the Tractarian Movement Newman was the living soul and the inspiring genius." This sentence will be implacably resented and fiercely attacked; but it is true as the light of day. This intellectual movement was begun and sustained by one man. But for this movement Erastianism and Rationalism would by this time have reigned supreme in the national religion. The penetrating influence of this one mind has pervaded also the bodies separated from the Established Church, and most opposed to it. They have been powerfully attracted, not to the Tudor Settlement, but to Primitive Christianity. And the same sweet voice and luminous words have been working among them, all the more persuasively because he had rejected all things of this world, even more than themselves." This is claiming more for Newman than some Englishmen will be inclined to allow; but all the Churches have shown since his death how living an influence his life and words are with them still.

As we write the Convention of the Grand Council of Canada of the Catholic Mutual Benevolent Association is in session in Montreal. The first public function of the Convention began with the attendance of the delegates at High Mass in St. Patrick's Church, on Tuesday morning, to which they proceeded in a body, between eight and nine hundred members forming in line. The association was received at the church by the Hon. Edward Murphy and a committee of the members of St. Patrick's Church. The sacred edifice was profusely and handsomely decorated for the occasion, the altars being adorned with flowers and lights, and the galleries and pillars with tasteful drapery. Seated in the sanctuary at High Mass were His Grace Archbishop Walsh of Toronto, the spiritual adviser of the Association, the Rev. Father Dowd, Rev. Fathers Toupin, Quinlivan and Callaghan of St. Patrick's, Rev. Father Hogan of the Catholic University of Washington, and many others. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Drummond, S. J., Rector of St. Mary's College, Montreal, who dwelt, during the course of a fine address, upon the aims of the association and showed how they tended to improve the moral, mental, and social condition of its members. The reverend speaker also traced the history of the association from its inception in July 1876 to the present, and pointed to the reasons why its course had been one of progress and prosperity. The musical portions of the service was very grand and effective.

After the service the members returned to their hall where a brief reception was held, and where the acting Mayor of Montreal briefly addressed the Convention in French and English, welcoming them to that sturdy old Catholic city. On the conclusion of the reception ceremonies the Convention proceeded to business.

More detailed reports of the proceedings will appear in our issue of next week.

## THE CHURCH AND TEMPERANCE.

These words tell us of a great natural virtue and a great supernatural society. Because temperance is primarily a virtue of the mere man—natural—and because the church is a society of men raised above nature, a supernatural organism, many Catholics, laymen and priests, find more or less difficulty in a distinctively Catholic temperance movement. Are not the supernatural virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity enough? they ask. Do not these supernatural virtues necessarily establish temperance? Is there any holiness which cannot be found in the Catholic supernatural life? Are not the administration of the sacraments by the clergy and their devout reception by the people, attendance at Mass, and hearing the word of God—are not these enough to secure the attainment of any virtue? Are not these the *only* necessary means of securing a virtuous life, reforming men from sin, and enabling them to persevere to the end? Such are the exordium, body, and peroration of the emphatic speech so often privately spoken against our requests to form Total Abstinence Societies, or to join them when already formed.

The relation of the church to temperance, or rather to intemperance, throws us back, therefore, upon the yet more fundamental question of the relation, on the practical side of religion, of the supernatural to the natural. And I believe that the solution of the problem in hand is thus formulated: before you have the Christian you must first have the man. Or put it this way: before the Grace of God can do its work well it must have good natural material to work upon. Before the Holy Spirit can infuse the supernatural virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity into the man, he must have certain natural prerequisites. One may live and die a baptized infant and idiot, and thus be saved by no co-operation of his own. But if otherwise he must have sound sense to understand the truths of faith, free will to stake his life upon them in hope of a future eternity, as well as to prefer God and his law before all things, in holy charity. Or the idea is better expressed thus: Before the supernatural virtues can do their proper work they must do a preliminary work, and that is the establishment of certain natural virtues. Of these virtues, temperance, or self-restraint, stands among the most necessary: it is one of the foremost natural virtues. The command of reason over appetite is a cardinal virtue; it is one of the hinges of the portal closing the inner and outer chambers of the human soul through which the grace of God must pass.

Take a comparison. The business of the farmer is to plough and plant and reap. But multitudes of farmers have done little more than hew down trees and grub up stumps their whole lives long; their children think them the best farmers the land has ever known. It is so with the preparation of the human soul for the supernatural life by the inculcation of the natural virtues, especially self-restraint or temperance. The more highly we appreciate the need of true manhood for a valid Christian character, the more vigorously will we attack intemperance. Whatever is the foe of man's reason is every way, supernaturally and naturally, man's worst foe; and that certainly is intemperance. The lowest degree of Christian character must start with some degree of clear manhood, of intelligence and of freedom and of affectionateness, and against these intemperance wages the most destructive war. Religion does not start with nothing; it must have a man to begin with, and what makes the man is his reason, and what unmakes the reason and the man and the Christian all at once is intemperance.

Hence, wherever the Christian pastor finds a tendency to excessive drink in his parish, he is confronted with the absolute necessity to antagonize it before he can hope to succeed in any way whatever. What he preaches; how, when, and to whom he administers the sacraments; how he shall edify by his conduct; all that he does and says, and prays and preaches must be a two-handed endeavor to place clear manhood in reach of the divine gifts on the altar. If his right hand offers the saving absolution for sin in the confessional, his left must shut the saloon door if he has absolved men addicted to drink. Drink maddens the intelligence which the faith seeks to enlighten; hence the instruction from the

altar must condemn fearlessly the drink habit which is the enemy of reason's sovereignty. Drink darkens with despair the soul which hope would illumine with courage; drink demonizes the heart which love would ennoble. "Blind drunk" is the description of the fulness of the evil. Take, then, a comparison from the sorrows of the blind: "What manner of joy shall I to me," says the blind Tobias, "who sit in darkness and never see the light of heaven." What manner of supernatural faith, hope, and love shall exist in a parish darkened by intemperance and infested with saloons.

We call drunkenness a brutalizing vice. Precisely so. And men brutalized by intemperance, and their children brutalized by its heredity and by its evil example, must first be humanized before they can be Christianized. Civilize first and then Christianize, or rather civilize in the very process of Christianizing.

*Sacramenta propter homines* is a theological maxim—the sacraments are for the sake of men. Give yourself men, then, say the advocates of the temperance movement, and the sacraments may avail them. The more manly—that is to say, the more sober, intelligent, conscious of human dignity, and self-respecting your people are, the better use they will make of the sacraments. Before regeneration comes generation; men were before the sacraments. Their native virtues and excellencies were bestowed upon them by God that the sacramental life might the more readily elevate them to union with the Deity. Exactly in proportion to the manhood of a people will the sacraments work a divine work among them. The church can, indeed, adjust itself to the state of savages, as it does to that of children and of the feeble-minded. But religion tends to abolish savagery just as nature tends to develop childhood into manhood. The normal work of religion is not to be sought among the weaklings of humanity, but is found among men and women of powerful intelligence and heroic will.

In view of these principles, let us look at the facts. Is the church in America seriously injured by intemperance? To answer this question intelligently, we must call up sufficient courage to face undisputed facts. Now, the Catholic Church of America is an urban institution. Its members are almost wholly residents of cities and industrial towns. If our people have any vices they are the vices of the city. Are our cities and factory towns infested with saloons and are the working people addicted to drunkenness? There cannot be the slightest doubt of it. The saloons are so numerous in such localities that in many, if not most of them, there is one for less than a hundred and fifty persons. Of these seven score and a half persons to one saloon there are fully five score who pay little, if any, tribute to the tax-gatherer behind the bar, except through their drunken husbands or fathers; all the children, more than half the women, many of the men drink little or not at all. Archbishop Ireland has estimated that the trade of less than fifty persons is the actual support of the average saloon. Drunkards of various grades there must be, then, or the saloon-keeper could not pay his rent from their trade. The number of the saloons thus proves the prevalence of drunkenness. It is the few heavy drinkers who keep up the beer and whiskey business: men who love drinking for its own sake, or who drink in parties together and are convivial drinkers; who provoke each other to drink, and to drink again and over again till they are made drunk by treating; men in whose rottenness we priests are so often compelled to dabble as we visit their families for sick-calls or on errands of charity in connection with the St. Vincent de Paul Conferences. These are the ones who mainly support the saloons, and they are drunkards.

Now comes the horrible truth. In all the cities of the Union a proportion of these wretches are Catholics. To deny this is a great weakness; it is folly to try to conceal it. Mr. Powderly ought to know whether the working classes are given to excessive drink, and at the last convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America he affirmed that nine out of ten of the supporters of the saloon are workmen—the very class which forms nearly the whole of our Catholic community.

This is lamentable. I hate to acknowledge it. But the concealment of such a deadly thing by us eliminates the most necessary element from the discussion—namely, the

facts of the case. This would be far worse than petty vanity; for Catholics to refuse to face this fact is to withdraw, defeated, from the controversy with the rum-power. It would be a public and an official lie to conceal such a fact. The Catholic Church in America is grievously injured by drunkenness. Yet who will say that the sacraments have not been duly administered, the word of God—on the routine lines, at any rate—faithfully preached right in the very communities referred to? Yet from Catholic dwellings—mis-called homes—in those cities and towns three-fourths of the public paupers creep annually to the almshouses, and more than half the criminals snatched away by the police to prison are by baptism and training members of our church. Can any one deny this? Or can any one deny that the identity of nominal Catholicity and pauperism existing in our chief centres of population is owing to the drunkenness of Catholics? And can any one deny that this has been the horrible truth for something like thirty-five years, or ever since the Father Mathew movement began to wane? Yet no one will affirm that the cause is a lack of churches and priests, or a want of any of the supernatural aids of religion. This detestable vice has been a veritable beast in the vineyard of the Lord, making its lair in the very precinct of the buildings containing the confessional and the altar. I will give you an example. For twenty years the clergy of the parish of St. Paul the Apostle, New York, have had a hard and uneven fight to keep saloons from the very church door, because the neighborhood of a Catholic church is a good stand for the saloon business; and this is equally so in nearly every city in America. Who has not burned with shame to run the gauntlet of the saloons lining the way to the Catholic cemetery? Whether it be the christening of the infant or the burial of the dead, the attendance at the ordinary Sunday Mass or the celebrating of such feasts as Christmas and New Year's and St. Patrick's day, the weakness and the degradation of our people has yoked religion and love of country and kindred, the two most elevated sentiments of our nature, to the chariots of the god Gambrinus and the god Bacchus, whose wheels crush down into hell a thousand-fold more victims than ever perished under the wheels of Juggernaut.

We cannot claim a better clergy or people than the Irish in Ireland. Yet listen to a competent witness of the drink-evil in the Irish cities. I quote from "Intemperance in Ireland," published in this magazine for last July:

"I was four years working as a priest among a dense and poor population, and I can use no language more truly descriptive of what my eyes saw than the homely phrase 'It was a fright!' Such a tangled mass of recollections stares me in the face that I am afraid that I can give no order to my impressions. What was the occupation of the people? Some were messengers uptown; some drivers of vans; some engaged in the factory; some at the docks, and some were fishermen. The wives and daughters of many of them were washerwomen at home who did the laundry work of the city. Half, perhaps two-thirds, of the men themselves belonged to the Confraternity of the Holy Family. Their little girls went to the nuns; their little boys to the Christian Brothers' Schools. There was even a benefit and total abstinence society in the parish, and yet—drunkenness! drunkenness! The place was sprinkled with public houses. There was a huge distillery in full swing, giving employment to hundreds and destined to beggar thousands."

To attack the vice of drunkenness from an entirely supernatural point of departure is to begin without the beginning. Intemperance is primarily a sin against nature, and the resources of natural virtue should be first called upon to vanquish it. A man should be sober whether he believes in God or not. To overcome drunkenness, the only faith a man need have is belief that he is a reasonable being; the only hope he need have is one for a tolerable existence in this life; the only charity, self-love. Experience and observation prove that these lowest of even the natural reasons for sobriety succeed in reforming multitudes of drunkards of every creed. Drunkenness, therefore, is a vice to assail which the priest must go out of the sanctuary if he would make his apostolate integral; and to make it successful, he

must associate with him persons and things not entitled to stand in any holier place than the sanctuaries of pure and upright nature, a happy home and a well-ordered state. The layman is the priest of nature's shrine, which is home, and the family is his sanctuary. To him must be yielded the first place, if he is competent to assume it, in the warfare against a vice which is firstly against manhood, and only secondarily against the Christian character. Yet we know that few parishes can wage a successful fight against drink without the aid of the priest; and often without his entire supervision the whole battle will be lost. But in that case and in every case the attitude of the priest, although it can never lose its supernatural force, must in addition take on the natural. As a fellow-man of the drunkard he must appeal to him, as an equal citizen of the civil community must he antagonize the saloon-keeper, and all this both in public and private.

I am not ordained priest to keep a laundry; but if a class of my people are too dirty to go to church, I must set to work to get them cleaned—unless I am a mere ecclesiastical official. So with the case in hand. I am no policeman, but if a class of my people are going to hell through the Sunday back-entrance of the corner saloon, I must at once set about becoming more than a policeman; at any rate I must be so to the keeper of that saloon.

The supernatural influences of religion, joined to the drink-wounded natural character of man, are like a noble tree whose bark has been girdled at the root. What, indeed, is the bark compared to the wood, or to the sap, or to the fruit. But the wood must die, and the sap must stop, and the fruit must rot unripe if the bark be cut away. To confine one's self to the assiduous administering of the sacraments, the faithful preaching of the ordinary Sunday sermon, and the usual sacerdotal labors for the sanctification of the people, in an average city parish of America, without an aggressive crusade against saloons and saloon going, is to water and to prune a tree all day long whose bark is gnawed by a beast all night long.

Rev. Dr. William Barry in a defence of his admirable paper, read at the Catholic Truth Conference in Birmingham, quotes in support of his thesis, "First Civilize and then Christianize," some words of the German explorer Von Wissmann, which apply directly to the question we are considering: "Every one who knows the Africans," says this witness of Catholic missionary wisdom, "and, for the matter of that, who knows any savage people, will agree with me that an understanding of the religion of love is not to be expected from people in such a low state of civilization. Therefore, the proper way of a mission is first to make of the savage a higher being, and then to lead him to know religion. This is what the Roman Catholic missions do, by adopting the maxim *Labara et Ora*, and not like the Protestant, *Ora et Labara*, which is only suitable for a people of higher civilization." I leave it to any priest experienced in the reform of drunkards whether the absence of the sense of right and wrong he has had to take account of, and the weakness of will he has encountered, would not be worthy of the naked savages of the dark continent. And as the Catholic missionary is successful there because he not only preaches the word, but preaches the wearing of breeches and the cultivating of the soil, so shall we be successful in many places here in America only on condition of in like manner using civilizing influences in preparation for those of the Gospel.

Now let me ask what use have the American people at large for Catholicity? Not one in six of them is a Catholic, nor is there much in the signs of the times to indicate that they are going to become Catholics. What use have they for our religion? Will they thank us for building big churches and convents? Do you perceive any sign of gratitude for our parochial schools? As a matter of fact, the people of the United States, though without ill-will towards us, yet look upon us as besotted with love for our faith because it is an heirloom of our race, or as men and women with little independence of character, who are willing to delegate our thinking to an hierarchial caste. Our non-Catholic Americans are a kindly people, and will not molest us until sorely provoked. But taking this standpoint to judge from, what use have they for us? The Sister of Charity is the only

answer, so far given them, which they can understand. Were it not for our hospitals, asylums, reformatories, we should be without any cause at all in the court of public opinion, apart from the feelings born of personal acquaintance between members of all forms of religion among us. Our great works of charity make us good Samaritans, by proxy at any rate. Charity is always lovely, and the mere spectacle of Catholic benevolence wins honest men's hearts. In its charities, too, the Catholic Church helps to solve the most threatening of the social problems—that which is pictured by the poor man's hand stretching towards the rich man's purse. But the *faith* of the Catholic people, the *sacramental life* of them—these are things known as of use to the civil order only by whatever fruits of natural virtue they may bring forth. Industry, truthfulness, obedience to law, love of country, cleanliness, honesty, and above all sobriety, are what men outside the Church look for as the signs of her utility. Without such fruits as these bare toleration is what we may count on, and that will be swept away in the first burst of passionate religious excitement. Unless a religion makes men better *men* and better citizens its insignificance must be its only enduring guarantee of perpetuity in the State.

It is seldom that most of the people are drunkards; as a minority of the Catholic population support the saloons in the Catholic neighborhoods, so does a minority of wicked men blight the fair fame of the entire Catholic community. The virtues cultivated in societies and for public show are unfortunately too often exclusively such as are appreciated only by the faithful themselves, as is the case with the usual confraternities and sodalities. They are most excellent for us who have the supernatural standard to judge by; they are nothing, are generally never known, to the outside world. The case is totally different where the priest preaches openly against saloons and against convivial drinking, and gets his sermons into the daily press; where he joins reform movements, lends his name and influence to public efforts for the suppression of drunkenness and its occasions; joins with all and any citizens, Protestants, Jews, and Gentiles, in every lawful effort for the relief of human misery and the elevation of men. In the parishes of such priests Catholic laymen take heart. They soon become conspicuous for their political virtue and public spirit. If drunken Catholics are upcast to them, they can answer by pointing to flourishing Catholic Total Abstinence Societies; they can offset the Catholic boddler with the Catholic reformer, and the Catholic saloon-keeper with the Catholic temperance hall.

The priest without a good temperance society, but a flourishing devotional society, in a parish full of flourishing saloons, is like a lawyer who has a good case but lets his antagonist get judgment by default: or he is like a certain kind of bankrupt: assets in the form of securities far in excess of debts, but the securities cannot be realized on. Show that you hate drunkenness and saloon-going publicly, for the vice is public, and the good name of a public society like the church can only be safeguarded by public conduct. If you have got good fruits of sobriety to show, show them; they shouldn't be all hustled away out of sight into pious sodalities.

The words written in this article will be hot words to some of my readers, but they will burn no one who reads them more painfully than they have burned me in writing them.—*Walter Elliott, in Catholic World.*

The Rev. P. P. Cooney, C.S.C., of the University of Notre Dame, has started on a tour of the United States to collect material for a history of the services of Catholic chaplains and nuns in both the Northern and Southern armies. Father Cooney served through the war as Chaplain of the Thirty-fifth Indiana Regiment, and the religious order to which he belongs, the Congregation of the Holy Cross, was the first to offer its services for the sick and wounded to the Federal Government. Six of its priests were chaplains in the Northern army, and fifty of its nuns served in hospitals. Father Cooney was called "The Fighting Chaplain" during the war, and it is said that he deserves much of the credit for the Act of Congress in 1862 making the rank of chaplain.

## THE GRAND MOTIVE OF EDUCATION.

THERE is no disguising the fact that the different ways of looking at the school question are determined by the predominance of motives that actuate us. The great question is, Shall we educate our children for this world or for eternity? In other words, shall our chief aim be to prepare them for success in this life, not neglecting, perhaps, some attention to the duties of religion; or, shall the great end be the salvation of the soul in the world to come, not neglecting the duties which devolve upon us as members of society in this world? There can be no doubt as to which way the tendency of the age now is; and unfortunately too many Catholics are so carried away by the spirit of the times that their sympathies are really with those who give preponderance to worldly motives. Talk to them of the supreme importance of religious education for their children, and they reply, Oh, of course we want our children to be Catholics, but you musn't give them too much religion. And they object to the parochial schools because, as they say—with a contemptuous sneer—that they don't care to send their children to a school where the principal business is to teach catechism and say prayers. That very language shows where their own hearts are. They are in the world. Their religion is certainly not their greatest concern. Their chief ambition for themselves and for their children is worldly success. They have low ideas of religion. They seem to share the popular idea that religion is a secondary matter, at least a kind of matter-of-course affair that will take care of itself. If they are successful in business and attain wealth and social distinction the great end of life will be attained. Religion? "Oh, well, of course we must go to church; we must contribute our share for its support; our children must go to Sunday school and be taught the catechism, make their First Communion and be Confirmed. What more can you expect? The fact is we must look out for their temporal interests and, as we believe public school education is more favorable to those interests we think we are perfectly justified in sending them to those schools."

It seems almost a hopeless task to approach this class of persons with the true teaching of Christianity. Suppose you undertake to repeat to them some of the great principles and motives of the Gospel. "My kingdom is not of this world." "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him." "Be not solicitous for the morrow, for the morrow shall be solicitous for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." "Seek first the Kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things (all necessary things) shall be added unto you." "Religion clean and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their tribulation, and to keep ones' self unspotted from this world." "Oh, that's preaching. That's all designed for the saints and pious people. It would be absurd to expect us, men of the world, engaged in the great business of life, absorbed with the duties of our professions, our trades, our occupations, to live up to that high standard; it cannot reasonably be expected of us."

Dear friends, do not forget, it is the motive that God looks at. It is the spirit, the intention, that sanctifies the act. "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." If your treasure is on earth, in the good things of this life, your heart will be there; if in heaven, it will be there, and your chief end and aim while engaged in the business of life will be to gain that final home of eternal peace and blessedness.

We are not preaching; we are simply trying, in a plain, simple, straightforward way to recall to our minds what the great principles and motives of Christianity require of all its professions, without exception, and which, should, therefore, be the grand motive that should influence us in the great and important work of the education of our children. We are perfectly aware that this view of the case is not popular with the world. Liberalism, Agnosticism, and Indifferentism discard it, and we are sorry to say it seems to have but a slight hold upon the so-called orthodox denominations, in spite of their professions. But that there should be any

considerable number of nominally Catholic people who are so under the influence of this worldly spirit that they are ready to sympathize and cast their influence with the enemies of the parochial school, and to compromise with the State for a money consideration, this is indeed a melancholy subject for reflection. The most complete, careful, and thorough religious training we can possibly give our children is little enough. Even this is not always successful in making good and religious men and women of all, but certainly they will be much more likely to be good, staunch, manly, well-grounded Catholics than those who are educated in Godless public schools, or in compromise schools, where all religious instruction is studiously avoided during school hours. Let us at least not lose faith in our principles. Let us all try to keep alive in our hearts an ardent love for our holy religion, and a deep and lively appreciation of the great motives which are proposed to us, and which ought, above all things, to have a controlling influence over our lives—especially in all our dealings with the rising generation.—*N. Y. Catholic Review.*

#### SPECIAL ASPECTS OF CARDINAL NEWMAN'S CHARACTER.

THE supreme loveliness of the character of Cardinal Newman found expression in many different modes. His rock-like tenaciousness of conviction was matched by his gentle and urbane devotion to beauty, which, like every other exalted spirit, he found a reflection of divine beauty. He loved music and might have become a great artist. He loved art itself for the truth and beauty it embodied and suggested, but especially for the ennobling uses to which it might be put for the embellishment of worship. In John Oldcastle's "Life of Cardinal Newman" there are in "The Letters of Half a Lifetime," several that illustrate this. It will be remembered that Pugin, the devotee of Gothic, told Dr. Ward that any one who did not cherish Gothic was not a true Catholic. Cardinal Newman, learned in architecture, was not ignorant like Ward of the nature of mullions; but he was not a fanatical adherent of Gothic as an exclusive style of church architecture.

In answer to a criticism upon a church he had built in Dublin the Cardinal wrote: "I have never set myself against the adoption of Gothic architecture in ecclesiastical structures. For a while I thought of adopting it for the church which I built in Dublin; but I cannot approve of the intolerance of some of its admirers. I think it the most beautiful of architectural styles but I claim the liberty of preferring for the purposes of worship and devotion, a description of building which, though not so beautiful in outline, is more in accordance with the ritual of the present day, which is more cheerful in its interior and which admits more naturally of rich materials, of large pictures or mosaics and of mural decoration."

A charming glow of humor easily passed over the mind of the Cardinal and touched with the soft effluence of a declining sun whatever occupied his thoughts. He makes in another letter a piquant allusion to the irresponsibility of poets. A friend wrote to ask him what specific reference lay in the couplet of "Lead Kindly Light":

"And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile."

He replied, "You flatter by your question; but I think it was Keble who, when asked it in his own case, answered that poets were not bound to be critics or to give a sense to what they had written; and though I am not like him a poet, at least I may plead that I am not bound to remember my own meaning whatever it was at the end of fifty years. Anyhow there must be a statute of limitations for writers of verse or it would be quite a tyranny in an art which is the expression, not of truth, but of imagination and sentiment, if one were obliged to be ready for examination on the transient state of mind which came upon one when homesick or seasick or in any other way sensitive or excited." The delicious satire of the last sentence unfortunately missed James Russell Lowell when he wrote the "Fable of Critics."

If, however, in this instance he makes merry over his

poetry in particular, and all poetry in general, he wrote a touching word to the sister of Frank Power, the correspondent who perished in the Soudan. Power was with Gordon. The daring, chivalrous and abandoned English soldier had read many times a tiny duodecimo of the "Dream of Gerontius," and gave it to Power with an autograph inscription. It was apparent from the finger marking that Gordon had read and re-read the passages descriptive of a soul preparing for death. He had drawn deep pencil marks under the entreaties for prayers. He especially underlined the line,

"Now that the hour has come, my fear is fled."

It was surely a remarkable proof of the profound attachment Englishmen of different creeds feel for Cardinal Newman, that in the desert and facing immolation, it was to his sacred muse the soldier should turn for help and strength. The volume was sent to the Cardinal who declined to keep it, but returned it to the sister of Frank Power with a beautiful note.

He always wrote with engaging candour and simplicity about his own work. When occupied with the "Grammar of Assent" he was besought to take time for something else. He replied: "I am engaged in cutting across the Isthmus of Suez," meaning that he had reached a difficult place in his development of the subject matter; "and though I have got so far as to let the water into the canal, there is an awkward rock in midchannel near the mouth which takes a great deal of picking and blasting, and no man-of-war will be able to pass through: till I get rid of it." How many great ships have been led safely through its locks to the great open ocean of trust in God and faith eternal?

In the versions of "Lead, Kindly Light," printed by sectarian houses the final stanza is generally omitted. Never was it more appropriate than to-day:

"Meanwhile along the narrow, rugged path  
Thyself hath trod.  
Lead, Saviour, lead me home in childlike faith,  
Home to my God,  
To rest forever after earthly strife  
In the calm light of everlasting life."

—*N. Y. Catholic Review.*

#### A PROTESTANT TRIBUTE TO CARDINAL NEWMAN.

WE are indebted to a Boston gentleman, now travelling in England on business, for a copy of the *Birmingham Daily Gazette* of Aug. 12, containing a splendidly written memoir of the lamented Cardinal Newman. The *Gazette* is a Unionist organ of the Chamberlain stripe and a bitter foe of the Catholic Church. But it was forced by the unflinching drift of popular sentiment to recognize the worth of the Cardinal and his transcendent mental gifts. And here is its tribute to his many virtues: "The greatest theologian of the century, the sweetest singer of the world unseen, the gentlest and the noblest of Englishmen, has passed away. John Henry Newman is dead, and a blank is left in a world of cultured piety which no man can fill. Sad thoughts will not thrill the hearts of those only with whom in his riper years the Cardinal had been associated. Newman sought the shelter of the Roman Catholic Church, and Anglicanism quivered under the shock of his desertion. But he never lost—never could lose—the loving confidence and respect of his countrymen without distinction of party or of creed. The sweet piety which in him was mingled with profoundest scholarship and loftiest thought has surrounded all his actions with a halo of saintly humility. No arrogant assumptions of superiority marked his change of faith. He never turned upon those he had left with jibes and sneers, but always with the prayer trembling upon his lips that the 'Kindly Light' which had led his own faltering steps to the rock of salvation might guide others to a soul's rest and anchorage."

It was thus that his Protestant townsmen spoke of the great theologian and litterateur. And the praise bestowed by his neighbors was echoed and re-echoed throughout England. The saintliness, simplicity and brilliancy of his character commanded respect and veneration from all quarters. As the *Gazette* said in closing, the world is poorer because he has ceased to live and breathe in it.—*Boston Republic.*



## The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

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

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

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

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

The late Archbishop Lynch.

The late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carbery of Hamilton.

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

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPT. 5, 1890.

THE *Moniteur de Rome* referring to the many converts gained to the Church in England, declares that if the work of conversion continues at the rate maintained for the last half century, the Church, a hundred years hence, will be dominant in England.

THE *London Chronicle*, a Government organ, advocates migration from the congested districts in Ireland to waste lands which only need to be reclaimed and cultivated to afford a subsistence for the surplus population. It calls upon the Government to take immediate action, and not to wait until the people are enfeebled by hunger; and adds that all true patriots, whether Home Rulers or not, can join in this humane task.

ARCHBISHOP FABRE, of Montreal, who sailed from that city for Rome on Wednesday, 20th ult., was on the preceding Tuesday presented with a portable chapel, and a set of chapel fittings, for use by His Grace on voyage. Before his departure from Montreal there were prayers in the Cathedral, and as His Grace left the palace the bells were rung in all the churches and Catholic institutions.

AMONG the names mentioned in connection with the vacancy created in the College of Cardinals by the death of Cardinal Newman, are those of Archbishop Stoner, Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, and the Hon. and Rt. Rev. William Clifford, Bishop of Clifton. English Catholics are naturally somewhat interested in the matter, but not only these; for so great is the regard for the dead Cardinal that most people of other religious denominations are waiting with interest to learn who will be declared worthy to occupy his chair.

"THE Catholic Emigration Mission: Service on board a ship bound for Montreal"—is the title of a full page engraving in a late number of the *Graphic*. The sketch was made during a passage to Montreal in the "Parisian;" one hundred children of the Manchester Catholic Mission happening to be on board on the voyage, under care of two priests and two nuns. Religious services were punctually held, and

it is one of these that is sketched. Those children who had not got over sea-sickness joined from their berths with the rest who knelt on the deck, and it was impressive, says the *Graphic*, to see the earnest devotion of all. "There could be no mistake of the affection between the children and those in charge; and before the voyage was over several of the former had been engaged as servants, and many were taken for the same purpose on landing. It is not a religious, but a social question, which these missions are trying to solve, with apparent success and promise for the future."

The *Graphic* means to be fair, but in its last statement it is not quite correct. The aim of the Catholic Protection and Rescue Society which sends out Catholic children to Canada, is both religious and social—social, in that it seeks to secure for these little waifs and orphans a fair start in life—religious, in that in these days of proselytism it aims to preserve to them their faith.

BOTH the *Graphic* and *London Illustrated News* of August 16th contain fine full page engravings of the late Cardinal Newman. The *Graphic* in an editorial comment says: "The death of Cardinal Newman has removed from the intellectual and spiritual life of England one of the most interesting figures. The present generation may find it a little hard to understand the intense excitement created by the movement in connection with which he first made his name famous. The difficulties of our time are wholly different from those with which he had to grapple, and are in many ways deeper and more far reaching. That the English mind was stirred to its depths by the conflict of ideas which led to Newman's withdrawal from the Church of England is, however, certain; and it is also certain that during the period which preceded the great decision of his life he exercised on many of the best of his contemporaries an influence which was second to that of no other Englishman of the day. After his secession to Rome there was a time during which he ceased to be a great power in the intellectual world. He had removed himself too widely from the sympathies of the mass of his countrymen to be able to appeal to them strongly. But by the force of sheer intellect and character, he gradually won a new position, and it is hardly too much to say that during the last years of his long life he was regarded by the educated classes with a reverence deeper than that which was felt for any religious or ecclesiastical leader. He seemed to embody all the virtues summed up in the word 'saintly;' and with these he united a logical faculty of extraordinary subtlety, a fine and chastened imagination, and a style which perhaps has never been surpassed in lucidity, delicacy, and grace."

We reprint the following extract from one of our American contemporaries:

In Boston, not long since, a very sincere and pious Methodist became alarmed at the "encroachments of Romanism upon our public school system," and determined to lecture and rouse the public mind to the threatened danger. He therefore, with an indication of sense, very rare among that class, took to reading Catholic books and papers. He talked with a few intelligent Catholics, and made himself familiar with their position and their arguments. The consequence is that the lectures are indefinitely postponed, and, most wonderful to relate, the would-be lecturer is now a Catholic! The man's heart and intellect were of the right sort.

Special Editorial Correspondence of the REVIEW.

## In Ireland.

### "BY THE PLEASANT WATERS OF THE RIVER LEE."

#### VI. (Continued)

NEVERTHELESS the seeming activity that strikes the stranger in the streets of Cork, is delusive. The city is not prosperous; its trade is undeveloped, and many of its mills and factories are silenced. Though few towns can boast of a wider range of generously endowed charities, yet as a proof of its destitution, or improvidence, it provides business for no less than thirty *gombeen* men—the *gombeen* man, as the reader doubtless knows, being the sobriquet of the proprietor of the local pawn office, and a personage who, as any one acquainted with the true conditions of peasant life in Ireland well knows, plays a scarcely less important part in the economy of the country than the landlord or, until lately, the tithe-collector.

In St. Fin Barre's Cathedral Cork possesses one of the noblest ecclesiastical structures in Ireland. It is in the early French Gothic style, and is built on the site of the ancient Cathedral of St. Fin Barre, who, as has been said, was the first bishop of Cork. The carvings on the front portals are scriptural in character and are real works of art. The interior fittings, too, are in exquisite taste; the memorial windows and brass gates are very handsome and harmonious. The chief characteristic of the interior of the Cathedral is its great height and the massive pillars and arches, which, however, have been proportioned with such exactitude as to seem almost slender and delicate relatively to the great height and expanse of the edifice. There is a local tradition that the ground in this churchyard was so privileged that anyone dying penitent and buried there would never feel the torments of hell. The reader will doubtless have inferred from this, and from the circumstance of the church being dedicated to St. Fin Barre, that this is a Catholic cathedral. Not so, however. Despite the name and the site it is now an Anglican temple. The Catholic cathedral is on the other side of the city—a fine structure with a massive Gothic tower and a good peal of bells. It is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and its interior presents one of the finest specimens of the florid Gothic in Ireland.

But the most famous church in Cork is the quaint old St. Anne's of Shandon, situated on the northern bank of the river Lee. This church was erected in 1722, on the old site of St. Mary Shandon. It is a plain, roomy edifice, possessing no great claim to beauty either in architecture or adornment. The tower is a peculiar structure, called a pepper-box steeple, two sides of which are built of limestone and two of red stone, thus giving rise to the couplet:—

"Party-coloured, like its people,  
Red and white stands Shandon steeple."

The steeple is 170 feet high, built of hewn stone which was obtained from the Franciscan Abbey where James II. heard Mass, and from the ruins of Lord Barry's castle, the official residence of the Lords President of Munster. From this castle, Shandon, (in Irish a name signifying "old fort," or castle) the district takes its name. The view from Shandon steeple is very charming; river and mountain, interspersed with verdant meadows, meet the gaze, while from the base the city spreads out like a map. The old Shandon

Bells, erected in 1750, still ring out the hours, and, though not very excellent in themselves, they have a world wide renown from Father Prout's lyric—a lyric which is aglow with that rarest quality of Irish humour; that humour not unmingled with pathos, that laughter behind which is concealed a tear:

"With deep affection  
And recollection,  
I often think on  
Those Shandon Bells  
Whose sounds so wild would,  
In days of childhood,  
Fling round my cradle  
Their magic spells.  
  
On this I ponder  
Where'er I wander  
And thus grow fonder  
Sweet Cork, of thee:  
With thy bells of Shandon  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters  
Of the River Lee."

Father Prout lies buried at the foot of Shandon steeple.

One educational establishment in Ireland deserves special mention—the school presided over by the Christian Brothers. The Judicial Commissioners, in 1877, said "they had seen nothing like them for efficiency in Ireland." In the enclosure of the Monastery of their Order, in Peacock Lane, lies Gerald Griffin, the Irish novelist. In St. Joseph's Cemetery, Father Mathews lies buried near the entrance, and at his grave many passers-by pause to pray.

Despite its many improvements, Cork is far from being a cleanly city. A writer in the *University Review* referred to it as "a pretty slattern, slipshod, and draggletailed;" and a stranger must endorse much of this description, even now, when approaching, from either side, the renowned Shandon Bells. The fact becomes even more apparent on the crowning height after climbing Patrick's Hill. This spot affords a splendid view of the city, and a wide and richly diversified landscape; yet the Hill itself is a neglected place. The explanation is said to be that Cork is so absorbed in political animosities, that the Corkonians have no time to take note of these small deficiencies in their beautiful city, which all are so proud of, and which all believe is to verify, in the not distant future, the couplet

"Limerick was, Dublin is, but Cork will be  
The greatest city of the three."

The lover of the charming and romantic has a treat in store for him who makes a trip from Cork down the river Lee. Time and again, and eloquently, it has been dwelt upon by many writers; for here the elements of beauty seem to have blended. The beauty of the river from Cork to Queenstown and the magnificent harbour, or inland bay, in which it terminates, it would be difficult to over-praise; especially when seen under the influence of a bright sun and brilliant sky. Through high richly wooded banks, and past peaceful villages, skirting park-like demesnes and mountain villas, the river winds its way to the sea. High above the banks rise Montenotte, Tivoli and Woodhill, the latter a place of peculiar interest from being the residence of Miss Curran, the betrothed of Robert Emmet, and immortalized by Moore in the lines:—

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps  
And lovers around her are sighing  
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps  
For her heart in his grave is lying."

Sir Walter Raleigh is also said to have lived in this neighbourhood, and trees believed to have been planted by him are pointed out. But his residence here could only have been an occasional one, for Raleigh, as is well known, when in Ireland lived at Youghal. His old house and grounds are still to be seen, and are now the country seat of Sir John Pope Hennessy.

Beyond Tivoli, through a picturesque district of hill, dale, and glen, the lovely Glanure river joins the Lee. Beside are the wood-crowned eminences of Lota and Dunkettle, and on the summit of a hill stand a tower and statue erected by a citizen of Cork to the memory of Father Mathew. Farther on, through the beautiful lake-like waters of Lough Mahon is a succession of charming scenes. Lough Mahon is so named from the old Irish sept of the O'Mahony's, who, in ancient days, held large possessions in this neighborhood; and left their names to many places within it. The Lough has all the appearance of a land-locked lake, enclosed on several sides by high hills, and on others by wooded slopes stretching far inland to other chains of hills. On all sides the scenery is most charming. Along the northern shore for nearly ten miles an island juts far into the water, checkered by woods, villas, shaded enclosures, and verdant lawns. To the east is the tower of Fota, skirting the beautiful demesne of Mr. A. H. Smith-Barry, M.P.—who has come into celebrity as a result of his collision with the Plan of Campaign and his tenants in Tipperary—and the tall square castle of Bevelly, a structure of the fourteenth century. A little below is "the town of Passage," a place apparently of no particular attractions, but whose praises have been sung by Father Front in a few humorous verses:—

"The town of Passage is both large and spacious  
And situated upon the Say  
'Tis neat and decent and quite adjacent  
To come from Cork on a summer day.

There you may slip in and take a dippon'  
Forewent the shippin' that at anchor ride  
Or in a wherry cross o'er the ferry  
To Carrigaloe on the other side."

Bounding the broad estuary of the Lee is the pretty village of Monkstown. Above the Glen is the O'Mahony's castle, now the property of Lord Da Vesci, with high pitched gables and four square towers. The views from the castle grounds must be of singular beauty. Across the estuary is Ringaskiddy, from which is entered the Cove of Cork, one of the most extensive harbours in the United Kingdom, and capable of affording shelter to the entire British navy. Queenstown, a picturesque and flourishing town, situated on the southern side of the harbour, presents its whole extent at one view. The first object to meet the gaze of the homeward bound Irishman, who from the side of an Atlantic steamer strains his eye for a sight of the Cove, is the new Catholic Cathedral, a handsome and imposing structure, built on a rising hill which slopes down to the shore. Surrounding the cathedral the town rises tier above tier, the heights commanding a fine range of charming views. The suburbs of the city are exceedingly picturesque. As far as the eye can reach the heights and landscape are interlaced with villas and with smiling gardens, beneath which the river, the harbour, and its many islands indented with bays and embosomed in the loveliest green, unfold themselves as in a panorama.

SHASID ABOO.

#### THE TRIBUTES TO THE DEAD.

MANY, and singularly beautiful, are the poets' tributes that have been paid to the memory of Cardinal Newman. He is not long dead, but already all that is distinguished in intellect and illustrious in letters has placed an immortelle in reverent and affectionate memory upon the saintly old man's grave. The *Athenaeum* and *Punch* although they each conform to a high level of literary excellence, are yet in their character the most widely different of papers; but for the once they sound the same note—one of affectionate sorrow. *Punch* for the moment ceases to be gay. The following beautiful verses in the *Athenaeum* are from the pen of Christina G. Rossetti—one of the chiefest of the Christian singers of our day:—

"In the grave whither thou goest."  
O weary Champion of the Cross, lie still:  
Sleep thou at length the all-embracing sleep:  
Long was thy sowing day, rest now and reap:  
Thy fast was long, feast now thy spirit's fill.  
Yea, take thy fill of love, because thy will  
Chose love not in the shallows but the deep:  
Thy tides were springtides, set against the neap  
Of calmer souls: thy flood rebuked their rill.  
Now night has come to thee—please God, of rest:  
So some time must it come to every man:  
To first and last, where many last are first.  
Now fixed and finished thine eternal plan,  
Thy best has done its best, thy worst its worst:  
Thy best its best, please God, thy best its best.

The memorial lines in *Punch* are full, too, of strength and sincerity, and, if we may hazard a conjecture, are probably from the pen of Mr. F. C. Burnand, the editor, himself a Catholic:—

"Lead Kindly Light!" From lips serene as strong,  
Civile as melodious, on world-weary ears  
Fall, 'midst earth's chaos wild of hopes and fears,  
The accents calm of spiritual song,  
Striking across the tumult of the throng  
Like the still line of lustre, soft, severe,  
From the high-riding, ocean-swaying sphere,  
Athwart the wandering wilderness of waves,  
Is there not human soul light which so leaves  
Earth's lesser spirits with its chastening beam,  
That passions' bale-fire and the lurid gleam  
Of sordid selfishness knew strange eclipse?  
Such purging lustre his, whose eloquent lips  
Lie silent now. Great soul, great Englishman!  
Whom narrowing bounds of creed, or cast or clan,  
Exclude not from world praise and all men's love.  
Fine spirit, which the strain of ardent strife  
Warped not from its fine poise, or made to move  
From the pure pathways of the Saintly Life!

NEWMAN, farewell! Myriads whose spirits spurn  
The limitations thou didst love so well,  
Who never knew the shades of Oriel,  
Or felt their wearied spirits pulse and burn  
Beneath that eye's regard, that voice's spell,  
Myriads, world scattered and creed Sundered, turn  
In thought to that hushed chamber's chastened gloom.  
In all great hearts there is abundant room  
For memories of greatness and high pride  
In what sect cannot kill, nor seas divide.  
The light hath led thee, on through honoured days  
And lengthened, through wild gusts of blame and praise,  
Through doubt, and severing change, and poignant pain,  
Warfare that strains the breast and racks the brain,  
At last to haven! Now no Eve's heart  
Will willingly forego unforged part  
In honouring thee, true master of our tongue,

On whose word, writ or spoken, ever hung  
 All English ears which knew that tongues best charm.  
 Not as great Cardinal do such hearts warm  
 To one above all office and all state,  
 Serenely wise, magnanimously great ;  
 Not as the pride of Oriel, or the star  
 Of this host or of that in creed's hot war,  
 But as the noble spirit, stately, sweet,  
 Ardent for good, without fanatic heat,  
 Gentle of soul, though greatly militant,  
 Saintly, yet with no touch of cloistral cant :  
 Him England honours, and so bends to-day  
 In reverent grief o'er NEWMAN'S glorious clay.

Those beautiful sermons which Newman preached at Oxford, under which Matthew Arnold, Froude, and Mr. Gladstone confessed themselves to have been held as in a spell, and which, on the whole, are probably the finest discourses that have ever been heard from an English pulpit, were long ago collected and published, very much against the Cardinal's own wish, and they have passed through many large editions. Mr. Labouche, with his accustomed outspokenness, writing in *Truth*, says that "it would be a real blessing if clergymen would only condescend to read these sermons to their congregations; instead of nauseating them with their own twaddling vapourities."

#### A PROTEST.

Is the name of common decency we appeal to the Board of License Commissioners to withhold their assent to the transfer of an hotel license from Jarvis st. to a building on Dundas st., which is opposite St. Helen's Separate School. Saloons have been weeded out from among the purely residential portions of the city, on account of their mal-odorous and baneful influences—influences which it is especially desirable that children should not be subjected to or brought into contact with. The mind of the child is easily poisoned by blasphemy and swearing, the concomitants of a tavern, such as some people, Catholics, we believe, are now striving to place opposite one of our schools. If they are successful in accomplishing their purpose, the children will have an opportunity of being taught religion and morality in the school, and by contact with the saloon, profligacy and immorality after closing hours. The Catholic people of the neighbourhood are opposed to the transfer, and in their name as well as the Separate School supporters as a whole, we record our protest against this outrage to be inflicted upon the Catholic body at large.

In this connection we regret that the motion of Messrs. Pape and McQuillan at the meeting of Separate school trustees protesting against the transfer was not supported as it should have been; but with the influence of the several liquor dealers who have seats on the board, against the motion we are not surprised at this grave dereliction of duty on their part. The members who supported the resolution were;—Rev. Father Lynch, Hon T. W. Anglin and Messrs. Pape, McQuillan, McIntosh and Keilty.

A solemn requiem mass for the repose of the soul of the Rev. Thomas Shanahan, late pastor of Merriton, was celebrated in St. Paul's Church on Saturday morning in the presence of a large congregation. His Lordship Bishop O'Mahony presided at the ceremony and performed the final absolution at a rich catafalque which stood close to the altar railing in the centre aisle of the church.

#### HOW PERSEUS BECAME A STAR.

CONE CITY is well known now because the Hon. Perseus G. Mahaffy was born there. The noise he made in the House of Representatives when it was found that Golung Creek, on which Cone City has the happiness to be placed, had been left out of the first River and Harbor Bill is historical, for, reduced to printed symbols, it is in the *Congressional Globe*. He was known for the last ten years of his life as the Fixed Star of Golung Creek, and he was supposed to equal in learning the Sage of Hastings, Minn., and in eloquence the Tall Sycamore of the Wabash, Ind.

The Cone City *Eagle* had sung his praises many times, but when he died it exhausted itself in a burst of adulation and appeared with a black border. The opposition paper, the *Herald of Liberty*, dropped its series of letters under the heading of "Why did He Change His Name?" and likewise a respectful tear, although it said editorially that death condones even the weakness which impels a man to change his name from Patrick to Perseus. Both papers had long accounts of the services which were conducted in the First Baptist Church; the lists of the floral tributes occupied a column, and among them was a star of lilies of the valley from Col. Will Brodbeck, who assisted at the service without, as he distinctly asserted, taking any part in a mummerly which the world had outgrown. Still, Col. Will Brodbeck's presence at the church was looked on as a compliment to religion and as showing a very liberal spirit. The Rev. Mr. Schuyler changed his text from a passage in Isaiah to one in *Robert Elsmere* when he saw that the colonel was one of the pall-bearers, and the congregation, consisting of the best people in Cone City, divided its attention between the widow's mourning suit and the colonel's face, which wore a highly decorous and non-committal expression. When the preacher alluded to the Hon. Perseus G. Mahaffy as one who had cast off the bonds of early superstition, who had seen the light lit by Luther and the Fathers of the Reformation, who had died firm in the Protestant belief, the colonel looked scornful; and when the colonel looked scornful he was very ugly. He was six feet high, of that pale, waxy complexion which gamblers are said to possess in works of fiction with a keen black eye, a mass of grayish hair, and a broad chest. He took off his white gloves supplied by the undertaker, and, of course, too large even for him, and while Mr. Schuyler made his peroration, toyed with a large diamond on the little finger of his left hand. The mocking look in his eyes became more evident as the diamond flashed with his nervous movements, for he knew why and how the Hon. Perseus G. Mahaffy had died.

The widow of the subject of Mr. Schuyler's eulogies, a handsome woman with a haughty manner and eyes like Col. Brodbeck's—she was his sister—sat with her three children quite near the coffin. She did not appear to be interested in the minister's discourse, and as it was known that she had violent differences of opinion with the deceased, and that he had left a large life insurance, many of the assembly felt that she should have shown more signs of grief. Clara, her eldest daughter, a girl of sixteen, was bent over the pew in front of her, a shapeless mass of black; the two boys seemed sad and bewildered rather than grief-stricken.

When the long prayer was over and the choir, assisted by the Masonic Temple Quartette, had sung "Almost Persuaded," which was chosen with reference to the supposed effect of the sermon on Col. Brodbeck, the funeral procession filed slowly from the church. Nothing unusual happened until Mrs. Mahaffy reached the door of the church. An old woman in a bonnet and gown of rusty black bombazine rushed forward from a corner of the vestibule and caught Mrs. Mahaffy's hand. "Can you tell me—will you tell me, in the presence of the dead, how he die-d?" she asked in a hasty and trembling voice.

The widow snatched away her hand and passed on. Clara Mahaffy unconsciously raised her head at the words and the old woman caught sight of her gentle face, so like that of her father in his best moods.

"Oh, dear! oh, acushla! she said with a pathetic ring in her words, "maybe you can tell me—maybe you were told—"

But the old woman was thrust aside by the undertaker, and the mourners passed into the street. The longing, despairing eyes of the old woman, so wretched in appearance, so wretched in heart, never left the girl's mind until the answer to that strange question was found.

## II.

The Opposition paper of Cone City made a mistake when it asserted that Persens Mahaffay had dropped the name of Patrick. He often remarked that he would not have been fool enough to do that. If he had been named Patrick, it would have been money in his pocket, for the vote which is supposed to be attracted by that venerable name was very strong in Cone City, and sometimes held the balance of power. He had changed his name. His mother came from a part of Tipperary where Boethius is a cherished patronymic, and he had been called by that name. He had dropped it for Persens Gifford, because Persens Gifford took an interest in the clever young Irish lad, and helped him to study law, and because Persens was an honored name in Cone City; it gave an air of Americanism to his surname, which, until the Irish vote became a factor in politics, he cursed with all his might. His father had died when he was eleven years of age. His mother, a rosy-cheeked, wrinkled old woman, who adored her son, had passed away about a year before Mr. Schuyler had delivered his oration over him. He had gotten "beyond her," as she said towards the last, when he and his wife and her grandchildren passed the end of her little garden every evening without coming in. She shed many bitter tears over this; but she never blamed him; in her heart she laid the guilt of this desertion on his wife.

Ah! what an angel of light he would have been had it not been for this wife! she exclaimed to herself often in the twilight when she sat alone. These idle hours in the dusk were the hardest to bear. She could see the lights in her son's house from where she sat. There was a sound of music and of children singing—his children, her grandchildren, yet so far from her. She could never bear the music of those childish voices. She always shut down the window when they began and tried to say her beads. He was a good son still; did he not send her every week from the bank enough money—more than enough—to keep her in comfort? But oh! if she could only go back again to the old days when he was a little boy, and such an affectionate little fellow! How he used to cry when she sang an old song to him in the gloaming, after she had done her day's work and they were waiting for the father. It was all about a little girl that lived in a red house by the sea, without sister or brother or father or mother. She often tried to recall it:

"I sit alone in the twilight,  
While the wind comes sighing to me,  
And I see that dear little orphan  
In the little red house by the sea."

Surely the loving little boy, whose eyes filled with tears whenever she used to sing those simple words, could not have changed entirely. She had made his heart cold, the mother had said of his wife; she had made him forget church and priest, and even his mother. It must be said that the old woman could never restrain herself when, soon after his marriage, her son had often come to see her. She never spared his wife, and from this fact had sprung the coldness which prevented him from going to see her. It was none the less hard for the warm-hearted old woman; she took no pleasure in her son's political successes. Her one consolation, besides her religious duties, was in the company of one more unhappy, if possible, than herself. This was another old Irish woman, Mrs. Carney, who lived in an unpainted and bare-looking frame house at the back of her garden.

Frank Carney had been at the district school with Persens—Mrs. Mahaffay never called him by that name, but always "the boy"—and he had entered into the same lodge as that enterprising politician when the time came for him to cast off his allegiance to the faith. Frank, a blue-eyed, light-haired, good-natured young man; was not quite so clever as Persens, and not quite so unscrupulous. He had more conscience, but he had no firmness of will in face of a laugh. Moreover, he was fond of society, and, according to the social constitution of Cone City, Catholics were not socially eligible.

He was gay, cheerful, with a fatal facility for making himself agreeable. He was handsome; he could dance well, and he soon acquired those graces which Cone City had just acquired with the "swallow-tail" and other metropolitan novelties. Persens took him into his law office, and from that time Mrs. Carney's life became bitter. Her only son dropped his habit of going to Mass with her; he seldom came home; he promised when he did come that "he'd make his soul by and by"—and this with a laugh. But when she heard that he had been promoted—Cone City looked on this as promotion—to the friendship of Colonel Brodbeck, the notorious infidel, her heart sank; she refused to be comforted. In her heart Mrs. Mahaffay felt that her son had drawn Frank Carney from the way of peace. She never admitted it, nor did Mrs. Carney speak of it. But any one who knew the two old women could not help seeing that on one side was a desire to make amends and on the other a determination to accept kindness simply because it relieved the one who conferred it. Each of these two old friends—they were born on the banks of the Suir, and had crossed in the same ship, and had lost their husbands at the same time—bore her burden better because she thought the other's was the heavier. At last old Mrs. Mahaffay died, blessing her son, although, being absent at a political convention, he came too late to receive it in person. And so great was this admirable man's horror of superstition, and so strong his desire not to give bad example to his fellow-townsmen, that he telegraphed to his mother's pastor to hurry her at once with solemn services. He did this because he wanted to be sure of his nomination and because he did not want to be seen entering the Catholic Church. Old Mrs. Carney, who had never said a word against Persens, burst out at the funeral of her friend. "If I had such a son," she cried, "I'd curse him!" It seemed somehow as if a change did take place in Persens Mahaffay's life after the death of his mother. His wife was relieved by the disappearance of the old woman. She had had a feeling that, during some social function, her husband's mother might appear and destroy the "form" of things.

## III.

Persens began to be a star when he married Judge Brodbeck's daughter. Judge Brodbeck came of an old English family, but this would have mattered very little in the truly Western town of Cone City had not the judge made a great deal of money in railroad speculations. People said the railroads had influenced his decisions on the bench; but as he was rich there was a certain respect for him mixed with this censure. The judge had been the strictest of strict Calvinists; his two children, the colonel and Clara, hated Presbyterianism. Clara meeting Persens by chance at one of the dancing assemblies, found him to be a pleasant contrast to the business-soldier men around her. And the colonel, who saw that Persens was vain as well as clever, did not object to the intimacy. When the marriage was announced Cone City was amazed. The ceremony was performed in the First Baptist Church simply because Clara held that a religious ceremony was socially respectable.

The mother of the bridegroom knelt before the crucifix in her little room. Her son had become an apostate to gain prosperity—he, the descendant of martyrs! After this Persens had fewer scruples; the die was cast; his mother's entreaties fell on callous ears.

Colonel Brodbeck determined to take advantage of Persens's vanity, as well as his cleverness. It was Persens's misfortune that his horizon was bounded by Cone City. No *parvenu* who had suddenly married a princess could have been more elated than was Persens by his marriage.

"You have given up your God, your soul," his mother had said to him, "for nothing."

"I have never seen God or my soul, mother," he had answered. "See here, mother; I want a big house, I want to be rich, I want to be one of the best people of this town, and you can't be that if you're poor; for all these reasons I'm going to marry Clara Brodbeck. I'll get the best out of life I can, and take my chances."

"And you'll turn your back on the church and the priest for this! Sure, you've already joined a secret society."

(To be continued.)

## General Catholic News

Very Rev. James D. Waldron, O.S.A., pastor of the church of the Immaculate Conception, Hoosick Falls, N.Y., has been elected Provincial of the Augustinian Fathers. This position makes him head of the Order in the United States.

A solemn exposition for public veneration of the relics of St. Francis Xavier, preserved in the Cathedral at Goa, East Indies, has been deferred until next December. The ceremonies on the occasion will be characterized with much pomp. Thousands of pilgrims are expected to flock to Goa.

The memorial of the late Father Damien, according to a resolution passed by the executive committee of the English National Leprosy Fund, will take the form of a granite Runic cross with medallion, to be placed over his grave at Molokai.

The Australian papers of June 28th contain lengthy reports of a scholarly and eloquent address on the "Study of History," delivered by His Eminence Cardinal Moran to the students of St. John's College. The Cardinal's words were more than ordinarily impressive.

The *Osservatore Romano* and other Catholic journals have published a decree of the Sacred Congregations of the Index, dated July 18, 1890, "made public" Aug 2, which places on the lists of prohibited books an Italian work on "Spiritism in the Christian Sense," condemned by decree of the Holy Office, dated April 16, 1890; the "Annals of Loigny," a monthly periodical published at Loigny, France, likewise condemned by decree of the Holy Office of June 1, 1890; also two volumes relating to revelations and other matters affecting the city of Loigny, diocese of Chartres.

The Italian Parliament lately passed a vote directing the Minister of Public Instruction to issue an edition of the works of Giordano Bruno. This is supposed to be a set off to the Vatican edition of the works of St. Thomas, but the Catholic press of Italy has pointed out that while Giordano Bruno's now obsolete works will be printed at the expense of the tax-payer, the works of St. Thomas which are in use in every Catholic University and Seminary are being printed at the expense of the Pope's own pocket. He has already spent some 300,000 francs upon this work.

When Mr. Sexton questioned the Secretary to the Treasury as to the supplementary estimate for £40,000 for the erection of laborers' cottages in Ireland. Mr. Jackson stated that it would not be issued until the end of the financial year. This was a very unsatisfactory reply, and Mr. Sexton at the time made it evident that he thought so. The result has been that the estimate was issued and will be voted in committee. It represents the sum of £40,000, to which Ireland is entitled to in lieu of local taxation licenses.

It will be pleasant news for English Catholics to learn that the one particularly Catholic college of the University of Paris—Stanislas—has this year gained the first place in the general competitive examinations which are held at the end of each scholastic year and in which all the Lycees join. To gain the first place in these examinations, though they do not lead to any definite career, is the great aim of a Parisian student, and this year is the second in which Stanislas has taken the lead. Her old rival, Louis le Grand, is second only. The same college has succeeded in mathematics, which was always its weak point—as indeed is generally the case with the older colleges and more Catholic ones which devote themselves especially to philosophy and the dead languages. Out of twelve colleges which entered into the competition, Stanislas gained twenty first and fifty "accessits"—in all seventy places, while Louis le Grand had only forty-eight. The only thing to mar this result is the exclusion of the Catholic colleges of Arceuil and the Rue des Postes. Arceuil has never submitted to the Government regulations which would permit it to enter the University, and the Rue des

Postes has been but little heard of since the expulsion of the Jesuits who conducted it.

It was noted with regret the other day, when Cardinal Manning ascended the pulpit at Brompton Oratory to deliver the farewell address upon his great colleague, that he tottered in his walk with the weakness of extreme age, and seemed much older and more feeble than he had the previous week. The impression produced has created a deep and general solicitude lest his own end be very near. The *Times*, after having opened its columns for nearly three months to acidulous correspondence on the hot question of the Cardinal's official precedence, since sums up on the debate in a leading article. Its view is that he is nobody in the eye of the law, or at least can take no precedence from anything he has become since he ceased to be an archdeacon in the English Church forty years ago. The *Times* concludes that Cardinal Manning has glided quietly into a recognized position to which he has no rightful claim. Personally he may care nothing for it, but he will none the less value it for the sake of his church and as a quasi-recognition of the ecclesiastical chief who has made him what he now is.

The Rome correspondent of an American contemporary writing of Mr. T. P. Gill's visit to Rome, says that by far the most interesting event of the visit was his meeting with the Secretary of Propaganda, Mgr. Jacobini. The Very Rev. Prior Glynn invited Mgr. Jacobini to meet a number of clergymen and laymen on Monday evening at supper in the house of the Irish Augustinians at San Carlo in the Corso, and on that occasion there were present Mgr. Garroni, accompanying Mgr. Jacobini, the Rev. Fathers M'Nichols and Donahue, the Rev. Father Kenna, O.S.A., on vacation from Malta; the Rev. Dr. Locke, O.S.A. Much of the conversation passed between Mgr. Jacobini and Mr. Gill, and the Secretary of Propaganda expressed in sympathetic terms his hope and trust in the future of the Irish National Party when it would come into the fruition of its labours, and Ireland would become a united country ruled by its own selected Parliament. He declared, besides, that it should never be forgotten that Rome was a cosmopolitan or international city, and that the Catholics of the world had a right and an interest in preserving this centre of Christendom from all wrong and tyranny. His conversation with Mr. Gill was specially interesting to both the interlocutors, and the Irish member has a happy recollection of them.

A victory has been scored on the Education question. Thanks to the Archbishop of Dublin's unflinching persistence in pressing the claim of the Denominational Training Colleges to equality of treatment with the State Training College, and to Mr. Sexton's energy in keeping Mr. Balfour to his pledges, the victory has been won. Mr. Balfour has stated that the Treasury has resolved to treat the Denominational Training Colleges in precisely the same way as Marlborough street. It adds to the pleasure of the success that, although it is mainly due to the agitation of Catholics and of Nationalists, its fruits will be shared by the Protestant schools and teachers. This shows that the question of Denominational Education in Ireland is not a narrow sectarian issue, but one affecting all the creeds.

If Mr. Balfour's pledge is fulfilled generously and entirely, it will involve, first, the removal of the heavy debt for buildings which lies upon the Catholic Training Colleges and hampers their work. Not only the State College, but the Protestant College, is better off under this head. The former has not only the original building free, but it is maintained by the State. The buildings of the latter were, as the Archbishop of Dublin points out in his exhaustive memorandum, "originally erected, almost exclusively, if not exclusively, at the public expense, out of grants made for the purpose of Primary Education in Ireland at a time when all such grants were administered by the Kildare-place Society." Secondly, it will involve either the total payment of expenses in connection with the Denominational Training Colleges or their partial payment of actual results in all the colleges. The Archbishop would prefer the latter; but probably Mr. Balfour will prefer the former, for the simple reason that nobody in

Ireland is earnestly in favour of the principle of Mixed Education but the bureaucrats, and they are not inclined to pay for their whistle. If the principle of partial payment were adopted the balance could be found nowhere in Ireland.

At four o'clock on Sunday afternoon the corner-stone was laid of St. John's chapel which will be the principal addition to St. Michael's Cathedral in the work of remodelling now going on. The plans, which some time ago were described in the Review, have since been greatly altered, the proposed transepts being abandoned for the morning chapel of Gothic architecture which will front on Church street and fill the space between the Cathedral and the palace. The chapel will be named in the memory of the late Archbishop Lynch. The building will be 76 feet over all by 36. The elevations east and west will be handsome in appearance. The main entrance on Church street will be through a stately porch. The building material will be brick, with stone dressing. The pure Gothic style of architecture will be in perfect sympathy with the altered Cathedral pile. A covered way six feet wide will lead from the palace to the chapel, and a similar approach will be made to the sacristy of the main church. The architect of the building is Mr. Joseph Connolly, R.C.A., and his plans have been received by the building committee with admiration. The contract for masonry work has been given to Mr. John Herbert, and for the car-

penry work to Mr. John Hanrahan. The cost of the building will be about \$20,000.

The ceremony of laying the corner-stone was witnessed by a great concourse of people. His Grace Archbishop Walsh officiated, being attended by Bishop O'Mahony, Vicar-General Rooney, Vicar-General Laurent, Dean McCann, Rev. Dr. Cassidy, Archdeacon Campbell, Orillia; Rev. Fathers O'Reilly, Walsh, Lynch, McPhillips, Chalandard, Buckley, Williams and Minehan. At 4 o'clock the procession formed inside the Cathedral and walked around by the front, to where a platform had been erected near the palace.

Archbishop Walsh made a short address. He said the Catholic Church provides that in every church and oratory set aside for public worship the foundations shall be blessed in a manner becoming to whatever is used in the service of God. Every church erected shall be sanctified by the word of God and by prayer, and consequently public churches and oratories are blessed by the bishop, or some priest having his power and authority, in order that the material structure shall be raised to the glory of God and the purposes of religion from the foundation upward.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY.—The second capital prize, \$5,000, ticket No. 37,786, drawing 13th August, has been drawn by a gentleman of Folly village, near Truro, Nova Scotia, collected through the Merchants Bank of Halifax and paid by La Banque du Peuple.

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FUNERAL DIRECTORS  
Open Day and Night; Charges moderate  
675 QUEEN STREET WEST

PRINTING - - -  
AND PUBLISHING



The REVIEW has now in connection with its establishment, a first class

**BOOK AND JOB DEPT.**

Fitted up with all the latest and most approved styles and faces of Machinery, Type, Borders, etc., We are turning out first-class work, at lowest Rates, in

CARDS, TICKETS, PROGRAMMES,  
INVITATIONS, BILLHEADS, STATEMENTS,  
NOTE HEADS, LETTER HEADS, BOOKS,  
SHIPPING TAGS. PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS

*and every description of Legal and Commercial Printing*

It will pay you to call and get Samples and prices from us

PH. DEGRUCHY, Manager.

**NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY**

Under the patronage of Rev. Father Labelle.

Established in 1881, under the Act of Quebec, 32 Vict., Chapt. 39, for the benefit of the Diocesan Societies of Colonization of the Province of Quebec.

**CLASS D**  
The 38th Monthly Drawing will take place

**WEDNESDAY SEPT. 17th**

At 2 p.m.

PRIZES VALUE:

**\$50,000**

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

**LIST OF PRIZES.**

1	Real Estate worth	\$5,000	5,000
1	do	2,000	2,000
1	do	1,000	1,000
1	do	500	500
10	Real Estate	300	3,000
30	Furniture sets	200	3,000
100	do	100	6,000
200	Gold Watches	50	10,000
1,000	Silver Watches	10	10,000
1,000	Toilet Sets	5	5,000
2,507	Prizes worth		\$50,000.00

TICKETS . . . \$1.00

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

Winners, names not published unless specially authorized:

A. A. AUDET, secretary, Offices, 19 St. James street, Montreal, Can.

**The Province of Quebec Lottery**

AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE

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

**MONTHLY DRAWINGS FOR THE YEAR 1890**

FROM THE MONTH OF JULY

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

**THIRD MONTHLY DRAWING SEPTEMBER 10 1890**

3134 PRIZES  
WORTH \$52,740.00

CAPITAL PRIZE

WORTH \$15,000.00

TICKET, . . . \$1.00

11 TICKETS for \$10.00

Ask for circulars.

**LIST OF PRIZES.**

1	Prize worth	\$15,000	\$15,000.00
1	"	5,000	5,000.00
1	"	2,500	2,500.00
1	"	1,250	1,250.00
2	Prizes	500	1,000.00
5	"	250	1,250.00
25	"	50	1,250.00
100	"	25	2,500.00
250	"	15	3,750.00
500	"	10	5,000.00
Approximation Prices.			
100	"	25	2,500.00
100	"	15	1,500.00
100	"	10	1,000.00
999	"	5	4,995.00
999	"	5	4,995.00

3134 Prizes worth \$52,740.00

S. E. LEFEBVRE, .. MANAGER,

51 St. James St., Montreal Can.

**The Father Mathew Remedy.**



**The Antidote to Alcohol found at Last!**

A NEW DEPARTURE

**The Father Mathew Remedy**

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

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

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

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

S. Lachance, Druggist, Sole Proprietor 1533 and 1510 Catherine st., Montreal

**EXHIBITION TIME**

APPROACHING.

Important to Hotels, Boarding Houses, And Housekeepers of Toronto.

**M'KEOWN & CO.**

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

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

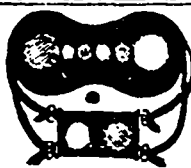
Damask Table Linens were sold 40c, offered at 25c yard.

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

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

**McKEOWN & CO.**

182 Yonge Street.

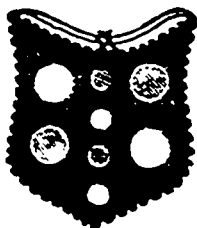


**CLIMAX OF ABSORPTION**

A CURE

**WITHOUT MEDICINE.**

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



All diseases are successfully treated by

CORRESPONDENCE,

as our goods can be applied at home.

**STILL ANOTHER NEW LIST.**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

Mention this Paper.

Illustrated Book and Journal FREE.

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



# ROYAL BAKING POWDER



**Absolutely Pure.**

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

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

Liverpool Service - Sailing Dates  
FROM MONTREAL. FROM QUEBEC.

*Sardinia	Thur. Aug. 21	
*Oregon	" " 25	
Douglas	" Sept. 4	
Vancouver	Wed. " 10	Thur. Sep. 11th
Toronto	Thur. " 16	

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

Texas	Aug. 23rd
Knight Companion	" 30th

Rates of passage per S. S. "Vancouver"  
Cabin \$50, to \$20, Return \$110 to \$130, according to accommodation. By all other Steamers \$10 and \$20, according to accommodation in three and two berth rooms. Return \$20 and \$30, Intermediate \$30. Return \$20. Steerage \$20. Return \$10.

\* These Steamers have Saloon, State-rooms, Music-room and Bath-rooms, and ships, where but little motion is felt, and carry no Cattle or Sheep  
G. W. TORRANCE, DAVID TORRANCE & Co  
18 Front St. W. Gen. Agts.  
Toronto. Montreal & Portland

# ALLAN LINE

## SUMMER ARRANGEMENT, 1890.

Reduction in Cabin Rates

Liverpool, Londonderry, Montreal and Quebec Service.

STEAMER	From Montreal At Daylight	From Quebec 9 a.m.
Parisian	30 July	31 July
Circassian	13 August	11 August
Sardinian	20 " "	21 " "
Polynesian	27 " "	28 " "
Parisian	3 Sep.	4 Sept.
Circassian	17 " "	18 " "
Sardinian	24 " "	25 " "

### RATES OF PASSAGE.

Montreal or Quebec to Liverpool.

Cabin, from \$15.00, to \$20.00, according to accommodation. Intermediate, \$20. Steerage, \$20.00. Return Tickets, Cabin, \$25.00 to \$30.00.

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

**H. BOURLIER,**  
GENERAL WESTERN AGENT  
Corner King and Yonge Street  
**TORONTO**

# CONSUMPTION SURI CURI

TO THE EDITOR:

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

Canada Francaise Quebec

## Niagara River Line

In connection with Vanderbilt System of Railways

SINGLE TRIPS

On and after Thursday, May 15, steamer

## CIBOLA

will leave Yonge-street wharf (daily except Sundays) at 7 a.m., for Niagara and Lewistown, connecting with trains on New York Central and Michigan Central Railways for Falls, Buffalo, New York, etc.

Tickets at all principal offices.

**JOHN FOY, MANAGER.**

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

	CLOS.	DUE.
G. T. R. East	6.00 7.30	7.45 10.30
O. and Q. Railway	7.30 7.45	8.00 9.00
G. T. R. West	7.00 3.20	12.40 7.40
N. and N. W.	7.00 4.10	10.00 8.10
T. G. and B.	6.30 3.45	10.40 9.00
Midland	6.30 3.30	12.30 9.30
C. V. R.	6.00 3.20	11.20 9.35
G. W. R.	6.00 4.00	10.30 7.30
	11.30 9.30	8.20
U. S. N. Y.	6.00 4.00	9.00 5.45
	11.30 9.30	10.30 11.00
U. S. West States	6.00 9.30	9.00 7.20
	12.00	

English mails will be closed during August as follows: August 4, 6, 7, 11, 13, 14, 18, 20, 21, 25, 27, 28

## O'MEARA

THE

# TAILOR

HAS OPENED HIS NEW STORE

561 QUEEN ST. WEST,

With an entirely new and select stock of Irish, English and Scotch Tweeds, Worsteds, &c.

Good Fit & Workmanship Guaranteed

561 Queen Street West,

Opposite Denison Avs.

FOR

**Painting, Graining, Glazing, Kalsomining, Plain and Decorative Paper Hanging, & Etc.**

CALL ON

## J. W. MOGAN

310 KING STREET EAST.

## A. J. McDONALD DENTIST

Office and Residence, 250 SPADINA AVE  
TORONTO

Third door south of St. Phillips' Church



A NATURAL REMEDY FOR

**Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness, Hysterics, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Inebriety, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Brain and Spinal Weakness.**

This medicine has direct action upon the nerve centers, allaying all irritabilities and increasing the flow and power of nerve fluid. It is perfectly harmless and leaves no unpleasant effects.

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

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

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

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



"G" Royal School of Infantry, Toronto.

SEPARATE TENDERS (in duplicate) for supplies, coal, fuel-wood, and services for the above corps, during calendar year, 1891, will be received by the Minister of Militia and Defence, at Ottawa, until Monday, 8th September.

Tenders to be addressed to the Minister of Militia and Defence, at Ottawa, and marked "TENDERS."

For particulars and forms of tenders, apply to Lt.-Col. Otter, at the new Fort, Toronto.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted Canadian bank cheque, for an amount equal to five per cent. of the total value of the contract. This cheque will be forfeited if the party making the tender declines to sign a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the services contracted for. If the tender be not accepted, the cheque will be returned.

**A. BENOIT,**  
Secretary.

Department of Militia and Defence,  
Ottawa, 22nd August, 1890.