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# The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. III

Toronto, Saturday, Aug. 3, 1889.

No. 25

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## Notes.

Inquiries made by THE CATHOLIC REVIEW have served to confirm, so far as it is possible to learn at all definitively in advance in such matters, the announcement of the elevation of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Walsh to the Metropolitan See of Ontario. Dr. Walsh's appointment as Archbishop of Toronto gives unbounded satisfaction to the Catholics of Ontario. It is no secret that his appointment was very much wished for, and by both clergy and people. Of the new Archbishop there is no need to speak in praise. A Churchman of long experience, and of wide and liberal scholarship, he is conspicuously fitted to discharge the important duties which devolve upon the head of the Church in this Province, an office upon which, it is gratifying to observe, he will enter with the congratulations and good will of all classes and denominations.

THE REVIEW prints in another column the rather effective letter addressed by Mr. Joseph Pope to the Rev. Mr. Hurlbert through the columns of an Ottawa journal. It is in reference to some passages in the writings of the well-known Dr. Richard F. Littledale, a divine whose opinions are much affected by anti-Jesuit speakers and writers. Mr. Pope, whose letter we publish, is the private secretary of the Premier, Sir John Macdonald, and the fact ought to afford a fine target for the arrows of the anti-Jesuit archers, those practised hands in the use of the Long Bow. When Edmund Burke, while acting as the Marquis of Rockingham's secretary, spoke out his mind on the subject of Catholic emancipation, and against the political abuses of the time, he was denounced by the Duke of Grafton's gang, from the corrupt old Duke himself down to every drunken little Tory lordling, as a rascally, lurking, Irish Jesuit; and the pressure brought to bear upon the Marquis of Rockingham to procure Burke's dismissal, to even a stronger man than Rockingham must have proved well nigh irresistible. Things, of course, have changed a good deal for the better since then, but we are mistaken if, during the present distemper, the circumstance of a Catholic gentleman holding so close relation to the Premier, is not regarded by some good people as one of the not least ominous incidents in the present situation.

The position of the Sovereign Pontiff continues to be a subject of some anxiety. Eight years ago the body of Pius IX. was hunted with insults through the streets of Rome, or the summer night when it was carried to the burial place without the walls. The recurrence of that mournful anniversary gives further emphasis, the *Weekly Register* says, to the question asked with so much urgency in Rome: will the Pope leave the city of his See. The painful incidents which attended the burial of Pius IX. have never been forgotten at the Vatican, and the Sovereign Pontiff, it is believed, has never been convinced of his own safety under the protection of a Government so unwilling or so unable, as it then proved itself to be, to keep from violence the infidel and secret factions in the capital.

But though the question is pressed with much urgency, the *Register* regards it as hardly actual. His Holiness, it states, will not abandon St. Peter's and the Vatican without some guaranty that they shall be secured in his possession for future occupation; and that the Powers will give such a guaranty is perhaps the last illusion left to a Pontiff who has had the lot of seeing so many temporal dignities and honours, so many rights and powers lapse from his office without any influential voice in Christendom being raised to support his claim for their retention.

"If" says the *Register*, "his Holiness advisers, in that curious ignorance of outside conditions which distinguishes the 'Prelatura' in Rome, are fostering such a hope, they are doing Leo XIII. an ill service. Signor Crispi has probably very definite intentions as to what he will do on the departure of the Pope. His Holiness will not be insulted or hooted through the streets on that last journey; the Government will prove itself quite able to keep order over the golden bridge built for its flying enemy. Then the laws which for nineteen years the Italian State has held out for the Pontiff's acceptance will be formally rescinded, the Vatican and St. Peter's, with the Lateran and Castel Gandolfo, will be declared national monuments, and will be placed under national control. And our knowledge of the Roman fails us unusually if any articulate word or any affective action will be even attempted against the work. The most mournful exodus which the modern world has seen will cause indeed a certain emotion. May the faithful and gentle Pontiff be spared the cruel demonstration of its limitation, its frivolity, and its futility!"

A memory equally strong in all points, says Brother Azarias in an article in the *Catholic World*, a portion of which we print elsewhere, is rare. "I have met," he adds, "only one instance approaching such a memory in all my experience. It is that of a great churchman who stands foremost as a theologian, a canonist, a scholar, and a critic. He is familiar with several of the oriental languages; he speaks or reads nearly all the modern European tongues; his memory for facts, and names, and figures is marvellous. I have known him to quote chapter and page of authorities in published articles without consulting his books, I have heard him recite from Italian poets for hours at a time, and even give the variations of different editions that he may not have looked into for years. This venerable prelate is the pride and glory of the Catholic Church in America." The writer refers to the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Corcoran, the editor and founder of the *American Catholic Quarterly*, that great light of the Church who has passed away since the appreciative words above quoted were written.

## THE ROMANCE OF A JESUIT.

From the French of De Beugny d'Inverno.

## CHAPTER XII.

The first case that was entrusted to Charles was one concerning a theft alleged to have been committed by a servant named Pierre Bouvier. In investigating the circumstances attending this case, the young lawyer discovered that the accused party had formerly been in Mme. de Plelan's service, and in following up one clue after another, Charles became acquainted with many circumstances connected with that lady's past life and her many severe trials. The more he learned concerning certain passages in the past life of the Countess and her deceased husband, the more did he learn to respect and esteem her and to thank God for Marguerite's having fallen into such good hands.

Time went on, Charles continued steadily progressing in legal knowledge and efficiency, but in 1847, when the Republic was proclaimed, he had for a time to take up arms and aid in maintaining order in the metropolis. Though several times he was exposed to the greatest dangers, he was fortunate enough to escape unharmed. During these public commotion and troubles, Mme. de Plelan had returned to her chateau in Brittany, taking the two young girls with her, and Charles' mind was thus quite at ease concerning his sister's safety, although he felt lonely enough when he found himself so far separated from her.

During the year 1849, his patron, Mons. B——, who fully appreciated his brilliant talents, confided some very important affairs to his management, and he succeeded with them so admirably that when he had finished keeping his terms, he was proclaimed by common assent to be the cleverest of the rising lawyers and certain of making his mark.

In the month of September, 1860, he received a letter from his sister in Brittany telling him that the three ladies were about to start on a six months tour through Italy, and would be in Paris in a few days.

Charles found the two young ladies wonderfully improved in looks, and remarked that Mlle. de Plelan had also gained much in health and strength. After a few days' stay in Paris, the party of travellers took the train for their first halting-place, and Charles once more found himself alone.

His friend Mlle. Moissac, had conceived so sincere an admiration and friendship for him that she lost no opportunity of serving him and Marguerite in every way that she could devise, and it was during the latter's absence that the kind lady rendered him a very important service, by introducing him to two ladies, Mme. and Mlle. Berthier, who were involved in a somewhat intricate law-suit. These ladies asked Charles to defend their cause, and he willingly undertook to conduct their case to the best of his ability. Mlle. Berthier was far better acquainted than her mother with all the intricacies of their position. The point at issue was whether the manufactory of the late Mons. Berthier had been sold by these ladies at an unjustifiably high price. One of the parties concerned against the Berthiers, was Charles' old enemy, Lerouttier, and he, in common with the others who were interested, demanded that the sale of the manufactory should be annulled and the proceeds of the said sale refunded. By this arrangement the widow and her daughter would be left penniless, since the sum received for their property, amounting to \$100,000, constituted the whole of their fortune.

Mlle. Berthier and Charles had many interviews examining inventories and other legal papers, and the young man was quite surprised at the young lady's great intelligence and aptitude for business. After these necessary interviews on legal subjects the young people frequently remained in conversation on general subjects, and Mlle. Berthier proved to be so agreeable and well-informed that Charles was full of her praises to Mlle. Moissac, who did not fail to encourage him in frequenting the young girl's society. She even went so far as to sound him on the subject of a possible marriage between the two, despite his energetic asseveration that he had no thought of ever marrying.

Things were in this state when a letter arrived from Marguerite summoning her brother to her aid. During an excursion that the two young girls had made to the Isle of

Capri, a violent storm had set in and whilst the sailors were doing their utmost to run their boat on shore at Resina, at a league's distance from Naples, a wave had dashed over it and had thrown all its occupants into the water. Though borne senseless to land, Marguerite's strong constitution had enabled her to get over the shock they had received, but Mlle. de Plelan had sunk beneath it and she had died the next day. Mme. de Plelan had fallen senseless shortly after her daughter's death, and when the doctors arrived they pronounced her to be suffering from apoplexy. Marguerite begged her brother also to announce the terrible tidings to Mons. Yves de Plelan, the only son of Mme. de Plelan, whose address she did not know.

Charles could not do otherwise than hasten to his sister's aid, and at once applied to the court for the postponement of the Berthier case, and having taken leave of his clients, he obtained Mons. de Plelan's address, wrote a line to Mlle. Moissac, and took the train to Lyons, on his road to Naples. In Rome he found Count de Plelan's name registered at the same hotel as he was himself stopping, and introducing himself to the young man, he, with the utmost delicacy, broke to him the sad news of a sister's death and a mother's dangerous illness.

(To be continued.)

## BOOKS AND HOW TO USE THEM.

(Concluded)

Not but that among novels, as among poems, which have not yet received the sanction of time, we perceive many a gem bringing home to us many a beautiful lesson, and we may humbly and thankfully accept the gift. I find in several of our living writers purpose, style, and art of a high order. One of the most successful of them—Mr. W. D. H. Howells—once remarked to me that he could no more conceive a novel without a purpose than an arch without a keystone. Various are the ways in which the goodness of that purpose may be shown. Now it is to place before us an ideal of life in its diverse phases, now to caution us against some of the evils gnawing at the vitals of society, now to bring the past nearer, now to photograph glimpses of things passing away for ever, now to put us in presence of higher truths, and we have well-written and powerful novels illustrative of all these ways. To mention names were tedious.

I am not unmindful of the distinctively Catholic novel. It is of recent growth on English soil. That eminent churchman and scholar, Cardinal Wiseman, saw in the "Last Days of Pompeii" the model of an idea which, carried out, might prove most fruitful in bringing before the minds of the people a vivid picture of the Christian Church passing through the various stages of her struggles and her triumphs. His fertile brain accordingly projected a series of novels intended to rehabilitate the past, and, with his usual versatility, he turned aside from his oriental and scientific studies, and led the way in that delightful story of "Fabiola," which continues to be read with unabated interest. Then followed "Callista," a classic of finer fabre and more delicate structure, abounding in subtle traits of character, and penetrated with that keen sense of the beautiful so peculiar to the Grecian mind. It is a book that grows upon one with every successive perusal. Other works of merit were modelled on these, and though the list is short, it is select.

Nor am I unmindful of a number of living writers professing the Catholic faith whose pens, though not devoted to exclusively Catholic subjects, have produced, and still produce, good reading. Two of the most prominent—Lady Georgiana Fullerton and Kathleen O'Meara—have recently dropped out of the list. Rosa Mulholland, Christian Reid, Annie Keary, Mrs. Cashel-Hoey, Miss Tincker—in her earlier works—Richard Malcolm Johnston, Justin McCarthy, Marion Crawford—with some exceptions—the Rev. John Talbot Smith, Maurice Francis Egan, and those two honoured pioneers of the Catholic novel in America, Mrs. James Sadlier and Mrs. Hanson Dorsey, are among those that recur to memory. I name them for the reason that all of them have left some work and exercised some influence for which we may be grateful.

But there is now coming into vogue a pernicious species of novel, all the more dangerous because of its insidiousness.

It is not openly immoral. It is, as a rule, artistically written, and loudly praised by the critics in sympathy with its principles. It is the novel of pessimism. Not only is it anti-Christian in its spirit, but it is anti-human. It represents men and women under the cold and barren influence of agnosticism or positivism—either system has the same ultimate result—with their theories filtered through their lives and moulding their opinions and characters. Within its pages you look in vain for a Providence, immortality, spiritual existence. Its summary of all life is a natural development of the physical man or woman, happy in the airy fancies youth weaves; then a crisis which precipitates all illusions; afterwards hardened feelings, bitterness of speech, and either railings at all life or the resignation of despair, recklessly, hopelessly submitting to the Must-be. You cannot detect its subtle influence till it has left the iron in your soul, and the sweet prayers of your childhood have grown insipid, and the rituals and ceremonies of the church have lost their attraction, and you no longer think of God and the future with the same concern. It is in steering clear of such novels that direction is especially necessary.

It is only within the present century that English-speaking Catholics have begun to build up a distinctively Catholic literature. During the eighteenth century our English and Irish missionaries found it difficult to live. The hardships and privations they endured were most exhausting. And yet their pens were not idle. Their people needed plain and solid instructions, and they met the want. They placed in their hands the Rheims Douay version of the Sacred Scriptures. Bishop Challoner wrote his "Catholic Christian Instructed;" Bishop Hay was led into the Church by the reading of an anonymous pamphlet, "Papists Represented and Misrepresented," and afterwards put out those beautiful works of doctrine, "The Pious Christian," "The Devout Christian," "The Sincere Christian;" Bishop Hornhold explained the Commandments and Sacraments; Dr. Husenboth wrote on the Creed; Bishop Milner wrote his admirable "End of Controversy;" Alban Butler left us that great monument of erudition and repository of learning, his "Lives of the Saints." Bishop Walmesley was a man of vast scientific attainments, and was one of the mathematicians employed to regulate the calendar preparatory to the adoption of the New Style in 1752. This was the nature of the work done by our clergy in the eighteenth century. It was not brilliant, but it was solid, useful, and necessary work. These men did not cultivate style. They were obliged to study abroad, and after spending years on the Continent, they returned to England with foreign accents ringing in their ears and foreign idioms slipping into their writings.

English classical literature, since the days of Spencer and Shakespeare, has been Protestant. The authors who have helped to build up our language; the authors from whom we cull those expressions that have become part and parcel of our daily thinking; the authors to whose pages we refer for the allusions in which the writings of the day abound are, with a few exceptions, in spirit and tone Protestant. And yet it is a surprise and a happiness to know that outside the domain of history, which has been shamefully perverted by the Burnets, the Robertsons, the Gibbons, the Humes, the Macaulays, and the Froudes, a Catholic can take home to himself a goodly portion of this literature without having his Catholic instincts wounded or his moral sense blunted. I have strayed into many fields of literature, and culled flowers in many languages, and I can bear witness that whilst there are certain works in other languages which I appreciate more highly than works of the same grade in our own tongue, still, taking the literature of various countries as a whole, there is none of less objectionable character and of more elevating tone than is English literature, in its grand roll of authors from Widsith, the old English gleeman of the third century, down to the present laureate. But for this boon we are not to thank the Protestantism of England. It is rather due to the fact that the roots of Catholic literature struck deep in Catholic soil, and the conservative character of the English people kept up the Catholic spirit and Catholic traditions long after the very name of Catholic had become offensive. That Catholic spirit still lingers in the cloistered aisles and corridors of Oxford. It hovers over the vacant tomb of Edward

the Confessor within the hallowed walls of Westminster Abbey. It speaks in dome and pillared town throughout the land, "of which every arch has its scroll teaching Catholic wisdom, and every window presents some canonized saint." It breatheth through the Catholic prayers still preserved in the "Book of Common Prayer." It has become transfused into some of the noblest passages in "Paradise Lost;" the Arminism and Protestantism are Milton's own; but his noble lines clothe many a sentiment of tenderness and sublimity culled from the pages of Caedmon, St. Avitus, the Catholic mediæval miracle plays, and the Catholic drama, "Lucifer," of Vondel, the greatest Catholic and national poet of Holland. It lurks in the "Pilgrims Progress," as much of it as John Bunyan chose to spell out of the prose translation of the original "Pilgrim's Progress, *Le Pèlerinage de l'Homme* of the Cistercian monk, Guillaume de Deguileville." It is our Catholic heritage of thought and sentiment that has inspired the sublimest passages in our Wordsworths and Tennysons, our Longfellow and Lowells. And whatever Shakespeare may have been in practice, the whole spirit of his immortal plays is Catholic. Even Carlyle regards him as the flowering of mediæval Catholicism. "Indeed," says Digby, "a book might be composed on the latent Catholicism of many natives of this country, where everything solid and valuable is, after all, either a remnant or a revival of Catholic thinking or institution."

All honour, then, to those who at many and great sacrifices, and actuated by the pure love of God and their religion, have sought to wrest back for us a portion of our Catholic heritage in English literature. Do you ever bring home to you what these sacrifices may be? Take the conscientious Catholic publisher. He would rather see his house burned down than knowingly print a single sentence contrary to the teachings of the church. He invests time, energy, and capital in the printing and selling of Catholic books. How is his work appreciated? How is it patronised? Take the editors of our ablest Catholic periodicals. Are they properly remunerated? The managers of our ablest Catholic periodicals will tell you that their journals—whether weekly or monthly—have not, with few anomalous exceptions, circulation sufficient to provide competently for the editors. Take our Catholic authors. Do those of them writing exclusively Catholic literature fare any better? Cardinal Manning recently remarked that when he was a Protestant he wrote books and made money by them, but since he became a Catholic his books brought him little or nothing. Have we not actually known, within the last decade, one of the most scholarly Catholic writers in London to die in want? For such was the fate of S. Hubert Burke, whose portraits of the men and women of the Reformation in England are so clear and truthful and the best refutation extant of the romances of Froude. Let us say it aloud: Catholics do not patronize and encourage Catholic books and the Catholic press as they might.

There are names connected with Catholic literature in America that we all should ever hold in honour and benediction. Such is the name of Orestes A. Brownson. Do we realize all the greatness covered by that name? America has produced no more powerful intellect than Brownson's. There was no problem, social, political, religious, or philosophical, that he did not grapple with and find an answer for. After trying creed after creed to find out the hollowness of each, the aspirations of his strong and generous nature and the invincible logic of his acute intellect led him into the church in the strength and maturity of his manhood. Forthwith he consecrated his pen to the vindication of that church and the defence of her doctrines against all comers. Mediæval knight never bore lance with greater singleness of purpose, or with more bravery and determination, in the cause of his lady love than did Brownson wield his pen on behalf of the church. To his dying breath he was faithful to his vow. He viewed, he taught others to view, the doctrines of the church from an elevated plane, from which they were taken in as a whole and all their grandeur and beauty revealed to advantage. Men might differ with him in politics, his political opinions were odious to the great bulk of his readers, men might differ with him in criticism—his literary canons were frequently narrow and inadequate, men might

differ with him in philosophy—his language smacked too much of Gioberti to please the intellect trained on exclusively scholastic lines; he may have been mistaken in matters of theology—in unguarded moments, in the heat of controversy, he sometimes expressed himself in language that a more trained theologian would not employ, or would modify considerably; but he was still great; there remained in him enough to inspire and elevate. The very ring of his sentence was a trumpet-blast to us of the rising generation. He taught us how to take our stand upon his own high plane of thought, and thence survey the beautiful harmony of our creed with all that is good and noble in the natural world. He brought home not to us alone, but to the cultured intellect throughout the Christian world—for he had admirers in all parts and among all creeds—the great truths of natural and revealed religion with a grasp, a force, and an energy of expression worthy of an Aquinas. We were led to hold up our heads and to be proud of the faith that could inspire such sublime thoughts and control such a noble nature. His great intellect was only equalled by his profound humility. Once his bishop told him that in consequence of some objectionable tenets in his *Review* he would be obliged to censure him publicly. The old man's reply was: "Bishop you may condemn and burn my books if you will, but by the grace of God I shall die a Catholic." And a docile, pious, believing child of the church he died. We of America owe Brownson a debt of gratitude that our children's children can but ill requite.

When Brownson was already a leader among men there used to sit at his feet a youth whom he looked kindly on, and who afterwards, growing into manhood, threw aside the shackles of prejudice and error, and entering the church, became a freeman with the freedom that truth alone give. To speak of books or of reading and not to mention the name of Father Hecker were an unpardonable oversight. Only three short months ago he passed away from amongst us, and the wail of regret that went up throughout the land still echoes in our ears. Would that I could speak worthily of him! He was a man of generous impulse and noble aspirations, who thought better of the world than the world has deserved. His thirst for souls was insatiable. Having learned how good it was to live within the pale of the church, he would bring all men to share his peace and his joy. He loved American youths with the eager, hungering love of a father who saw his children in danger of drowning and would save them at any cost. He felt the pulse of the American youth, divined his yearnings, laid bare to him his better aspirations, and showed him where every beat of his heart, and every question of his soul would find satisfactory response. You could not be in his presence for five minutes without feeling your soul set aflame with the same pure and noble fervor that was ever urging him on to make for the best. He was in an especial manner the apostle of Christian culture. He loved good books; he encouraged others to read good books; he inspired many to write good books, he freely disseminated good books. The Catholic Publication Society is a standing testimony to his zealous energy in the cause of good Catholic reading. It was under his fostering hand that *The Catholic World* grew up and flourished. His own works abound in that strong common sense so dear to the American mind. Who can number the souls that, weary and parched in traversing the arid sands of philosophic speculation, have stopped and drunk of the pure crystal waters of clear, philosophic good sense flowing from his refreshing volumes, and, strengthened, have resumed their journey with new-found hope that has cheered them on to a home and a resting-place in the Church of God? He has passed from amongst us, but his spirit still lives in devoted disciples of his, who are carrying on his work as he would have it carried on, in the spirit of charity for man, zeal for souls, and an abiding trust in the practical good sense of the American people.

And there has fallen another whose life was an apostolate sacrificed for the Catholic press. He fell in the breach; fell fighting till summoned by the death-knell; fell with aspirations unrealized, plans and projects unachieved; fell in the noon-day of his life, feeling that while he had done something he had left much more undone. Only the friends that knew him intimately and were favored with an insight into his noble aspirations and the high ideal he always placed before him-

self are in position to weigh and measure the solid worth of Commendatore Patrick Valentine Hickey. He also was one of the chosen few who labored in the interests of Catholic literature and Catholic journalism with a singleness of purpose and in a spirit of self-denial and self-devotedness truly heroic. Moderate in his views, unbending in his principles, charitable in his judgment, he was a ripe scholar, a profound theologian, a clever writer, a fair-minded and honorable opponent in controversy. He was never known to sully his paper with personal abuse. He always bore the respect and esteem of the non-Catholic press. Be his memory cherished amongst us as the Bayard of Catholic journalism. Let us not forget or ignore such merit and such devotedness. Let us love the literature for which such noble souls sacrificed themselves. Let us cultivate it, each according to his capacity; let us patronize it, each according to his means.—*Brother Azarius in Catholic World.*

#### BOOKS TO READ.

The following is an extract from Professor Maurice Egan's last lecture "Literature as a Profession," delivered at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind.:

"I have been asked to give a list of books of which every student of literature should make the first scaffold for a perfect structure. The list I give should be rather the first few boards in such a scaffold. No book should be read without a purpose, nor should any book read with a purpose be read only once.

"First, I name *Isaias* and *Job*, the greatest poems ever written; the *Parables of our Lord*; then 'The Imitation of Christ,' not that by Tauler, but the famous one by Thomas a Kempis—a masterpiece which infidels and Christians alike join in praising—a book which was the favorite alike of George Eliot and Father Damien. Dante I do not recommend at first. A taste for him must be acquired. It does not come by nature. But avoid the vulgar and common error of talking as if you knew him simply because you have read about him. Cant and insincerity are the worst enemies of healthy mental growth.

"Then, to learn how grandly and how gracefully words can be used, take the battle of the angels in 'Paradise Lost' and 'Il Penseroso' of Milton. Read critically 'Hamlet' and 'The Merchant of Venice,' in Hudson's edition, so that you may not be offended by the licenses—few, let us thank God!—which Shakespeare sometimes permits. For a knowledge of literary technical principles, read Herbert Spencer's 'Philosophy of Styles'; for color in style, Ruskin's 'Stones of Venice'; for a knowledge of words, Richard Grant White's 'Words and Their Uses,'—keep this near a good dictionary always on your desk; for simplicity, Cardinal Newman's 'Characteristics' and 'The Vicar of Wakefield'; for strength and clearness, 'Rasselas,' by Dr. Johnson.

"Of modern poems, read carefully 'The Dream of Gerontius' by Cardinal Newman and as many of his poems as you can get; Tennyson's 'Elaine,' 'Enid,' 'The Passing Arthur,' and Longfellow's 'Evangeline.' Let me also recommend for prose Philip Gilbert Hamerton's 'Thoughts About Art,'—especially the chapter on word-painting.

"For Novels: 'Undine,' by De la Mette Fouque, 'Fabiola,' 'Ivanhoe,' 'The Virginians,' 'David Copperfield,' 'Miss Austen's Pride and Prejudice,' 'A Child of Mary' and 'Morton House,' by Christian Reid,—for the plot and general treatment; 'Lorna Doone,' by Blackmore, 'Dion and the Sibyls,' 'Narka,' by Kathleen O'Meara, 'A Modern Instance,' by W. D. Howells, as an example of the very modern novel; 'Ben Hur,' with special attention to the dramatic interest, and the way in which it is worked up, notably in the chariot race and the healing of the lepers; and that is all for the present.

"If you read the books I have named during the coming vacation—or only three or four of them—you will have begun to acquire a good literary taste, the next needful thing to the possession of good literary morals."

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has arrived at the Shelbourne Hotel, Dublin. The mass of his countrymen will bid him a hearty welcome to Ireland, and hope that a stay in his native land may soothe the venerable patriot after his recent bereavement and suffering.

## ORANGE LOYALISTS.

Sir Thomas Esmonde, M.P., Mr. John Dillon, M.P. and Mr. D. Easy, M. P., have been for some time past in Australia, whither they were sent by the Irish Party to lay before the people of that colony the cause of Ireland. Their mission has been singularly successful, and the Irish envoys have been the recipients of a welcome not less warm than was accorded Sir Thomas Esmonde and Mr. O'Connor when in America last year. The only opposition they have encountered has come from the colonial Orangemen. The following account of one of these Orange "Loyalists" meetings is taken from the Sydney Bulletin.

With certain changes in the names it might be submitted as an in nowise exaggerated description of more than one such meeting held in this province and city, and of the sort of meeting likely, from present appearances, to become popular during the continuance, at least, of the anti-Jesuit insanities.

The meeting at Sydney Protestant Hall on Monday night, May 20, was called to testify the "loyalty" of the people of Australia to the British Empire, and to protest against the Home Rulers. As a matter of fact it was not an Australian meeting at all. It was a meeting of bitter, black, North of Ireland men. There was scarcely a single Australian on the platform, and a very small percentage in the body of the hall. The audience were mostly old men, white-haired and white-bearded, their eyes blazing with the excitement caused by a chance of showing that their long-cherished hatred and spite against the Irish of the South had not been allowed to die out when they moved to this country, but had been transplanted hither in full vigour. They were men to whom no question of nationalism, no question of Australian welfare, no hope of cessation from bloody religious feuds and quarrels had any attraction; men bred and born to hate other men, and determined to force themselves and their "black bill" upon a young and rising country; men to whom the political questions of the day were as nothing compared to the importance of "Boyne Water" and "Croppies Lie Down." Such was the meeting in the Protestant Hall on Monday night. Of course the meeting was "packed." On entering the hall large bodies of men were to be seen congregated in various quarters, all wearing a red badge. One of these, speaking with a North of Ireland "burr," rough enough to file horsehoofs with, told a comrade: "Sure, an' this is where I was placed; I've got my orders." He had his orders, and from his actions one could easily tell what his orders were. All around the hall were similar bodies of men who had their orders from the Orange Lodges. The platforms were crowded with men, mostly old, all bitter and vindictive—not a young Australian face among them. The chairman was an Irishman of the broadest type, North of Ireland of course. The speakers were all North of Ireland men. The chairman opened with a "spaiiche," in which he stated that they had met to show that Australia was not unanimous. He might have added that so long as he, and others such as he, were allowed to crawl about in it, it never would be unanimous about anything except strife and old-world quarrels. He next made some sneering allusions to Mr. Gladstone. This name was received with a perfect storm of hissing, hooting, and yelling; but an old man in the audience, apparently a Scotchman, got up excited and yelled "no, no; cheers for Gladstone!" In half a minute he was seized by some score of the roughs who composed this meeting of the loyalists of Sydney, this public meeting where every man was supposed to have the right to his own opinions, and hustled, kicked, and clucked out of the hall. The audience rose up and watched while the old man fought gamely, but, being outnumbered by twenty to one, he was thrown out; then the chairman urged the meeting to face the situation boldly; with odds of about twenty to one they could afford to face it boldly. As his speech went on every now and again a white handkerchief was raised from the back of the platform, and every time cheers burst forth; the white handkerchief was, of course, a signal, and the audience were "fulfilling their orders." After the chairman stopped, there ensued what, to a person having any veneration for religion in any shape, was a most painful sight.

A clergyman, the "Reverend" Dill Mackay arose to move

the first resolution to the effect that the Australians did not sympathize with the Irish who were struggling for Home Rule, and he did it justice. Jerking his body frantically from side to side and backwards and forwards, this apostle of peace belched forth a tirade of abuse against the priesthood of Ireland and against Roman Catholics of all sorts, sizes and denominations. He wound himself up to a pitch of frenzy, and every time he yelled out the words "Popery" "priesthood," or "religion," the white handkerchief was exultingly raised, and a perfect hurricane of applause followed.

He said that religion was at the bottom of everything—that everywhere in the world Protestants were educated, enlightened and loyal, while Roman Catholics were degraded, ignorant and disloyal. This cheerful statement met with a round of applause that lasted several minutes. An old man, with a face as sour as vinegar, tied a red handkerchief to a club which he carried, and waved it frantically. However the "other side" appeared to have one or two adherents in the hall brave enough to speak their minds. After the Rev. Dill Mackay had delivered his next sentence, in which he said that all the distress in Ireland was owing to the priests, before the white handkerchief could go up or the crowd thunder their applause, before the words were well out of his mouth, in fact, a stentorian voice in the hall shouted out "It is a lie!" A loud yell of "Turn him out!" went up from all over the building. There was a rush and a scuffle, and a glimpse of fierce men trying in dozens to get at this daring offender, a charge down the passage, and the next minute the interrupter was breathing the pure night air of Castle-reagh street, and reflecting on the glorious freedom of speech in public meetings.

The "reverend" continued his address by urging the crowd to stand firm against the organized conspiracy to defeat their meeting. An organized conspiracy of about three men who were so absolutely defenceless that when they were flung out the difficulty was for the "loyal" brave hearts who put them out to get a kick at them, as the loyal hearts aforesaid got in one another's road. The rev. Dill Mackay then continued his speech. We do not like to say nasty things about clergymen, but when a man professing the religion of love and peace and kindness goes on to a public platform and delivers a speech calculated to awake the worst passions of ignorant men, and which was mainly low abuse of other religions, then we cheerfully rise to the occasion and say that for any priest or parson to talk in such a strain is to bring the name of religion into contempt. It was the same keynote all through. When the speakers went into argument on the matter of Home Rule the attention of the audience wandered and a hum of conversation arose. While they were blunderingly trying to prove that Ireland should not have self government although this country had it, they were scarcely listened to. But when they mentioned the "Pope of Rome," "Boys of Derry," "Priesthood," or "Priestriden," up went the white handkerchief, and yell after yell followed. The second of the resolution was unfortunate in coming after the Reverend Dill. You see Dill had taken all the wind out of his sails by his lavish and unsparing abuse of the Irish religion, so that the second, White by name, had to try and do some arguing. This was his style. "What have the Scotch got that the Irish have not got? And yet the Scotch are contented to be poor, but the Irish are not contented to be poor." In any meeting but a packed meeting of Orangemen such absurd argument would have been met with derision. As it was, it was received with silence. He said that "measure after measure and statue after statue had been handed the Irish, but they were not content"—their appetite for statutory being apparently insatiable. The speaker, later on, got on to the Pope heavily, and black-guarded the Roman Catholics nearly as heavily as Dill himself, and sat down amidst an ovation. The chairman then rose and said he would put the resolution.

And here a thing occurred which showed what a magnificently fair, openly-conducted meeting this was. A little man clamoured up to the platform and proposed to move an amendment to the effect that Australians, though they did not sympathize with outrage, were of opinion that Home Rule for Ireland would be a good thing for the Empire. He explained that he was an Ulsterman and a Protestant; but the white handkerchief was frantically waved from the back

of the platform; the crowd, who "had their orders," howled, hissed, yelled, and hooted; cries of "Chuck him down" were raised, and he was not allowed to say a word. Thus did this noble public meeting display its fair-mindedness. That little man, whose name was announced as "Alderman Taylor," deserves great credit for his pluck. Without exaggeration, it was a brave act to face that crowd of howling bigots, and move anything of which they disapproved. At one time a rush was made towards the platform, and, if Taylor had fallen into the hands of the audience, he would have enjoyed a sickly time of it. He resumed his seat amidst hisses, groans, and catcalls, and another apostle of brotherly love, the Rev. W. S. Franckleton (an apostle imported from Ireland a year or two ago), arose to froth out his fierce denunciations of the people who professed to worship God in any way different from his own. He tried to make a great point by saying that when in Ireland he had been fired at in the dark. He fairly fizzed and yelled and shrieked, raising his voice to a wild, unearthly scream. Some rascal in the gallery imitated him with great fidelity which rather "knocked him off his perch," but he immediately waded into the poor old Pope right and left, and made that dismantled potentate look even sicker than the previous speakers had left him. During his speech he mentioned that the young colonials appeared to sympathize with Home Rule, and a dirty, seedy newelun, out at elbows and walking on his uppers, but retaining the symbol of departed greatness in the shape of a very high collar, ejaculated loudly: "Heah, heah! Go it old fellow! Give it to the dern colonials." Of such was the meeting of Australian "loyalists." The next speaker put the finishing proof on the fact that the meeting was not an Australian meeting at all. He said: "The cry has been raised of 'Australia for the Australians.' Do you know what that means? It means Australia for the Papists."

This rather sobered the few Australians present. They began to realize that these loud-mouthed orators and their supporters merely looked on this country as a stumping ground whereon to fight out their accursed old world "religious" feuds; they saw that with the vast majority of the meeting it was William of Orange first and Australia nowhere; that no national sentiment had any lodging in the breasts of these fierce and bigoted men. The old men of the audience applauded the sentiment. What did they care how Australia was governed so long as they could have room to fight out their hereditary feud?

One of the speakers, after drivelling about the Queen for a long time, produced, with great mystery, a pie-crust! He said it had covered a pie at the banquet to the Irish delegates, and that it had on it the Shamrock and the Thistle, but not the Rose. Howls, yells, shrieks! "Where was the Rose?" Someone suggested that one of the traitorous Irish delegates had eaten it, but the orator sternly pointed out that the absence of the Rose on the pie-crust was damning evidence of deep and bloody-minded conspiracy. What an unconscious humorist! More howls of applause.

Loud cries for Abigail then rose. After much persuasion that great banker then came forward, but before he was well under weigh some one in the gallery said, "You are more Popery than Fiscal." Heavens? what a row there was! The unlucky wight was rushed out of the gallery, and we could hear him bounding down the stairs nineteen steps at a stride, thud, thud, thud, wallop-ker smash, like an old man kangaroo rushing through the scrub. Then Francis said with dignity that in the violent disturbance which had been raised there was an evidence of the effect of 'Ome Rule. To see one man slung out of a building by about five hundred was a depressing sight. Then Abigail wound up, the chairman declared all the resolutions carried; cheers for the Queen, Abigail, and the Reverend Dill Mackay followed, and the crowd were surging out when the chairman got up and said he wished to explain something which had hurt Mr. Mackay's feelings. He, the chairman, had said that he bore no hatred to Roman Catholicism, and the Reverend Dill Mackay had objected to the sentiment—he would amend it and say he bore no hatred to Rome Catholics, but he did hate Roman Catholicism; with which declaration of war the Reverend Mackay was satisfied, and the meeting closed. Isn't it a pity we can't put all the people who "travel" on importing religion into politics into one big ship and moor it outside the Heads, and let the artillery blow it to the devil! Amen!

## DR. HURLBERT OF OTTAWA AND THE EARLY REFORMERS.

The subjoined letter appears in a late number of the *Ottawa Journal*.

EDITOR JOURNAL: It is now nearly two months since, in response to a request of Dr. Hurlbert, I informed that gentleman, through the columns of *The Journal*, exactly where Dr. Littledale had spoken of the English Reformers as "utterly unredeemed villains." Instead of a civil acknowledgment, I was favored with a somewhat incoherent reply, which, so far as it had any relevance to the question under discussion, seemed to impugn the genuineness of my quotation. Fortunately, in his letter requesting the information, Dr. Hurlbert, after stating that he was "not unacquainted" with Dr. Littledale's writings and had never found any such statement therein magnanimously added—"On production of such reference, I shall send them to the Doctor"—for verification, I presume.

Dr. Hurlbert has had ample time since the 28th May last in which to have received an answer from England. If his suspicions of my accuracy turn out to be well founded, I beg that he will not allow any delicacy of feeling to restrain him from exposing my dishonesty or ignorance, or both.

On the other hand if Dr. Littledale acknowledges the letter as his own, I venture to think that Dr. Hurlbert owes it to the public, of whom, on these quasi-theological subjects, he aspires to be a leader and guide, to admit that when he stated, to repeat his own stilted phrase, that he was, "not unacquainted" with the writings of Littledale, he could have expressed the truth more accurately with half the number of negatives.

If, from any cause, Dr. Hurlbert has not yet fulfilled his promise to write to England, perhaps, when he does so, he will be good enough to ask Dr. Littledale whether he be the writer also of a seven column letter, addressed to Mr. Cazenove, on the subject of the reformers, signed "Richard F. Littledale," published in the *Church Times* newspaper on the 24th September, 1869, of which the following is an extract. Dr. Littledale is supposing a low churchman to be discussing theological subjects with a high churchman. The low churchman says:

"These tenets and usages which you are bent on restoring may be all very well in their way. They may have long precedents, wide acceptance, practical utility, nay, even colorable pleas from scripture in their favor, but—our 'Martyred Reformers' deliberately rejected them, and therefore we are bound to reject them too, and to resist every attempt at their re-introduction."

Now listen to Dr. Littledale's reply.

"There is only one possible answer to this argument," he says, "and it is this: These Reformers, whom you cite as authorities, whom you follow as examples, were men of the basest and lowest stamp; they committed or encouraged the vilest crimes. They were corrupt, perjured, dishonest, cowardly and irreligious. They violated every pledge and every duty which bound them to man, and it is consequently most improbable, to say the least of it, that they can be safe guides in matters relating to God."

And, coming down to individuals, he says of Cranmer.

"I have gone through the whole evidence again since my lecture was printed, and while I have learned several fresh facts which militate against Cranmer's reputation, I have not been able to discover a single palliation, a solitary act, which can stand as a white speck against the black back ground of his unmixt wickedness."

These are not my words. They are the words of "Richard Frederick Littledale, LL.D., D.C.L., Priest of the Church of England."—of the man in whose writings Dr. Hurlbert has failed to find violent language against the Reformers—albeit he is "not unacquainted" with them.

With the truth or falsity of this estimate of the Reformers I am not here concerned, nor is it a question I intend to discuss. I have quoted these passages because I do not like to be told even by implication that I am a liar and a knave, for stating that which every observer of the various schools of religious thought within the establishment knows to be the simple fact. Your obedient servant.

JOSEPH POPE.

Riviere du Loup, July 19, 1889.

## ARCHBISHOP WALSH.

Bishop Walsh, of London, who, the cable informs us, has been elevated to the arch-diocese of Toronto, in succession to the late Archbishop Lynch, was born in the parish of Mooncain, county of Kilkenny, on May 24th, 1830. From an early age he felt a great desire to enter the sacred ministry. Accordingly, after having completed an extensive preliminary course of science and classics he entered St. John's College, Waterford, where he studied philosophy and a portion of his theology with great success and distinction. In the fall of 1852, Bishop Walsh carried out his intention of serving God on a foreign mission and left home and friends and native land. Arriving in Canada, he entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Montreal, and finished his divinity course with great credit to himself and satisfaction to his superiors. He received the tonsure at the hands of Archbishop Baillargeon, of Quebec, who also consecrated him Bishop. On the 1st November, 1854, he was ordained priest by Bishop de Charbonnel. Brock was his first mission, in which he spent two years. In 1857 he was appointed to the pastorate of St. Mary's, Toronto, and for a short time he discharged the same duty at St. Paul's. After the consecration of Bishop Lynch he was appointed Rector of the cathedral and was again reinstated as pastor of St. Mary's, where he remained until 1867, when he surrendered his charge to enter upon his retreat for consecration. Father Walsh enjoyed the reputation among the clergy of being a sound and deeply read theologian, well versed in the sacred scriptures and canon law, an eloquent and flowery speaker, and *au courant* in general literature. His amiable character, polished manners and great force and decision of character, won him general esteem. He was very much beloved by his confreres in the vicinity and gained the respect and good will of all with whom he came in contact. His priestly life and character ratified the choice of the hierarchy of Canada, and its confirmation by the Holy See. During his twenty-two years' administration of the diocese of London the number of clergy has been trebled, the number of churches quadrupled, and more than a \$1,000,000 spent for ecclesiastical purposes. In November, 1879, Bishop Walsh celebrated the silver jubilee of his elevation to the priesthood, which was attended by leading ecclesiastics from all parts of the Dominion. On 23rd May, 1881, was laid the corner stone of the magnificent new cathedral of London, the ceremony being attended by all the bishops of the Province. On the 29th June, 1885, that stately edifice was solemnly consecrated in the presence of ten bishops and one hundred priests from all parts of Canada and the United States.

Bishop Walsh was the guest last week of the Rev. Father Dowd of St. Patrick's, Montreal. On Saturday he received many congratulations both by telegraph and from personal friends in Montreal on his elevation to the Archiepiscopal See.

In connection with the appointment of Bishop Walsh to the Archiepiscopal See of Toronto, there comes the announcement also that the diocese of Kingston, the oldest in Upper Canada, has been raised to an Archbishopric, and consequently detached from Toronto, whose suffragan it has hitherto been. To this new ecclesiastical province two dioceses, it is said, will be given as suffragans. One will be Peterborough, and the other a new diocese, which will include the counties of Glengarry, Grenville and Stormont. We give the statement, however, with everything of reservation.

## A DISAGREEABLE TASK.

Persons who imagine that the editors of Catholic papers are constantly "pitching into" Protestant preachers because it is a congenial business are very much mistaken. It is, in fact, one of the most disagreeable duties that an editor has to perform. Nothing would afford the average Catholic journalist more genuine pleasure than to chronicle acts of charity and a display of Christian tolerance on the part of our separated brethren, whether preacher or lay. The fact that whenever a non-Catholic religious editor or preacher says anything that

breathes the spirit of Christian kindness and charity for those whom he is pleased to consider his natural enemies, the Catholic press eagerly copies and circulates it, attests its desire to live in peace and harmony with all men irrespective of religious differences. It may be safely set down as an established truth that no good comes to Christianity through ill natured and unseemly wrangling among the representatives of opposing creeds. If people who think they possess the real meaning of disputed points of doctrine, etc., could be induced to explain their views calmly and with an absence of bitter party animus something might be accomplished in the interest of truth, but where abuse takes the place of logic, and personal vilification that of argument, there is not the slightest chance that any benefit will accrue to either side of the question from the discussion.

So uncongenial is the task of denouncing in the print the avowed opponents of Catholic truth, that it is very likely few editors would engage in it if there was any honorable mode of escape open for them. As it is, they only use forcible language to denounce palpable and premeditated mis-statements against the Church and against Catholics, where there is danger that any other course might be construed by ignorant persons as a tacit admission that there were some ground in truth for them.

The language and opinions of sectaries are never attacked by Catholic papers unless grossly at variance with Christian truth and right teaching. Unfortunately, there are many preachers who, for mercenary reasons, devote themselves to the rankest kind of sensationalism, and thrive on the notoriety they are able to acquire by purposely offending against good sense, good taste, and good morals. These creatures are the worst enemies against which religion has to contend. They are frauds and impostors of the lowest type, and are indebted for a goodly share of worldly profit derived from their business to their shameless hypocrisy and the ignorance and prejudices that still find a lodgment among the Protestant masses, and to which they cunningly appeal. Instead of inculcating the sublime lessons of the life and Gospel of the gentle Master, whom they pretend to follow, they labor to foment discord and engender religious animosities among different classes in the community. These fellows are worse than firebrands, for they carry on their villainous work under cover of a respected calling. They trail the name of religion and patriotism in the mire of the worst human passions and degrade the title they wear by the meanest excesses of demagogism. It is against the sordid charlatanism of these false teachers that the Catholic press from time to time has to raise its voice. We long for the day when an honest and courageous Protestant press will relieve us of the task; when its influence will be used to strip these hypocrites of their power for mischief, and see them relegated to obscurity, where they belong; when the enlightened Protestant laity will rise up in mass and refuse to longer render profitable this business that is belittling alike to their Christian instincts and intelligence.

In spite of the strenuous labors of unjust and unreasonable bigots to perpetuate religious hatred and distrust, a sound public sentiment is steadily growing in this country averse to the ostracism of Catholic principles. The great masses of intelligent people who have been logically "reformed" out of the Protestant churches altogether, are gradually freeing themselves from inherited prejudices in regard to Catholicity, and are beginning to turn to the Church as the only enduring religious force in the Christian world. These people refuse to share the alarm that bigots pretend to experience at the thought of the rapid development of the Catholic Church in this country. They decline to see in her teaching and organization anything contrary to the principle of American liberty or antagonistic to the institutions of the republic. With the advance of this sentiment the sphere of the anti-Catholic harlequin preacher grows beautifully smaller, and it is only a question of time when his calling will exist only in memory. *Catholic Mirror Baltimore.*

The Oblat Fathers, from Mattawa, have been giving some very interesting illustrated lectures in St. Jean Baptiste Hall and St. Peter's church, Visitation St., Montreal, about Lake Temiscamingue district. They have a settlement there which they are working very energetically and satisfactorily.



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LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 28th Dec., 1888.

GENTLEMEN,—

I have singular pleasure indeed in saying God-speed to your intended journal, THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. The Church, contradicted on all sides as her Divine Founder was, hails with peculiar pleasure the assistance of her lay children in dispelling ignorance and prejudice. They can do this nobly by public Journalism, and as the press now appears to be an universal instructor for either evil or good, and since it is frequently used for evil in disseminating false doctrines and attributing them to the Catholic Church your journal will do a very great service to Truth and Religion by its publication. Wishing you all success and many blessings on your enterprise.

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,  
Archbishop of Toronto.

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX.

HALIFAX, July 11, 1888.

DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

I have been very much pleased with the matter and form of THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. The high moral Catholic tone, the fine literary taste displayed make your paper a model of Catholic journalism. May it prosper much so long as it keeps to its present line.

Yours very truly,

J. O'BRIEN,  
Archbishop of Halifax.

FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, March 17, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

You have well kept your word as to the matter, style, form and quality of the REVIEW, and I do hope it will become a splendid success.

Believe me, yours faithfully,

JAMES J. CANNERY,  
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUG. 3 1889.

The relations between the Church and State in the province of Quebec are the subject just now of so much misrepresentation, more especially the law which provides for the payment of tithes to the clergy, that it may be well to state precisely and briefly what those relations are.

A subscriber writes asking if there is a civil law in Quebec compelling Roman Catholics to pay tithes which the church and priests impose on them, and what connection exists between church and state. The church establishes a tithe of one twenty-sixth on all grain grown by the parishioners, which it may collect by process of law in case of failure to pay. If a Catholic becomes a Protestant, by making a declaration to that effect, he is relieved from all ecclesiastical charges. The law also provides for the erection or repair of Roman Catholic churches, chapels, parsonages and cemeteries on order or decree of the ecclesiastical authorities, approved by a duly called meeting of the inhabitants, being freeholders, of the interested parish, who elect commissioners or trustees to levy and administer the assessments necessary for the work, which assessments, if necessary, are collectable by process of law. The Roman Catholic bishops may also, on petition of a majority of the freeholders interested, alter or divide any existing parish, or create new ones, where necessary, which divisions, after certain formalities, may be civilly recognized by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-council, and become also parishes (or townships) for school and municipal purposes. The church is also recognized in the educational system of the province, the Roman Catholic archbishops and bishops being *ex officio* members of the Catholic committee of the Council of Public Instruction, which exercises large authority in the administration of public schools and educational institutions.

Most of THE REVIEW's readers have heard, or seen copies of, "The Angelus," the famous picture by Millet, recently sold for an enormous sum at the sale of the Secretan collection in Paris. It was the centre of all competition, and was secured by an American buyer. We take from the Dublin *Freeman* of a recent date, the following beautiful description of this famous picture:

In the famous "Angelus" it is evening. The setting sun glows at the horizon, and gilds the long stretch of plain which tells of toil and cultivation. All breathes of peace. The village church rises darkly against the luminous sky, and its bell rings forth the call to evening prayer. Two peasants have risen from their labor in the potato field—one bending his head in silent humility, pressing his cap to his breast, and the other raises her joined hands as she whispers in mute adoration. Simply and deeply religious—solemn and fervid—there is a sublimity in the pictures which reminds you of Michael Angelo, the favorite of Millet; but which, in its appeal to sympathy and humanity, teaches perhaps an even deeper note of seriousness. Who was the artist? A quiet, silently-suffering peasant of Normandy; one of those who seem born to sorrow and disappointment; but who felt an irresistible calling to depict the scenes of toil in which his youth had been spent. Thrall of never-ceasing poverty, he pined in garrets of the capital, yearning to revisit his native village, and to see again his beloved mother and grandmother. But no one would purchase pictures so strange and original. His designs found out few purchasers, even at prices ranging from one to five francs. He was only too happy to paint portraits for from five to ten francs, or even signboards for shows, or to imitate painters in vogue whose styles he abhorred. He suffered patiently and without a murmur, but not with the cold indifference of a stoic, for his wife and family, who only too often lacked bread and the commonest necessities of life, were dependent upon his exertions. "Nailed to the rock," he said, "I could have forgotten all if I had only been able once in a while to see again my native place and my parents." But it was not to be and his mother and grandmother, objects of his devotion, passed away full of sorrow for his misfortunes, without ever again setting eyes on him. Even when his pictures at length began to receive notice, after having been repeatedly refused by the juries of the salons, they were only to become the butt of critics, who found in him the painter of ugliness and the libeller of country life.:

In the course of a recent debate in the House of Commons Mr. Gladstone said that the conduct of England in forcing Ireland into a legislative union in 1800 "combined violence and fraud, baseness, tyranny and cruelty, in a degree rarely, if ever, paralleled in history." Mr. Balfour, who followed the Grand Old Man in reply, airily charged Mr. Gladstone with bringing "bad history to the support of bad politics." As the House of Commons is not the best place to settle questions of history that may be in dispute, Mr. Gladstone has used the pages of the *Nineteenth Century* to justify the strong expressions he made use of in describing the methods by which the Union was compassed. We published a portion of it in our issue of last week. Let the reader turn to the *Nineteenth Century* if he would know whether Mr. Gladstone has justified his assertion. The picture he exposes of the atrocities practised by the English Government in order to bring Ireland into subjection, is revolting, and the facts related appear almost incredible as occurring within a century, or a century and a quarter. Mr. Gladstone is careful to cite his authorities, and no man can rise from the perusal of his article without blushing with indignation at the knowledge

that such things were done by the most Christian British nation. It will help him to understand, if he never understood before, why the Irish have not been a pacified people, and never can be a pacified people so long as they are denied the right of managing their own affairs in accordance with Irish ideas. In view of the black catalogue of crimes committed, and cruelties inflicted by England in the government of Ireland, it might be thought that a policy of conciliation is the least expiation which England could make. But apart from this there is something illimitably impudent about Bal four's attempt to teach Mr. Gladstone history.

The *Catholic Columbian* suggests as a possible reason why the organizers of the Catholic Congress rejected the Catholic Press as a subject deserving consideration at the mass meeting in Baltimore, that their own consciences accuse them of neglect of it. "It would be interesting," it says, "to know how many Catholic papers they each subscribe for and pay for."

Mr. Dalton McCarthy's announcement that he will move at the next session of Parliament to abolish the official use of the French language in the North West Territories, may be said to be the first practical outcome of the anti-Jesuit agitation. Mr. McCarthy will precipitate an important discussion. The section of the North West Territories Act which Mr. McCarthy will move to have struck out, is virtually a reproduction of the clause in the British North America Act relating to the use of dual languages in Quebec and in the Parliament of Canada, that is, it provides that either language may be used in the debates of the North West Council and in the proceedings before the courts, and both languages must be used in the records and journals of the Council and in printing all ordinances made. What Mr. McCarthy objects to is, doubtless, the official recognition given to the French language in insisting upon its use in official records of the Councils, since on any other ground the matter is not of much account, for the reason that the vast majority of the people settled in the Territories being English speaking people, their language is sure to prevail. In any movement, however, in the direction suggested by Mr. McCarthy, the *Montreal Gazette* very sensibly argues that the people of the North West ought to take the initiative since they are more nearly concerned in the matter than the residents of other provinces, and may properly enough decline to have imposed upon them without consultation outside views, however admirable those views may be. Would it not be better in Mr. McCarthy to persuade the North West Council, which is composed of popular representatives, to address the Dominion Government on the subject?

#### THE "MAIL" AND THE ORANGEMEN.

The *Mail*, which, ever since its change of base some three years ago, has been the foremost champion of the policy of Commercial Union with the United States, has given direct evidence, in recent issues, of a disposition to abandon the Commercial Union position. The sudden change in its policy has occasioned much surmise. It does not, of course, repudiate the Commercial Union idea, but adopts a tone of dubiousness, and dwells rather more on the difficulties which hem it in the position. It asks whether, after all, there is any likelihood of getting unrestricted reciprocity, and it puts forward the change in the American administration as a serious obstacle in the way of its obtainment.

We believe that the real reason of the *Mail's* anxiety to be

rid of the reciprocity question has not yet been put forward. For some little time past it has been singularly contained in regard to it. It has been absorbed in its anti-Catholic, anti-French propaganda. When the storm of fanaticism first broke out, the elements to produce which, we need not say, were of the *Mail's* own preparing, it was natural to expect that there would be some falling off in its economic discussions. The Commercial Unionists, we dare say, were prepared to be patient. In all probability they presumed that when the anti-Jesuit agitation had run its course, and a calm had again settled upon the Protestant world, that the *Mail* would feel at liberty to resume its labours in the field of trade and economy. The reverse of all this, however, has happened, and the fact may, we believe, be taken as an indication of a purpose on the part of the *Mail* to subordinate to its race and religious campaign every other subject of discussion. We need not say that so far as the question of Commercial Union, or unrestricted reciprocity, is concerned, it is a political subject, and, to some extent, an issue between parties, and as such falls outside the range of this journal's discussions. We are only concerned so far as to observe that the *Mail's* abandonment of Mr. Winman and of that gentleman's proposals—and Mr. Winman is not the first man whom the *Mail* in its day has forsaken—marks, we believe, its submission to the dictation of the Orango Body, whose mouthpiece it aims to be. The Orango Body and the *Mail* do not see quite eye to eye in regard to this question. The Orangemen (we state it simply as a fact, and one which influences neither one way nor the other, the merits of the question) are frantically opposed to it. The *Mail's* backdown we believe to have been dictated by the simple motive of expediency; by the determination to drop the advocacy of any subject which would estrange from it any measure of Orange sympathy. By keeping the Orangemen in good humour for the present, it doubtless feels that, when the proper time comes, "the brethren" will prove more pliant to its touch.

In the meantime, the *Mail*, that *vox clamantis in deserto*, is calling upon an unregenerate people to throw expediency to the dogs, and to stand firmly by principles.

#### THE AGITATION.

A careful scrutiny of the leading public journals published in every province of the Dominion confirms the conviction that all this clamour about the Jesuits' estates and Roman Catholic aggressiveness is neither wide-spread nor general, but is confined, as a matter of fact, to an inconsiderable number of newspapers. The *Mail* and *Globe* of Toronto, the *Witness* of Montreal, and an inconspicuous Ottawa paper, together with two or three minor Toronto publications and a handful of painful clerical personages, form the entire head front of the agitation, and work all the thunderings that hurtle in the air about us. It is all the result of much labouring. They send sizzling through the political sky their rhetorical rockets, and they would have all men believe that they are the genuine lightnings of heaven, not longer to be controlled—full of portent for Papists. It is fanaticism rioting in a few fireworks.

We repeat, that throughout the whole breadth of the land the present agitation depends for its continuance upon a half dozen disgruntled journals, a handful of clerical agitators, and that their efforts to inflame the public mind, have met outside the circle of the Orangemen of Ontario, only with repression. We published in a late number an extract from the *Free Press* of Winnipeg, the leading journal of Manitoba, as an indica-

tion of the feeling in that Province on the subject; we have before us a maritime province declaration on the subject, in an editorial in the *Daily Chronicle* of Halifax of last Friday on the subject of a Jesuit meeting held a few nights before in that city, and addressed by a Rev. Mr. Macdonnell, a stranger. we gather—perhaps the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell of “St. Andrew’s,” Toronto. The Rev. Mr. Macdonnell, we read in the *Chronicle*, has quite a reputation in Nova Scotia, and the fact that he was to speak on any subject ought to have sufficed to draw a large audience in Halifax. That he did not draw, the *Chronicle* explains, is a proof of the general indifference of the community to the subject of his address. “The fact is,” says that journal, “that the people of Nova Scotia, as a body, are not going to get agitated over this Jesuit question.” Mr. Macdonnell, we learn, denied on his own behalf, and of those who were associated with him in this movement, a desire to make war upon the Roman Catholic Church. He declared that he would stand for equal rights to all creeds and denominations. “Nevertheless,” observes the *Chronicle* in reference to this disclaimer, “Mr. Macdonnell must see that the result of his speech would be to stir up unpleasant feelings in Roman Catholic circles, and that all the enthusiasm or interest that any of his observations evoked are due to his direct appeals to Protestant prejudices. We have only to say in this connection that there are many manifest advantages in living in a community in religious peace and tolerance, and that nothing justifies doing or saying anything to disturb this pleasant harmony except direct and palpable injustice.” Whatever may be the objections to the Jesuits’ Estates Act, it is clear, it adds, that its Roman Catholic fellow citizens of that Province had nothing to do with its enactment, and have done nothing to justify the stirring up of a quarrel there, which all right thinking people, it says, are anxious to avoid.

The *Chronicle* of Halifax is a Liberal journal, opposed to the present Dominion Government, and anxious to see it displaced from power for various reasons. But, although a party journal, its conductors do not lose sight of the fact that every act of a Government must be judged on its own merits, and that no journal jealous of its reputation and mission will ever attack any measure or policy of government unless upon grounds which are tangible and well sustained by facts and reason. In the case of the Jesuits’ Estates Act, the *Chronicle* fails to see any good public purpose which would have been subserved by its disallowance by the Governor-General. On the contrary, any one, the least prudent, will recognize that greater evils would result from its disallowance than any that can possibly accrue from a policy of non-interference. No one, it adds, can make an observation of this kind without subjecting himself to the charge of truckling for the Catholic vote.” But it is pertinent here to say, it answers, “that so far as this community is concerned we are not aware of any such institution as a “Catholic vote” or a “Protestant vote.” Men of all religious hues vote according to their predilections, and we shall be sorry if a period ever arrives when they will cease to vote on political issues and become involved in a purposeless and irritating religious warfare.”

The *Chronicle* does not at all anticipate that Mr. Macdonnell’s four meetings at Halifax, Truro, New Glasgow and Pictou will work any great political results in Nova Scotia. “Our people,” it says, “have too much to gain by a policy of religious peace to be easily lured into a career of sectarian strife.”

Since the above was first written we have learned that the

Rev. Mr. Macdonnell who is stumping through Nova Scotia, for the love of God, we presume, and the addition of a small stipend, is none other, as we surmised, than the pastor of “St. Andrew’s,” Toronto. Mr. Macdonnell is an observant man, and his sojourn in the sea provinces, in more senses than one, may not prove unwholesome.

The *Week* is to be congratulated upon its complete emancipation, within recent years, from its former state of editorial servitude to Professor Goldwin Smith. The result is to be seen in its treatment of the Jesuit Question, which it has shown a disposition to discuss in a dispassionate manner. In taking its stand with the liberal and enlightened press of the country, and turning the editorial glass on the agitators of, the *Week* has done much to justify its claim to be regarded as a journal of independent opinion, and of the higher calibre. In its issue of last week it puts the following question to the “Equal Rights” orators:—

“Would the crusade of the anti-Jesuit agitators be any less effective were their orators to give at least some of the one hundred and eighty-eight members of Parliament who voted against Mr. O’Brien’s resolution credit for common honesty of purpose? Why is it necessary to accuse all these indiscriminately of having been actuated by base motives or having succumbed to papal influence? Surely amongst so many of the chosen representatives of the Canadian people there must have been at least a few whose integrity should be as far above suspicion as that of any one of the heroic “thirteen!” Had the majority been unable to adduce cogent or at least plausible arguments in support of their vote there might have been more excuse for wholesome impeachment of their motives. Not all the leaders of the ‘Equal Rights’ movement, but certainly too many of them, are given to this kind of denunciatory rhetoric. May we venture to submit that their appeals would have been much more effective with the cooler classes of those whom they address, were they to substitute for imputations of political or moral cowardice, and other despicable motives, against those who differ from their views and methods, some solid reasons sufficient to warrant those who have been accustomed to regard the local autonomy secured by our constitution as the one and only condition on which confederation was and is either possible or desirable, in forsaking that principle in this particular case, or in excluding Quebec from the scope of its operation.”

A pronouncement of this sort from the *Week* goes to prove the point for which we contend elsewhere, that the present wretched agitation is meeting with only the reprobation of every conservative and enlightened element in the community; that it is decried in every section of the Dominion from the Maritime provinces to Manitoba; and that if it were to muster its forces it could summon up only a ragged army of fanatics from Ontario.

His Lordship Bishop Walsh of London, the Archbishop-elect of Toronto, who spent last week as the guest of Father Dowd at St. Patrick’s Presbytery, Montreal, left for the West on Monday last. The Bishop came to Montreal from his summer resort the Lake of Two Mountains, where he has been spending a few days with Rev. Dr. Kilroy, of Stratford. There are also staying at St. Patrick’s Presbytery the Vicar-General of Hartford, (Father Hughes), Father Viger of Baltimore and the Rev. Father Hartz, of New York.

The Bishop of St. Hyacinthe and Bishop of Sherbrooke have been on a visit to His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal.

## Irish Affairs.

### MR. PARNELL'S NEW PLAN.

The decision to organize a great tenant's defence league in Ireland is accepted as a serious step upon which much in the near future will depend. It is stated that the National League is to disappear in Ireland, just as the old Land League passed out of existence, but it is not so clear that any change will be proposed for the League in England or America.

Hostile critics pretend to believe that the new movement is a retrograde step, and that Mr. Parnell, by falling back once more upon agrarian grounds for agitation, admits the failure of the purely political agitation by means of the National League. In reality this is not so. As a matter of fact the change is made more for the purpose of uniting all the varying forces of Irish leadership in political harmony than with any view to altering the character or aims of Irish agitation as a whole.

Since 1885, when the sharp, vibrant note of discord was struck at Galway, there has been no real union inside the ranks of the Irish parliamentary party. The dissension then was chiefly personal, and for the sake of the common cause the Irish members all made public obeisance to Mr. Parnell's dictum, unpalatable though it was; but the next year there came a general political schism. The advanced section typified rather than controlled by Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Healy, and Mr. Dillon, started the plan of campaign in spite of Mr. Parnell's dissent and took the bulk of the party with them. Ever since there has been a latent conflict between this ardent wing, which could not sit still while evictions were proceeding and the police were bludgeoning peaceful crowds, and Mr. Parnell's smaller following of men who attached principal importance to posing in stained-glass attitudes for its effect upon the British electorate.

This new Tenant's League means that a way has been found to bring them both together again. All the big lawyers in the Gladstonian party are at work sifting the scheme into unassailable legal form, so that the coercion acts as they stand will be unable to touch it at any point, and its meetings and actions will be guarded completely by trades union legislation.

LONDON, July 15.—The Parnellites held a meeting to-day for the purpose of taking action relative to the proposed Tenant's Defence League. Mr. Parnell moved that it was "imperatively necessary that the tenant farmers in Ireland combine for self-defence against their attempted extermination by the landlord conspiracy." Thomas Power O'Connor seconded the motion. A committee was appointed to prepare a constitution for the new league. The committee is composed as follows: Messrs. Parnell, Justin McCarthy, Thomas Sexton, T. P. O'Connor, William O'Brien, Timothy Harrigan and T. P. Gill.

### MR. PARNELL'S WITHDRAWAL.

No one can deny that, in withdrawing with his colleagues from all participation in the proceedings of the extraordinary tribunal presided over by Sir James Hannen, Mr. Parnell has acted in the only manner befitting his own dignity or that of the nation which he represents. Many will be found to regret that such a step was not taken long since. We regret the fact ourselves. But after all an excess of patience was a good fault; and it lies in the mouth of no man to say that the Irish leader has not given the English judges full opportunity to attest their impartiality. It is needless for us to now attempt to measure how this opportunity has been used. The judges have played their allotted parts before the full gaze of the public of the world; on the verdict of that public the real value of their proceedings and of their judgment will ultimately depend. What we might write or say could hardly, if at all, effect the issue. It is sufficient for us and it will be sufficient for Ireland and every friend of Ireland to know what one man, and that man our leader and our chief, thinks of a court before which he refuses to again appear, at whose bar he will urge no pleading, on whose decrees he sets such little weight that he cares not to seek to influence them.

We are well content to let the peoples of the world pass judgment upon this case. The *Times* has done its best and worst. The prosecution of the case against Mr. Parnell and his followers has been full, complete, and searching. It is *only* his defence which has been interfered with. He has been forbidden to make investigation as to who the men are who engaged in foul conspiracy against him, and who, intentionally, or unintentionally, deceived the court. He has been desired to hold his hand when about to tear away the curtain behind which lies hidden the group of moral assassins who sought his ruin; he has been commanded to make no inquiry as to their pecuniary relations, whether as paymasters or payees, with perjurers and forgers, and all these things being so, and the three English Judges having declared them "legal," Mr. Parnell will be applauded and supported by the entire Irish race in his determination to withdraw from participation in proceedings which it seems the legislative effort of an English Ministry have been only too successful in stamping as evil-intentioned and unjust. *Irist Catholic, Dublin.*

### LOVE-LIGHT.

It is the twilight time of rest,  
In yonder wood there is no song;  
The hills loom black, yet in the west,  
The golden glory lingers long.

Now clearly etched—the watcher sees  
The dim housetops, the distant spire,  
The tracery of the leafless trees,  
The reek from many a household fire  
Against the ether, blue and cold  
The few faint silver stars among:  
Yet deep'ning, redd'ning o'er the world,  
The golden glory lingers long.

Ah me! my love, my absent love,  
Thy face hath faded from my day;  
And there is gathering gloom above,  
And chilly night winds round me play.  
Yet—mem'ry makes my twilight blest,  
I see thy face, I hear thy song;  
And in the deep heart of my west  
The golden glory lingers long.

*Jay Kayelle in the Week.*

### THE HOLY FATHER'S HEALTH.

The *American* publishes an interview of their representative with Bishop Kean, Rector of the Catholic University at Washington, who is here in attendance on the National Education Association. Speaking of the health of the Pope, Bishop Kean says. "So far as the health of Leo XIII. is concerned there is no likelihood of his dying very soon. I saw him the day before I left Rome, March 19, and he was then the picture of health, stout, robust and active. It is true he is a very old man, 82 years, but he does not stand alone as the only man of advanced age performing the active duties of a high responsible position. Bismarck, Gladstone and Manning, as well as Leo XIII., are far advanced in life, and yet these men are moving the world. Cardinal Newman is 92 years old, and he has only just retired from the active performance of his duties.

"When Leo XIII. became the Chief Bishop of the Church some twelve years ago, he himself regarded his health so poor that he said it was useless to make him Pope, for he had scarcely six months to live. His health now, however, is very good, and I assure you he has no notion of dying to please anyone."

"In the event of the death of the Pope, where will his successor probably come from?"

"I should say Italy, beyond a doubt."

"Then all this talk about an American Cardinal succeeding is without any foundation at all?"

"Entirely so. There are many reasons why an American will not be elevated to the Papacy. To begin with, an American, no matter how learned he may be, how well posted on European affairs, is thoroughly unfitted to fill the Papal See. The Pope must be a thorough cosmopolitan. He must be *au fait* with European affairs, conversant with the political and spiritual conditions of France, Germany and Spain—in fact, the whole world. No American can grasp the situation

in all its details. His educational surroundings and life are totally different from that of the man who is fitted to fill the Papacy. Europe is becoming Americanized. The people are gradually taking up our theories and systems of life and government, but it will be a hundred years before the conditions are such that it would be possible for an American Cardinal to become the head of the Catholic Church."

#### THE LATE MGR. CORCORAN

In the following appreciative editorial tribute to the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Corcoran whose death we recorded last week, appears in the last number of the *Philadelphia Catholic Standard*.

In his death the Church in America and, we may with truth say, the universal Church has sustained a great loss. For, he was one of her noblest sons, one of her most learned scholars and distinguished theologians. His knowledge was encyclopedic in the number and variety of the subjects it included, yet of each of them it was minute, exact, and thorough. He was familiar with all the modern languages of Europe, not only reading them with ease, but also writing and speaking most of them correctly and elegantly. He was the greatest Latin scholar of his age, writing it with the purity and accuracy and strength of Cicero. So, too, he was thoroughly acquainted with the Greek, Hebrew, Sanscrit, Syriac, and other ancient languages; and not only with the languages themselves, their structure, and terminology, but also with their literature. He was a splendid mathematician. In history, both sacred and profane, he was both minutely and profoundly learned.

Of the Sacred Scriptures, their history, the different ancient texts in which they are still, preserved in the tongues in which they were originally written, their literal sense, and the treasures of spiritual wisdom which are wrapped up in their literal sense, he was one of the greatest expounders. He, literally, knew the Sacred Scriptures by heart, and they were the subject of his meditations by day and by night. Next to the Sacred Scriptures, or along with them, were his constant and exhaustive studies of canon law, of moral theology, of the ritual of the Church and kindred subjects. His mighty intellect, at once exact, and comprehensive, acute and profound, was constantly at work, gathering treasures of knowledge from every source, arranging, collating, digesting them, so that every fact, however seemingly insignificant, found its proper place in the store-house of his tenacious memory, and in its relation to other facts, acquired meaning for the confirmation or elucidation of truth. When we consider that this high order of intellect and these vast stores of learning were consecrated to the defence and glory of the Church, we can form some idea of what the Church has lost.

Of Monsignor Corcoran as a Christian and a Priest it would be difficult to speak in too eulogistic terms. One of his distinguishing characteristics was his faith. We do not refer here to its strength and firmness, which could not well be greater, but to its simplicity. In this respect his faith was as that of a little child. For him it was emphatically expressed in that all comprehensive declaration, "O my God, I firmly believe all Thy Holy Catholic Church believes and teaches, because Thou hast revealed it, who can neither deceive nor be deceived." Resting as it did upon the basis of God's absolute truth, his faith needed no corroborative evidence, though it was thus corroborated and confirmed in countless ways by his knowledge of Christian and Jewish and Pagan antiquities by his profound knowledge of history, philosophy and theology. His faith pervaded and illumined his whole soul. It was to him the surest and most certain guide in all things; "the substance of things hoped for, the conviction of things that appear not." By it all notions and ideas were tested; to it all opinions (his own and those of others) were entirely subordinated. Often have we heard him say, "Oh, that is merely an opinion. The Church has not seen fit as yet to pronounce a decision upon it. Until she does, it will remain a mere matter of opinion. I have an opinion about it; some others have different opinion, but I attach no importance to my own opinion nor to theirs. When the Church decides it, if ever the Church sees fit to decide it, then we will be able to speak with certainty about it." His faith thus purified, elevated and

strengthened his intellect; and we believe that it was more through it than through his intellectual gifts (high and great as they were) and his constant, tireless employment of them in study and reflection, that he became so accurately and profoundly erudite in so many branches of science, both secular and sacred.

Than Monsignor Corcoran the world has seldom, if ever, seen a more loveable type of true, Christian humility. In him this virtue was entirely undemonstrative and unassuming. It was self-depreciation or the result of it; it was simply the natural outcome of a constant consciousness of living in the immediate presence of God, in comparison with whom he was less than nothing, and to whom he owed all his great natural gifts, and by and through whom he acquired his vast knowledge, as to Him he owed his life and health and physical stature. He was as little vain of his erudition and his intellectual powers as he was of the size and shape of his shoes or the coat that he happened to wear. His talents all belonged to God, and the only value they possessed for him was the manner in which he could employ them in God's service.

Little did it matter to Monsignor Corcoran whether the work he had to do was in an obscure corner of his Master's vineyard, or in a position of prominence and distinction. He was just as contented with his work, and just as earnest in doing it, when under a broiling sun he was jolting in an ox-cart with wooden wheels along almost impassable roads in Carolina, to attend a sick-call or to instruct a handful of persons in the elements of Christian doctrine, as he was when, surrounded by the highest dignitaries of the Church, he put at their disposal his vast stores of erudition and shaped and formed the decrees they were about to enact respecting matters of the greatest ecclesiastical importance. An instance, both amusing and deeply significant of the wide range of his intellectual work and of his religious concern for others is furnished by the fact that many years ago when, in South Carolina, he composed and prepared for publication a Syriac Grammar, and at the same time wrote a catechism in negro-English, which he taught to some colored persons who he found could not well understand ordinary English—the difference between the two tongues being almost as great as that between ordinary English and the "Pigeon-English" used in China.

Persons who visited Monsignor Corcoran's rooms in St. Charles' Seminary may have noticed over the desk at which most usually he wrote, a picture of our Divine Lord at work in St. Joseph's carpenter-shop. The picture was eminently suggestive of Monsignor Corcoran's understanding of his own life-work. It was to do whatever work his Master willed, whether it was that of drudgery, unrecognized and unhonored, or that which brought to him renown and high distinction.

Had the Monsignor wished it he would have attained higher ecclesiastical rank than that to which, without any desire or effort on his part, he was elevated. Had he remained in Rome he, doubtless, long ago, would have been made a Cardinal and placed over one or more of the Sacred Congregations of the Holy See. For his worth and ability and extensive erudition, at once exact and profound, were as well known in Rome and as highly appreciated, as in this country. Perhaps, indeed, in the highest ecclesiastical circles they were better known and more highly appreciated than here. For in Rome were wider scope for their employment and more frequent opportunities for turning them to practical account.

Rome, too had strong attractions for him. In Rome he could meet learned scholars residing there, or resorting there as to a common intellectual Mecca, engaged in the same studies as those which he was prosecuting or studies kindred to them. There he could meet missionaries and Prelates from all parts of the world, visiting Rome to pay their homage to the successor of St. Peter, and report the condition and progress and conquests of that Church of Christ which Monsignor Corcoran loved with his whole heart.

To him, too, the very soil of Rome was sacred. Had it not been trodden by the feet of Saints Peter and Paul, and of countless other glorious martyrs following their example? Had it not been moistened with their blood? To a mind and heart like Monsignor Corcoran's, familiar with the language and literature of Italy; familiar perfectly and thoroughly with

the history of every part of Italy and Rome, both pagan and Christian, and with every phase and change in their varied fortunes; with a mind and heart quick to recognize every historic association, and quick to take in every thought and lesson suggested by such associations, every step he took along the streets and every spot he visited in and around Rome thrilled him with sublime emotions, or suggested to him subjects for devout meditation.

But Monsignor Corcoran's plain and evident mission was not in Rome, but in his native land. Here he had a work to do of greater practical importance to the interests of Christ's Church on earth, than he could have done had he remained in Rome, though his work there would, doubtless have won for him higher ecclesiastical rank. Without reluctance he obeyed the call of duty to make this country, his own country, the field of his labour. For Monsignor Corcoran was a true patriot and ardently loved his native country; a patriot, not after the heathen fashion of the agnostics and Atheists of our day, who set the type of patriotism which the unthinking multitude blindly adopt, in the form of a love of self and of material things, which denies God and utterly, ignores right and wrong, but a true Christian patriot according to the teaching of the Church, which inculcates the truest and highest form of patriotism—a love of country which is based on duty and obtains its highest sanction in the law of God. Such a patriot was Monsignor Corcoran.

#### CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.

Rev. Abbe Emard is likely to succeed the late Abbe Harel as chancellor of the Archbishop's palace, Montreal.

Archbishop Fabre has completed his pastoral tour for this year, having visited thirty-six parishes. There are over 200 parishes in his archdiocese.

His Grace Archbishop Fabre and a large number of the clergy attended a solemn requiem service, which was chanted at the Cathedral Church, Montreal, on Thursday morning, for the repose of the soul of the late Rev. Abbe Telesphore Harel, D.D., chancellor of the Archbishop. Rev. O. Harel, brother of the deceased priest and chaplain of the St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary, officiated.

On Thursday of this week the Ursulines of Quebec celebrated the two-hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the arrival there of Mother Mary of the Incarnation. In that city she founded the first Ursuline community in America. There are now Ursuline Convents in the United States at New York City, Cleveland, Toledo, and Fayetteville, Ohio; Springfield and Alton, Ill.; Columbia, Savannah; Augusta, Ga.; and New Orleans, San Antonio, Galveston, Louisville and St. Louis. In Canada at Quebec, Trois Riviere and Chatham.

The inkstand which was used by the Fathers of the Canadian Confederation at the conference held at Quebec in 1864, over which the late Sir Etienne Pascal Tasche presided, was presented to Sir Etienne after the conference, has since become the property of His Grace Archbishop Tache, of St. Boniface, and it is this inkstand that will be used when the decrees of the first Provincial Council of St. Boniface will be signed.

#### CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

Father Curley, of Georgetown College, is dead. He was the oldest priest in the United States. He was born in Ireland on the 25th October, 1796, came to Georgetown College in 1827, was ordained priest in 1831, and on the building of the observatory in 1845 took charge of it and took the first longitude and latitude of Washington. He was the instructor of many eminent men.

*The Dominion Illustrated* comes to us this week with a rich supply of British Columbia scenes, including some illustrations of Chinese life in and near Victoria. The group of portraits of the staff of the Geological Survey, comprising Dr.

Selwyn, Dr. Dawson, Mr. Whiteaves, Dr. Bell, and some 40 others, will be prized by many who know what services those gentlemen have rendered to Canada. The North West is represented by Hon. E. Dewdney. The letter-press is up to the usual mark of excellence.

#### Men and Things.

Mr. Wilfrid Blunt is an enthusiastic breeder of Arab horses, and the annual sale of Arabs at his country residence brings down every year a large party from London and the country. The last sale took place a few weeks ago. Among those present at the sale or as the guests of Lady Anne Blunt at the garden party after the horses had been under the hammer, were some, says the *Weekly Register*, whose political sympathy with Mr. Blunt was stronger than their love of horses, while many faces familiar to Catholics were to be seen. Mr. Stansfeld, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Sir George Campbell, and Mr. Jacob Bright looked on while Sir Charles Russell secured for the stables at Tadworth one of the prettiest of the Crabbet Arabs. Mr. Kegan Paul, the publisher of Mr. Blunt's poems, was also one of his guests; and another of Mr. Paul's poets present was Miss Kathrine Tynan. Mr. Blunt restricts himself to keeping the breed pure and developing the peculiar qualities of the Arab which are (1) perfect soundness, especially in the legs and feet, where English horses are most defective; (2) good temper (they have not got such a thing as a kick in them); (3) beauty; and (4) staying power.

On July the 15th Cardinal Manning kept his eighty-first birthday. He is another survival of that great generation of men born at the beginning of the century—a grand old man, as vigorous, as bent upon the right, and as intellectually alert as the Grand Old Man himself. Manning, Gladstone, Newman—how poor England will be when they are gone.

That was a kindly act of his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, says the *Irish Catholic*, when, on Sunday last, visiting the North Dublin Union Workhouse, finding a poor old wood-carver endeavouring to execute some work for the altar of the poorhouse chapel, with a few rude implements which he had managed to secure, his Grace promised to supply him with a full set of proper tools for the purpose. It is needless to say that the Archbishop thus brought a gleam of joy into one sad old life.

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T. G. and-B.....	7.00	3.45	11.00	8.30
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C. V. R.....	7.00	3.20	9.00	9.20
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
			12.50	
G. W. R.....	2.00	8.40	2.00	
	6.00	4.00	10.30	4.00
	11.30	9.30		8.20
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
U. S. N. Y.....	6.00	4.00	9.00	
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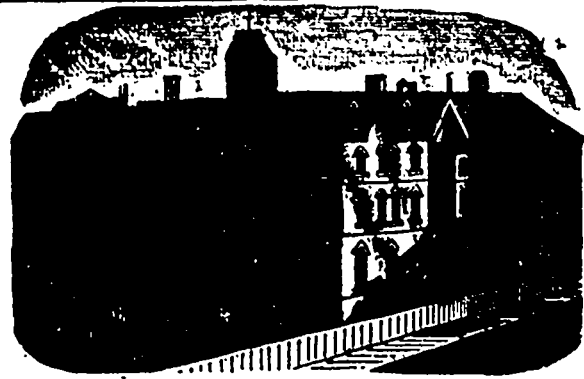
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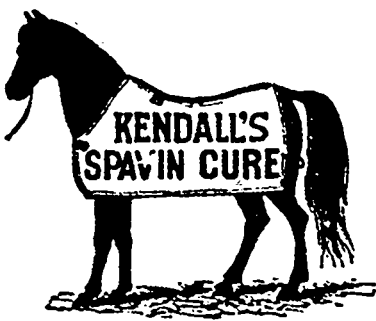
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