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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. I.

Toronto, Thursday, Apr. 21, 1887.

No. 10

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LETTER

FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

St. Michael's Palace, Toronto, 29th Dec., 1886.

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 good or evil, 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.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

A LETTER from the Pope to the Archbishop of Cologne, enjoining Centrists to vote for the Prussian Ecclesiastical bill as passed by the Oberhaus, will be published presently.

PRINCE Frederick Charles of Prussia, at the desire of Emperor William, is about to visit the Pope to thank him for sending Mgr. Galimberti to Berlin on the occasion of the Emperor's birthday anniversary.

THE Pope has instructed the bishops of Strasburg and Metz to direct the clergy of their dioceses to take no part in the anti-German agitation, and to abstain from fostering the sentiments displayed during the recent election for members of the Reichstag.

THE funeral services over the remains of the late Vicar-General Quinn, so well known in connection with the Archdiocese of New York, who died a few days ago in Paris, while on his way to Rome, were held on Monday in the Church of the Madeline.

A DESPATCH from Rome says the Pope approves of the course of Cardinal Gibbons, and encourages him in his action with reference to the Knights of Labour. Cardinal Gibbons has secured the adherence of Cardinal Manning, and will appeal, it is said, to other bishops for support.

THE scenes which followed the resumption of the debate in the House of Commons on Friday, and ended in the suspension of Mr. Healy, were of the most unfortunate and regrettable character. Sir William Harcourt opening the debate in opposition to the Coercion Bill was followed by Col. Saunderson,

who opened out by declaring that the National League was supported mainly by criminals, dynamiters, and murderers in America, and that the Nationalist members of Parliament were the associates of men whom they knew to be murderers, and privy to, if not accomplices in, the Phoenix Park assassinations. He was given the lie, first by Mr. Healy, and, repeating the assertion, subsequently by Mr. Sexton. Col. Saunderson refusing to apologise, Mr. Healy declined to withdraw the expression, and was as a consequence suspended, the Speaker in naming him feeling forced to admit that the incident was the result of extreme provocation. On the re-assembling of the House, Mr. Sexton again called upon Col. Saunderson to withdraw the assertions regarding Mr. Healy, which had exasperated him into making the response for which he was suspended. Col. Saunderson remaining silent, Mr. Gladstone arose and again put the question, to which the Orange leader replied he had not alluded directly to Mr. Healy, and was unable to substantiate the charges so as to bring conviction to the minds of members of the House. He was answered by Mr. Sexton in a stinging speech. The amendment to the Crimes Bill to the effect that the Bill, if passed, would increase the disorder in Ireland, endanger the Union and Empire, and should therefore be rejected, was defeated on Saturday by a vote of 370 to 269, and the second reading of the Crimes Bill agreed to without division. The debate was conducted by Messrs. Gladstone, Balfour, Sexton, and Lord Hartington; Mr. Parnell, on rising, repudiating as a vile and infamous forgery the letter printed in the Times, resorted to obviously for no other purpose than to influence the division, and to fasten on him the suspicion of being in sympathy with assassination. The letter of the Times is looked upon as a deliberate invention designed to slander the Irish leader, and influence English opinion; not only the Globe and Pall Mall Gazette, but ultra-Tory journals of the stamp even of the St. James' Gazette, refusing to discuss or regard it as genuine until its authenticity shall have been absolutely established.

THE JESUIT OF FICTION.

IV.

CHARLES III. of Spain, to which country, returning to the close of the eighteenth century, we must in turn cast a glance, was a Christian king, and so far from being a systematic enemy of the Jesuits, had ordered the first pamphlets of Pombal against the Society to be burnt. The Count d'Aranda, however, chief of the cabinet, and his colleague, the Duke of Alba, directly encouraged by Choiseul, and equally unscrupulous, were bent upon effecting their expulsion from the kingdom. To do this, and to excite the king against the order, an intrigue was resorted to, in connection with which the historical facts are of such a colouring, that they can only be explained with the guarantee of impartiality by Protestant pens.

Three years after the action of France in respect to the order, a riot took place in Madrid. The royal authority was for a time overthrown, and Charles was obliged to flee. This disturbance, which the military could not quell, was appeased by the Jesuits, whose popularity was so great that the crowd insisted, unfortunately, upon attending them to the doors of their houses, crying, "Vivent les Peres." At the height of his indignation the king received advices from Paris stating that "it was not difficult for the Jesuits to quell a riot *which they themselves had excited.*" Beginning with Pombal, all the persecutors of the society were of an equal moral standard, wholly destitute either of principle or of faith. According to the Protestant de Murr, the repentant Duke of Alba later made Charles III. a written avowal of the wrong committed by him in the affair of the Jesuits, and furthermore declared before the Archbishop of Salamanca, "that he had fomented the riot of the *Sombreros* (by which it was known) for the express purpose of attributing it to the Jesuits." But other means were also had recourse to, to destroy the sympathy which existed between the king and the Society. Forged letters over the names of the general, provincial, and superiors of the order were circulated, containing most odious calumnies against individual members of the society, the king, and his mother, letters the falsity of which we do not suppose to have been denied by a single historian, whether friendly towards the society or not. The only difference we know of is that one Protestant attributes the work to the Duke of Alba, another to the French minister. A second Protestant, the English historian Coxe, speaking of one of the forged letters of the Father-General, says, "They forged a letter supposed to have been written from Rome to the Spanish provincial."

This letter ordered him to excite an insurrection, was intended to be intercepted, and dwelt upon the immense riches of the order. A third Protestant, Ranke, adds: "They persuaded Charles III. that the Jesuits wished to put his brother, Don Luiz, in his place"; and a fourth Protestant, Sismondi, "The plots and counter-plots, slanderous accusations, forged letters, *intended to be intercepted, and which were,* determined the resolution of the King." Finally, a fifth writer, the Englishman, Adam, although manifestly respecting the prejudices of the English, believes himself justified in questioning the truth of the guilt and bad intentions attributed to the Jesuits, declaring it "more natural to believe that a faction hostile, not only to their Institute, but to Christian religion in general, wrought a ruin to which the government lent themselves the more readily, as they thereby better served their own interests."

The Pope, Clement XIII, defended the Jesuits in Spain as he had done in France and in Portugal, but with equally ill-success. As a result of these intrigues, Charles, but lately their protector, became their enemy, and resolved on their expulsion from the Spanish dominions. In a single day, six thousand priests were thrown into the holds of ships, and left there, either to perish or abjure their vows. With but few insignificant exceptions they preferred to perish. Then the authors of their common misfortunes, Choiseul, D'Aranda, Alba, in complicity with Pombal, pointed the knife at the breast of the Pope.

The Society of Jesuits was suppressed. It never was condemned. It fell without a murmur, dying as it had lived, in perfect obedience. But the blow which struck the Jesuits, struck also at social order and morality; their suppression left an immense void in religious instruction and education. With them was destroyed in a moment the wisdom of ages, and there arose at their death a cry of sorrow, which was re-echoed throughout the earth and age. "In the destruction of the Jesuits," says the great Chateaubriand, "learned Europe has sustained an irreparable loss." La Lande, not satisfied with reproaching their enemies, adds, "I have been a near observer of them. They were a people of heroes in the cause of religion and humanity." "There are among them," said Voltaire, "writers of rare merit, men of great learning, of vast eloquence, of genius;" and it was of their persecutors he said, "The absurdity of these fanatics was joined to fury; they were at once the most foolish and most terrible of men." "The Jesuits," adds D'Alembert, "are successful in all paths of learning, in eloquence, history, antiquities, geometry, light and profound literature; there is hardly any class of writing in which they do not number men of great merit." And there is the testimony of Macaulay, "The order had been a century in existence and already it had filled the world with monuments of its sufferings and its grand struggle for the faith." And Schœll, "They held in their hands the future generations. Nothing hostile to the Holy See, and consequently religion could prosper so long as the Jesuits were there. . . . The Jesuits were immovable in their faith. . . . They conspired against them, and declared them guilty, since they refused to be associated in the plots which menaced the Holy See and the monarchies." Rousseau, Lamartine, Talleyrand, Fontaine, Laménais, Frederick II. of Prussia, Bacon, Leibnitz, and Ranke, all are united in their favourable testimony, and with this line from Kern, the professor of Gottingen, "the grandest minds and noblest hearts have ever been in favour of the Jesuits," may be closed the mention of Protestant judgments.

Of the first Jesuit Fathers, Xavier, Laynez, Ricci, Brebeuf, it is not necessary to speak. They were Christians of that quality of whom it has been said that, indefatigable and invulnerable, "still on earth, they yet walked already in heaven." In the delirious atmosphere of the hospitals and plague houses, they became infected only with the fever of charity; fastened to the stake by savages, they intoned with gladness the canticle of death; in them was reflected the likeness of Christ.

And what shall be said of their contributions to the learning of the world? Will anyone deny that they were the prodigies of the age, that they ranked first in all branches of science, that they composed grammars and lexicons of nearly one hundred languages and idioms, and that their astronomers, mathematicians, mineralogists, and naturalists, are well nigh innumerable? They may be numbered by the hundred fold, these great Jesuits; history is replete with their names. Is it possible that Pascal, who furnished those inventions of insult, spiced even to indecency, to which he attached the humble name of some obscure religious, did not know those great names which resounded throughout Europe—Suarez, Canesius, Solet, Bellarmine, and Bourdaloue? Certain it is he never turned his weapon on such men as these, nor indeed on any one, for the Jesuit whom he fabricates to scoff and deride at, neither lives nor has at any time existed.

Are they then not dead, these Jesuits, since they were so utterly exterminated by the axe and wheel, by famine, exile, and the union of all known barbarities? *Non mortui sunt.* The Jesuits are not immortal, but they are not dead. They have a few more colleges, and in their colleges a few more pupils. Preaching the Gospel to the nations, toiling among the teeming millions of Hindustan and China, keeping watch like vigilant sentinels over the preservation of the Faith, they continue to evangelize, educate, and civilize in our own day. They will cease to do so only when they cease to exist. History is their vindication, but if in the retrospect the story of their sufferings shock us, if across one's admiration as a Christian a sentiment altogether human passes, and we are tempted

to doubt it even the heroism of the martyrs had a right so to encourage the violence of their persecutors, and to ask if there was not a weakness on the part of the Society, as well as on that of the Church herself in regard to Pomal and his associates, it is to be remembered that it was persecution that St. Ignatius himself prayed for, the persecution promised to an apostolate, "who should be hated for His name's sake."

THE POEMS OF FATHER ABRAM J. RYAN.

A year ago the spirit of one of the truest of American poets winged its way into eternity. It was Passion week when the wires flashed the news that Father Ryan, the "Poet-priest of the South," whose genius had sung its way into our hearts, was dying at a Convent in Louisville, Kentucky. It was fitting that he who embalmed sorrow with the spirit of his pathetic muse—who wrote :

For ah! the surest way to God
Is up the lonely streams of tears,
That flow when bending 'neath his rod,
And fill the tide of earthly years.
On laughter's billows hearts are tossed,
On waves of tears no heart is lost.

It was fitting that he should return his poetic soul into the hands of his Creator during a time sanctified by the Holy Church and consecrated with the Chalice of Gethsemane and the sorrows of Calvary. The spirit of Father Ryan's muse is eminently that of sorrow. He did not write for fame. As he says in a preface to an edition of his poems, "His feet knew more of the humble steps that lead up to the Altar and its Mysteries than of the steps that lead up to Parnassus and the Home of the Muses. And souls were always more to him than songs." And yet few of the American poets sprang so rapidly into popularity as that Poet-priest of the South. The reason is obvious. The poetry of Father Ryan is genuine—not artificial, nor laboured. It is the outpouring of a heart stirred to its depths by the *divine afflatus*. True, the mechanism of his verse may, in many places, be faulty, yet you cannot but feel the pulse of poetic genius in its every throb. Amongst his minor efforts there is one entitled "Rest," that did not appear in the first edition of his poems, issued by J. L. Rapiet & Co., of Mobile, Alabama. It has always appeared to me a finished gem—full of poetic character—a very condensation of Father Ryan's genius in verse.

REST.

My feet are wearied and my hands are tired,
My soul oppressed—
And I desire, what I have long desired—
Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil, when toil is almost vain,
In barren ways.

'Tis hard to sow and never garner grain
In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,
But God knows best;
And I have prayed; but vain has been my prayer
For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring and never reap
The autumn yield;
'Tis hard to till, and when 'tis tilled, to weep
O'er fruitless field.

"And so I cry a weak and human cry,
So heart oppressed;
And so I sigh a weak and human sigh,
For rest—for rest.

My way has wound across the desert years,
And cares invest
My path, and through the flowing of hot tears,
I pine for rest.

And I am restless still; 'twill soon be o'er;
For down the west
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore.
There I shall rest."

I have seen it somewhere said that poetry is the flowering of the soul. The very hues and fragrance of the inner life of the poet are brought to the surface through the medium of poetry. We see this exemplified in the ironical misanthropy of a Byron, the grace and refinement of a Longfellow, and the rollicking conviviality of a Burns. A pure soul will write purely; a sceptic will sear his verse with doubt; a sensuous writer will cause his lines to swell with the blood of passion. It is simple and pleasant as a task to search for a poem which reflects the life and character of an author. Every one recognizes at once in the "Raven" the weird life of Poe. Coleridge's casting about for truth in a sea of doubt is plainly visible in the "Ancient Mariner":—

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide ocean.

Among Moore's Melodies, "The Meeting of the Waters" strikes off the leading element in Moore's character—that of friendship:

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Taking up a volume of Father Ryan's poems, it is not difficult to select the one which mirrors the poet-priest in spirituality and mystic yearning of heart. "The Song of the Mystic," is a reflex of its author:

I walk down the valley of silence,—
Down the dim, voiceless valley alone!
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me, save God's and my own;
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers where angels have flown.

Long ago—was I weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago I was weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago I was weary of places
Where I met but the human—and sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly;
I craved what the world never gave;
And I said: 'In the world each ideal,
That shines like a star on life's wave,
Is wrecked on the shores of the Real,
And sleeps like a dream in a grave.'

And still did I pine for the Perfect,
And still found the False with the True;
I sought 'mid the Human for Heaven,
But caught a mere glimpse of its Blue;
And I wept when the clouds of the mortal
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the Human;
And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men;
Till I knelt long ago at an altar,
And heard a voice call me: Since then
I walk down the valley of Silence,
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the valley?
'Tis my trysting-place with the Divine.
And I fell at the feet of the Holy,
And above me a voice said: 'Be mine.'
And there arose from the depths of my spirit
An echo—'My heart shall be thine.'

Do you ask how I live in the valley?
I weep—and I dream—and I pray.
But my tears are as sweet as the dew-drops
That fall on the roses of May;
And my prayer like a perfume from Censers,
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim valley,
Till each finds a word for a wing.
That to hearts, like the Dove of the Deluge,
A message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep, there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;

And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech ;
And I have had dreams in the valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the valley—
Ah me ! how my spirit was stirred !
And they wear holy veils on their faces—
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard :
They pass through the valley, like virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the valley ?
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care !
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and His angels are there ;
And one is the dark mount of Sorrow,
And one—the bright mountain of Prayer !

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

CATHOLIC NEWSPAPERS.

NOTHING is more common in the mouths of Catholics than the disparagement of their own newspapers, their own periodicals, their own reviews. You will hear it said of a Catholic newspaper, "There is nothing in it ;" "there is no news ;" "it is behind the age ;" "it is not worth reading." And when a new venture appears, nearly every one predicts ruin for it ; it won't last, and it is sure to go, they say ; and then they add all that they are accustomed to say about the existing papers. The price, too, is a substantial grievance when one compares the amount of newspaper literature that can be got for the same money elsewhere. In the same way complaints are heard about the monthlies and quarterlies—it is trashy, or it is heavy—which means it is unsuitable to the speaker ; and the result is that what is written for and by Catholics is not read by them, and if not read at all, soon ceases altogether for want of support. The supply will cease when there is no demand.

Now no one is so unreasonable as to say that a newspaper venture by Catholics is to have the fullest support of all other Catholics if another newspaper venture by Protestants supplies the required article at half the cost. You might as well try to drive all Catholics to buy their teas and dry goods from Catholic merchants, while these are undersold by Protestants in the same street. But one would expect, that if the required article was not to be had other than in a Catholic paper or in a Catholic shop, that a Catholic would go where it was to be found and pay the price that it must sell for rather than not get it at all. If a man wants Catholic literature in his family he must get it from the proper source and pay for it just as he must do when he wants a Prayer-book or a Douay Bible. Men yet do not gather grapes from thorns. If a man does not want Catholic literature, then for half the money he can get the weekly *Sun*, or the weekly *Mail*, or a score of others. He is out of the question and he ought not to complain about what does not concern him—that is, the relative merits of the two papers—or to compare things about which there is no comparison.

But a reasonable man may still say, "I would take a Catholic paper if it had any news, or there was any snap to it, or if it was worth anything." He will say it is all church news—the address of the congregation to my Lord the Bishop, and his reply ; the presentation of the gold watch to Father So-and-so on the occasion of his leaving somewhere, and the reply he made on the spur of the moment when he was taken by surprise. Then this same unreasonably outspoken man will advert to other things, such as the address to the beloved teacher, the distribution of prizes, the successful drawing of the lottery, and last and worst, the amateur concert in which a number of solos were beautifully rendered, and the daughter of the chief parishoner also sang very sweetly. He says that after overlooking all these he has no resource between a page of unimportant Irish news—no county omitted—and some extract of no earthly interest to him, but which is as long and as dry as a thesis in metaphysics. What answer can be given to satisfy the truth and correct the exaggeration in these objections ?

In the first place, any paper now-a-days published only once in the week can have no claim to be a newspaper in the sense of its giving news. The most of the news at the end of the week is no news at all—it is stale and flat, and it is not possible to have much snap in the rehashing of it. Take this away and you cut the ground away from the largest claim it can have on the public. A weekly paper, in my opinion, ought not to attempt to give news. In the busy life people live in this age, few have time for anything but news—the markets, the stocks, the meetings—and they read these at their breakfasts or in the street-cars. What do these want with a newspaper that has no news for them, and at best may be looked at on a Sunday ? Now it is that class that supports the press, the daily paper ; and the weekly journal, Catholic or Protestant, has only a very secondary interest for them. They can do without it, and what people can do without they have little regard for. For them it is behind the age, and is stale, flat and unprofitable. The only news a weekly can give is information omitted or suppressed by the dailies.

If this is true, you have the loss of those who support the press ordinarily, and with it you lose the great mass of readers. A weekly paper, then, must count on something else than news, must be of necessity behind the age and must be handicapped at the start by the absence of anything fresh or startling in its pages. This applies more or less to all weeklies, but we will now see the peculiar position of a professedly Catholic paper. A Protestant editor can discuss every subject under the sun from any point of view that it strikes him, and so far as Protestant doctrine is concerned he is just as right and just as entitled to his view as the man that opposes him—be that man minister or bishop, or the supreme authority whatever it may be. His private judgment is as good as theirs, and in his further opinion, better. He has no superior on earth ; there is for him no tribunal of faith, morals or ethics. He speaks as a Pope—though he is the only subject—and he is not obliged to obey himself or adhere to his views in the next issue. There is no one of his sect can say he is wrong, and if any one does he can laugh at him. He can be fresh and snappy and sensational. As he has no guide and nothing to follow, he leads, he strikes out for himself on every subject, and calls himself, as indeed he is, the very High Priest of worldly Progress, Enlightenment and Civilization.

A Catholic is not in this showy position. He has a guide—the Kindly Light leads him on, and unless he contents himself with that he is no Catholic. If not with the Church he is against Her. He cannot be wiser than she is—she is the teacher of nations and of himself, his views are as nothing if opposed to hers. And this does not only apply to the simplest Catholic, but to the learned editor, the popular preacher, the profound theologian, the powerful bishop, the princely Cardinal. A Catholic may direct his fellow-Catholics in many matters, but no Catholic—the Pope alone excepted—can direct the Church. Every one can aid the Church in doing her own appointed work, but no one can aid in a way the Church does not approve of, though he wrote with the pen, not of men, but of an angel.

The assistance which the Catholic Press gives to the Church is the theme of special commendation from the great Pontiff now gloriously reigning. It is a second gift of tongues—it is a multiplication of sound advisers. But it speaks under authority—it has nothing new to offer in faith, morals or ethics, it cannot be sensational—it is not too wise to be taught, and it can only be true to its mission when it endeavours to understand the spirit of the Church and unhesitatingly follows it.

While Catholics may not think of these things they need not be told that if the special Catholic news in the parishes and diocese be not given in their own papers, it will not be given at all. Take up any issue of our city papers—it is two-thirds missionary or Church meetings or something that shows off Protestantism. Spurgeon's sermons and the local tirades against Popery and Catholic countries are staple articles. The man who sends in a dollar to help a poor man (who helps him to notoriety in return) and that sort of charity so offensive in our city that de-

lights in well-doing if it be well published, is not less ridiculous than much of the news we hear complained of in our own papers.

D. A. O'SULLIVAN.

The Church in Canada.

Under this heading will be collected and preserved all obtainable data bearing upon the history and growth of the Church in Canada. Contributions are invited from those having in their possession any material that might properly come for publication in this department.

BISHOP MACDONELL.

VI.

ORDAINED Priest at Valladolid, on the 16th of February, 1787, Bishop Macdonell kept his jubilee on the 16th of February, 1837. The following interesting account is taken from the papers of the time:

"A novel and interesting ceremony took place to-day in the Parish Church of St. Raphael, Glengarry, which drew a crowd of more than 2,000 persons into that spacious edifice. It is a custom of great antiquity in the Catholic Church for a clergyman on completing his 50th year of priesthood, to celebrate a jubilee of thanksgiving to God and to renew his vows to continue in the faithful discharge of his pastoral duties for the remaining years of his life. Bishop Macdonell having, on this day, completed the 50th year of his priesthood, came down from Kingston for the purpose of complying with this ancient ordinance of his Church. The Superior and gentlemen of the Seminary of Montreal expressed an earnest desire that the ceremony should be performed in the magnificent parish Church of that city; but the Bishop found it more in accordance with his own feelings, as he knew it would be most gratifying to his countrymen and former flock, among whom he had spent upwards of thirty years in the discharge of the duties of an apostolic missionary, to appear before them on this occasion, which would probably be the last in his life. The Bishop of Montreal and many of the clergy of Lower Canada who wished to be present were prevented by the depth of the snow and the severity of the weather. Nineteen priests, however, attended, and all the Protestant and Catholic gentlemen of the county, besides several from the County of Stormont and the Ottawa district. Many of these latter gentlemen were also Protestants, but their long acquaintance and high respect for Bishop Macdonell induced them to travel more than 50 miles across the country in the most severe snowstorm that has been known for many years. The Bishop addressed his countrymen before Mass in Gaelic, their native tongue; he called to their recollection the destitute state in which he found their mission and indeed the whole Province in regard to religion on his arrival in the country in 1804, there being no clergy, no churches, no presbyteries, or schools; and what rendered the labour of a missionary more arduous, no roads. His pastoral labours were not confined to the County of Glengarry; they extended from one end of the Province to the other, and for many years he had no fellow labourer to assist him within a distance of seven hundred miles. Under such overwhelming difficulties, he had much reason to acknowledge and to thank the merciful Providence of Almighty God for making him, although unworthy, the humble instrument of procuring for them the many temporal and spiritual advantages which they at present enjoy. He trusted that they would pay proper respect and submission to his worthy co-adjutor, the Bishop of Tabraca, whose ardent zeal to promote the glory of God and the interests of the Catholic religion had induced him to leave a quiet and comfortable position, where he was respected and beloved among his own countrymen, to encounter privations, fatigues and difficulties in this Province. In conclusion, as this might be the last opportunity he should have of appearing before them in this world, Bishop Macdonell begged their forgiveness for any bad example he had given them and for

any neglect or omission of his duty during his ministry among them for so many years; trusting much to their prayers and supplications to the Throne of Mercy on his behalf, to enable him to prepare his long and fearful accounts against the great and awful day of reckoning, which, in the course of nature, could not be far distant; and he promised them that he would never cease to offer up his unworthy prayers for their spiritual and temporal welfare. Tears flowed in abundance from the eyes of both the Bishop and his hearers during his short but affecting discourse. After Mass, Vicar-General Macdonald delivered an eloquent and impressive sermon, and the ceremony being finished, the clergy and many of the gentlemen repaired to the presbytery, where all the clergy and such of the gentlemen as could be prevailed upon to remain had a comfortable dinner prepared for them by the co-adjutor."

1837 and 1838, being the years of the so-called "rebellion," witnessed stirring events in Upper Canada. In April, 1838, the writer removed from Brockville to Kingston, to take charge of the forwarding and commission business of H. & S. Jones, in its time one of the best known firms in Canada. His residence in Kingston brought him in frequent contact with the Bishop; and during that time he learned most of the matters referred to in this imperfect sketch. He well remembers the excitement in Kingston when, in November, 1838, news arrived of the landing of the "sympathizers" at the wind-mill below Prescott. All the regular troops in garrison were sent off to dislodge them; many people thought this a very injudicious measure, it being suspected that the landing below Prescott was simply a feint to draw the troops from Kingston, and thereby facilitate a descent on the latter place. Many a nervous citizen felt his "heart sink into his boots" when, on the following day, he found that garrison duty had been entrusted to the Frontenac Militia, popularly known as the "Bloody Fourth," instead of the gallant regulars, who were supposed to be invincible. The excitement became almost consternation when, without a word of explanation, the regular troops were all brought back again. There were no telegraphs in those days, the only way of communication being by water or by the ordinary land carriage. It soon transpired that the return of the troops was caused by the want of ordnance of sufficient calibre to dislodge from their stronghold the "sympathizers" or "rebels," or "patriots," as the invaders were indiscriminately called. Guns of proper weight having been obtained, the troops returned to the attack and made short work of the unfortunate "sympathizers," who were brought prisoners to Kingston; led by torch light along the front street, between nine and ten in the evening, and over Catarqui Bridge to their quarters in the casemates of Fort Henry; all the loose population of the town, as is usual on such occasions, roaring and shouting at their heels. It was stated at the time that, during the absence of the regulars, Bishop Macdonell had charge of the garrison. However that may be, it is certain his clergy were soon called upon to perform a most painful duty. Some of the invaders, notably their leader, Von Shoultz, were Catholics; others joined the Church after receiving proper instruction; the priests were expected to attend the sheriff, in his visits to Fort Henry, to select such of the prisoners as had been doomed to the last penalty. At such times the scene was most heart-rending, no one but the officials knowing upon whom the lot would fall. Sheriff Macdonell was supposed to have lost his reason from the shocks produced by the trying scenes he was obliged to witness in the discharge of his duty. Von Shoultz was hanged on the glacia of Fort Henry, directly opposite the writer's window. The gallows were plainly visible, but, having no taste for such sights, he took care to be absent at the time of execution.

No doubt these "sympathizers" were misled; they expected the Canadians would rise *en masse* and join them. Their execution seems to many people of the present day a piece of wanton cruelty, but had those good folks lived fifty years ago, they might, perhaps, have thought differently.

W. J. MACDONELL.

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THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW will be conducted with the aid of the most competent writers obtainable. In addition to those already mentioned, it gives us great satisfaction to announce that contributions may be looked for from the following:—

His Lordship Right Rev. Dr. O'MAHONEY, Bishop of Eudocia.

W. J. MACDONELL, Knight St. Gregory and of the Order of the Most Holy Sepulchre.

D. A. O'SULLIVAN, M.A., LL.D.

JOHN A. MACCAHE, M.A., Principal Normal School, Ottawa.

T. J. RICHARDSON, ESQ., Ottawa.

Rev. P. J. HAROLD, Niagara.

T. O'HAGAN, M.A., late Modern Language Master, Pembroke High School.

Rev. Dr. JENEAS McDONELL DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S., Ottawa.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1887.

A GENERAL MEETING of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul will be held on Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, in St. Vincent's Hall, corner of Shuter and Bond Streets.

ON account of the pic-nic for the House of Providence and other calls for charitable purposes, the fair for the benefit of St. Patrick's Hall and Convent has, at the suggestion of the Archbishop, been postponed until after July 1st. The date will be announced as soon as definitely fixed.

As a result of the resumption of evictions on the Marquis of Lansdown's Queen's County estates, Mr Wm. O'Brien will sail, it is announced, for Canada on Sunday, to acquaint the people of this country, by a series of public meetings, with the character of the treatment meted out by Lord Lansdowne to his tenantry in Queen's County and Kerry. Since writing last week, additional particulars have come to hand of the nature of the trouble between the Governor-General and his tenant people. It began with the ejection by police and an emergency brigade, of a tenant, named Kilbride, from a holding the judicial valuation of which was fixed at £424, but from which, however, a rental turns out to have been extorted of no less than £760 per annum. This was followed by the eviction of a number of other, but poorer, tenants, whose grievances were no less substantial, and whose expulsion was accompanied by the usual distressing circumstances. A few weeks ago the

Land Commissioners decreed a list of reductions, averaging thirty per cent., at Abbeyleix, on the estates surrounding Lord Lansdowne's. On the Lansdowne estates, where rack renting appears to have been carried on to an extent no less violent, concessions have been refused, and eviction resorted to, to enforce rents against tenants, greater, for the most part, than the judicial value of their holdings.

THE new Church of Our Lady, now in course of erection at Guelph, is, under the skilful direction of Father Doherty, S.J., being rapidly pushed forward, and will, it is confidently hoped, be roofed in and made temporarily habitable ere another winter sets in. We had the privilege of paying it a visit a few days ago, and after a very careful inspection were enabled to form some idea of the magnitude of the work to which the Catholics of Guelph have committed themselves. It is designed, we understand, after the great Cathedral of Cologne, and, even in its present unfinished state, is a most imposing structure. It possesses, besides, perhaps the finest site in Ontario, being conspicuously situated on the hill overlooking the city, and is the first object that strikes the eye approaching Guelph from all sides. A portion of the church, that which forms the chancel, has been built for some years, the corner stone of the edifice having been laid by Mgr. Conroy, the Papal Alegate, but for want of funds to carry it on, operations were not resumed until a year or two ago, when Father Doherty was sent to Guelph to complete it. Since that time he has devoted all his energies to the great work, and his success may best be judged by a glance at the massive stone walls now raised to a height of twenty feet or more. It will require some considerable sacrifice on the part of the good people of Guelph, but they will be amply rewarded after a few years by the consciousness of possessing the noblest church in the Province, and one which will endure for generations as a monument to their piety and zeal in the cause of Almighty God.

THE letter put forward by the London *Times*, and imputed to Mr. Parnell, culminates a series of articles, which have had for their purpose to blast the characters of the Irish leaders, and is but in keeping with the time-honoured course of that journal, of persistently poisoning the wells of English opinion in respect to the true state of Ireland and the true feelings of the Irish people. It has studiously magnified and distorted any incidents that might be made tell against Ireland, black mailed and vilified the representatives and leaders of public opinion in that country, inflamed on every occasion the feelings and prejudices of the English people, and as a consequence done whatever in it lay, to render impossible the reconciliation of the two neighbouring nations. The accusations of the *Times* as to the authorship of the letter, and the association of the Parnellites in a programme of crime, have had from Mr. Parnell prompt and categorical denial, and in good time he will, no doubt, put his accusers to the proof. It is noticeable that his repudiation has been substantiated by those in office during the stormiest period of Mr. Gladstone's administration, Earl Spencer,

Lord Lieutenant of Ireland at the time referred to, declaring from his experience as Irish Viceroy, and nobody could know better, that it was absolutely untrue that any members of the Irish party were associated with Invincibles, as charged by the *Times*. Mr. Gladstone has also attested the truth of this statement. The suspicion was never entertained, he said, speaking at the Eighty-Club dinner, that the Parnellites associated themselves with crime; his information, he added, being at least as good as that of Lord Hartington and the *Times*. The burden of proof lay upon the accusers, not the accused, and unless the accusers were able to substantiate the truth of their charges, they were wicked calumniators, and should be shunned as pests of society—a judgment, we fancy, which will be accepted by right thinking men the world over.

Few events, if we may judge by the utterances and comments of the Irish papers, have so stirred the heart of the Irish people as the case of Father Keller, the trustee under the plan of campaign on the Ponsonby estate, who endeavoured to stand between a rack-renting landlord and a defenceless and cruelly oppressed tenantry. His refusal to answer questions which would tend to disclose confidences and secrets reposed in him as a priest by his people, resulted in his arrest and imprisonment. More historic even than the manifestations of popular sympathy and encouragement which marked his journey to Dublin, or than the immense demonstration which greeted him on his arrival at the metropolis, will one sentence probably become of Father Keller's reply to the strictures of the Bench. The Judge presuming to lecture him on the duties of his priesthood, "Your Lordship," he answered, gently, and with dignity, "is the proper interpreter of the law in this court, but I beg respectfully to say that your Lordship cannot be expected to understand the nature of the obligations of a Catholic priest." Judge Boyd having sternly suppressed the applause which followed this remark, Father Keller continued calmly, "Obligations which bind him to regard as a sacred trust the confidences reposed in him by his flock. I beg respectfully to repeat that my knowledge of my duty, and my conscience must be my guide, and they forbid me to betray the trust confided to me as a priest."

In these few words Father Keller spoke not for himself only, but for the Church of which he is a minister. They embodied the sentiments of the Bishop of his own diocese; of the Archbishop of Cashel, who publicly blessed him at the railway platform, on his way to prison; and of the illustrious Archbishop of Dublin, who sat beside the persecuted priest in the court room, and encouragingly shared his journey to the jail; they embody the spirit and teaching of the Church Universal. It was of this incident, the third priest to be imprisoned in Ireland within a month, that *United Ireland* said of Mr. Balfour that, laying hands upon the sacred privileges of the Church and her holy priesthood, "he entered lightly upon a struggle in which the proudest despots of history, and the most powerful, have been humbled in the dust," a struggle in which a Bismarck having failed, a Balfour is not at all likely to succeed.

COMMENTING on the incidents of the trial, and the prompt withdrawal from the prosecution of the Catholic counsel retained for the occasion, the same journal well said:

"An honest Catholic does not show to advantage in the forefront of a proceeding in which the teaching and spirit of the Church is contemptuously impugned. We have heard somewhat too much of professional etiquette. When professional etiquette stands up to personal honour the weaker must go to the wall. Macaulay, commenting on the debasing traditions by which some barristers are governed, gravely questioned, in his essay on Bacon, whether the doctrine held on the subject by English lawyers be or be not agreeable to reason or morality. Whether it be right that a man with a wig on his head, and a band round his neck, do for a guinea what without those appendages he would think it wicked and infamous to do for an empire! We believe there is no real question at all on the point. A man is the guardian of his own honour. No rule of professional etiquette can rob him of that guardianship. He is not entitled to strangle his conscience in red tape. A mean or dishonest action is equally mean and dishonest whether a man does it in his personal or professional capacity, and is equally entitled to public contempt. Duty can never be pleaded as a defence to falsehood, dishonour, and brutality."

It is a matter for grave regret that a city of the size and importance of Toronto should not possess a Catholic Temperance Society. In this we are much behind our brethren in the United States, who have for some years been waging unrelenting war upon the liquor traffic, and with no inconsiderable degree of success. A glance at the annual report of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America reveals a state of affairs which must be alike gratifying and encouraging to every true son of the Church. Not that the power of the accursed traffic has been broken, or that Catholics as a body have been induced to abandon the business, but that there is hardly a city or town of any consequence in the States east of the Mississippi, where there is not a strong aggressive Temperance Society, under the protection of the Church and composed entirely of Catholics. Since the wise and weighty utterances of the late Plenary Council of Baltimore on this subject, a new impetus has been given to the work of these Societies, and joined hand in hand with the clergy, they are leaving no stone unturned in order to induce Catholics to become total abstainers, and thus remove themselves from the danger of falling victims to the soul-destroying influence of rum. The great work of Bishop Ireland, in St. Paul, is spreading, and we trust it may not be long until other cities can boast of as happy a condition of things as exists there. In a population of nearly fifty thousand, of which more than one-third are Irish; only eleven Catholics are proprietors of saloons out of a total of 660. They have been made to feel that it is not a reputable business; and that no man who respects himself or loves his religion will countenance it. Catholics need not be backward in speaking out strongly on this subject through fear of being called "fanatical." No words could be stronger than those of Bishop Ireland, or of the Plenary Council, or (higher still) of the Holy Father himself. It is a holy war and a grand one, and fruitful of results, involving nothing less than the prosperity and well-being of our people in this life, and their eternal happiness in the next.

Meanwhile, what are we doing in Canada to further

the interests of temperance? In one city at least there is a society whose work will compare not unfavourably with that of others in any city of equal size in Great Britain or the United States. A few years ago the Jesuit Fathers established in Guelph the League of the Cross, and it has now, we believe, an active membership of several hundred, mostly young men and boys. This Society, or "Crusade," was founded by Cardinal Manning, and is the instrument made use of by that eminent prelate to stem the tide of intemperance among the English working classes. Its great principle is, "that members will shun all places where intoxicating liquors are sold or drunk," thus removing them from the chief source of temptation. The total abstinence pledge is of course an essential feature, though there is also a partial pledge where necessity requires it. We understand some effort is being made to introduce the League into Toronto, and we should heartily rejoice to see it successfully established, as there is abundant work for it here, and of such a nature as should especially commend it to good Catholics. The excellent plan which our venerated Archbishop follows, of obtaining a promise from all children presented for confirmation, to abstain from the use of liquor until their 21st year, would be efficiently supplemented by such an organization as the League of the Cross. Catholics have, besides, a duty in this matter, and they cannot afford to sit idly by and treat it as none of their business. Charity, and the highest interests of the Church, demand that they should not hold themselves aloof from it. "If we love our fellow men," said Bishop Ireland, before the League of the Cross at Liverpool, "if we have within us hearts of flesh, should we not go forth, and wherever we can speak and work to exterminate the evil?"

THE MEANING OF LIFE.

THERE is no remedy for time misspent ;
 No healing for the waste of idleness,
 Whose very languor is a punishment
 Heavier than active souls can feel or guess.
 O, hours of indolence and discontent,
 Not now to be redeemed ! ye sting not less
 Because I know this span of life was lent
 For lofty duties, not for selfishness.
 Not to be whiled away in aimless dreams,
 But to improve ourselves, and serve mankind,
 Life and its choicest faculties were given.
 Man should be ever better than he seems,
 And shape his acts, and discipline his mind,
 To walk adorning earth, with hope of heaven.

— *Aubrey de Vere.*

MAGLIABECHI.

HISTORY OF A MARVELLOUS MEMORY.

MAGLIABECHI was born in Florence, in 1633, of poor parents, who placed him at an early age at service with a green-grocer. Although he had never learned to read he was perpetually poring over the leaves of the old books that were used as waste paper in his master's shop. A bookseller of the neighbourhood having observed this, and knowing the boy could not read, asked him one day what he meant by staring so much on printed paper. He answered him that he did not know how it was, but he loved it of all things, and would be happy if he could

live with him, who had always so many books about him. The bookseller was pleased with his answer and agreed to take him, and he had not been long in his service before he could find out any book that was asked for. After he learned to read, it became his ruling passion. Every book that came into his hands was read with surprising quickness, and having a prodigious memory he retained not only the sense, but often all the words, and the very manner of spelling.

His extraordinary application and talents soon brought him into note, and he was looked upon everywhere as a prodigy.

The following trial is said to have been made of his memory, which if true, is amazing:—A gentleman of Florence who had written a piece for publication, lent it to Magliabechi, and sometime after its return, came to him with a melancholy face, telling him some invented accident by which he had lost his manuscript, and entreated him to try and recollect as much of it as he could and write it down. Magliabechi assured him that he would, and upon setting about it, wrote down the whole piece without missing a word.

He became so famous for his retention of what he had read, that it began to grow common amongst the learned to consult him when they were writing on any subject. For instance, if a priest was going to compose a panegyric on a saint, and communicated his design to Magliabechi, he would immediately tell him who had said anything of that saint, and in what part of their works—sometimes to the number of above a hundred authors. He would tell them not only who had treated of their subject designedly, but of such also as had touched upon it only accidentally in writing on other subjects; naming the author, the book, the words, and often the very number of the page. He had a local memory, too, of the places where any book stood, even in the several libraries he had visited, and seems to have carried it even further than collections of books with which he was personally acquainted. It is related that one day the great duke, Cosimo the Third, who had made him his librarian, sent for him to ask him whether he could get him a book that was particularly scarce. "No, sir," answered Magliabechi, "it is impossible; for there is but one in the world; that is in the Grand Signior's library at Constantinople, and is the seventh book on the second shelf on the right hand as you go in."

Though he must have lived a sedentary life, with such an intense and almost perpetual application to books, yet he arrived to a good old age. He died in 1714 in his eighty-first year; and by his will left a very fine library of his own collection for the use of the public, with a fund to maintain it, and whatever should remain over to the poor.

He was not an ecclesiastic, but never married; and was quite negligent, or rather, slovenly in his dress. In his manner of living he affected the character of Diogenes; three hard eggs, and a draught or two of water, was his usual repast. When anyone went to see him, they most usually found him lolling in a sort of fixed wooden cradle, in the middle of his study, with a multitude of books, some thrown in heaps, and others scattered about the floor, all round him; and thus his cradle, or bed, was attached to the nearest pile of books by a number of cobwebs. At their entrance, he commonly used to call out to them "not to hurt his spiders."

AFTER the fever of life, after wearinesses and sicknesses, fightings and despondings, languor and fretfulness, struggling and succeeding; after all the changes and chances of this troubled unhealthy state, at length comes death, at length the white throne of God, at length the beatific vision.—*Cardinal Newman.*

A barrister entered the hall of the Four Courts one day with his wig very much awry, not apprized of which, he was obliged to endure from every observer some laughing remark. Addressing Mr. Curran, he said, "Do you see anything ridiculous in this wig?" The answer instantly was, "Nothing, sir, but the head."

TAKE CARE OF YOUR TONGUE.

II.

THERE are certain other verbal pleasantries that have found their way into the Reports and are to be avoided in good society. "You ought to be hanged;" "You have done an act for which I could transport you;" "You are a rogue, and I could prove you forged my name." Then it is wrong in a legal way to say, "He robbed A. B.;" "He is a thief, and stole my bricks," "He is a swindler," "a villain," "a perjurer," "a black-leg;" "He is guilty"—meaning of murder. One man adopted, to his sorrow, the interrogative form, and said to a tradesman, "Who stole Brown's pigs?" and another, and a profane person, found himself defendant in a suit, after speaking of his neighbour as "a d— rascal; he cheated me out of £100." There have been cases where a man thought he was injured by being called "a black sheep;" and another thin-skinned individual had a suit because, after the solemn deliverance of his dignified sentiments, the defendant said "Fudge!"

Probably the best thing to do with a man that deserves the wrath of your oburgatory eloquence is to lock him up in a room where no one can hear, and abuse him with all the language that the case admits of—or, at least, all the language that you can command. The most he can do is to sue you for a common assault, and perhaps get you bound over to keep the peace. If this is not convenient, and a less means of abuse with greater publicity would be more soothing, you will be safe in calling him a "liar," or a "bush-whacker," or that "he whipped his wife," or "his mother," or that "he cut off the tail of your horse." And then you might venture on saying he was a perjurer, though you would not name the suit; that he was "cropped" for a felony; that he took a "false oath," or that he stole an acre of land or other impossible article, or that he was, like O'Connell's fish-woman, a right-angled parallelogram. "The fact is, he is a villain and a thundering thief," was held not actionable; and even to say a man is a rogue or a cheat is not always serious. "He left New York with his creditors in the lurch," reads bad enough, but old Father Antic, the law, decided that, peradventure, he left with the consent and approbation of his creditors—as if indeed it was a pleasant remark after a farewell supper. The Western critic who wrote "The Mississippi bard foameth," cut indeed the finest sensibilities of the poet, but the case never reached the jury to estimate the quantum of damages. Not so when the editor writes of a public man that he is "a fawning sycophant, a misrepresentative in Congress, and a grovelling office-seeker." To say that a man is fit for a lunatic asylum is unsafe even for a physician to say, unless said to a person who has a right to enquire. And in this point the law is very tender, and to charge a man even ironically with insanity has been held actionable. The law very properly holds that it is an indecent and a damaging thing to publish a false and malicious obituary notice of a living man, no matter how flattering the notice may be. There is no latitude in this direction for defamatory language. Silence is golden, and the great thing is to plead and prove that you never said it.

Let not the reader draw any wide conclusions from the foregoing as to the license he will allow himself against his enemy. A word spoken may or may not be actionable under certain circumstances. These are the subjects of legal advice rather than the burthen of an article having in view the picturesque side of libel and slander. One or two things, however, can be made the subject of a remark. Beware of perpetuating the objectionable word in print, or canvas, or sign-board; *verba scripta manent*. It is sufficient in law if the written word expose one to ridicule or contempt; oral slander must be an imputation of something so criminal as to exclude from society. Nothing that is criminal, immoral, or ridiculous can be libellous.

Another thing to be borne in mind is, that it does not matter if you believe the truth of what you say or if you repeat it as the saying of some one else, or if you preface it by saying, "If I am not mistaken," or "It is said," you

may still be unwarranted to dispose of another's character. Any one who repeats a slander is responsible, and every near delivery is a new slander. Strange, too, the bad character of the person you attack will, in general, be no help to you. The state does not entrust any one with the censorship of another's character unless it is for the public good. The liberty of the citizen, says Solon, would be imperfect unless his character were protected.

The only practical remark that may be made is that one should be careful how he speaks of a man in reference to his trade or profession. It is actionable to say of an estate agent, "he cheated me out of my land," or to say of a corn merchant, "he cheated me out of two bushels of wheat," and to say of a person, "he is a rogue; that man will rob you," is actionable if said in the way of his trade. This, of course, lies at the foundation of all actions, but it is true that otherwise it would not be actionable unless it was calculated to bring him into public hatred, contempt or ridicule.

If your neighbour has wronged you grievously and you have no legal redress and not enough charity to stand it uncomplainingly, don't abuse him with your tongue or write libellous matter about him or pay for legal advice to see how far you can safely go, but—if you are able—give him a sound caning. It is more dignified, more satisfactory and cheaper than any other course open to you.

DEAN WAGNER'S COLOURED MISSION.

THIS mission lately founded in Windsor by the Very Rev. Dean Wagner, for the conversion of the coloured people, is meeting, we learn, with marked success. The school, which was opened in January with six pupils, numbers at present forty, of whom thirty have recently received Holy Baptism, together with a number of adults. In order to successfully prosecute a work which promises the happiest results—the foundation on a solid basis of a Catholic coloured parish, which will be the sure means of reaching the whole coloured population of the neighbourhood, numbering upwards of 7,000 souls—Dean Wagner has started a ten cent subscription fund, by means of which all may contribute to the accomplishment of this good undertaking. The sum asked, so small as not to conflict with the support of local charities, will suffice, if the appeal be generally responded to, to provide for the thorough maintenance and organization of the Mission, so that if Dean Wagner receives the encouragement he has a right to expect from our Catholic people, we shall very soon number a new parish in our Canadian church calendar, and that, the first in the Dominion composed of coloured people.

The Bishop of London, in whose diocese are situated the counties of Essex and Kent, where the bulk of the coloured population is settled, has given the work his entire approval, as is evidenced by the following letter:

LONDON, ONT.,

St. Patrick's Day, 1887.

MY DEAR DEAN WAGNER:

I heartily approve of your Mission among the coloured people of Windsor, and I earnestly hope that a generous public will help you in its prosecution. As a means and condition of success in your Christ-like work, a school for coloured children is a prime necessity. But such a school cannot be carried on without funds, and funds for the purpose cannot only come from a charitable public. I herewith enclose a cheque for fifty dollars, as a slight contribution towards your truly Apostolic work.

I remain, sincerely yours in Christ,

†JOHN WALSH, Bishop of London.

Very Rev. Dean Wagner, Windsor, Ont.

"Hast thou not learn'd what thou art often told,
A truth still sacred, and believed of old,
That no success attends on spears and swords
Unblest, and that the battle is the Lord's?"

—COWPER, *Expostulation*

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE IN CANADA.

THE letter of Father Marest gives us one of the earliest instances of native Canadian expressions grafted on the mother tongue. In speaking of the climate near Hudson's Bay he uses the word *poudrierie*, adding in a parenthesis: "C'est ainsi qu'on appelle une petite neige qui s'insinue partout." This most expressive name for a storm of fine, hard, drifting, powdery snow has not yet been recognized in France; but French-Canadians, having now a literature of their own, can afford to dispense with the approval of the French Academy, pretty much as Americans do not scruple to use words and phrases which are racy of the soil, and which have no adequate equivalent in Dictionary English. Already some of our best Canadian words have found their way into that paragon of pocket manuals, Bellow's French and English Dictionary. I am not denying that there are faults in our Canadian French, as commonly spoken; I am simply combating an erroneous notion that prevails among people whose knowledge of the French language is shadowy. I mean the notion that Canadians speak a sort of *patois*. Some years ago, when I lived in New York, I was not a little amused to hear Americans say that, anxious though they were to see their children learn French, they were afraid to send them to Canada lest they should come home with nothing but a barbarous jargon. My answer usually was that the majority of educated Canadians speak French quite as well as the majority of educated Americans talk English. I might have said more, for I am not aware that there is any such common and widespread fault in French Canada as the use of "will" for "shall," and "would" for "should." But in the main, the parallel holds good even in the matter of accent. For the chief characteristic of the French Canadian, as well as of the American accent, is the tendency to drawl, to be monotonous, and to exaggerate the number of nasal sounds. But these peculiarities are not confined to this continent of ours. They exist in Normandy, and many other parts of France; they are not by any means so faulty as the Provençal or Gascon accent. I have met highly educated men from the north of England whose accent was as nasal as if they hailed from Idaho or Arizona. In fact, I am inclined to think that in all European countries, and particularly in France, Italy, Germany and Spain, the further you wander away from the great centres of culture, where the concurrence of highly trained minds stimulates men to perfection in the use of their vocal organs, the more likely are you to find nature's great law of following the line of least resistance, assert itself in drawing and nasality. However, in this respect, as also in a more correct use of French prose—that most subtle and delicate of all modern vehicles of thought—Canada has improved wondrously in the last quarter of a century, and is improving every day. If the United States can point to a revival of letters heralded in the present day by such skilful artists as James, Howells, and Cable, French Canadians may well be proud of Judge Routhier, Benjamin Sulte, Chauveau, Marmette, the two Tachés (our archbishop and his brother), and Louis Honore Frechette.

FATHER DRUMMOND, S.J.

WE welcome the appearance of a new Catholic paper, THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW, published at Toronto, Canada, with the approval of the most Rev. Archbishop Lynch. The REVIEW is both bright and solid, and contains a number of interesting and well-written articles. The Catholic press is the great organ for dispelling ignorance and prejudice, and we hail an addition to the army of champions fighting for right and truth.

The Axe Maria.

You have talent? Possibly! But do you make the most of it? That is to say, do you exert yourself, more or less, according to times, places and people? If you simply intend, but do not exert yourself, your talent will probably profit no one, and it certainly will not profit you.—*Abbi Roux.*

CATHOLIC NOTES.

THERE are 114 societies now in the Philadelphia Temperance Union, with probably 14,000 or 15,000 members.

Rev. Father Lefebvre, Superior of the Oblate Fathers in Montreal, is in Rome attending the General Council of the Order.

Very Rev. Father Walsh, V.G., of Philadelphia, has presented to Bishop Cleary for his cathedral in Kingston a magnificent stained glass window, in honour of the Holy Mother of God.

The late Father Beckx, Superior-General of the Jesuits, was a native of Diest, in Brabant, the birthplace of Blessed John Berchmans, S.J., the assurance of whose approaching canonization consoled the saintly old man in his last hours.

Collections are being made in all of the ecclesiastical colleges in Rome, to aid in the construction of a grand monument to St. Thomas Aquinas. The monument will be erected in the Vatican palace, in honour of the sacerdotal jubilee of Leo. XIII.

A move is being made in Memphis, Tenn., to employ the Sisters of Charity as nurses in the City Hospital. Grave charges of indifference and neglect to patients have been of such frequent occurrence, that it is likely the Sisters, who are recognized as the only reliable nurses in the country, will be placed in charge very soon.

L'Etudiant, of Johette, says: "That it has been decided to erect a monument in honour of Jacques Cartier, and the first Jesuit Missionaries, at the confluence of the Rivers St. Charles and Lairet, near Quebec. At or near this front the great navigator landed on his second voyage of discovery—15th September, 1535. The 'Catholic Circle' of Quebec has taken the initiative in this grand and patriotic project, and named a committee to solicit and receive subscriptions."

BOOK REVIEWS.

"THE Life and Labours of Archbishop Lynch," by H. C. McKeown. Montreal: James A. Sadlier; Toronto: Troy & Co.

We have in the biography before us, the story of a long and an eventful life, and the record of nearly a half-century of missionary, educational and episcopal labour, and of truly apostolic self-sacrifice and endeavour. Mr. McKeown's book is a careful and meritorious production, and an agreeable change from biographies of the clap-trap character so unfortunately common. The story of the life of the Archbishop is, to a great extent, the story of the growth and extension of the Church in Ontario; and apart from its interest as a narrative of the many remarkable incidents in His Grace's career, the present volume is a not unimportant contribution to the history of the Church in this country. It embodies selections from the most important of the Archbishop's pastorals, lectures and sermons, and is a book of instructive and most interesting reading.

THE ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

IN the annual report of the above Company, published in our columns of last week, the income from premiums for 1885 read in error, \$237,605.32, instead of \$237,665.32, and the net assets 600,617.05, instead of \$660,617.05.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.
The new Roman Catholic weekly, the *Catholic Review*, is a neatly got-up paper, and its contents are well written and interesting. The *Review* is endorsed by Archbishop Lynch, but its own merits commend it even more forcibly. The first number contains an elaborate reply to THE MAIL by Mr. D. A. O'Sullivan.—THE MAIL, Toronto.

The first number of the *Catholic Weekly Review*, edited by Mr. Gerald Fitzgerald, has been issued. The *Review* is neatly printed, and is full of interesting information for Catholics. His Grace the Archbishop has given the *Review* his entire endorsement, and it will undoubtedly succeed.—THE WORLD, Toronto.

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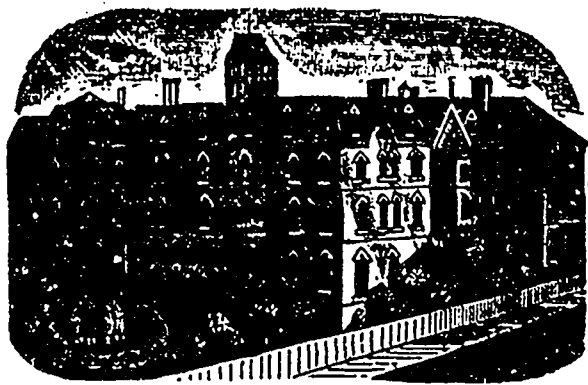
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p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
12.30	1.05	1.24	1.32
3.05	3.35	3.54	4.02
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10.00	10.10	10.52	11.30
p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
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