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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, Feb. 23, 1889.

No. 2

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Notes.

The following letter appeared in the *World* and other city papers on Wednesday. The writer, Father Jones, is a cousin of Messrs. Beverley and Clarkson Jones, and a nephew of Mr. W. J. Macdonell, of this city:

SIR,—The attention of the members of the Society of Jesus, established in Montreal, has been drawn to the reproduction in your issue of Tuesday morning, Feb. 12, of what is stated to have been published in *The Semeur Franco-American* as an oath taken by Jesuits. The reproduction alluded to is a gross libel on the Society of Jesus; I therefore request you to insert the present most formal repudiation of any such oath. As a member of that order for the last thirty-one years, familiar with its constitution, its principles and its modes of action, I deny that any oath of that nature is or could be taken by any Jesuit or Catholic.

I am not wholly unknown in Toronto, having there many dear friends and relatives, both Protestant and Catholic. For which reason I now, over a responsible name, with the full approval of the proper authorities, denounce, on the part of the order, that doctrine among others maliciously imputed to us, namely: That we, or other members of the Catholic Church, may lawfully disobey or be disloyal to secular princes or governments, either Catholic or Protestant, in matters secular.

I regret that the calumny was not brought to our knowledge sooner—and in all likelihood others have escaped our notice, as we see few, if any, Toronto papers. We are fully determined, as citizens enjoying the same rights and protection as other subjects of our beloved sovereign, to take prompt measures to vindicate our good name, and to hold accountable those who publish maliciously any libel which is of a nature to detract from the usefulness of the society.

Trusting fully to that spirit of fairness which is the boast of every Anglo-Saxon all the world over, and which, quite independently of other considerations, should prompt them as all other fair-minded men to have a wrong righted, I expect that you will publish this letter in your next issue. Yours very respectfully,

ARTHUR E. JONES, S.J.

St. Mary's College, Montreal }
18th February, 1889. }

Very Rev. Dean O'Connor, Bishop-elect of Peterborough, will be consecrated on May 1st. A few days later Bishop Dowling will be installed in the See of Hamilton.

A good part of our space this week is taken up by the Jesuit Question, the one subject of absorbing interest just now. To the very full consideration of the question given in another column we would but add that, however much Catholics personally may be disturbed by the little tempest now raging around us, one thing should not be lost sight of, i. e., that the louder and fiercer the clamour may be, it but brings out the more clearly the fact that *we are felt* in this Province. Insult and persecution serve only to draw the attention of men to the fact that *there is a Catholic Church* and that she is *one and everlasting*, and when the present agitation has died away, as it surely will, and that in a very short time, and those who have been instrumental in raising it have, in shame and confusion, slunk back into their natural position of heretical insignificance, the Church will be found to be vastly the gainer for the publicity given her. At least, if she does not, history, for once, will have failed to repeat itself. The attitude of Catholics should be one of calm, sober self-respect; ready to defend the truth when called upon, and not at all backward to oppose the hollowness and sham of the system (or rather, lack of system) called Protestantism. Protestantism has its birth in pride and sensuality; it has grown and flourished on the basest passions of the human heart; it is going to pieces (like the frail bark that it is), on the rocks of leisure and unbelief; and will before very long disappear beneath the waves of sensuality. (In what we say, we of course make no reference to Protestants individually, but only to their odious and absurd system.) What, then, is this thing that dares to make war upon the Church of God, a system that under the guise of Christianity makes even the Divinity of Christ a matter of opinion. It is simply "the Gates of Hell" which, the fiercer its onslaught may be the more complete will be its overthrow. Let Catholics, then, bear this in mind, and not allow ourselves to be cowed by the loud mouthings of the pulpit, platform and press. Truth and justice are on our side, and in the long run they triumph. We speak in the first person, because, be it forever clearly understood, Catholics identify themselves most thoroughly with the Society of Jesus, on whose devoted head the present storm beats with the greatest bitterness.

All must have remarked on Sunday, that His Lordship Bishop Walsh looked unusually well. Without looking any less venerable and priestly than usual, he appeared to be in possession of the vigour and sprightliness of a man of thirty-five, and, as he stated to the writer in an interview which he was kind enough to grant to us, he had never been in better health. During the course of the same interview he very generously expressed his admiration and appreciation of *The Review*. "Keep to your present line," he said, "and you will become a power in the land. Your principles are thoroughly Catholic, and I shall be glad to do all in my power to encourage and aid you in the good work;" praise which in light of some recent adverse criticisms which our fidelity to the truth, has drawn upon us, is ample compensation for years of toil and volumes of fault-finding. The report of his Sunday's sermon, in another column, has been revised by His Lordship for this Review.

The Church in Canada.

DEDICATION OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, TORONTO.

A NOTABLE GATHERING OF CLERGY AND LAITY.

The Church of St. Mary, Bathurst St., was solemnly dedicated on Sunday morning last. Long before the hour appointed for the commencement of the ceremonies, the church was filled to overflowing, notwithstanding that it had been sought to regulate the attendance by the issue of tickets of admission. The great gathering of clergy from all parts of the Province and of the most prominent of the laity of the city, is a testimony more eloquent than words, to the high esteem in which the Very Rev. Rector of St. Mary's is everywhere held. The whole of his priestly life has been spent amongst us, the greater part of it in St. Mary's Parish. He was ordained by Bishop de Charbonnel and in the long period of thirty years and more, which has elapsed since then, Father Rooney has known no ambition save the honour of his Master, and the good of the souls entrusted to his care.

For some years the old church on Bathurst St., had been totally inadequate to accommodate the large and increasing congregation, and a new and more spacious edifice was in contemplation for a long time before work was actually begun on the present structure. Even then, various causes conspired to delay the progress of the work, but now, after several years of untiring effort on the part of priest and people, Father Rooney has lived to see the completion of this, the crowning work of his useful and laborious life.

His Lordship, Bishop Walsh, in the course of his very interesting and impressive sermon referred, to his own connection with St. Mary's Church. The first church was erected in 1853. He was its fourth pastor, his predecessors in chronological order being Father McLachlan, Father O'Neil, and Father Louis de Lavagna (the holy Capuchin, whose remains rest under the sanctuary of the new church). After Father Walsh came Father Hobin, who built the first school-house. He is still living and is spending the declining years of his life with the Sisters of St. Joseph on Power St. Father Walsh, who in the interim had been appointed Vicar General of the diocese, again became pastor of St. Mary's where he continued until his elevation to the episcopacy in 1868. He was followed by Father Prouty, Missionary Apostle, and by the present incumbent, Very Rev. Father Rooney, Vicar-General and Administrator of the diocese.

The second church was erected in 1858, and was consecrated by the late Archbishop Lynch. The sermon on that occasion was preached by the late Bishop Timon of Buffalo.

During Father Rooney's incumbency great changes have taken place in the parish in the building of schools, presbytery and convent. It is now one of the largest and most flourishing parishes in the city.

The ceremony of dedication on Sunday last was performed by His Lordship, Bishop Dowling, of Peterborough, (Archdiocese of Hamilton). His Lordship, the Bishop of Kingston, celebrated High Mass, Very Rev. M. Laurent, Administrator, being assistant priest, Revs. K. Campbell, of Orillia, and Davis, of Dixie, respectively Deacon and Sub-deacon of the Mass, Very Rev. C. Vincent, C.S.B., Provincial, and Father Gibbons of St. Mary's, Deacons of Honour; and Rev. Father Finan and Mr. James Carbery, Masters of Ceremonies. There were present also in the sanctuary, His Lordship, the Bishop of London; Very Rev. Dean O'Connor, of Barrie, (Bishop elect of Peterborough); Very Rev. Father Rooney, Administrator; Very Rev. Father Heenan, of Hamilton; Rev. Fathers Doherty, S.J., of Guelph; Flannery, St. Thomas; Cushing, C.S.B., President St. Michael's College; McEvey, Peterborough; McCann, St. Helen's, Bracton; Corduke, C.S.S.R. St. Patrick's Toronto; Hand, St. Michael's Cathedral, McGinley, Uptergrove; O'Reilly, Leslieville; Cruise, St. Mary's Toronto; Murray, C.S.B., and Chalandard, C.S.B., St. Michael's College; Kiernan, St. Mary's, Toronto; Sheehan, Pickering, and Lynch, St. Paul's, Toronto.

The music, which was Gounod's Solemn Mass, was rendered by the united choirs of St. Mary's and St. Basil's churches, and was of a high order of merit. The director

was Rev. Father Chalandard, C.S.B., of St. Michael's College, and the organist Miss Nellie Clark. Mrs. Caldwell sang the solo *Gloria in Excelsis*, accompanied by a chorus. Miss Clark sang the solo in the trio of the *Kyrie Eleison* and the solo of the *Agnus Dei*. Miss Walsh sang the second solo of the *Benedictus*. Mr. J. D. Warde sang the solos of the *Sanctus* and the first solo of the *Agnus Dei*. Mrs. J. Smith, Mr. Robert Thompson, Mr. J. D. Kirk and Mr. H. T. Kelly also took solo parts. The principals in the choruses were: Messrs. Louis P. Walsh, Chas. Caron, John L. Lec, M. J. Macnamara, Frank Ward, Brother Odo, A. Cottam and P. Lynch. The orchestra was led by Mr. Boucher, with Messrs. Bayley and Carl Martens as first violins. Rev. Father Guinane, C.S.B., played the cornet solo in the overture "Bridal Rose."

Prominent among the congregation were Hon. Frank Smith, Hon. John Beverley Robinson, James Cooper, H. H. Cook, M.P., George W. Kiely, Colonel G. T. Deansou, Eugene O'Keefe, Major James Mason, Charles Smith, Laurelot Bolster, Hon. T. W. Anglin, R. B. Caldwell, J. P. Murray, T. McConnell, Hugh McIntosh, James Connee, M.P.P., ex-Ald. Pells, Ald. J. E. Verral, and Ald. George Verral, Ald. John Ritchie, Ald. Carlyle (St. Andrew's), Ald. Macdonald, Dr. Cassidy, P. Boyle, Ald. Frankland, Dr. McConnell, (Brocton), C. Cashman, R. J. Dowdall, (Almonte), ex-Ald. John Woods, A. Watkins, John Mullon, Edward Stack (Mimico), Wm. Walsh, John Canavan, Wm. Mitchell, John Kennedy, D. Kennedy, R. Disette, James Boomer, C. E. Maddison, Chevalier Gianelli, Ald. King Dodds, Peter Clark, Wm. Reading, Hugh Ryan, Mr. O'Sullivan, B. B. Hughes, W. J. Woods, C. L. Mahoney, T. P. Weir, C. P. Doherty, Joseph Golding, Chas. Rogers, H. T. Kelly, Joseph Connolly, R.C.A., H. W. P. McKeown, J. M. Quinn.

At the conclusion of the Gospel, His Lordship, Bishop Walsh, ascended the pulpit and delivered the following sermon:

THE SERMON,

The sermon was preached by his Lordship Bishop Walsh, of London, who spoke as follows:

In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, amen.

"Upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Words of Christ recorded in the 16th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew. "All power is given to me in Heaven and on earth, go you, therefore, and teach all nations. Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." Words of Christ to the Apostles recorded in the 28th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew.

The occasion that calls us together to-day is not an ordinary occasion. It must have a deep and absorbing interest for the people of this parish. We have assembled to witness the dedication of your beautiful new church to the service of God and for the purposes of religion. This spacious and beautiful temple reflects the greatest honour on all concerned in its construction. It reflects immortal honour on your zealous and devoted rector, whose long priestly life has been crowded with good works of which this is the latest and the greatest, it reflects honour on the accomplished architect, whose noble conceptions inspired by religion we see embodied in this structure, it is a noble erection, a monument to the faith, the piety and devotion of the faithful of this parish, who have given of their means so abundantly to raise this magnificent temple to God from the foundation stone to the roof top. God will here be adored in spirit and in truth; the Holy Sacrifice of the New Law will be offered up for the living and the dead; the Sacraments of Christ, the fountains of our Saviour, will be administered for the salvation of the people; the Precious Blood of Christ will plead here before the divine mercy seat for the remission of human guilt and the alleviation of human suffering; the prayer of faith will ascend like a sweet incense before the throne of God, and immortal souls, made to the image of God, and ransomed by the Blood of Christ, will be rescued from the slavery of Satan and restored to the liberty of the sons of God. Therefore I say you have done a great and meritorious work, because you have built a house, not for man, but for God; not for the comfort of the perishable body, but for the greater comfort of the imperishable soul. As this



HIS LORDSHIP, BISHOP CLEARY

temple in its solidity, in its costliness and beauty, in its deep foundations and in its height is but a manifestation and image of the living Church which the Son of God instituted on earth for the salvation of His people, it will not be out of place with the occasion that calls us together if we pass from the consideration of the material temple and its use to that of the living Church of God, which Christ built upon the foundation of the prophets and apostles, and of which He Himself is the corner stone. But as it will be impossible within the limits of this discourse to treat the entire subject, we will dwell for some time on the aspect of it, namely, the perpetuity and the indestructibility of the Church of Christ. We live, dearest brethren, in a world of change and decay. All human monuments are perishable; the greatest structures and the greatest institutions ever conceived by human genius and constructed by human power will one day crumble into ruin. In this world of change and decay, the image of which, says the apostle, is passing away even as the cloud's shadow passes over summer fields; in such a world there is but one institution that is unchangeable, but one institution that is indestructible, and that is the holy Catholic Roman Church, and the fact of its indestructibility proves that it is a divine institution. At this time, dearest brethren, when the most sacred truths are questioned and assailed; when a false science is doing its utmost to sap the foundations on which the Christian religion reposes, and when it is sought to substitute a cold, barren, cheerless unbelief for the truths, the graces, and the consolations of the Christian faith; when gifted minds are drifting away from the moorings of revealed religion and venturing out without chart or compass on the dark ocean of unbelief; at a time when modern forms of Christianity, based on human origin, are fast losing their hold on the intelligence and on the conscience of the age, it is encouraging, it is inspiring to behold the holy Catholic Roman Church successfully resisting the corroding influence of a false science, dissipating the destructible agencies of time and the influence of decay and death; standing erect with divine life as the strong image and reflection on earth of the eternal God, with no shade or shadow of alteration. The life which the Church was destined to lead on earth, was to be the interpreter of that which Christ, its founder, led: a life of toil; a life of suffering; a life of persecution; but also a

life of conquest and of victory. "On this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." For nearly 2,000 years the Church has been in the world doing the work of the Divine Master, and for 2,000 years she has stood the test. Let us glance, dearest brethren, at some of the trials which the Church encountered in the flight of ages; let us consider for a moment the condition of the infant Church, the insurmountable obstacles which stood between her and the accomplishment of her divine mission. Who were the apostles but illiterate fishermen, without education and without social distinction? They were the inhabitants of a despised province of the Roman Empire. The doctrines they preached were offensive to the pride of the Romans, because they soared far away above the flights of human intellect. They inculcated contempt for the world, of riches, luxury, honour and distinction. They taught love of poverty, chastity, and forgiveness of injury, and denounced as a wicked superstition the religion of the empire that had been associated with the habits, traditions and family ties of the people. Surely, there was nothing in this to attract, but a great deal to deter. What was the condition of the country? In a political and social sense the Roman Empire then comprised civilized mankind. It was then the richest and highest power in the world. Its capital, intoxicated with glory, revelled in luxury and wealth. There, in elegant ease, philosophers discussed various moods of human thought, which come down unimitated to our day. There immorality and corruption spread over the face of the empire. That empire, with its shining, tinsel surface of civilization was steeped to the lips in sensuality and moral turpitude. St. Paul gives an appalling description of its rottenness at the time when the Apostolic mission began, and yet before this austere religion, preached by One who met the death of the malefactor, preached by illiterate men, the paganism of the empire three hundred years after began to melt away as the sun melts the snow of spring. Here was the greatest moral revolution that was ever accomplished on earth; a revolution most truly complete. It did away with the past; it changed the basis of human history; the current of human thought; it introduced new principles of government; a new system of civilization. Brethren it was not a human institution that could accomplish this; it was the Saviour's great Almighty Arm. "Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." Human reason and human experience tell us that every work performed by man can be destroyed; every monument, no matter how great, no matter how imposing that is built up by human power can be destroyed by human power. If therefore, we find an institution on earth that cannot be destroyed by human power that institution cannot be of man. We find such an institution in the holy Catholic Roman Church.

Let us glance for a moment at some historic facts that show exactly the truth of what I say. The greatest power that ever existed on earth up to that time was the Roman Empire; it was the iron power foretold by Daniel, because the greatest of other institutions were smashed down before it; there was never human power before it that did not crumble down. That power began to persecute the Church, declared war upon its teachers; penal laws were passed by magistrates declaring war upon Christians. They seized upon Christians, besmeared them with tar and set fire to them in the streets of Rome, to light the Eternal City; they took the sword of the tongue as well as the sword of steel; their writers ridiculed the Christian religion as superstition—the religion of foreigners, the religion of ignorance, one would imagine himself listening to the anti-Popery lecturers of to-day. Tacitus the mighty historian, calls the Christians, enemies of the human race. The persecuted Christians retired into the catacombs, often hearing the howlings of the battle reverberating round them. And yet, shortly after the victory of Constantine, the religion that had been persecuted by the empire for three hundred years with more or less intermission became the religion of the empire. The Christians came forth from the catacombs dripping with the blood of martyrs and set to work to build up great temples and legislation for the civilization of mankind. Is this a human institution? We see the finger of God here; we see His work. The Church, it might be said, could withstand external causes; that it could bind it-

self together with a power of resistance to all external oppression, but it could not withstand internal dissensions. Scarcely had the sounds of oppression ceased than the Church had to deal with an awful heresy. It is known to history as Arianism. It sprung up in the early part of the fourth century. It denied the divinity of Jesus Christ; His equality with the Father. It dealt a blow at the very heart of Christianity. The Church condemned it at the council of Nice; it progressed; it flourished and it spread like contagion; it was espoused by the great and noble, it was defended by barbarian kings. As it became strong it began persecution: whenever heresy becomes strong it has liberty on its lips and persecution in its heart. Arianism banished the Catholic bishops into exile and substituted its own friends instead. At last it claimed the Christian world as its own. Sometimes even now we are told that the Catholic religion scarcely admits the divinity of Christ, that it lifts up the Blessed Virgin above Him, but if there is a witness of the belief in Christ to-day that witness and protector is the Catholic Church. But Arianism perished and the Catholic Church shone out again more powerful than ever. I am simply leading you along what I may call the milestones of history. Scarcely had this heresy died than dark clouds gathered towards the north. Barbarians iron men, hungry and like locusts in number issued from the northern clime and pressed down upon the empire like an inundation. Before that headlong advance the Roman legion disappeared. This mighty race of men swept like a torrent over civilization, destroying everything in the Roman Empire between the Euphrates on the east and the Atlantic on the west. Monasteries, institutions of learning, cities and towns disappeared as trees of the forest disappear before a tornado; nothing remained of the Empire; even the Eternal City itself became a marble wilderness. One institution stood erect amidst the ruins. She went abroad, the genius of Christianity, she breathed upon them the breath of life and up rose Christendom. Soon again Mahomet's followers conquered the world, sweeping like a wave over Asia and the north of Africa. Meanwhile the Christian princes were engaged in an intestine war, threatening destruction to each other. The voice of the supreme Pontiff, St. Pius V., called upon the sons of the Church to rally round the standard of the cross. At the battle of Lepanto, while the holy Pontiff was praying to God, the aggressive power of Mahometanism was destroyed forever. These are the facts of history, indisputable facts. Then came the so-called Reformation of the sixteenth century, making a tremendous assault on the divine institution of the Church. It robbed the Church of nearly all of Northern Europe. It enacted penal laws; it seized upon the churches of the country; it abolished monasteries and Catholic institutions of learning. But the Church drove back the advancing tide of heresy and, as a Protestant writer says, "it has now more of the new world than it had lost in the old. So you see the Church re-conquering the country she had been expelled from returning and gathering together the scattered stones of the olden sanctuaries. After that came the famous French Revolution. It swept over France, over Europe; thrones fell down before it, kings became its vassals. Napoleon, who imprisoned the Pope and sought to make him his vassal, said when he was placed under the ban of excommunication, "does that old man think that the arms will fall from the hands of my soldiers?" and in the retreat from Moscow the arms did literally fall from their cold and benumbed hands, and while the autocrat was imprisoned in an obscure island Pius VII. was brought back to his throne on the arms of victorious Europe. Our human institutions can be torn down but the holy Catholic Roman Church can not. So the promise of Christ has been verified in history. The Catholic Church is not subject to the law of decay and death, she has seen the rise of false religions, their prosperity and their decay; she has seen the rise of systems of philosophy, their hold upon the human mind for a time and their disappearance, while she looks herself soaring above ruin. Like the pillar of Phœnix in the Roman forum the Catholic Church stands as vigorous and beautiful as ever. Two thousand years have passed away and she has suffered no essential change in her constitution, in her worship or in her condition. During twenty centuries she has sent abroad her prophets,

apostles, martyrs, confessors and virgins; to-day she sends forth her missionaries as she sent forth Patrick to Ireland, Boniface to Germany and Augustine to England. She has seen Napoleon lose his power; She has seen the Turkish Empire perishing; schism strong in Anglicanism, some admitting the Real Presence and confession as a divine institution, others contending against both. To-day millions are conversant with the piety of our Church, standing erect in the populous city, in the open field, at the corner of the street, on the highest mountain; a religious organism, above all others independent of Governments; supreme in its own order; supreme in works of mercy, sanctifying human souls; wiping away tears of sorrow as Veronica wiped away the sweat and blood from the face of the Divine Master; and on the last day she will assemble her saved children at the right hand of the Son of God. Let us be proud of this Church of the living God; the Church that walked with Jesus and heard His last sigh on the cross, that received His Holy Spirit at the Pentecost; let us be proud of the Church when she is persecuted and misrepresented by people who know nothing about her.

On this spot three churches have stood within the memory of living men. I was your pastor in the first, and for a time in the second, and now after twenty-one long years, during which I have been absent, I return to dedicate the third. His Lordship concluded with a fervent blessing on the church and congregation.

AT VESPERS.

In the evening, when Giorza's grand musical vespers were sung, the celebrant was Very Rev. Dean O'Connor, Bishop-elect of Peterborough, assisted by Rev. Fathers Davis and Gibbons. The master of ceremonies was Mr. Curbery. The full strength of the united choirs of St. Mary's and St. Basil's was again under the direction of Rev. Father Chalandard, C.S.B. Rev. Father Henning, C.S.S.R., of St. Patrick's Church, preached the sermon. The subject of his discourse was "The Blessed Virgin as the Mother of God, as the defence of the Church, and as the mother of redeemed humanity." All the privileges that were attributed to her by the Church, said the reverend Father, are either the preparations for her dignity or the results of it. Her Immaculate Conception was a preparation for her Divine Maternity. In conferring this honour of Divine Maternity on her, God honoured her more than any human being could honour her. The question whether Catholics gave too much honour to Mary could only be settled by deciding whether or not they gave sufficient honour to God. They did give all the honour possible to God by the essential act of divine worship, which is an act of sacrifice. This sacrifice was the sacrifice of the Mass, which the Church gave to no angel, to no saint, or to the Blessed Virgin. The preacher closed his sermon with an exhortation to the people to love Mary, the Mother of God and their mother, consecrating the parish and their efforts to her service. The church was crowded.

The church is a beautiful structure, and a brief description of it will be appropriate here. The dimensions are 160 feet by 100 across the transept, and about 56 feet ordinary width. With the spire the height will be 180 feet. From the interior the church is composed of the nave, aisle, transept and absidal chancel with adjoining chapels. The morning chapel, to the right, is fitted in the same style as the principle one, having recesses in the walls for confessionals. The nave is supported by polished granite pillars with caps of Ohio sand stone and bases of Queenston lime stone. The roof is dressed with polished pine, affording splendid acoustic properties. The design is in the gothic architecture of the Middle Ages. The church can seat 1,500 people, and is perfectly lighted, ventilated and heated. An illuminated rood screen over the altar, surmounted with a large gothic cross supporting a representation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, each surrounded by a nimbus, embraces the inscription: *Ego sum via veritas et vita* ("I am the way, the truth and the life). The architect was Mr. Joseph Connolly, R.C.A.

The following were the contractors for the work: Stone and brick, J. Herbert, carpenter work, W. Clark; altar and pews, Kennedy & Co.; painting, M. O'Connor; plastering, J. W. Kennedy.

We must not omit to mention that the collection at the Mass amounted to the handsome sum of \$654.15.

The following gentlemen formed the committee of arrangements: W. A. Lee, chairman; W. J. Looney, secretary; John Clarke, Martin Burns, Robert Thompson, Wm. Clarke, George Clarke, Louis P. Walsh, John Scully, Fred L. Leo, Walter McKeown, T. Barff, Joseph Power, Frank P. Lee, J. Barry, T. K. Rogers, J. Johnson, J. Burns, J. Byrou, D. Carey, J. Caroline, P. Herbert, Thos. Mulvey, L. J. Cosgrave and J. Conlan.

THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

Our divine Lord, speaking of the world and its followers, said to His disciples: "The servant is not greater than his master; if they have persecuted me they will also persecute you." St. Ignatius, the founder of the Society of Jesus, prayed that his Order might ever bear the note of persecution to mark its members as true disciples of Jesus; and as an answer to his prayer persecution has met the Jesuit in every land. Founded in 1540, when the religious upheaval of Protestantism was at its height in Europe, this Society began its great work. The world opposed the Church; its princes stood up against Christ, whose faithful followers in many countries were deprived of their priests and the Sacrament. To bring the consolations of religion to those who were thus without their lawful pastors, was heroic. This mission the Jesuits took upon themselves and accomplished to the very death. The year which has just passed has witnessed the solemn beatification of the English martyrs of that period of persecution, and among them are enrolled not a few members of the illustrious Society of Jesus.

Like the Apostles, these devoted men became the bearers of the glad tidings "to the uttermost parts of the earth." In the far East, India, China and Japan heard from their lips the story of Christ Crucified, and they, with their blood, bore testimony that they were true followers of their Master. To the newly discovered West they came, seeking the salvation of an unknown world. In South America they civilized as well as christianized the savage. Their work in Paraguay was the wonder of Europe. They established a Christian State among the aborigines, and piety, peace, goodness and order flourished among them. In North America, no land owes more to the Society of Jesus than this fair Canada of ours. The footsteps of the Jesuit missionaries across our continent are marked by the very names which they have given to our lakes and rivers, which they were the first to discover. There is no page of our history brighter with heroic deeds, than that which tells of their labours. Their wonderful zeal for the salvation of the Red Man has made the name of "Black-robe" honoured and trusted in every tribe. The astonishing hardships they bore in their journeys through the primeval forests and their daring courage under savage torture read like a romance. They separated themselves from civilization in order to teach and instruct the untutored savage, and nothing could deter them in their work for the greater glory of God. More than two hundred years ago they established missions where the civilization of the white man has as yet scarcely entered. As the blood of the Martyrs is the seed of the Church so they planted with their blood the Church in Canada. By the Georgian Bay, in sight of one of their ancient missions, on the very ground which drank in their blood, there is being erected a memorial church in honour of the Jesuits, who suffered martyrdom among the Hurons.

These are the men for whom the Protestant press can find no name foul enough. The few Jesuits who have again found a home in this land, watered by the blood of their fathers, and who now continue their old work of missionaries to the Indians and instructors of youth, like their divine master, bear on all sides the savage cry of *traitor, blasphemer, &c.* The Jews said of Christ, that he was "no friend of Cæsar." Against the Jesuits the same charge is made. "They are a menace to the good government of the country! they have no right to live!"

The immediate occasion of this howl of hatred is that the Government of Quebec has sought to do an act of justice by restoring to the Jesuits, at least in part, what was once theirs.

Even as Christ "came to His own and His own received Him not," so those who should have most honoured the noble sons of St. Ignatius have often persecuted them. Even in Catholic countries they have found enemies. The fact that they have been banished from such states is hailed as a mark of their teaching and evil influence. In every country wicked men are found who do not scruple to use the power in their hands for ungodly and unjust purposes. Never have the Jesuits been expelled from a country, when good faith or religious fervour marked its administration. When infidel literature was destroying the faith of the French nobility and preparing the way for the Revolution under the reign of that foul monster, Louis XV., the Jesuits were banished from France. This king was ruled by his mistress, Madame de Pompadour, who hated the Jesuits because they had the courage to strike at vice even in high places. Voltaire's influence was not confined to France and the false principles of his school found followers in Spain and Portugal, as well as in England and Germany. Choiseul, Prime Minister of France, found worthy companions in Aranda of Spain, and Pombal of Portugal. These three ministers, who found the members of the Society of Jesus the most energetic defenders of the people, used every means to destroy the Order. In their conspiracy they employed forgeries in support of their false charges against the Society; they expelled them from these kingdoms, and did not rest until by threats they fairly compelled Clement XIV. to suppress the Society. They even threatened to expel every religious community, if it did not yield to their wishes. The Pope could see the ferment which was working in European States, and he deemed it the lesser of two evils to suppress the Order. This was done by Pontifical Brief, A.D., 1773. The suppression of the Society of Jesus continued until 1814, when it was restored by the reigning Pontiff.

The history of the days which followed the suppression of the Society tells us, that with the Jesuits the ancient glory of these kingdoms departed. They were already in the throes of revolution; liberty was becoming enslaved; soon the Reign of Terror began and hostile armies overran and conquered each of these kingdoms.

On the suppression of the Society, the Crown seized upon the Jesuit estates in Canada. When, by the treaty of Paris, Canada was transferred from France to England the Church was secured in her rights and property, but as English law at that time was penal against Catholics, it took some time before the British governors gave even his title to the Bishop of Quebec. From the beginning the Church claimed that this property, which was given for religious and educational purposes, belonged to her, or at least, that the trust became hers. Laval University continued the educational work of the Jesuits and repeatedly claimed a share. When the Jesuits were re-established of course their claims revived. This property is now valued at \$2,000,000. The various governments have wished to settle these claims for years and the claimants having agreed to accept \$400,000 in quit of all claims against the Province, Mr. Mercier, the Premier, submitted a Bill, which was adopted by his government. Some writers in the newspapers have misunderstood or wilfully misrepresented the position of the Holy Fathers in regard to the transfer. According to ecclesiastical law it required his sanction to allow the disposal of such a claim. This he has given. He is the judge in all ecclesiastical disputes, therefore it belonged to him to decide on the comparative merits of each claim, and to say what proportion each should receive. It is thus plainly to be seen that the action of Leo XIII. is confined to what is purely ecclesiastical and has in no wise entered into the legislative act.

It is sad, painfully sad, to read the communications and platform railings of some who call themselves "ministers of the meek and lowly Jesus." With them the "Religious liberty" cry has become once more hatred of the Catholic Church. It seems to be the only means they have of gathering a crowd of listeners. But the Charity of Christ is not in revilings, hatred or revenge. Thank God! it is only the loud-mouthed who make the noise. There are among the Protestants of this country men who seek justice, and to them the name of a Jesuit has no terrors. Canada is more grateful than to neglect those who have been the glory of her history.

A LIVING JESUIT ANALYZED.

A CASE OF VIVISECTION.

When an eminent French writer was about to undertake the task of refuting the insidious effort of the Infidel Renan against the divinity of our Lord, he saw that the one infallible means of accomplishing that end was to present to the world a perfectly true and faithful picture of our Divine Saviour Himself, and then let the world judge for itself. Hence his "Life of our Lord Jesus Christ," a simple repetition of the Gospel story.

Now that a small tempest is raging around us, ament the "Little Society of Jesus," we cannot do better for the benefit of those whose mental vision on this subject is more or less like that of the balking horse, than bring them face to face with the JESUIT AS HE IS— and has ever been— and let them judge fairly for themselves.

Father Raniere, one of the most eminent Jesuits of the day, has written the following for the instruction of the younger members of the order; so that we have here the Jesuit of the older generation, the embodiment of the wisdom, piety, and learning, handed down from Jesuit to Jesuit since the days of Ignatius and Francis Xavier, and we have the minute analysis of the very seed and germ which contains the Jesuit of the future. I give an extract version of the essay from the French of *La Verite* of 2nd February, 1889.

F. B. II.

THE EDUCATION OF YOUTH.

I.—NATURE, END, GREATNESS AND SPECIAL IMPORTANCE OF THE WORK OF EDUCATION AT THE PRESENT TIME.

Most of our religious congregations devote themselves to the education of youth. The majority of the institutes established from time to time in our day, are directed by Providence to that end. . . . Nor can we be surprised at the action of Divine Providence as manifested in this matter, when we consider how important the religious education of youth is in itself, and when we know that, in our day especially, the salvation of society is dependent thereon.

It must be manifest to every one that no mission more sublime could be entrusted by Almighty God to his creature than this. To engage in the education of youth is not only to co-operate in the perfecting of a rational soul, that is to say, in the accomplishment of the masterpiece of Divine Power in the natural order, but to perfect in that soul the image and likeness of Jesus Christ and to co-operate with the Divine Spirit in the most marvellous work of the supernatural order.

Forming the man is in itself a divine work, but how far more divine must be the forming of the Christian! How sublime the husbandry whose field is the spiritual soul, more precious than all earthly treasures, whose aim is to develop in that soul the divine germs implanted therein by the Holy Ghost, whose instruments are the truths which Jesus Christ has taught us and the grace He has purchased for us by His death, and lastly, whose result is to fix all but irrevocably the eternal destiny of many souls, and to produce a fruit which is the happiness of God Himself. Such is religious education. In other words, it is the Apostolate exercised under circumstances which render its success at once most easy and most irrevocable.

But this work so eminently divine and important at every period, has in our day become more indispensably necessary than ever. For in these times the general spirit of society seems to be more than ever in opposition to the spirit of Christianity. While an all but irresistible movement is hurrying all classes towards luxury and material enjoyments, the restraints calculated to arrest the fatal tendency of society, would seem to be daily losing strength. Day by day the spirit of faith becomes weaker, wills are enervated, the intellect falls a more easy prey to the fluctuations of doubt, the sense of the infinite, that is, God, is vanishing, and in proportion as men become more indifferent as to their eternal destiny they lose the very idea of self-denial and of self-imposed sacrifice. How are we to rebuild a society thus enfeebled with that vigorous spirit of Christianity which alone can save it from death? An apostolate of preaching addressed to the generations already advanced in life can never accom-

plish the miracle. Is it not undeniable that our preachers' audiences are made up of those who have least need of their preaching? There is but one apostolate which can regenerate society, light up the souls of men, renew the spirit of Christianity, restore to the Church her beneficent influence, and, in one word, re-establish the reign of God; the apostolate which devotes itself to the rising generation, that is to say, the apostolate of Education.

A member of a religious order who has left the world in order to devote himself without reserve to the service of God, could not, therefore, undertake any work more conformable to the great interests of the Divine glory; nor would it be possible for him to engage in work better calculated to promote his own sanctification. What is to prevent him from turning to his own advantage the numberless graces which will be imparted to him for the sanctification of the souls entrusted by God to his care? There is a close analogy between the aim of the religious life and that of education, as well as between the means adapted to the attainment of both. For, what is the Religious life but a last education ending only when life itself ends, and having for its aim to raise to the heights of perfection those who are not to be satisfied by the attainment of an ordinary degree of virtue? Now, inasmuch as the heart of man is ever the same, the obstacles he opposes to the accomplishment of God's designs are ever alike in kind; whence it follows that a Religious who desires to attain the degree of perfection suited to his state will only require to apply to himself the lessons he addresses to the youths he is to educate, and to practice himself what he teaches to others.

A religious teacher must then constantly keep before his eyes this two-fold aim. He will, following the counsel of St. Paul, work with no less assiduity at his own perfection than at the duty of teaching, and will secure by the same means his own salvation and that of his pupils.

II.—RULES FOR THE EDUCATION OF YOUTH.

1. A religious teacher must understand above all things, that in the divine work of education he is but the instrument of God. He must ever therefore, make God's views the rule of his own views, and God's action the rule of his own action. Now, in the designs of Almighty God, a complete education includes three parts: physical education, intellectual and moral education, and religious education proper. Each of these parts has its own importance, and must, in consequence, be the object of attentive and constant care, nevertheless, it is perfectly clear that religious education is of greater importance than intellectual education and that the latter is in turn superior to physical training in the same degree that the soul is superior in nobility to the body.

2. But these three departments of education very far from being in opposition, are, on the contrary, marvellously helpful to one another. Thus nothing can be more favourable to the health of children than the habits of energy with which their minds will early be imbued. In truth it is manifest that one of the chief causes of the prevailing feebleness of temperament is the short sightedness and effeminacy of parents who seem to be no longer capable of teaching their children to endure the slightest privation or fatigue, and who limit their affection for their offspring to gratifying their every whim. One of the most precious advantages of a public education is that the rule overrides caprice, which, if allowed full play, becomes a veritable tyranny.

Nevertheless, while striving in every way to inspire their pupils with that spirit of energy and sacrifice which alone can make of them men and Christians, religious teachers must with the utmost care provide them with every means of developing their physical powers. Good sound nourishment, repeated intervals of recreation so that their delicate organs may not be strained by over work, exercise, the fullest expansion and a sufficiency of sleep, such are the chief conditions of success in this first department of education.

3. With regard to intellectual education, I would say that, without having recourse to the methods invented of late to relieve children from the salutary toil of learning, the teacher must strive to strengthen them by the aid of certain incentives. The best of all stimulants is the ardour and zeal with which the teacher himself will devote himself to his work.

The pleasure he takes in teaching will, as a rule, be the measure of that his pupils will take in studying. He will also find his advantage in making use of emulation, which is so natural to children, and must neglect none of the means sanctioned by usage to excite it; but he will strive to eliminate from that emulation the danger it involves of developing in the heart of children pride and self-love, he frequently reminding them that in seeking to advance in knowledge they are simply doing the will of God, and by making them look upon His approval as a reward far and away more glorious than the good opinion of their teachers and school-mates.

MONTREAL GOSSIP.

"Send us cool breezes and favouring airs," sang the Carnival Committee as January sobbed itself to death in a splashing rain-storm to the lullaby of a soft southerly wind, and the music of their song floated over the Laurentian Mountains and penetrated to the icy fastnesses of the North Pole, whence old Boreas in answer blew such blasts as caused our American visitors to shiver in their newly donned furs, and to decide that they "would not annex this weather anyhow." From the evening of Sunday the 3rd, the thermometer kept steadily falling until early on Monday morning it registered 35 degrees below zero. The cold was intense, but clear, and the bright sunshine did much towards helping one to keep up one's spirits as well as one's circulation. Saturday's trains, Sunday's trains and Monday's trains brought thousands of pleasure seekers, all as determined to "be jolly" as ever was Mark Tapley, and all bent on seeing the capabilities of a Canadian winter. This desire was fully gratified by the storm which broke over the city on Tuesday morning, and continued, though with mitigated severity, through the whole of Wednesday and part of Thursday. Some of our American visitors were sad objects to behold as they flitted along the crowded streets dressed in curious and in some instances hastily improvised inventions to keep out the cold.

The town has presented a very beautiful appearance all week, gay with bunting, its shop windows decorated with the most brilliant and enticing samples of merchandise, and in almost every street some quaint and clever design in snow or in ice. A brave, and perfectly transparent polar bear guarded the door of a shop on St. Catharine Street East, a really majestic lion lay *couchant* at the feet of Victoria Regina in Victoria Square; forts, turrets and tiny castles abounded. Down in Coursol Street, in far St. Cuneconde, there was an independent Carnival on a small scale, a capital show of snow animals, and a miniature Mount Vesuvius, which at certain times belched forth fire and smoke to the intense delight of the young people of the neighbourhood.

The arrival of His Excellency the Governor-General on Monday morning was witnessed by thousands, who for the most part clustered round the Snow Shoers Arch, which, however, was not very thickly manned by those picturesque looking athletes, on account probably of the excessive cold.

The storming of the Ice Palace on Wednesday night was a truly magnificent spectacle, one to make one proud of one's country. The sight of the twenty four hundred snow-shoers with their flaming torches winding down the zig-zag mountain road and gleaming through the snow drifts, was one never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it, while the magnificent *coup d'oeil* presented when they closed in round the pale dream castle, and drowned its faint, sweet chimes with the noise of their Roman candles, was equally impressive. The realistic pictures of the *Star*, and the exquisite word painting of the *Gazette*, not to speak of the reams of description thrown broadcast to the reading world by the white ribboned army of the visiting press, have doubtless put your readers in possession of all the facts worth knowing concerning the Carnival, so that there is nothing left for me to do in the descriptive line.

Strangers and Montrealers were equally surprised at the pluck and determination with which all the arrangements were carried out in spite of the tempestuous weather. The Carni-

val Drive, for instance, was witnessed by many thousands of patient waiters, who stood for hours in the snow drifts waiting to see the grotesque procession. One could not but shiver sympathetically with some of the forlorn American strangers who flitted about in the crowd with tall silk hats, light great coats and tight kid gloves, these were "freshmen," those who had been here before were better provided for. One that I saw sheltering in front of the C. P. R. offices on St James Street, wore a flowing blue broadcloth garment, cut somewhat like the robe of a Christian brother, and lined throughout with faded martin skins. It is possible that one of his ancestors had worn it at the *prise de Deerfield*. A silk handkerchief tied over the ears and surmounted with a tall hat was the most common style of American comfort abroad during the storm. In the cloth coats the pockets were *en evidence*, and from almost each one protruded a few numbers of the *Carnival Star*.

Talking of the *Carnival Star*, while buying one the other day I heard a voice with the sweet soft brogue of County Monaghan, asking for a "picture paper of the Carnival," and turned round to see a modest looking girl in a voluminous blue frieze cloak laying down her thirty-five cents on the counter. Looking ruefully at the neatly encased paper with its clearly defined lines awaiting the address, she murmured, "I'd better be havin' it addressed here," and turned to the clerk asking him to please address it to Father Donagh, Parish of Ennyvale, County Monaghan, Ireland. "And," said she, "I'd like him to know who sends it: put from Bridget Duffy—no, not that either—put from Miss Duffy, Montreal." The fresh Irish sweetness was there and also the first coat of new world veneering.

The Citizens' Drive was a beautiful sight, one that to my mind gave a better idea of the wealth of Montreal fashionables than any other part of the Carnival. The Windsor Ball was a success, and so was the Hunt Ball. Mrs. Joscelyne Bagot, a lady of her Excellency's suite, told a friend of your correspondent that she had attended many Hunt Balls in England, but never one which came up to this Ball of the Montreal Hunt Club.

The Railway Companies and the City Passenger Railway, the hotels, lodging-houses, and dealers in fur have profited by the Carnival, but trade in general has not. In a morning spent in the wholesale houses on St. Paul street, I did not meet a dozen persons buying. The retail stores were equally deserted, and even the small ginger beer and apple stands were comparatively forsaken. A dame who presides over one of the latter, in Viger Square, informed me that "business was bad this week," and that "folks who generally came to buy in evenings was all up west looking at the sights." So that even from a worldly point of view the Carnival is not an unmixed good, while to those who think more seriously it is a cause of great evil. Extravagance, jealousy, scandal, sin, follow in its train, and between the harmless and the harmful the line of demarcation is very faintly traced. Fashion and Folly run riot, youth eagerly seizes the enjoyments, shortsighted as to what they may veil, and through all firm, and unchanging, comes the warning voice of the Catholic priesthood, saying, "the Carnival is a grave occasion of sin," and as your correspondent said a few weeks ago: "They ought to know."

The visitors of the city were not all American. I was strongly reminded of the controversy that lately waged in the columns of the *Gazette* respecting the different characteristics of the English and American girl. One of the former was standing helplessly in the centre of the C. P. R. office on St. James Street, vainly trying to catch a glimpse of the Snow-Shoers as they marched up to the arch. Being rather a good-natured old fogey, I advised her to mount the broad window sill whereon several other ladies were standing. "Oh! she said in a tone of indescribable scorn, "that would hardly be the thing." Some half hour after, having learned that the Carnival Drive would not pass that corner, I thought it merely an act of charity to let the stranger know that she would waste her time and her chances of seeing anything by waiting longer. In reply to my piece of infor-

Continued on Page 26.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE LATE 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 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 LYSCH,
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,
C. 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. CARRERY,
Bishop of Hamilton

TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEB. 23, 1889.

For the two beautiful photo engravings of the Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec, and the Abbe Casgrain, which last week adorned THE REVIEW'S souvenir number, we are indebted to the kindness of Messrs. G. E. Desbarats and Son, publishers of the *Dominion Illustrated*, Montreal. Through their courtesy,—and it was an exceptional courtesy,—the Editors of THE REVIEW were enabled to present to their readers, as the initial number of our Third Volume, a number not less artistic and beautiful than that with which they began their last volume, and one which, it is thought, will compare in point of mechanical excellence with anything that has yet been attempted by any Canadian or American paper.

The Editors also take pleasure in stating that they have made special arrangements with the Messrs. Desbarats, as may be seen by advertisement elsewhere, whereby subscribers to THE REVIEW, present, as well as intending, may obtain THE REVIEW and *The Dominion Illustrated* combined, for the reduced subscription price of \$5.00 per annum. *The Illustrated*, which in its range is a national work, stands without a peer in the ranks of illustrated journals. In keeping with the beauty of its engravings is the literary quality of its contents, which are in charge of Mr. John Talon Lesperance, one of THE REVIEW'S staunchest friends and contributors, and one of the most gifted Canadian writers.

HIS Eminence CARDINAL TASCHEREAU.

We supplement THE REVIEW'S picture of Cardinal

Taschereau with the biographical notes following, which are taken from *The Dominion Illustrated* of the 29th December. They were accidentally omitted from the last number.—Elzéar Alexander Taschereau was born at Ste. Marie de la Beauce, on the 17th February, 1820, and is descended from a Touraine family. His grandfather was a member of the Legislative Assembly of his time, and his father a judge of the King's Bench. His mother was a daughter of Hon. Mr. Panet, speaker of the first Legislative Assembly of Canada. The future Cardinal studied in the two seminaries of Quebec, and in 1836, paid his first visit to Rome, where he received Minor Orders, and, on his return to Quebec, in 1842, he was ordained to the priesthood, and spent several years in the Seminary engaged in the teaching of various branches. In 1847 he distinguished himself by his charity, and exposing his life for the victims of ship fever. In 1864 he again visited the Eternal City, and spent two years there, grounding himself in Canon Law for which he received the degree of Doctor. On his return he presided over the Little and Grand Seminaries, successively, and, in 1866, became Superior of the Seminary and Rector of Laval University. In 1862, after another visit to Rome, he was made Vicar of the archdiocese, and continued at the head of the Seminary till 1871, when he succeeded Archbishop Baillargeon in the See of Quebec. His visits to Rome were again frequent, and on his last voyage thither, in 1887, he was exalted to the Cardinals' purple. On this honour he was congratulated, not only by his own people, but by the whole people of Canada, regardless of creed.

It is one of the glories of the Catholic Church that she is pre-eminently the Church of the Poor, seeking out, and dwelling, and labouring among them. While we must not disparage the charitable spirit, so often manifested, of individual Protestants, yet on the part of their churches, there is, if not an indisposition, at all events, a seeming acknowledgment of their inability to ally themselves with the work of ministering to the bodily and spiritual wants of the masses. Rather would it seem as if Protestantism, as represented by its churches, followed the tide of wealth and fashion, "When wealth and fashion," remarks a contemporary, "desert a certain locality, the church and the ministers desert it also, for the simple reason, to state it in the rough, that there is no more money in the Gospel business round about there." This worldliness, and this abandonment of the poor on the part of the Protestant ministry was thus rebuked in a recent sermon by one of their own brethren, the Rev. Dr. Rainsford, rector of St. George's, New York, so well known in Toronto, and so much esteemed as curate a few years ago, of St. James' Cathedral:

"Who ministers to these increasing multitudes of poor folk south of Fifteenth street? We must answer without hesitation, chiefly the Roman Catholics. We don't hear of their moving uptown. It is true, uptown they locate some of their best churches, but this is not done at the expense of moving strong churches from the lower part of the city. Many of the best of these, as we all know, are maintained with a splendid vigour and success in the very heart of the poorest districts. There they have a hold, and retain a hold, on the working people, such as no Protestant church can for a moment pretend to. For my own part, I own to an impatient spirit when I hear, as I often do, abuse heaped on the Roman Catholic Church of New York. She has her faults they are not few, but she does what Protestantism has failed to do; she stands her ground in the face of the rush of immigration; its tide of ignorance, of vice, of utter poverty does not discourage her; and within her walls may be seen thousands of that class of working people who are so scantily found with us."

The Church Progress of St. Louis, whose attention has been attracted by the articles which have appeared in this

journal on the subject, observes in its last issue that "all this talk of Canadian annexation, it strikes us, is but buncombe." If annexation comes at all the overtures must be made by Canadians. To say, as the *Milwaukee Catholic Citizen* did, that "the right policy is to get Canada now, peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must," is, it agrees, the veriest nonsense, "is at best but indulging in platitudinous bombast." If Canada desires annexation, it is right and good. Let her declare the fact to the United States Government through her accredited representatives. Then the question will be up, and the proper authorities may be trusted to determine and ratify the rest. The question is not up, however, nor is it likely to come up. The *Church Progress* is frank enough to confess that it can see no benefit likely to accrue to Canadians from annexation. "Commercial union," it says, "between the two countries might be beneficial, but annexation we are at a loss to see the benefit of. Catholics of Canada are certainly better off on the question of public education than their brethren of the United States. In Lower Canada they have been left for centuries undisturbed in their language, religious customs, and traditions by England. We fail to see wherein annexation would benefit their social or religious conditions."

This we think is a frank admission of all that this REVIEW has contended for on the question.

THE JESUITS AND THEIR ESTATES.

Last week we explained how the passage of the Jesuits Estates Act by the Quebec Legislature and the subsequent refusal of the Dominion Government to advise its disallowance, had been the occasion of sore tribulation to a very noisy if not a very large, section of the community. The points we then made clear were: (1) that the Bill was unanimously assented to by the members of the Legislature, (2) that its passage was admittedly within the domain of Provincial authority, and (3) that the Dominion Government held, in harmony with the principles of the Opposition, that there was no reasonable cause for its disallowance. These three points being established beyond controversy, it would be reasonable to conclude that there exists no urgent provocation for the fiery bolts of fierce denunciation now being hurled at the devoted heads of the Jesuits from the burning lips of so many valiant sons of thunder. Yet last Sunday night will be remembered as "Jesuits' Day" in the so-called Evangelical churches, for then and there did the bold pulpiteer "put in his work" with an unctuous zeal beyond all admiration, and a contempt for sober facts which might have been sublime had it not been ridiculous. During the week the daily press has teemed with epistolary and editorial outpourings, backing up these frantic appeals from the pulpit for immediate, desperate, and decisive measures against the threatened inroads of the Jesuits, and the consequent and speedy downfall of the "free institutions" which are our country's boast. Hence, a brief inquiry into the circumstances that have rendered necessary, and led up to the passage of the Bill, will serve to bring out in still clearer light the absurd position of those who are now so strenuously endeavouring to unseat the Protestant horse and ride the poor spavined brute for all he is worth full tilt against "the sworn enemies of human liberty!"

A few historical facts require to be briefly noted. At the capitulation of Quebec, the Jesuits (with other religious orders) existed as a body corporate. They continued so to exist until the Crown, by two separate acts of injustice, extinguished the Order in Canada. The first unwarrantable invasion by

the Crown of the rights of its subjects, in the persons of the Jesuits, was when it prohibited the reception of novices (or new members) into the religious bodies in Canada, and thereby destroyed their succession. The second was perpetrated in 1791, when by the Royal Instructions, dated September 16th, of that year, it was declared: "It is Our will and pleasure . . . that the Society of Jesuits be suppressed and dissolved and no longer continued as a body corporate or politic, and all their possessions and property shall be vested in Us," &c., &c. The king was good enough, however, to provide that the then present members of the order should "be allowed sufficient stipends and provisions during their natural lives." When the last of the Jesuits died, in 1800, the act of confiscation, declared in 1791, was consummated, and all their estates were seized and vested in the Crown. Of course, when the property was conveyed to the Provincial Government the same title was given.

These facts show that the Crown first deprived the Jesuits of the power of continuity by refusing them the admission of new members; next it suppressed the order as a body corporate, and finally seized their property by alleged right of conquest. The last act was plainly one of "confiscation," but assuming, for the sake of argument, that the Crown acted entirely within its right in seizing the property, can it be denied that it is equally within its right to restore that property, or a portion of it, or to make compensation by other means? The act of the Crown, by its assent to the Bill passed in a constitutionally constituted Legislature, is surely more worthy of respect—more honourable to the Crown itself—than any declaration of "Royal will and pleasure," counselled or advised by scheming court favourites, who had their own ends in view in alienating the Jesuits' Estates. Were it worth the trouble, it would not be difficult to show, by the purposes to which the revenues of these Estates were applied, or rather, misapplied, that some parties were materially interested in the plunder of the Jesuits. Pensions and allowances to this person and to that, payments to various Protestant Churches (amounting in nine years to nearly \$40,000) and to Protestant schools (about \$45,000 in thirteen years), indicate that whatever may be the "persecutions" at present suffered by the "minority" in Quebec there was a time when even the property which of right belonged to the Jesuits was made subservient to their comfort.

These facts illustrate what we may term the civil aspect of the case. Now, if we are to admit the right of the Crown to suppress the Jesuits as a body corporate and confiscate their property, we are also bound to accept the logical deduction that the Crown has at least an equal right to reconstitute them as a body corporate—which it has already done in the Province of Quebec by the Incorporation Act of 1886, and to compensate them in some measure for the loss of their property—which it is now doing by the Act that is the occasion of so much needless excitement. The religious aspect of the question may be dismissed with few words, though it is due to our good Protestant friends that we should endeavour to relieve their minds of the horror with which they have been overwhelmed at the bare recognition of the existence of His Holiness the Pope, in an Act passed by "the Legislature of a British Province." The explanation is very simple.—The property of the Jesuits, like that of every other Order in the Church, is held for Catholic religious purposes, and when from any cause the particular body holding such property, lapses or becomes extinct, the property reverts not to the Civil power, but to the Church, to be administered as nearly as may be for the furtherance of its original objects. Surely, the person

must be very obtuse who cannot see that this of necessity involves recognition of the authority of the governing body of the Church, which ultimately resolves itself into that of the Pope. Hence the Government in defining the terms of settlement only exercised a common sense discretion by making all the parties to the claim also parties to the settlement, and this, of course, led to the "recognition" of the Pope. The measure of discretion accorded His Holiness in the disposition of the funds is a matter of mutual arrangement between the parties to the agreement with which it would be sheer impertinence in an outsider to quarrel. But it is the veriest nonsense to howl about the "recognition" of the Pope in a transaction in which his actual authority is notoriously admitted by all, however disagreeable to some the existence of that authority may be. Had the Quebec Government chosen to resort to trickery or concealment, nothing would have been easier than to have made an arrangement and framed an Act to give it effect without alluding to the Pope or any other "foreign" power. But would not such a course have provoked the howlers to still more fierce denunciations? Would they not, one and all, have proclaimed it as another evidence of the "secret machinations of Rome?"

There is yet to be considered the bearing of this question as a measure of Provincial policy, but its general acceptance in Quebec is pretty good evidence that in this particular the Mercier Cabinet has been exceedingly happy in its interpretation of "the well understood wishes of the people." As to the grant of \$60,000 for Protestant Higher Education, for which the Act provides, we recognize in it the spirit of fairness with which the minority in that Province is usually treated. But the Anti Jesuit howlers call it "hush-money" and a "sop to the Protestants of Quebec" to purchase their silence! If, then, the Protestants of Quebec are so despicably mean as to sell their "glorious heritage," for such a bribe—if they are only not howling because they have been bought, would it be fair to conclude that those Protestants who are howling in Ontario, are doing so only because they have not been bought?

Continued from page 23.

mation an Irish girl would have said: "Won't it now?" A Canadian girl would have said: "How provoking," and both would have thanked me. The English girl did not turn her head, did not raise her eyes, did not express wonder, annoyance, or gratitude, she merely said: "Ah!" I cannot convey the tone—it was frigid beyond description.

Lord Stanley of Preston, and suite, left for Ottawa after the Carnival, and the thermometer, feeling that it had done its duty, rose at once. On Sunday, 10th inst., the vice-regal party attended "Matins" at Christ Church Cathedral. The papers tell us that on their entrance the choir sang "God Save the Queen."

Another distinguished stranger who figured at the Carnival was Prince Victor Duleep Singh. This young gentleman is the son of the famous Maharajah Duleep Singh, and enjoys the distinction of having Her Most Gracious Majesty for his godmother. He holds a commission in the British Army, and is at present one of the *Aides-de-Camp* to the General commanding at Halifax.

OLD MORTALITY.

Of your charity pray for the Soul of John Connolly, of Dublin, Ireland, who departed this life on the Feast of the Presentation, fortified by the Rites of Holy Church. He was for many years an active member of St. Vincent de Paul's Society. R. I. P.

The deceased was a brother of Joseph Connolly, R.C.A., of this city. Catholic exchanges please copy.

"LACLEDISMS."

"Laclede" flatters himself that there is perhaps no one living who is more thoroughly acquainted and imbued with the Legend of Napoleon than he is, in his private and public career. Yet it is strange that, although he knew that the great Emperor went back, like a child, to the faith of his youth in his exile, and received the last rites from the hands of the Abbate Vignali, sent to him by Pius VIII., he had never read the following passages in M. de Bourinne's "Memoirs of St. Helena":—"The sound of bells," says the General, "produced on Napoleon I. a singular impression which I never could explain to myself. He listened to them with delight. When we were at Malmaison, and walked up and down to the Palace de la Rueil, how often has the sound of the bells of that village broken in on our most serious conversations. He would stop short that the movement of our steps might not make him lose one of the echoes that charmed him. He would almost get wroth against me for not sharing his impressions. The effect on his ear and heart was such that his voice was touched and he would then say to me: 'That reminds me of the first years that I spent at Brienne. I was happy then.' I was twenty times witness of the effect of the sound of the bells on Napoleon."

On the rock of St. Helena, Napoleon would say to his comrades in exile: "The sound of bells is wanting to me here, is wanting . . . *Le son des cloches me manque ici: il me manque.* I cannot get used not to hear them. The sound of a bell never struck my ear without bringing my thoughts back to the feelings of my childhood. The Angelus led me to sweet dreams. When, in the midst of my work, I overheard the first strokes of the bells, under the shaded woods of my palace of Saint Cloud, I was often thought to be preparing a plan of campaign, or a law of the empire, when I was simply going back, resting my mind on my first recollections and the first impressions of my life. Indeed, religion is the reign of the soul; the anchor of salvage of misfortune."

Could anything be said more beautiful, or which could give a more exalted notion of this extraordinary man?

The sound of the Angelus bell has caught the fancy of almost all our English poets. Chateaubriand has one of his most glowing chapters on church bells in his immortal work on "The Genius of Christianity." Whoso has seen the touching picture of Millet, with the old belfry in the hazy distance, and the young peasant and wife rising from their work in the potato field and together repeating: "*Auge de Dieu!*" will understand all the holiest inspiration that is gathered in that hallowed moment.

The peal of the Angelus bell has struck a chord in the tender and noble heart of Byron. Hear him:

Ave Maria! O'er the earth and sea,
That holiest hour of heaven is worthiest thee.

Ave Maria! Blessed be the hour!
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept thro' the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer.

Ave Maria! 'Tis the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! 'Tis the hour of love!
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
Look up to thine and thy Son's above
Ave Maria! O that face so fair;
Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty Dove—
What though 'tis but a pictured image strike—
That painting is no idol; 'tis too like.

Some kindly casuists are pleased to say,
In nameless print, that I have no devotion,
But set those down with me to pray
And you shall see who has the properest notion
Of getting into Heaven the shortest way,
My altars are the mountains and the ocean,
Earth, air, stars, all that springs from the great whole,
Who hath produced and will receive the soul.

Sweet hour of twilight! In the solitude of the pine forest, and
the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood.
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flowed o'er,
To where the last Ciesarean fortress stood;
Ever green forest! which Boccaccio's lore
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee.

The shrill cicalas, children of the pine,
Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,
Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,
And vesper bells that rose the boughs along,
The spectre huntsman of Onetio's line,
His hell-dogs and their chase and the fair throng
Which learned from this example not to fly
From a true lover, shadowed my mind's eye.

Oh, Hesperus! Thou bringest all good things—
Homo to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings;
The welcome stall to the o'er labored steer;
Whatever of peace about our hearthstone clings,
What'er our household gods protect of dear,
Are gathered round us by thy look of rest;
Thou bringest the Child, too, to the mother's breast!

Soft hour! which makes the wish and melts the hearts
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are borne apart;
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
Seeming to sweep the dying day's decay;
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
Ah! Surely nothing dies but something mourns.

Then, Byron, with his usual fine tact, quotes Dante in the
"Purgatorio," Canto VIII., whom he translates.

Era già l'oreo che volge 'l deio
A 'naviganti e intenerisce il cuore
Lo di ch' han detto a' dolor amici addio!
Ecco to nuovo peregrin d'amore
Punge, se ode squilla di lontano
Che paja 'l giorno prianger chesi muove.

This last line—says Byron—is the first of Gray's Elegy,
taken by him without acknowledgement.

The readers of "The Ephemerides" will like to hear of a
hymn to the Virgin, on the birth of Our Lord. I therefore
will acquaint them with a religious and literary discovery
lately made in the British Museum. The subject is a hymn
to the Virgin on the birth of the Saviour. A passage of
"The Millere's Tale," by old Chaucer, the father of English
poetry, had always proved a *crux* to commentators. In his
account of the Clerk of Oxenford's rooms we read:

"All above there lay a gay sauterie,
On which he made at nightes melodie,
So sweetly that all the chambre rong;
And *Angelus ad Virginem* he song;
And after that he sang the Kinges Note,
Full often blessed was his merrie throte."

It is well known that the "King's Note" was the national
hymn of the time, but the song of "Angelus ad Virginem"
remained unknown despite every research, until five or six
years ago, when it was discovered by Rev. H. Combs, in the
Arundel MSS. This MSS. is a *itto* on sheepskin. The
writing is by several hands, and goes back to the reign of
Edward I. It is plain that this hymn was well known in
Chaucer's time, A.D. 1350, which proves that its origin was
long before that date. After other data of the same age,
drawn from the Arundel papers, it seems that the hymn
should be assigned to the end of the 13th century. The
beauty of the feeling and the perfection of the rhythm give it
high rank among the sacred chaunts of the middle ages. It
may be set alongside of the "Stabat Mater," of which it is
contemporaneous and of like workmanship.

The four first verses of the second strophe:—

Quomodo conciperem,
Quae virum non cognovi?
Qualiter infringerem,
Quod firma inente vovi?

are altogether remarkable, through the reference to the vow
of chastity of the Holy Virgin, notwithstanding her nuptials
to Saint Joseph. In the same parchment there is a rhymed
translation, in old English, almost word for word and very

quaint. The music is also there, which was harmonized
lately by Mr. C. J. Hargill. I have a copy of the music
somewhere among my papers, which I should be happy to
lend to any of our chapel-masters. I had a paper on the
subject, in *Canada First*, of the 27th February, 1883, and
would refer the reader to the January number of *The Month*,
of the same year. There are also in the same Arundel papers
several other remarkable hymns, and chiefly a *sequentia* to
St. Mary Magdalen of great beauty.

LACLEDÉ.

UNDER THE SHADOW OF A CRIME.

BY E. B. MARSHALL.

(Concluded)

The priest opened his mouth to speak, but no sound issued
from his parted lips. The Abbe de Soubeyron stood as if sud-
denly turned into stone.

"Then who is?" repeated the magistrate, with a touch of
incredulosity in his voice. "If you can tell me who is
the real criminal, and bring the crime home to him, I shall
congratulate you on having spared your brother much annoy-
ance, and, it may be worse. Painful as the knowledge must
be to you, I will tell you that, in the actual condition of matters,
I shall be forced to proceed to the arrest of Captain de Sou-
beyron on the charge of homicide."

The Abbe de Soubeyron was prevented from replying by
the door being opened by a premonitory tap, and his house-
keeper putting in her head saying that "Captain Alfred was
waiting to see M. l'Abbe."

"In one moment," said her master, and the door closed
upon the old woman.

M. de Soubeyron turned to his visitor.

"You are going to arrest my brother—really?"

"There is no other course left open for me."

"Now?—here?"

"Yes."

"But I assure you, you are making a most egregious blunder
—a blunder which will inevitably ruin your professional repu-
tation. I assure you what I say is true."

The officer smiled with a sense of superiority.

"My duty is plainly marked out before me," he said. "Dis-
agreeable as it is I must perform it."

The priest reflected for a moment.

"You can lessen its disagreeableness," he then said, "by
granting me one favour—by allowing me to receive my brother
and remain alone with him for a few minutes."

As the Commissary hesitated the Abbe continued:

"You can stay in this room"—pointing to a chamber
opening into a study; and, if you wish, you can leave the door
open."

"There is no necessity to leave the door open," replied
the Commissary, and he passed into the neighbouring apart-
ment.

The Abbe de Soubeyron having opened his study door and
"Alfred," a young man, in the dress of an officer, entered the
room.

"I thought you had a visitor," he remarked, as he threw
himself into a chair.

The Abbe ignored this question and, instead, put another.

"What did you do this morning before luncheon?"

"Why, the usual thing, of course. After parade I rode for
an hour or two."

"Where?"

"In the wood."

"Did anything particular happen?"

"No, nothing. Why?"

"Never mind now! Have you lost that poignard you
bought in Corsica?"

"How in the world do you know of that? Yes, I have lost
it. Perhaps you can employ your divining faculties in assist-
ing me to discover where it is now?"

"Were you alone this morning during your ride?"

"Yes."

"Did you see Major Magnier?"

"No. Poor fellow, I suppose you have heard of the dread-
ful affair?"

"Do you know, Alfred, that you are accused of having murdered Magnier?"

Captain de Soubeyron started half out of his chair. After a first period of astonishment he eyed his brother curiously, as if wondering whether or not he was in possession of his senses. Briefly, the Abbe told his brother of the visit of the Commissary of Policy, and of that functionary's intentions. As he recapitulated the facts which M. Pinaud had adduced as presumptive proof of Alfred de Soubeyron's guilt, he began to see that a stronger case was made out against his brother than he could have at first imagined.

"Can you prove an *alibi*!" the Abbe asked, that would be conclusive."

"I don't remember to have met a single person I know during the whole of my ride. I was in rather an unsociable mood, and I chose the least frequented alleys," replied the captain.

"Then our only trust is in God's hand removing the bandage which now covers the eyes of justice."

For some little time no word was spoken. At last the Abbe rose from his chair and introduced the Commissary. Shortly afterwards Alfred de Soubeyron was on his way to the prison of Rouen in the company of M. Pinaud.

That gentleman was less assured of his prisoner's guilt now than he had been before the arrest took place. While still in the study of the village presbytery, he had asked the same question as the Abbe had previously put to his brother: had Captain de Soubeyron not seen anyone during his morning ride in the forest. The answer this time had been a little different. Yes, Captain de Soubeyron now remembered that he had suddenly come across a disreputable, peculiar-looking individual, who, it seemed to the officer, had endeavoured to escape notice, and had slunk away as rapidly as possible.

M. Pinaud had noticed that when De Soubeyron described this individual, the Abbe had turned pale and a tremor seemed to have run through all his frame. Still he had said nothing. Some way or other, M. Pinaud had a suspicion that the priest knew more of the crime than he could tell. His assertions of his brother's innocence, also, seemed stronger than a merely fraternal faith could warrant. Still, the suspected man was in custody; and there always remained the chance of Major Magnier recovering consciousness before his death, and of his denouncing his assassin, which would insure justice and prevent the commission of a serious blunder.

This possibility, by the way, M. Pinaud had, for some reason best known to himself, carefully concealed from the De Soubeyrons, leaving them to believe that Major Magnier was really dead.

Left alone, the Abbe De Soubeyron sunk upon his knees before the crucifix which hung against the wall, and prayed that Heaven would prove to all men, as had been proved to him, the innocence of his brother.

The last scene of this kaleidoscopic story is taking place in a room in the hospital of Rouen. It is the room in which Major Magnier is lying. In addition to the doctor and the nurse, there are present M. Pinaud, the Commissary of Police, who had called to see if anything further of consequence in the case had happened, and the Abbe de Soubeyron, whose presence was due to an impulse for which he could not account. The physician's prognostications had turned out to be correct. Major Magnier had passed from the comatose condition in which he had lain since the morning into perfect consciousness. He had, however, the doctor said, but a short time to live. M. Pinaud hastened to seize the opportunity given him.

"You were attacked this morning in the Fontenay-aux-Roses wood?" he asked, and on receiving an affirmative reply—

"Do you know the person?"

"Yes."

"Was it Captain Alfred de Soubeyron?"

"No, it was not Captain Alfred de Soubeyron."

Mr. Pinaud had no time to waste in useless astonishment.

"Then who was it?" he asked.

The dying man turned his eyes upon the Abbe de Soubeyron.

"For those who forgive, is there any hope of forgiveness, even if they have deeply sinned?" he questioned.

The priest lowered his head in affirmation.

"Then I forgive my murderer. He has had satisfaction for a terrible family wrong—my life has been its price. I have suffered, and suffered justly, for my sin."

"You refuse to denounce your assassin?" queried M. Pinaud.

"Yes. It is not Captain de Soubeyron. Bid *him*, from me, be a good husband to Helene Lapeyre, and ask her to think not unkindly of a man who loved her well. Now leave me with God and His minister.

Is there need to say that Captain de Soubeyron's incarceration was speedily at an end? Or that Helene Lapeyre came to look upon the period when she had feared that her lover might be a murderer as she might have recalled to memory a dreadful nightmare? Or that lover was, some time later, transformed into a husband, and yet he did not cease to be a lover? Or that, finally, the Abbe de Soubeyron never for one day forgot to return thanks to Heaven for the consolation that had been afforded him during the hours when his brother rested

UNDER THE SHADOW OF A CRIME.

ST. NICHOLAS INSTITUTE NIGHT SCHOOL.

A report of the closing exercises of this school, which took place on Monday evening, 11th inst., was unavoidably crowded out last week. The school is conducted by the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and is open three nights in the week during the months of November, December and January. During this winter it has been under the charge of Mr. Winterberry, a teacher well qualified for the position. At the closing exercises, there were present among others, Rev. Father Hand, Mother Assumption, Superioress of the Institute; Messrs. M. Kiely, of the Separate School Board; H. F. McIntosh, Michael Ryan and James Carbery, Prefect of the Institute; besides several of the Sisters of St. Joseph. A choir composed of a number of the boys of the Institute, rendered several musical selections, under the leadership of Miss Sheahan. The different classes were examined, and showed such proficiency as to call forth a glowing compliment from Rev. Father Hand. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Kiely, McIntosh and Ryan, and prizes were delivered to the most deserving of the pupils. The St. Vincent de Paul Society is doing a good work in thus providing instruction for those who have been deprived of it through the poverty or neglect of parents. The Sisters of St. Joseph in this, as in all their other works, prove themselves to be the friends of the unfortunate.

The Catholic World for March gives its subscribers a variety of instructive, edifying, and entertaining reading. The leader is "Moral Theology and Monopolies," and treats one of the burning questions of the day boldly and intelligently. Whoever wrote "Sensational Preaching" has played rather roughly with some people's nerves. Much good reading, and some deserving a far higher compliment, is to be had in such articles as "The Negroes and the Indians," "St. Thomas Becket," "True Site of the Holy Sepulchre," "Puck's Tricks on Col. Ingersoll," and "The Palestrina Myth." "The Divorce Question," by the Paulist Father Searle, is a learned, forcible, and judicious article. The poetry is really good, especially "Morn and Night," by Annie Cox Stephens, and "Lent," by Lucy Agnes Hayes.

FROM A JESUIT FATHER.

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Rev. D. LYNCH, S.J.

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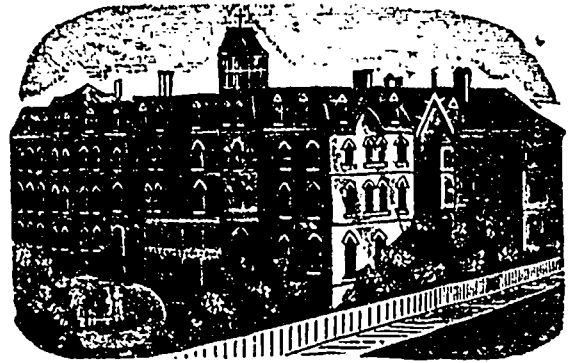
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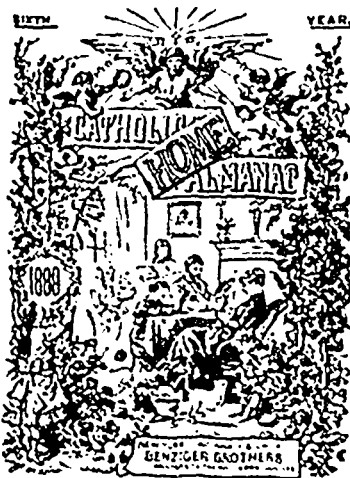


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