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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Reddite qua sunt Caesaris, Casari; et qua sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. III

Toronto, Saturday, Aug. 24, 1889.

No. 28

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Notes.

The priests of the archdiocese of Toronto, have been in retreat during the week at St. Michael's College. The retreat was conducted by the Rev. Father Henning, C.S.S.R., of "St. Patrick's," in this city.

A few days ago THE REVIEW received a communication from the publishers of the *Contemporary Review*, which read as follows:

"There is a very important article on the Future of the Papacy in the *Contemporary Review* for August. It recalls the sensational article on the Bismarck Dynasty and is anonymous. It says that to re-establish the temporal power of the Church it must be Anglicised or Americanized or dwindle. This is illustrated by the startling statement that the Papal rescript against the plan of campaign was launched by the Pope under the pressure of the English Government against the advice of Mgr. Persico, who has hitherto been held responsible for that blunder. The article is sure to attract immense attention. It points, without naming him, to Cardinal Gibbons as the next Pope, and the transfer of the seat of the Holy See from Rome to London. The article is long and has the place of honour. It is written with earnestness and conviction and the author evidently has an intimate acquaintance with the secrets of the Vatican. The thesis of the writer is that the Papacy will, if a divine instrument, be purified by persecution, and driven from Rome never to return. As Europe, when the Roman Empire fell, became barbarian and was civilized by the Church, so will it be with the world, which is now becoming English-speaking. The question for the Pope is whether he can Catholicise the English-speakers. The future of Catholicism depends upon the Pope thinking in English and ridding the Church of Roman traditions and ambition."

We give the publishers of the *Contemporary* free advertisement of this prodigious article, which, we take it, is all

they are after. And with all due respect to them, we do not think it will cause any unwonted excitement. The Catholic public is thoroughly accustomed to seeing the affairs of the Church made the subject of every sort of journalistic hoax and rumour; and quite impervious, by this time, to the fresh assaults of sensational journalism. The authorship of the article is not hid in mystery. The editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* is nothing if not a manufacturer of sensations. Two or three weeks ago, by way of preparation for these startling "revelations" about Mgr. Persico, it will be remembered we had the duly heralded announcement of an Irish plot to kill the Monsignor, who was represented as afraid for his life to return to Ireland. It was the first act in Mr. Stead's little comedy, which has been withdrawn from the stage amid public apathy. Mgr. Persico, we may say, has authorized the statement that he never heard of such a plot, and never felt or expressed such a fear.

Mr. Stead's article is styled "The Papacy—a Revelation and a Prophecy." His revelation is that the Pope issued the Irish Rescript without having read Mgr. Persico's reports; and his prophecy is that the Papacy, if it is to be an institution of the future, and survive until the coming of Macaulay's New Zealander, must become Anglicised or Americanized. It counts for nothing with the writer that the Pope is Bishop of Rome. Mr. Stead's idea is that Cardinal Gibbons will be the next Pope, and that the Holy See will be situated somewhere in England or America. How very probable! How likely, ere long, to see Catholic Europe looking for its supernatural light to London, New York, or Chicago!

With respect to the "revelation" the writer in the *Contemporary* makes his statements, he tells us, "with a full sense of the grave responsibility attaching to their publication;"—and proves it by publishing them anonymously. It is strange that a man so intimately informed of what goes on at the Vatican should have evidently missed an important statement made by Mgr. Persico, and that is that the reports were made to the Pope himself, and that the Rescript followed their presentation. The statements in regard to Mgr. Persico and the Holy Father are simply devoid of foundation. As against them the *Weekly Register* of London states on its own knowledge, obtained from the first authorities, that every one of the Monsignor's letters were carefully conned at the Vatican; and not a sentence in them that was not studied line by line. The editor of the *Pall Mall* might have known that the Pope himself has publicly alluded to Mgr. Persico's representations as the basis on which the Holy See took action.

THE ROMANCE OF A JESUIT.

From the French of De Bongny d'Hagerne.
CHAPTER XIV.

The Sume and Oise battalion was, just then, in the vicinity of Pontarlier, at the village of Arcor on the river Doube. It took the road to Verrieres but, after a few hours march the commandant perceived that the numerous troops that had already passed that way had consumed all the provisions that might still have been found at the adjacent villages and farm-houses. The men had had nothing to eat since the day before and no distribution of food could be looked for from the Commissariat.

Meynaudier took counsel with his officers and it was decided that the detachment should turn off to the left and take a cross road leading to Etrache across the mountain.

After marching for an hour, some shots fired from the neighbouring heights threw the ranks into disorder. The commandant, aided by de Tralin, succeeded for a time in restoring order, but, at a turn of the road, a fresh discharge of musketry stretched many poor fellows lifeless and the disorder became general. The commandant seeing how impossible it was to continue a regular march, gave the officer orders to disperse and to try and get groups of men together and lead them to an appointed spot.

That evening but one hundred men were got together; the rest had wandered right and left. The commandant himself was worn out with fatigue and suffering; his horse had been killed under him and the ball which had killed the poor animal had also wounded the rider in the foot and he had had to walk on this lame foot all day.

The rallying point that had been fixed on was a wild gorge in the depths of the woods where nothing was to be had. The officers and men were spent with fatigue and hunger, three feet of snow covered the earth, and an icy wind penetrated to the very bones of the ill-clad soldiers. Lighting a fire was out of the question since the smoke might have betrayed the presence of this handful of French to their German adversaries. A few hours repose was imperative and the officers decided that later in the night the march must be resumed. A solemn silence reigned around and the commandant, who was gazing at the horizon all round in hopes of finding some issue from his difficult position, overheard the following whispered conversation:

"Did you see St. Ignatius stealing away?"

"No," replied another voice.

"Whilst the commandant was consulting the other officers, he got up on yonder rock and thence disappeared on the other side of the mountain."

"I suppose he has gone to get a good supper with some of the priests in the villages."

"Perhaps; but I think it more probable that he has gone to the Prussians and told them that there are a hundred Frenchmen here whom they can easily capture."

The commandant approached the soldiers and demanded of whom they were speaking.

"Of the almoner, sir."

"And you call the priest St. Ignatius and dare to accuse him of denouncing us to the Prussians? Saireblou! were we not in our present unfortunate position I would put you both in prison to teach you how to speak. You have known me for a long time and you know I am not more devout a Catholic than anyone else: you know I have hardly spoken to this chaplain, but I have watched him closely and can testify that since he joined us he has been devoted to our welfare and to his duty."

"Possibly, sir; but still he has stolen away without leave."

"What do you know about that? Am I accountable to such as you? Remember: the almoner ranks as an officer, and I will never permit an officer under my command to be insulted."

One of the soldiers muttered: "fortunately there is neither prison nor police station here."

Though he spoke low the commandant heard what he said, and, drawing a revolver from his pocket, pointed it at the soldier saying "If there be no prison, yet I have this revolver and unless you are silent I will shoot you."

The soldier was silenced and the commandant perceiving de Tralin took his arm and walked aside with him. Together they discussed the terrible state of affairs and de Tralin asked and obtained permission to absent himself for a couple of hours to reconnoitre the road and search for some village or farm where provisions for the starving soldiers could be obtained.

Hastily taking leave of each other, the adjutant-major plunged knee-deep into the snow whilst the commandant continued his watch, for till his men were saved he declined taking any repose.

Thus passed two hours of cruel mental and physical suffering to Meynaudier for his wound had begun to swell, and was very painful. No sentinel had been posted and the men were reposing on the ground as best they could. Captain de Tralin did not return at the end of the two hours and nothing had been seen of the Jesuit, who, as the soldiers had truly said, had asked no leave of absence.

At length a dark form was descried against the snow and de Tralin appeared. He was the bearer of bad news. The path they had taken led only to the woods and they would have to retrace their steps. Nor had he seen or heard anything of Father Durand. The two officers knew not how to extricate their soldiers from the terrible position in which they found themselves, and they also apprehended difficulty with the men, for fatigue and hunger had driven the poor fellows nearly to despair and they were besides under the impression that they had been betrayed.

At length the cry "to arms" was heard and the whole camp was instantly afoot. The adjutant-major was the first to recognize the cause of the alarm, and to perceive Father Durand accompanied by a peasant, both of whom were heavily laden. There were a few moments of utter disorder, some soldiers hastily loading their guns, others running wildly in every direction believing they had been surprised by the enemy, others again crying aloud: "Bread! bread! we are saved."

The commandant ordered silence and questioned the Jesuit, who had brought fifteen loaves, all he could find. These loaves Meynaudier commanded to be equally divided amongst them all, share and share alike, for, as he said, hunger made all men equals.

Whilst the poor fellows were devouring the bread, which seemed to have fallen from Heaven, the commandant was astonished on perceiving the soldier who had accused the almoner, standing beside the good priest, to whom he had at once frankly confessed his fault and by whom he had been promptly forgiven, since, as Father Durand observed, "suffering had nearly driven the soldiers mad. And now, said the commandant, smiling, I must ask the almoner, who absented himself without leave, to give me an account of himself. "Whence did you procure this bread?"

"From an out of the way farm-house. An hour before arriving here, I had remarked a road leading into a narrow gorge, and the untrodden snow showed me that no detachment had passed that way. I also thought there must be a valley, probably inhabited, in that direction. I had thought of advising you to take the battalion in that direction but I abstained from doing so for fear of having to make our poor exhausted soldiers march several leagues uselessly. I therefore started off alone to verify my discovery and regret having been so long absent. The snow and darkness caused me to stray from my path, and I several times fell into ravines and had great difficulty in getting out of them. However, God rewarded my efforts, I found the valley and at length arrived at the farm, where I was well received by the good peasants, who gave me all the bread they had, and, since the load was too heavy for one man, one of these brave fellows came to help me."

"How can I thank you, said the commandant," then taking the Jesuit's hands in his own he added in a low voice: "Charles Durand, thank you, you have a noble heart."

The almoner was more affected than he cared to show and pressing his old friend's hand said:

"I have not told you all, nor how fully those good people sympathize with us. They offer shelter for the whole night to all our battalion and they are preparing large boilers full of soup to complete the supper of which we have brought only

an instalment. To-morrow morning they will guide us over the mountains to Switzerland, which is but at six leagues distance and where the Prussians can not molest us."

The commandant could find no suitable terms in which to express his appreciation of the services Charles Durand had rendered, only, in his own name and that of the officers and men, he vowed eternal gratitude and affection to their deliverer, asking God to reward their brave chaplain.

As they were starting for the farm-house Father Durand turned pale and staggering had to support himself against a rock. The truth became evident, Charles had not touched a morsel of the food he had brought. The soldiers not having finished their humble ration, each one offered what remained of his piece of bread to the good priest. Father Durand, moved to tears, accepted a few crumbs from each and moistening them with snow partook of them. His strength soon returned and he set out at the head of the column.

It was midnight ere the detachment reached the farm-house, where the soldiers were gladdened by being ushered into a large room where a fire was burning and where each of them was served with a good plateful of hot, nourishing soup. When they had been warmed and fed the farmer and his sons took them to large barns where the tired soldiers soon slept soundly on the fragrant hay.

Meynaudier suffered much from his wound. He had had to lean on de Tralin's arm to reach the farm-house and even with his friend's assistance had had difficulty in dragging him along. On his arrival there Father Durand had attended to the wound. The foot was so swollen that the boot had to be cut off and the commandant was found also to be in a high fever. Nor could he sleep at all that night and the next day his officers tried to persuade him to rest at the farm for a few days, since he was absolutely in need of rest and care, and it was certain that the Prussians would never discover him in so out of the way a place. He almost angrily refused compliance with these suggestions and asked the farmer to give him a horse. This request the farmer willingly complied with, warning him, however, that he could only use the horse part of the way, the last gorge on passing into Switzerland being only practicable on foot.

"I will ride as long as I can, replied Meynaudier, then I will walk what I can, and, if necessary, I will let myself be carried, but I will not abandon my battalion before it is out of danger."

And when Father Durand urged him to change his decision:

"Is it you, my friend, who advise me to leave a duty unperformed? I will follow your example rather than your advice."

At daybreak the farmer had sent his sons and servants to reconnoitre the roads and make sure if they were free of Prussians. About eight o'clock the battalion was preparing to start when one of the sons returned to tell them that Prussians had been seen at Etraches, advancing on the road to Verrieres. The detachment was therefore obliged to take a longer route than the one originally intended; but the soldiers, who had had a good night's sleep, thought little of an extra league or two.

On setting out the farmer took the head of the column with one of his sons and behind them rode the commandant, looking sad enough, for the contraction of his features plainly indicated how much he was suffering. Father Durand staid by the commandant for a time but soon took his usual place at the rear, where there was always some one requiring encouragement and support.

The first part of the road was passed without difficulty, but as they advanced further and further in the mountains the heaps of snow rendered their advance difficult and dangerous.

Towards two o'clock in the afternoon they stopped to rest for an hour, taking shelter in an old barn that was for the use of the cattle when at their summer pasture. The farmer told them that they would have to leave the horse there for they had to pass by paths that no horse could mount.

The ascent is difficult, said the old peasant, but in an hour you will be at the summit and see Switzerland at your feet. You will only have to descend the mountain to find yourselves in safety.

(To be continued.)

CATHOLICS AND THE TORONTO GLOBE.

The stand taken by the *Globe*, as I understand and interpret it, is fair, manly, and dignified on this point (i. e., the Jesuits' Estates legislation), and such opposition on the part of the *Globe* conveys no impression of religious animosity on the part of the great Reform journal towards the Catholic Church or its people. The *Globe* has been eminently fair, and no more than fair, to Catholics.—*Letter of Mr. Peter Ryan.*

Did the Governor-General assume responsibility for that extraordinary Government paper (His Excellency's reply to the Equal Rights delegates) or could he by any fair reasoning be supposed to have concocted and delivered it of his own will and notion, we should denounce him as unfit for his position, and endeavour to rouse the country to demand his recall.—*The Globe.*

In the light of the *imprimatur* given by Mr. Peter Ryan of Toronto, to the *Globe* newspaper, in recognition of "its generous policy towards the Catholic people for many years," and in the light also of the present course of that journal in regard to the Jesuits' Estates legislation, which is only distinguished from that of other papers by its more unblushingly demagogic nature, it will be of interest if we review for the information of our readers the past course of that journal in relation to Catholic matters in Canada.

In the year 1850, a few years after the conversion to Catholicity of John Henry Newman and other of the best minds within the Church of England at the time, the Sovereign Pontiff, as will be within the recollection of many of the Review's readers, determined upon the re-establishment of the Hierarchy in England. That is to say the country was divided into the old ecclesiastical districts, and Mgr. Wiseman created Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. The promulgation of this decree, "given at Rome," as it read, "under the ring of the fishermen," set the alarm bells ringing in every Protestant steople in England. The most valiant Protestant was alarmed; and the "British Lion" stalked up and down the land. Lord Truro called forth applause that nearly shook down the building when he quoted at the Lord Mayor's dinner the words from the play "Under my feet I'll stamp thy cardinals' hat in spite of Pope or dignities of Church;" and thunders of applause were evoked by Kean, the tragedian, when in the theatre he quoted the words from King John, "No Italian priest shall toll or titho in our dominion." In good season, however, the madness died out, and it was found that Protestant England had sustained no serious damage.

After Englishmen had become heartily ashamed of their exhibition of fear and intolerance, the Pope and the unfortunate Papacy fell into the hands of a wild Protestant Canadian, who was possessed of the idea that the papacy ought to be rooted out of this country, and began a crusade to that purpose in the columns of his newspaper, the *Globe*. This was George Brown. He published the pronouncement of Wiseman, to which he undertook to reply in language as rough and intemperate as it was intolerant and illogical. Let us just say that Cardinals may be right or they may be wrong but it is not in writers of George Brown's stamp that they find confuters. Having chalked up "No Popery," Mr. Brown used every means to lash public feeling into a tumult. The senseless and uncharitable war upon which he entered against a law abiding and inoffensive Christian denomination he continued to wage with a vulgarity and a coarseness which the *Mail*—a more insidious enemy—has never attempted to imitate. The *Mail* pretends to attack, not the Catholic religion, but the Catholic Church as an ecclesiastical system; the *Globe*, under George Brown, attacked it both as a religion and an ecclesiastical system.

He pictured the Roman hierarchy in Canada, just as the *Mail* does to-day, as an odious system that menaced the well-being of our social and political institutions, and the public were urged to resist it as the common enemy. The Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, the friend and biographer of Brown, has endeavoured to whitewash this portion of George Brown's career. Mr. Mackenzie, who is careful to touch upon this part of his subject with as little seriousness as possible, admits that harsh things were said in this discussion by Mr. Brown, but adds that "no article ever appeared (in the *Globe*) which bore the character of intolerance." "Unscrupulous politicians," he says, "of little or no standing as public

mon, for years filled their scrap-books with garbled extracts, torn from their context, and used them as electioneering weapons." None the less the files of the *Globe* will tell the facts. We have at hand a few "extracts" which are neither garbled nor "torn from their context." Was it tolerant in Mr. Brown to write that "the advance of education has been the death knell of Popery throughout the world;" that "its mummeries have failed to stand the test of free institutions;" that "civil despotism and the papal delusion hang together?"—or will it make the statements less offensive to Roman Catholics to join them with the context? Was it charitable or tolerant in Mr. Brown to say that "popery binds all men in the most debasing thralldom," that "this religion robs man of his noblest privilege, direct communion with God . . . and debases him to the very level of paganism;" or to ask "what a frightful weapon of tyranny the confessional is?" Perhaps we misunderstand what Mr. Brown's biographer means by intolerance. Perhaps it was tolerant in Mr. Brown not to have banished the Catholics out of the country, but fortunately, he never was the imperial dictator of Canada, holding the life and liberty of a subject in his keeping.

A powerful auxiliary of the *Globe* and Brown was the scandalous ex priest Gavazzi, who about this time had apostatized and was now abroad breathing fire and smoke against the papacy. His mission, he said, was "not to protest against Rome, but to destroy. It is not Protestantism at all, my dear brethren," said Gavazzi, "it is destruction, the destruction of Pope and popery. My mission is to destroy, I am no Protestant, call me destructor, for that is my name." Mr. Brown was a warm admirer of Gavazzi, for the *Globe* of June 16th, 1863, described him as "the distinguished defender of the Protestant faith." It is strange that two such distinguished defenders of the faith getting together, more harm did not come of it. Need we add that the papacy withstood the shock of the *Globe* and Gavazzi? The editor and the ex-priest are dead, and Rome still lives. It takes more than a great newspaper and an ex priest to destroy an institution that may flourish when Macaulay's New Zealander takes his stand upon the ruined arch of London Bridge.

Of late years it was the part of prudence in the *Globe* to cultivate a more liberal and more tolerant temper, but expediency seems to have veered it round again. It now talks of "rousing the country" to demand the recall of Lord Stanley; in other words, of playing the same game as the *Mut* did two years ago. If that be so, and if Mr. Ryan will take a word of advice from us, he will be sparing of his eulogiums on the course of the *Globe* newspaper. It might be difficult to pull the wool over the eyes of Catholics in respect, say, to the paragraph which appears at the top of this column.

KENREIGH.

The Royal Historical and Archæological Association of Ireland recently visited St. Mary's Cathedral and some other interesting historical buildings in Limerick. The Cathedral, which was founded by Donald Mor O'Brien, King of Thomond, in 1170, is a plain but massive Gothic building, which is chiefly interesting on account of its antiquity and its connection with the history of Limerick. A number of interesting tombs and mural inscriptions were viewed with much interest. These included the carved lid of the stone coffin of King Donald, the founder of the Cathedral; the tomb of Bishop Donald O'Brien, dated 1217; the tomb of Bishop O'Dea, 1427, whose crozier and mitre were also exhibited. The life-sized effigies of Donogh O'Brien, Earl of Thomond and president of Munster, and Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of the eleventh earl of Kildare, dated 1624, were also to be seen, at least such portion of them as had not been broken off by Ireton and his soldiery. Adjoining the Cathedral is to be seen the house in which Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law, died of the plague in 1659. The house is a massive stone structure, and is still inhabited. Also in the neighbourhood of the Cathedral stands St. John's castle, which dates from 1210. It has been maintained in repair since the time of Charles II. as a military barrack, and is one of the finest specimens of fortified Norman architecture in Ireland. King John placed his castle in charge of a constable, which office was continued down to 1842, when, on the death of Viscount Gort, the last constable of Limerick, the post was abolished.

SPURIOUS CATHOLIC JOURNALISM.

There are not wanting evidences of, at all events, preparation on the part of a professedly Catholic paper published in this city to lead the Catholic body—at least to such extent as it is able to either influence or commit it—to throw in its lot with one of the two great political parties, and mingle, under its banners, in the coming fray. Whether these preparations are the outcome of an "arrangement" already effected with certain well known "pipe-laying" politicians, or merely the evidences of the twitchings of an itching journalistic palm, we know not, nor does it much matter. But in anticipation of certain possible developments, and of the ends which the Catholic name may, again, be unworthily put to, it may prove not unnecessary, and not undesirable, that we place before the Catholic public Dr. Brownson's definition of the canons of conscientious and honourable Catholic journalism.

In *Brownson's Quarterly Review* for January, 1885, this eminent publicist, the greatest mind produced in the Church in America, wrote on the subject of the relations of Catholics to political questions in this wise:

"We consider ourselves bound, as a Catholic journal, encouraged and supported by the bishops and clergy for our devotion to the true interests of Catholicity, to abstain, as a general rule, from all intermeddling with party politics. We do not think it fair or honourable to use the influence we may acquire among Catholics, as a religious journalist, against or in favour of any political party. We have no right to commit, or to try to commit, the bishops and clergy who support us to one party or another. They in their official capacity do not enter into the political conflicts of the day, and tell the people of their charge with what party they must or must not vote, in order to discharge their duties as Catholics. We have had good opportunities of knowing their views on this subject, and we do them only simple justice when we say that they wish to keep the Church and Catholic interests in the country free from the passions, conflicts, and interests of political parties.

"Believing such to be the policy of the ecclesiastical authority, and believing it the only wise or prudent policy for Catholics in this country, we have always set our faces against the formation of a Catholic party in politics, and studied to make it manifest, as far as our paper could be regarded as an organ of the Catholic body, that Catholics are as free as any other class of citizens to belong to which of the great parties of the country they see proper, and that it is no more nor less a mark of Catholicity to support the Democratic party than the Whig, or the Whig than the Democratic. We have felt ourselves at liberty to discuss the great principles of government and administration, to treat of the morality or the philosophy of politics, but not to take sides for or against any party which recognized loyalty to the Constitution as a duty. In this the recognized organs of the Catholic body have, with scarcely an exception, fully agreed with us. No Catholic journal, recognized officially as an episcopal organ, has suffered itself to be a partizan journal; and we may say that it is and has been the settled policy of the Church in America, and of all who may in any way be regarded as expressing her views and wishes, to keep Catholic interests independent of the conflicts of political parties, and to leave all Catholics in their quality of citizens free, saving loyalty to the Constitution, to vote for such party as they in their conscientious convictions think best."

With regard to the "Catholic vote" and the class of pseudo-Catholic journals, which look upon the Catholic body as their stock in trade, he adds:

"Undoubtedly, there have been journals circulating chiefly amongst Catholics, and regarded as Catholic by outsiders, and demagogues enough, nominally Catholic perhaps, that have talked in a boastful way of a Catholic party and the great things it would do, and have endeavored to make use of the influence they exerted to commit the Catholic body as such, and to turn over the so-called "Catholic vote" to one party or another. There has been, no doubt, too much of this, and

Catholics and Catholic interests are suffering not a little from it. But the Church is not responsible for it, for she never inspired it, and they who have done it have acted without her authority and against her wishes. Her wish is to pursue her spiritual mission in peace, and keep aloof from politics, so long as they leave her the opportunity.

Unhappily we can not deny that some journals that look upon the Catholic body as their stock in trade, have said some foolish things, and done what they could to make the appointing power believe that there is a "Catholic vote", and that they command it; but these do not represent the Church, and have not, as non-Catholic politicians sometimes imagine, the confidence of the Catholic community. They are so little considered by us that we have not, perhaps, taken sufficient pains to disavow them. But in spite of all these may say or do, we repeat it, the Church has not in this country entered at all into the field of secular politics, and has in no instance instructed her children as to the party they should or should not 'vote' for.

Catholic citizens are citizens as much as any other class of citizens, and have the right to vote according to their political preferences. If they have been more subjected to the influence of some leaders than others,—a fact which we do not concede,—it has not been by their clergy, nor by appeals to their Catholicity."

And again, in relation to Catholic "parties" in politics, he speaks in the same strain :

"In Ireland, and some countries on the Continent, we have seen a Catholic party in politics, but there have been reasons for such a party there which have not existed with us. There Catholicity has been in some way connected with the State, either as the object of its patronage or of its hostility, and Catholics have been obliged to enter the arena of politics, not as citizens only, but as Catholics, in order to defend the freedom and independence of their Church, to repeal or prevent the passage of persecuting statutes, or to defend or to obtain equal civil rights with non-Catholics. Such was the case in the struggle for Catholic emancipation in Great Britain and Ireland; such was the case in the long struggle in France for the freedom of Catholic education, and such will always be the case where the government undertakes to legislate in reference to Catholic interests, either for or against them.

But in this country the government professes to let the Church alone, and not to legislate on religion at all. So long as it does let the Church alone, and leaves her in her own sphere, and in regard to her own children, free to follow her own constitution and laws, and protects Catholics in their equal rights, as men and citizens, there is and can be no justification of a Catholic party in politics."

These wise and truly Catholic principles are those which this REVIEW has followed throughout its course, as its lodestar. It has rigidly excluded from its columns anything that could be suspected of a partisan character. It has aimed only to be Catholic, and to be useful to Catholic interests. It has never trafficked with politicians; it has never taken the bribe from the highest bidder; it has never sought to degrade Catholics to the level of political Hessians,—mere mercenary hirelings whose support is to be had for the shilling; it has never traded upon the name of a noble nationality. And it has never, let us add, attacked ecclesiastical authority.

CROM.

The editor of the *Irish Catholic* having forwarded to Mr. Gladstone a copy of his journal containing the list of the Land Corporation, has received the following reply:—

"DEAR SIR,—I am afraid that the general complicity of which you speak is sufficiently established by the habitual tone of the Government—that is to say, of Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons; but it is with some surprise and more concern that I perceive the names of Mr. Smith and Lord Cranbrook as large subscribers to the Landlords' Combination, which appears, indeed, to aim at crushing the Irish tenantry by means of British money.

"I wait to see what answer can be made to the letter of Canon Keller published in the *Times* of yesterday.

Your faithful and obedient,

"Hawarden, Aug. 5, 1889.

W. E. GLADSTONE."

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND ANSWERS A BIGOT.

On a recent Sunday morning, Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, Minnesota, thus replied to an attack made by a Methodist parson on "Romanism." The Archbishop said:

I wish this morning to allude to some recent attacks made in a Protestant pulpit against the Catholic Church. I have in view to serve both Catholics and non-Catholics. Catholics cannot fail, as they are made to remark those attacks, to have their faith strengthened and their love for the holy Church intensified. Is there not a potent argument for the solidity of the foundations upon which rests their belief, that opponents never dare, when speaking of her, to give a fair and truthful statement of her position and her belief? They realize that the Church, seen in her own light, would be herself a demonstration of the truth of her teaching. Her opponents misrepresent, belie her. The croak from the mists of their dark fancies a spectre black and horrid of mien, and name it "Romanism." They awake a hatred of it in the souls of their hearers and cry out that the Catholic Church must be demolished, if men and nations are to be saved. There is in their mode of warfare a wondrous acknowledgement of the power residing in the Church and of the brilliancy of truth adhering to all her teachings. I would also beg leave to call the attention of my non-Catholic fellow-citizens to those attacks. I respect them. I hold them bound to me, in many cases, by strongest bonds of sympathy, and I cannot allow them to be imposed upon and be told that white is black and light is darkness. Whether they are to be Catholic or not is a question left to be answered by their consciences. I owe to them this duty as a minister of the Church and as their fellow-citizen, to have them see the Church as she is. I owe this duty to myself—for if I profess a religion black and cruel and false, as our opponents publicly say—I am not worthy of their favor or their society. As a well-known instance of misrepresentation of Catholic doctrine, I may quote the usual Protestant definition of an indulgence—a remission by itself of sin, and, even an anticipated forgiveness of sin. Could aught be more untrue, more repugnant to Catholic belief and feeling? Yet this definition is re-echoed from a hundred pulpits in our American Athens, and the blue blood of the Pilgrim's land crowd the voting booths to put in power men who will read this lie to their children in the school room from Swinton's "Outlines of History." But we will not to day travel as far eastward as Boston. Let the instance suffice which the sister city, Minneapolis, furnishes. You have heard of Rev. Mr. Mabie's three lectures on "Romanism." Mr. Mabie, a Baptist minister, preached for some two years in St. Paul. He did not waste his anti-Catholic eloquence on the desert air of Eighth and Canada streets. This rare gift he reserved—why, I will not attempt to say—for Minneapolis. He says: "Rome's claim is an assumption of a right *per se* to rule. It is pure assumption, self-centered, and has no authority in the universal judgments of men."

This is Mr. Mabie's opinion, evoked from his self-consciousness of the absence of all authority from his ministry. The Baptist Church very naturally makes no claim to authority. It got it not from Christ, who left the world fifteen centuries before the small cloud on the religious horizon told of the birth of the Baptist Church. When he appears as a teacher in Israel he is Mr. Mabie, and nothing else; and they who listen take their religion from Mr. Mabie's guessings and nothing else. He was not expected to yield to the claims of the Catholic Church, but he should have stated them as she gives them, and argued against them—not telling our Minneapolis friends, right up and down, that her claim is pure assumption, as if she were like the little Baptist sect, avowedly a freeholder, without commission or warrant of any kind. I will do what Mr. Mabie forgot to do—I will state the Catholic claim. The Catholic Church declares that she has a history of 1856 years; she fills time no less than space. One hand on the nineteenth century, the other rests on the first, and her commission is the word spoken to her by Christ: "As the Father sent Me, so also I send you. . . . Go ye therefore, teach all nations. . . . And behold I am with you all days, even unto the consummation of the world." Christ, he says, organized a Church, and she is that Church.

Mr. Mabie may construe as he likes the premises, but he has no right to say "Her claim is an assumption of a right *per se*." Nor can he be allowed simply to assert that if she ever had a right she had forfeited it long ago, without disproving her understanding of Christ's words to the Apostles. "And behold, I am with you all days, even unto the consummation of the world." Mr. Mabie further says: "The claim to temporal power on the part of the Church of Rome is purely fictional and has no authority either from the Bible or from God. The only thing on which this is based is the antiquity of Rome." Who does not know that the Church of Rome makes no claim for the possession of temporal power in general? Her authority is spiritual. The so-called temporal power of the Pope in Italy was limited to a small district. It never was made to depend on Divine authority. Of this, of course, Mr. Mabie is not speaking, but of what he conceives to be the nature of the authority of the Church over all nations, which any Catholic child will tell him is not temporal. What will I say to the absurd assertion that "this is based on the antiquity of Rome?" What Catholic ever based the claim of the Church on the antiquity of Rome? Minneapolis is a very modern city, and if the Pope were there to-morrow, he would have the same authority he has in the city of the seven hills; for it is based no more on Rome than on Minneapolis—but on the Word of the Eternal to St. Peter, "Confirm thy brethren." "We have seen Romanism to be an end to itself, inasmuch as it claims to be an imperial institution, having authority to even modify the Bible." Now, Mr. Mabie, where, when, and how did the Catholic Church modify the Bible, or claim to have power to modify it? I have heard bold, audacious, anti-Catholic assertions; this of yours leads the front rank. "Rome admits no limit to her authority, and denies that she is amenable to the Bible or to God." Another astounding misrepresentation. Perhaps, however, Mr. Mabie here complains that the Church does not admit that she is amenable to Mr. Mabie, *i. e.*, to Mr. Mabie's interpretation of the meaning of the Bible or the law of God. I have heard citizens denouncing courts, or putting themselves above law, common and statute, because the courts did not read the law to suit these citizens; so, may be, between the Church and Mr. Mabie. The Church, all understand, is not above the Bible or above God when she, by virtue of her divine commission, interprets the Word, any more than our supreme court is above the law or the constitution which it interprets. A little legal acumen would be in the right place in many a pulpit.

Christ passed over Palestine doing good, and that He made the doing of such works as waiting on street corners to aid the unfortunates the mark of discipleship with Him. But then, Rome doing all this may prove herself to be the Church of Christ, and this surely would be too dreadful! And then, how annoying to the Baptist sect this waiting of Rome on the street corners to aid unfortunates, must be! It forces home to the Baptist sect the question: "Art thou Christ?" Alas! what answer can be given? We have never seen the Baptist Church waiting on street corners with its ambulance; we know of no Baptist hospitals, no Baptist refuges for the repentant sinner. Too bad, indeed, that Christ's mark should be so plain on Rome, and so clearly off from the Baptist sect! Ah! but Mr. Mabie has in store for his hearer tales that will surely fire them into hottest warfare against Rome and Romanists, America is in danger! The duty of the hour is "to require American born Romanists, before being qualified to vote, to forswear allegiance to the Pope, in things civil and political, to close all schools in which the doctrine of the Pope's temporal power in America is taught; to seek such legislation as requires our public schools to positively teach the true basis of governmental authority of our republic; to make attendance of minors and wards of the nations in such schools compulsory." What is sorely needed is a school—say near the Baptist church in Minneapolis—that will teach common sense and truthfulness, I would have the attendance of some of my acquaintances in that school made compulsory. Does not Mr. Mabie know, as well as I, that the Pope claims no power, temporal or civil, in America, and that if he did Catholics in America would and could not in conscience allow the claim? Mr. Mabie continues: "Priests can deliver herds of cattle with votes at the polls." It is all right for

Mr. Mabie to call Catholics "herds of cattle with votes;" his manual of etiquette, no doubt, is peculiar. But to say here in Minnesota, where Catholics are so well known, that priests control votes, is to speak an absurdity. We preach to our people to vote according to their sense of duty as citizens; to vote as free men, and they vote as they choose. It is their right to do so, and they know their right, and they vote, some one ticket, and some another. This is not all. Here comes the danger! "Should the time ever be when Rome controls the majority of the people of this country, she would only be too ready to destroy the principles of this country and resort to the old methods of absolute monarchy."

The insult to our American hearts is too serious to be answered in words. How dare Mr. Mabie impeach the loyalty of ten millions of Americans to the Republic, the loyalty of a Charles Carrol or a Commodore Barry, of the Revolutionary time; the loyalty of a Sheridan and tens of thousands of Catholics who fought with him on a hundred Southern battle-fields; the loyalty of the three hundred thousand or more Catholics of Minnesota; Mr. Mabie calumniates mine and me when he tells us that the Republic is in danger at our hands, and I will, controlling my feelings, only say that he is mistaken!

THE BLESSED VIRGIN IN SONG.

On opening Rossetti's works the very first poem that met our gaze was his "Ave." We immediately made note of it; but Rossetti abounds in verses to the Mother of God. We give two extracts from his "Ave." We need scarcely say to the reader that they are genuine poetry:

"Mother of the Fair Delight,
Thou handmaid *perfect* in God's sight,
Now sitting forth beside the Three,
Thyself a woman—Trinity—
Being a daughter born to God,
Mother of Christ from stall to rood,
And wife unto the Holy Ghost:
Oh, when our need is uttermost,
Think that to such as death may strike
Thou once wert sister sisterlike!
Thou headstone of humanity,
Groundstone of the great Mystery.
Fashioned like us, yet more than we!

"Soul, is it Faith, or Love, or Hope
That lets me see her standing up
Where the light of the Throne is bright?
Unto the left, unto the right,
The cherubim, succinct, conjoint,
Float inward to a golden point,
And from between the seraphim
The glory issues for a hymn.
O Mary Mother, be not loth
To listen—thou whom the stars clothe,
Who seest and may'st not be seen!
Hear us at last, O Mary Queen!
Into our shadow bend thy face,
Bowing thee from the secret place
O Mary Virgin; full of grace."

Than this there is nothing finer in English. And from a theological view, we might add that if this be not what Protestants are pleased to call Mariolatry, then there is no Mariolatry in any Catholic hymn to the Immaculate Conception. It will be noted that in one place she is said to be fashioned like us, yet more than we. This, again, is a glass-house for our Protestant brethren; for if one of their fold can give such praise to Mary, surely we are not to be stoned for honoring her according to the precepts of our holy sonnet to the Blessed Virgin from the Italian of Fra Guittone d'Arezzo. We give it below:

"Lady of Heaven, the mother glorified
Of glory, which is Jesus—He whose death
Us from the gates of hell delivereth.
And our first parents' error sets aside:
Behold this earthly Love, how his darts glide—
How sharpened—to what fate—throughout this
earth!

Pitiful mother, partner of our birth,
Win these from following where His flight doth guide.
And oh, inspire in me that holy love
Which leads the soul back to its origin,
Till of all other love the link do fail.
This water only can this fire reprove—
Only such cure suffice for such like sin;
As nail from out a plank is struck by nail.

OSCAR WILDE.

The hero of æstheticism, whom Gilbert and Sullivan have satirized so keenly in their joint production, "Patience," whatever may have been his other shortcomings and idiosyncrasies, did not fail in his veneration for the Mother of God. The first selection is entitled.

SAN MINIATO.

"See, I have climbed the mountain side
Up to this holy House of God,
Where once an Angel-Painter trod
Who saw the heavens open wide.
"And throned upon the crescent moon
The virginal white Queen of Grace—
Mary, could I but see thy face,
Death could not come at all too soon.
"O crowned by God with thorns of pain!
Mother of Christ! O mystic Wife!
My heart is weary of this life
And over-sad to sing again.
"O crowned by God with love and flame!
O crowned by Christ the Holy One!
O listen ere the searching sun
Show to the world my sin and shame."

AVE MARIA.

"Was this His coming! I had hoped to see
A scene of wondrous glory, as was told
Of some great God who in a rain of gold
Broke open bars and fell on Danae:
Or a dread vision as when Semele,
Sickening for love and unappeased desire,
Prayed to see God's clean body, and the fire
Caught her white limbs and slew her utterly:
With such glad dreams I sought this holy place,
And now with wondering eyes and heart I stand
Before the supreme majesty of Love:
A kneeling girl with passionless pale face,
An angel with a lily in his hand,
And over both with outstretched wing the Dove."

MRS. MULLOCK CRAIK.

The famous authoress of "John Halifax," in a poem entitled "Into Mary's Bosom," has the following:

"Mary, mother of all mothers,
First in love and grief; on earth
Having known above all others
Mysteries of death and birth—
Take from travail sore and release
One more mother to thy breast."

The prayer in the last two lines refers to a beautiful mediæval belief that women dying in childbed did not enter purgatory, but were carried straight into the bosom of the Mother of God.—*F. J. Halm in Catholic Mirror*

"ROME WITHOUT THE POPE."

It has been truly said that Rome with the Papacy is neither a grand centre of political action, nor a great industrial city, nor a great commercial mart. But without the Papacy would she therefore become a great political city, or mercantile, or manufacturing? Or what would she gain?

With the Papacy Rome becomes that singular city, great without earthly power, brilliant without luxury, full of a very real life in the midst of a delightful repose. Rome is that one city which attracts to herself from the whole of Europe all that is great and worthy of admiration—artists, men of science, Bishops, Kings, pilgrims, and travellers of every rank in life, of every nation, and, it may be said, of every form of belief.

What would Rome become without the Pope? A city effaced from the list of European capitals, a fourth or fifth town of revolutionary Italy—not so large as Naples, not so elegant as Florence, nor as curiously antique as Venice—the head-quarters of a fourth or fifth-rate State of an Italian federation (if such be possible without the Pope), the residence of some Grand Duke if the federation be monarchical, otherwise the capital of an ill-formed, lame Republic, all the more ridiculous because it would borrow a greater name than its own, and would call itself the Roman Republic.

The scholars of revolutionary Rome, who probably prefer their idolatrous to their Christian ancestors, ought nevertheless to perceive that they have not amongst them any Cæsars

or Scipios or Consuls. It is incredible that the Rome of Garibaldi and Mazzini should mistake itself for the Rome of the Fabricii and the Catos, or should look upon the inheritors of the Papacy as proscribed because they are the successors of the people's King.

Rome without the Pope!

Historically, religiously, and socially this is absolute nonsense. The imagination cannot receive it—monuments, arts, sciences, even politics, religion, history, all the souvenirs of past ages, all the world's hopes in the future, clamour out against such an injury being offered to their ancient and necessary protector. They proclaim that Rome without the Pope will be a body without a soul, a city without glory, without real life.

A sudden depression seizes the mind when it tries to contemplate Rome as no longer the city of the Popes nor the centre of Christianity, nor the metropolis of the Catholic world; but becoming instead an ordinary city like the rest.

One is almost frightened at the thought of the littleness which in such an event will suddenly take the place of all the departed grandeur. Nothing of that which makes Rome what she is, which has stamped upon her her own especial features, her mysterious beauty, her inimitable charm, would remain one hour under a new state of things. Men would still seek Rome at Rome, but they would never find her.

Paris is the capital of human intelligence and of some of the arts, but who ever dreamt of calling Paris the Eternal City? London is the capital of the world's great commercial movement, but who has ever fallen into the foolishness of calling London the Eternal City? How is it then that Rome bears this magnificent title which none dispute?

It is because she is the capital, the ancient capital, of the Christian republic—not a republic composed of some thousands of dreamy Utopians; but each man's second mother-country, whose very dust is impregnated with the blood of those who are His saints and martyrs.

Rome is sovereign and her dignity is supreme only because she is the seat of that church which is the mother and mistress of all the rest—the centre and the home of Christianity—this august character is everywhere engraved upon her. You may read it upon her monuments, her ruins, her palaces, her temples—everywhere. It is all this which constitutes the poetry, the grandeur, the life of Rome.

Deprive her of this glorious sign, of this crown, and the imagination no longer recognizes her; the pilgrim, the disconcerted artist standing within her profaned walls shall ask: Where is that unique city, consecrated by the blood of the heroes of Christianity?—where that majesty of religion, better than the majesty of human empire?—where is the voice of the Pontiff to bless the city and the whole world?—whither has fled that living splendour of Catholicity, which drew together into this one place the people of North, South, East and West, for it was as the heart of Christianity and the common country of mankind?

Rome without the Pope will be a desert, for who will care to visit it?—who can hold possession of it worthily?—who do its honours with propriety?

There are already many desert spots in Rome, and they who wish to give us a Rome without a Pope would multiply these. The Palatine, the Aventine, the Viminal, the Forum are empty, and they would add to these the Vatican, the whole city.

What will they do with the seven basilicas, with the 865 churches which meet all needs, sustain all memories, suffice for all votive offerings, and can accommodate all the pilgrims of the Catholic world? Priests and people all promise themselves one day a journey to Rome—they visit it, at least, in their happiest reveries. But with the Pope away, who would, or even could make the one great pilgrimage of faith and love?—*London Universe*.

An unusual feature in connection with the late Provincial Council, which assembled at St. Boniface, Manitoba, was that Archbishop Tache and all the Bishops were members of the religious Congregation of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. This noble order of apostolic men has carried the light of faith through the North-West territories, and was the first to teach Catholic doctrine in the extreme North, even to the shores of the Arctic Ocean.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 29th Dec., 1888.

GENTLEMEN,—

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

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX.

HALIFAX, July 11, 1888.

DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

I have been very much pleased with the matter, style, form and quality 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. CABBRY,
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUG. 24 1889.

The omission on the part of the organizing committee of the coming Catholic Congress to include among the subjects of discussion the position and needs of the Catholic Press of America, has, not unnaturally, stung many of our Catholic contemporaries into saying some rather hard things of the forthcoming Congress. We learn, however, that the committee have ratified, at the eleventh hour, what otherwise must have been regarded as an unaccountable and an unpardonable blunder. The *Catholic Review* of New York, in an angry moment, advised the ignoring of the Congress. "It is unnecessary," it said, "to waste words upon the committee who have the Catholic Congress in charge, as it is to be supposed from their behaviour these gentlemen do not ask for publicity. Their rejection of 'The Catholic American Press' as a subject of discussion at the Congress is an action which can be explained by them if they choose, although the explanation might not satisfy everyone nor look very creditable to their supposed good sense. The press can very easily take it out of the gentlemen in a hundred ways. They are snuffed out of existence quickly, but the press goes on forever. Since the Congress has decided to take no notice of it, let it take no notice of the Congress. When the sessions begin, and the secular journals fall into their usual blunders and misrepresentations, let the Congress get them right if it can. When the Congress has boiled itself down to its resolutions let a ten-line telegram in the *Herald* give their essence. We suspect this obscurity is just what the committee desires. If so, it becomes the Catholic press to let them have it, along with a strong dose of oblivion."

The *Review*, however, struck no responsive chord among its contemporaries. The Catholic Press will put no stone in the way of the success of the Congress. On the contrary there is a manifest desire on the part of the best Catholic papers to give the Congress all the aid they can—and it is not inconsiderable—a desire which has been heightened rather than lessened by the bungling of some few of the managers. With respect to the interests and needs of the Catholic Press, and the duty of the laity towards it—perhaps the most important subjects that could properly be approached by the Congress—these are likely to be discussed by the Editors and Publishers of Catholic papers at a convention of their own to be held in Baltimore in November next. In fact, steps have already been taken to fix a date, and arrange a programme of action. The programme projected is already a comprehensive one, and while it is true, as is stated in an article which we print elsewhere on the subject, that the editors and publishers of Catholic papers do not represent the entire Catholic laity, and can neither take upon them selves its shortcomings or fulfil its obligations, yet, as the men controlling the most powerful machinery, the most efficient auxiliary, that can in this day be brought to the service of the Church, it is obvious that such a gathering must bring weight and a practical intelligence, to the discussion of these important subjects peculiar to no other gathering of laymen in America.

The Convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America met last week in Cleveland. The Union has a membership of about 60,000. The fact that one half of this number are residents of Pennsylvania, the State in which the Society has its headquarters, shows what can be accomplished by such an organization in its immediate locality.

A summary of the sermon and address of welcome to the delegates delivered by Bishop Gilmour at the Cathedral, in Cleveland, will be found in another column.

The League of the Cross of England and Ireland held its annual Convention last month at Thurles, Ireland, under the presidency of His Grace the Archbishop of Cashel. The League of the Cross, as our readers are aware, is the most powerful Catholic Temperance organization in the United Kingdom. Archbishop Croke in Ireland, Cardinal Manning and Father Nugent in England, in this, as in all other good works, are among the chief promoters. In a letter to the assembled delegates, Cardinal Manning, whom old age alone kept from being present, wrote as follows: "Twenty years has taught me that the great bar which in our day closes the soul of man against the word of God and the Holy Sacraments is excess in intoxicating drink; and that the surest discipline, both for the salvation of the intemperate and for the sanctification of the temperate is total abstinence. Temperance is good; total abstinence better. We are all pledged to temperance by the vows of our baptism. No one is bound to total abstinence. It is the free choice of those who aspire to live by the counsel of a higher life."

It is curious to note, says the *Catholic Review* of New York, speaking of this and other conventions of temperance men in English speaking countries, what little practical work has been accomplished by them. "There is not a doubt," it says, "that they have saved many thousands of souls from ruin and millions of dollars to the State. But the drink evil continues to advance with gigantic strides. Saloons, distilleries, backed by enormous capital, steadily increase. It

has seemed to us that there should be two departments to temperance work: one to look after the individual drinker, the other to formulate and have passed laws which will gradually cripple the liquor interest. It can be done, and it must be done, before these conventions and societies can get a fair return for their time, labour and money."

Our Lower Canadian contemporaries are nothing if not vigorous in their polemics. In a late issue *L'Union Libérale* rebuked *La Verité* for having made an insulting reference to the ministers of the Methodist body, while at the same time condemning the anti-Catholic fanaticism in Ontario. "We reproach Mr. Tardivel," said *L'Union Libérale*, "for having attacked without just reason, without apparent provocation, a religion which merits our consideration and respect." The *Montreal Gazette*, a moderate and well-meaning journal, approves of the course of *L'Union Libérale* on the ground that if the principle which it has laid down were made the rule of our intercourse with each other on matters connected with religion, it would be much pleasanter for all. And as the editor of *La Verité*, Mr. Tardivel, has recently returned from the Eternal City, where he had an audience, we believe, with the Holy Father, and received a good deal of attention from persons in authority in the Church, the *Gazette* ventures to remind him of an incident, which may interest him, in the experience of a well-known Methodist minister (the late Superintendent of Education) in that great religious centre. "On my arrival in Rome," writes the late Dr. Ryerson, "I duly delivered my letters of introduction to Cardinal Antonelli, who received me with the utmost courtesy, and proposed, if acceptable to me, to present me to His Holiness the Pope. I readily accepted the attentions and honors offered me. On the day appointed we went to the Vatican. Several foreign dignitaries were waiting in an ante-room for an audience with the Pope, but the Methodist preacher received precedence of them all. We (Dr. Ryerson, his daughter and a young lady companion) were then in due form introduced to the Pope, who received us most courteously. During the conversation His Holiness thanked me for the fairness and kindness with which he understood that I had treated his Catholic children in Canada." The journal then mentions how graciously His Holiness granted the request of the young ladies for his autograph. "He smiled and wrote in Latin the benediction 'Grace, mercy and peace from God our Father and Jesus Christ our Lord,' and then kindly gave them the pen with which it was written."

THE PASSING STORM.

Mr. Chauncey Depew, one of the most prominent public men in America who is at present in England, speaking at a dinner a few nights ago, alluded to the United States as a country which had only to hold out its national hat in order to receive the ripe luscious fruit which was waiting to drop into it. Mr. Depew was understood to employ this hyperbole to describe the relations existing between the United States and the Dominion of Canada. Mr. Depew was perhaps not more than half serious. If he was in earnest, then it is perhaps reasonable to suppose that he has been misled by the highly imaginative despatches supplied to the American press by the annexation agents in this country, who almost daily send off to these journals grotesquely exaggerated descriptions of the intensity of public feeling here against French and Roman Catholic aggression, and prophecies of the pending dissolution of Confederation. Just now these correspondents are assuring the people of the United States that the

condition of affairs in Canada has become so desperate and so intolerable that annexation is being turned to as the only *Deus ex machina*. For example, a correspondent of the *New York Times* writes to that journal in this wise:

"Canada is absolutely powerless in the hands of a race that wishes no good to the Confederation. It is little wonder, then, that sober Canadians are looking for some other form of government under which the evil will not be tolerated. The most obvious remedy is to merge their individuality into that of the United States, and it is to this quarter they are turning. It must be admitted that this tendency towards annexation is not entirely spontaneous, but that it is developed by that desire for preservation from an impending danger. The tendency, however, is manifest and well marked, and this hope of a remedy is by far the greatest factor that is bringing about a change in the relations existing between the United States and Canada."

"It would be idle to deny," says the *Montreal Gazette* in a thoughtful and ably written article in a late issue on the agitation of the hour, "that a dangerous spirit of hostility to the religious minority has been revived in many parts of Ontario, and in some parts of Quebec and Manitoba, a spirit which had happily long remained dormant, and which we had hoped was extinct." It must be admitted, too, it adds, "that the immediate outlook in a narrow political sense has been obscured by the new issue suddenly thrust upon the carpet, that important discussions are being forced upon the country, and that the peace, security and prosperity of the Dominion, the good-fellowship of the several races composing its population, depend perhaps in large degree upon the political events of the next year or two. But that the prospect is as gloomy as these correspondents pretend no sensible man can believe. The sober second thought of the country can always be depended upon to assert itself and defeat the machinations of selfish partisans, mischievous meddlers, and reckless demagogues, and fortunately time will be afforded for that sober second thought before the electorate is called upon to act. Under our constitutional system it is practically impossible to accomplish any drastic revolution which does not rest upon the sure foundation of truth and justice. The present propaganda, whether of the anti-Jesuits or of the extreme Ultramontanes, has no such basis. For the most part it springs from a bigotry aroused by misrepresentation of facts and appeals to the history of a by-gone age. It aims at destroying the rights of majorities, at quenching the cardinal principle of the precious liberty conferred by the British constitution, the liberty of majorities to go wrong. Its inevitable consequence, though such an object is disclaimed by the leaders of the movement, must be to split the population on religious lines, array them in hostile camps, and move them in respect of public questions by sentiment and not by reason. If the allegations of the agitators were well grounded, if the dangers they profess to discern had any existence except in their fervid imagination, then, indeed, the cry for reform would be taken up and echoed and re-echoed from one end of Canada to the other; but civil and religious liberty are as secure in Canada to-day as in any land the sun shines on, equal rights are extended and enjoyed by all, and the menaces from either camp of extremists are but idle threats of a futile minority."

• This, we believe, expresses the sober and intelligent sense of the country in regard to the passing storm of the anti-Catholic and anti-French agitation. It may as well be admitted that if the agitators could accomplish the purposes of their "No Popery" propaganda, the position and prospects of the country as described in the despatch above quoted, would scarcely be overdrawn. But while the capacity of men like

Mr. McCarthy to make mischief, is not to be minimized in a country composed as is this, the vast good sense of the people rejects and condemns their appeals to fanaticism and bigotry. The anti-Catholic and anti-French fanaticism which is rife in Ontario, we may be sure has not improved the temper of whatever of an "aggressive" French party there may be in the lower Province, but however that may be, neither the Anglophobist in Quebec nor the Franco-phobist in Ontario speak for any but their own inconsiderable sections. The overwhelming sentiment of the country condemns the ungenerous and unpatriotic methods of both, and if the necessity arise, will manifest its determination that the principle of "live and let live" shall dominate in the country. "Individuals," says the *Gazette* of Montreal, "may suffer from the unbridled prejudices that now sway some sections of the Dominion but it is of little consequence so long as the principles of fair play, and equal rights, and the spirit of the constitution prevail."

At present the policy of the Equal Rights organizers, they inform us, is to appeal to the country. For ourselves we sincerely wish that they may. As a general rule Parliament pretty accurately represents even the most varying phases of public opinion. It may be taken for granted, at any rate, that the men who compose a Parliament are not less intelligent or capable than are the electors in the several constituencies that send them there. Now the Parliament of Canada has pronounced, by a vote of 188 to 19, that to disallow the legislation passed by the Province of Quebec in settlement of the long standing claims of the Jesuits, would be an unwarrantable interference with Provincial rights, and impossible under the Constitution, that the agitation against the Church and the French Canadians, which has its origin in ignorance, and in prejudice, is fraught with grave danger to the State, and that its success can be purchased only at the cost of the Confederation. It is for thinking so that members of Parliament have since been assailed by every demagogue and agitator, as cowards and traitors. Since, then, the absolute constitutionality of the Jesuits' legislation is not open to question—affirmed as it has been by Parliament, the Ministry, and the Governor-General, the latter assisted to his conclusion, as is presumed, by the highest advice in the Empire—it is clear that when the agitators come to make their appeal to the people to, punish their Parliamentary representatives, the fight must be made upon the policy which dictated the non-exercise of the power of disallowance. In other words the fight will be upon the by far larger part of the question, and a question which has not heretofore been more than touched upon. When the wisdom of the course of the Parliament and the Ministry comes to be discussed it will quickly be made apparent that it was dictated by the highest type of statesmanship, and by the best traditions of parliamentary government. The question will resolve itself, then, into one of whether or no Canadians are disposed to destroy, at the beck of religious zealots, the work of the last quarter of a century, disrupt the Confederation, destroy the material prosperity of the country, and plunge its public affairs into hopeless confusion. But it is inspiring to know that we have survived these storms before, and shall survive them again.

RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT.

The *Dominion Illustrated*, an ably edited journal, refers to the anti Jesuit agitation, and to the outrageous demands of its promoters, when it says that "recent events have, for the

third or fourth time since the boon of Responsible Government was granted to the people of Canada, prompted a doubt as to whether that boon is fully understood and appreciated by those who enjoy it." It was only conferred after a long and bitter struggle attended, in two of the Provinces that constitute the Dominion, by the shedding of blood. Lord Durham, in his famous Report, in recommending the re union of the Canadas made it clear that, to restore order and contentment in the then troubled country, it was essential to give the people the fullest benefit of representative institutions. The great principle involved was that the government should be administered by persons who enjoyed the confidence of the people. It was at length recognized that only by that system—the system of Responsible Government—could harmony be maintained, and Lord Sydenham, on being appointed Governor-General, received definite instructions to carry out the ideas which Lord Durham had suggested as the only practicable basis of conciliation. Although the principle of Responsible Government was thus formally recognized, yet difficulties arose later in regard to its observance when Lord Metcalfe refused to surrender what he claimed as the prerogatives of his office. He held that responsibility, as well as authority, was vested in the Governor rather than in the Government.

In Lord Elgin's time the development of the principle reached another stage—the Governor binding himself to the strict execution of his instructions; and from that time forth Responsible Government in Canada has rested on a safe foundation. The Home authorities approved his course, they pledged that they would never again interfere with the constitutional rights of the Canadian people, or support any Governor in doing so, and so it came to be an admitted principle of our constitutional system that no administration could remain in power unless it commanded a majority of the people's representatives, and that no Governor should overrule any ministry which enjoyed the popular confidence.

Three Governor-Generals have been invited to disregard this cardinal constitutional principle. Shortly after his arrival in Canada Lord Dufferin was assailed by the Opposition of the day for hearkening to the advice of his responsible Ministers. But it was afterwards acknowledged that he had been true to the spirit of the Constitution. Again, when the Marquis of Lorne, from conscientious scruples or delicacy, shrank from exercising his authority in accordance with the wishes of his ministry and submitted the question to the Home Office, he was answered by the Colonial Secretary that his duty was to follow the opinion of his cabinet.

In short, the Sovereign, or the Sovereign's representative, and the Ministry, are, as far as the people are concerned, an absolute unity. For all that is done in the name of the sovereign, the Ministry is responsible to the people's representatives in Parliament, who, in turn, have to answer to the people for their words and acts. Ultimately the power rests with the electorate. But the principle of Responsible Government recognizes no severance between the power and will of the Queen, or her representative, and those of the Cabinet. To appeal to one is to appeal to the other. The Equal Rights delegates who travelled to Quebec the other day to demand of the Governor-General among other things that he dismiss his Ministers and dissolve the Parliament, simply assailed the principles for which Canadians struggled long, and to have succeeded in their attempt would have been to overthrow the pivot and balance of our Constitution.

THE GRAND OLD MAN'S VINDICATION OF IRISH CATHOLICS.

THE IRISH NOT A PERSECUTING RACE—FORCIBLE HISTORICAL FACTS.

One of the ablest public addresses delivered by Mr. Gladstone during his recent tour through Cornwall, was that which he delivered at an immense public meeting at Truro, a few weeks ago, in which he handled without gloves, and utterly demolished the Balfour Tory plea against Home Rule, that Ireland could not be allowed to govern herself, as the moment they got Home Rule into their hands the Irish Catholic majority would persecute to extermination the small minority of their fellow country-men. On this matter, Mr. Gladstone said emphatically:—

I beseech you to lay aside entirely all such apprehensions. It is impossible for any impartial man to study the history of Ireland without arriving at the conclusion that there is no ground for it whatever. I will now give you a full exposition of the reasons which justify me in this unreserved appeal to your sense of justice, but I will mention things which will show you that I do not speak lightly or unadvisedly, and that there are grounds and reasons I think absolutely demonstrative, why not only you may mitigate and qualify, but you may wholly banish from your minds every fear of what is to happen in Ireland.

I will not speak of the uniform and unreserved assurances of the Irish themselves—because where suspicion exists it is not easily put away by mere assurances of those who are suspected. But I will point to history, and will briefly and summarily (from the necessities of time) refer to the facts which, in my opinion, are conclusive.

I have been obliged to remind you that in England there was a sanguinary and ferocious persecution during the reign of Queen Mary. What had happened in Ireland during that time? In Ireland nearly the whole national opinion was Roman Catholic, there was hardly any division of religious opinion at all; and yet, though that was the state of things in Ireland, there stands on record this fact—that, from the Bristol and from the Mersey; and I believe from the Dee—at any rate from the different parts of those days—the Protestants of England—in apprehension of their lives—fled to Ireland for security, and remained there in perfect safety under the protection of their Roman Catholic fellow-subjects while the fires of Smithfield were in full blaze.

Now, I will give you these two propositions, that can be made good upon every page of Irish history. The people of Ireland have on many occasions, including that to which I refer, shown a most ardent desire to maintain religious freedom. Secondly, they have never for one moment, to my knowledge, deviated into the paths of bigotry and cruelty, excepting under the most desperate provocation, and then in a degree far less than according to the ferocious example set by their oppressors.

I dare say you have heard of the rebellion of 1641,—the greatest rebellion that ever happened in Ireland—when the Irish people, rising up against the cruelties that were really intolerable, became possessed of a large portion of the country and continued, through a war of ten or eleven years till finally put down by Cromwell—to fight for what they deemed to be and nobody can blame them—the cause of their country. Well, what happened? There was a certain Protestant Bishop of that day, Bishop Bedel, an illustrious name amongst the few connected with the history of the Protestant Church in Ireland—the translator of the Scripture into Irish, and when the Roman Catholic people were in possession of the country, they respected him and his possessions; they even tolerated his giving shelter to their enemies. When they remonstrated with him, what they said was: “We know we shall be very likely put down; and then these men whom you are sheltering will be the first to destroy us.” But Bishop Bedel said: “It is my duty to shelter them, and I must shelter them.” That Bishop died in the midst of the rebellion. The whole of the Catholic population of the district attended his funeral, and they fired military salutes over his grave; and the priests at their head said, “May my soul be like the soul of Bedel.” There is not a nobler record to be found in history than that simple record to which I have so briefly referred.

Gentlemen, I must be very short. Let me go back only a hundred years. At that time the whole Protestant population of the North was united with the Roman Catholics, and struggling to relieve them from their political and their social disabilities. There was an admirable union among the people of Ireland: but, unfortunately, their enemies determined to infuse into the country the poison of religious bigotry; and for that purpose they founded those Orange lodges, which will hand down to posterity the memory of narrowness for many generations. Fortunately their character is now much mitigated; but at the time of their foundation, they were founded for the purpose of dividing Ireland from England, and to their foundation you may trace that remarkable change which has taken place among many of the Protestants of the North, who are now banded together to oppose the very cause of which, a hundred years ago, their forefathers were most ardent supporters. That has been the cause of religious dissensions in Ireland. It is not perhaps to be hoped that its effects will disappear in a moment. They will, I am satisfied, disappear under the influence of Irish patriotism—both on one side and on the other—when Ireland is relieved from the unnatural position that she now holds, and is vested with the reasonable privileges which she constitutionally asks, and the management of her own affairs.

Gentlemen, I would only use those minutes which remain to me in calling to your mind a remarkable fact which I think if any apprehension still remained in the mind of a single individual ought to suffice to remove that apprehension. It is this fact. Run your eye over the list of those who have led the Irish people in their struggle for liberty; you will find that, in almost every case—I believe in every important case, except that of O'Connell—the Irish people for over a hundred years past, have been led not by a Roman Catholic but by a Protestant. Grattan was a Protestant. Curran was a Protestant. I cannot recollect the names to run them over without more time for reflection, but you know the leader they now follow with an implicit and unquestioning confidence, I mean Parnell, is a Protestant. Moreover, he must have been a Protestant of Protestants. As John Bright once said, he was the Dissenter of Dissenters.

Parnell must have been a Protestant of Protestants, for he was actually chosen after the Disestablishment of the Irish Church as a lay delegate to represent the Church in the Synod which was called together. How can you believe that that nation which has made such choice of its leaders—who chose O'Connell, not because he was a Roman Catholic, but because he was a great man, and by far the greatest man of his day, and the best and most patriotic instrument they could find to give effect to their national desires—how can you suppose under such circumstances that these Irish Roman Catholics will be found untrue to principles which they have shown you they have supported and followed and shown their attachment to by conspicuous examples under circumstances far more difficult? No; rely upon it, this Roman Catholic people will be found fighting breast to breast with you the battle of religious liberty; they will hold the same opinions upon the subjects which you have held, which your fathers have contended for, and which have marched triumphantly towards so many successful and most beneficial and brilliant results. They set an example to the other Roman Catholic peoples of the world; they will show the sincerity of their attachment to the principles upon which the law will, as I hope, be uniformly founded, among which none will occupy a higher place, none will be more vital to the happiness and prosperity of the country than the fullest and most absolute recognition of the great law of religious freedom to the consciences of all, irrespective of this profession or of that profession, which we may hope and believe to be held with a firm personal conviction, but each man respecting the convictions of every other man even as he claims respect for his own.

Notwithstanding the statements to the contrary, the subject of “The Catholic Press,” will form the topic of a paper to be read at the coming Catholic Congress. It is believed that either Judge Hyde of the *Michigan Catholic*, or Dr. George D. Wolff, editor of the *Catholic Standard*, Philadelphia, will be chosen to prepare this important paper.

THE REASON WHY.

Among educated Americans there exists a condition of mind which leads them to say, "I have great respect for the Catholic Church. If I ever join any church, it shall be the Catholic Church. But it leads them no further for various reasons, and the reasons are seldom expressed by them in words.

There is no doubt that the American mind is becoming more and more tolerant—almost sympathetic—to the claims of the Church. Fifty years ago there was no more ignorant or narrow-minded creature on the face of the earth than the average American, if the records can be believed. He was without traditions, without cultivation, without experience; his common sense was his one saving quality. But since 1870 the average American has steadily improved in quality. Foreign travel, and the humanizing influence of peace, have made him more broad-minded than the average citizen of any other country.

The paralyzing effects of a wholesale system of education, which holds prizes only for mediocrity, has not yet succeeded in spoiling him. It helps to make him indifferent to all forms of religion, and it adds to his natural keenness in certain directions; he is more capable of judging of men than of creeds; and his belief that a straight line is the shortest distance from one point to another makes him pitiless in his criticism of modern Protestantism. If he go to Europe, he is not so easily scandalized as his Catholic brother by the religious familiarity of the Italians or the apparent frivolity of the French. He generally comes back with a good opinion of the Pope and a wholesome contempt for his insulters, and a considerable amount of sympathy for priests, who seem to be the only sane and conservative men among people who are constantly in revolt for the sake of revolution.

But the broader he becomes the less likely he is to become a member of the Church. And if he would have the honesty to analyze his opinions—or, father, feelings,—he would find that he has not better "reasons" for neglecting to investigate the claims of the Church than two which we find among nineteen given in the *London Tablet*. He is nominally a Protestant because "people should always stick to the religion in which they were born," and because "it is so convenient to believe only as much or as little as one likes." He forgets that, according to his first reason, St. Paul, St. Denis,—all the Jews, all the Greeks, all the Romans, would have stifled Christianity in the beginning—if that were possible,—by remaining in the religion "in which they were born." As for the other reason, it is too silly to think of for a moment.

As for the ladies, they get below the surface of religious matters earlier in life than their fathers, husbands, and brothers. And many—who does not know some among his acquaintances?—seem to stand on the very threshold of the Church. Their reasons for not passing it are, too, seldom acknowledged; but they may be found clearly expressed in the list given by the *Tablet*, which introduces its bit of "mind-reading" with this preamble:

"The following leaflet was picked up the other day in manuscript in the neighbourhood of the offices of a well-known firm of Protestant publishers. Whether it was to have been submitted to the firm with a view to subsequent publication, or whether it came out of the firm's waste paper basket it is impossible to surmise."

The reasons, slightly changed for our American *locale*, are these:

"Because it is so respectable. Because it is so nice not to be obliged to go to church on Sunday unless one likes; and at any rate to be able to go comfortably in the afternoon, instead of having to bundle off at some ungodly hour in the morning to Mass, as Catholics have to do. Because I could not give up dear old 'Hymns Ancient and Modern.' Because I should not like to be obliged to go to confession. Because the Irish are so horrid. Because Catholics put artificial flowers on the altar. Because I hate fish. Because if I were a Catholic I should have to subscribe to such a lot of things. Because the Catholic services involve so much kneeling down, instead of sitting with one's nose in one's knees, which is far more comfortable and better for one's clothes. Because

the priests abroad look so sly. Because Galileo said 'it moves.' Because Latimer said something (I forget exactly what) about puffing out a candle. Because if I 'went over' there would be such an awful row at home."

Of course the offering of this list to one's nominally Protestant acquaintance if the fair sex might give offence. But if they could be induced to examine their conscience with this list before them, it is possible they would look for better reasons and not find them.—*M. F. Egan in Ave Maria.*

BISHOP GILMOUR AND THE TOTAL ABSTINENCE MOVEMENT.

The nineteenth annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America assembled in Cleveland last week. A sermon and address of welcome to the members was delivered by Bishop Gilmour at the Cathedral. Among other things the Rt. Rev. bishop said:

"That the use of wine, of itself, is not a sin, but that intemperance is a sin and drunkenness a crime.

"Though the means in general proposed to check the evil of intemperance is moral persuasion, yet it is not out of place to resort to legitimate laws to suppress evil. Society has as good a right to protect itself against moral evil as it has against physical. It has a right to defend itself against intemperance and the evils that come from it.

"I have no sympathy with the assumption that whiskey is above legislation, or that beer is above law. Evil is evil; good is good. Drunkenness and Sunday desecration are evil, let them come from where they may.

"Because the Puritan went too far in his Sabbath observance, that is no reason that the Christian Sunday be desecrated and decency and order disturbed.

"I believe in restraining by firm law the abuse of drink and regulating by wise direction its legitimate use. I believe in Sunday closing and in high license, and a bold face to the insolence of whiskey.

"Society has a right to defend itself against the evil of intemperance. The unborn child has a right to be begotten without the taint of crime, in his blood; the wife has a right to be protected against the brutality of drunkenness and society has a right to be protected against the curse of whiskey and its concomitants.

"Personal liberty has no right to assail innocence, or in crime shield itself against repression. Liberty is not license, nor is license independence. Men are free only as far as God makes them free. No man is free to do wrong; but intemperance is not only wrong, it is a crime, and against crime is law made. Law is made for the protection of innocence and the punishment of crime. I think the temperance cause is too timid. It is well to use persuasion, but I believe also in force to repress crime.

"I say, therefore, gentlemen of the National Temperance Union, you are justified in seeking by wise law to restrain intemperance and to restrain the use of liquor. You are also justified in seeking to regulate its sale both as to time and place. Sunday is a day of rest. It is God's day, when man and beast and stranger are commanded to rest and by religious service worship God, and in well-doing sanctify the day."

Signor Crispi has lately doubled the guards, gendarmes, and officials of the *questura* about the gates of the Vatican, and two carriages are generally standing about, apparently with the intention of watching for a private departure of the Pope. That the Premier should consider such an event probable, says the *Weekly Register*, is another curious incident of the long and persistent misunderstanding of things close at hand that prevails in Rome.

Cardinal Gibbons has issued to all the Archbishops and Bishops of this country and Canada a beautifully printed invitation reading thus: "The Cardinal-Archbishop of Baltimore requests the honour of your presence at the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy of the United States, to be held at Baltimore on the 10th, 11th, and 12th of November, 1889." The same invitations will soon be sent to distinguished clergymen and laymen.

Irish Affairs.

How long, O Lord! how long are the iniquities of Clanricarde and the Government that aids him and the vile tools that serve him to be borne by the people? Since we wrote last week nine more families—fifty human beings—have been made homeless by the callous-hearted creature that disgraces the very semblance of humanity. The forces of the Government, police and soldiery are there to aid and countenance his wanton savagery, for which, if justice had her due, his noble carcase would be scored with the cat-o'-nine-tails. What drunken savage in the slums of London can approach in reckless brutality the cold-blooded, middle-aged voluptuary who, from his chambers in the Albany, wantonly decrees misery and ruin to humble homes and hearths through that vast tract of land that is blighted by his ownership? We do not now enter into the discussion of the rent aspect of the question. It is conceded on all hands that the claims of the tenants were moderate; that his Lordship's exactions were arbitrary and exorbitant. But his Lordship is a Marquis and a millionaire. He is able to pay for his revenge, and he means to have it. It is expensive work hunting men, women and children. But his Lordship enjoys the game, and can afford the luxury. His purse is a long one; and, besides, the greater burden of the expense is borne by the people. What is it to him that that vast tract of food-producing land is made desolate? If it will feed nothing else it will feed his revenge. What is it to him that hundreds or thousands of men, women and children are made homeless and miserable, and are to-night to taste the hardest extremity of cold and hunger? Their groans do not trouble his ears. Their want will not stint him of a single luxury.

Who is this Marquis that thousands of honest men and suffering women and helpless children should have their lives and happiness sacrificed to his whim? In mind and body he is the meanest of God's creatures. In all his long life his hand never did a stroke of honest work, his heart never conceived a generous thought. There is no man living who can say one good word of him, can tell one good act done by him. The very humblest of his victims outvalues him a hundredfold in the sight of God or of any decent man. Of what wonderful essence is his carcass composed; what precious quality is hidden in that withered body and dried up in that human heart? We sneer at the superstition, the degraded fetish worship of the benighted Africans who sacrifice human life to their hideous, senseless idols. Is it worse than the sacrifices solemnized at Woodford and Portuma? Can an idol be conceived more worthless or more vile than the Marquis of Clanricarde? Deeper and deeper grows our wonder that any Government dare venture on such atrocities. Let but the people of England, the real people, the men with hands rough and strong with honest labour, and hearts warm with honest human sympathy, learn what shameful things are done in their name, and they will quickly make their anger felt. Clanricarde's evil career is rapidly drawing to a close; the Government that deliberately made itself the accomplice of his inhumanity shares his infamy.

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

St. Mary's Church, Toronto, held a very successful Garden Party on Aug. 12th, in aid of new church funds. Returns are not yet all in but will amount to the neighbourhood of \$1000.

The Pope has sent the Most Rev. P. A. Feehan, the accomplished and energetic Archbishop of Chicago, a gift consisting of a costly golden chalice, handsomely engraved and decked with precious stones. The gift of a chalice or ciborium from the Pope to a Bishop is one indicating the closest friendship and most sincere regard.

The Rev. James Hoban, who died in Toronto last week, was the oldest ordained secular priest in the archdiocese of Toronto at the time of his death, the next being Very Rev. Vicar General Rooney. Father Hogan served on the Mission of Barrie in 1856.

Again Loretto Abbey was shrouded in gloom, when one month after the decease of the loved and venerated Rev. Mother Teresa, another dear Sister took her flight to her home above. Sister M. of the Nativity, a much loved and valuable assistant in the education of the young ladies of the Holy Institute, of which she was an accomplished member, died August 2nd, fondly loved and deeply regretted by all her Sisters, four of whom are members of her own family, and one brother, Mr. Geo. Magann, of this city. R. I. P.

We learn on good authority that a number of the men prominent in connection with the Catholic Congress, are notwithstanding all that has been said to be contrary, in favor of discussing the "Catholic Press." If it be finally decided to broach this subject the person appointed to prepare a paper on this topic will be one of the following gentlemen, John Gilmary Shea, Judge Hyde, *Michigan Catholic*, L. W. Reilly, *Catholic Columbian*, or George D. Wolf of the *Standard*.

The Rev. Father Allaine of Merriton who left last week for Europe, before leaving was called upon by a deputation and presented with an appreciative address. The reverend gentleman was deeply touched by this friendly manifestation of kindly feelings on the part of his congregation. He feelingly referred to their generous co-operation with him in the advancement of the spiritual and material work of his mission. He disclaimed the exclusive honor they would confer upon him in attributing the existence of the present school building to his exertions, conferring on the trustees and people the distinction of initiating the work and carrying it to a successful conclusion. He trusted he would continue to merit their good opinion, and hoped on his return to receive their co-operation in his efforts on their behalf.

A writer in the *Critic*, reviewing a recent publication, presents a reflection that may prove useful to those who are prone to carp at the outward display made by foreign bishops and other ecclesiastical dignitaries. It is well said that one holding so commanding a position should recognize that to his office pertains something of *Noblesse oblige*. The writer speaks of Victor Hugo's peasant-bishop of "Les Misérables," and says: "Fenelon, enacting the Grand Seigneur in his magnificent halls at Cambray, having his tables spread day by day for stranger and traveller, prince and poor parish priest—yet himself leading the simplest life, and faring on the plainest food,—to my view attained to a more perfect ideal. One loves, one delights in the portrait of the poor cure, sheltering the chief who stole the only treasure he had allowed himself to possess, and turning his place into a hospital for the aged and infirm; but the Christianity of the great Archbishop embraced a wider range. We in Europe cling to our dignitaries; and if they, as it were, descend from their pedestals, they throw away the golden opportunities afforded by rank, wealth and exalted position, and thus, instead of reaping whole fields of grain, pick the few ears that straggle along the hedge-rows."

What wrought the change? This woman's face
Is ruddy with a rose's grace.

Her eye is bright,

Her heart is light.

Ah, truly 'tis a goodly sight.

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Was pallid and her step was weak.

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G. T. R. West.....	7.00	3.20	12.40	7.40
N. and N. W.....	7.00	4.40	10.00	8.10
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Midland.....	6.30	3.30	12.30	9.30
C. V. R.....	7.00	3.20	9.00	9.20
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
				12.50
G. W. R.....	2.00		8.40	2.00
	6.00	4.00	10.30	4.00
	11.30	9.30		8.20
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U. S. N. Y.....	6.00	4.00	9.00	
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U. S. West States	6.00	9.30	9.00	7.20
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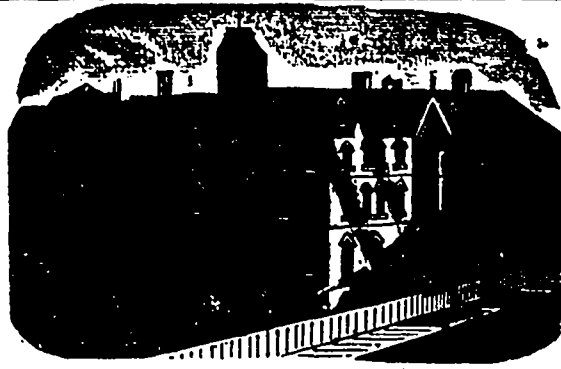


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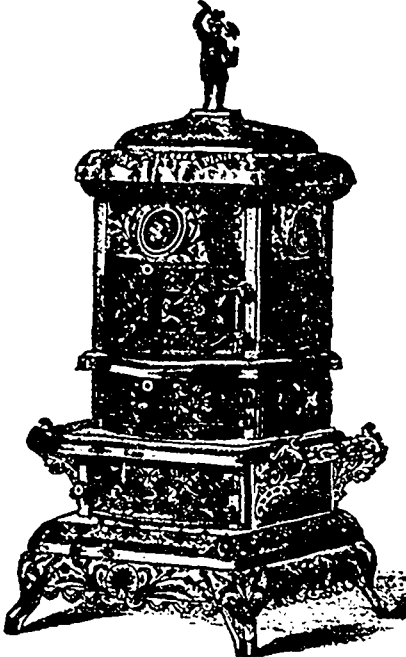
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