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# The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. III

Toronto, Saturday, Oct. 12, 1889.

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dinary powers. I would remind you of the words of Lord Salisbury in 1886, when he declared that what Ireland wanted was to be governed honestly, resolutely, and consistently for twenty years. A truer and a wiser statement was never made. You have seen barely three years of resolute government, and I leave you to judge of the results. That policy I hold to be the real solution of the Irish difficulty." It remains, therefore, for the people of England at the coming bye-elections, and also at the next general election, to say whether or not they approve of this policy of brute force towards Ireland which Lord Londonderry admits is the only one which Lord Salisbury's Government can devise.

Great preparations are being made for the approaching Catholic Congress, which promises to be a memorable event in the history of the Church in America. The gathering will be truly a congress of the Catholic people of the United States, not a lay congress, nor yet an episcopal council, but an assembly in which the entire Catholic body, priests, bishops and people will be alike represented.

Even so great an event as the Congress has not escaped, if we may judge, the attacks of the critics. These gentlemen are already in the field, predicting that discussion in the Congress will be muzzled. Of these critics a contemporary says that an angel from heaven could not silence them. "Whatever be the result," says the *New York Catholic Review*, "the fact of a Catholic Congress is, in itself, sufficient to make the Catholic body content. It is the entering wedge. It is the small beginning. Providence has given us a great favour in timing our history with the history of the United States. Our hierarchy began with the American Government, our University opens in the centennial year of the same, our first Congress is held while the University is opening its doors. We could not ask for anything more propitious. We can be content with this alone."

Lord Dufferin was entertained at a banquet in Belfast on the 20th of last month, and in replying to the toast of his health had a good-humoured hit at those of his hosts to whom it is an insult to suggest that they, or any other Irishmen, would be capable of governing themselves by their own representatives in their own country. After recounting the part played by Irishmen at the present day in the service of the Empire, Lord Dufferin said that it "could never get on without Irishmen." That much he felt he could say without trenching upon any burning political question. Lord Dufferin made his point very naively. "Not only our Indian Empire," he said, "but our Colonial Empire, plainly shows that Irishmen have a positive genius for governing, if not themselves, at all events other people."

## Notes.

In his speech at Montreal on Tuesday last Mr D'Alton McCarthy declared himself as wholly opposed not only to the dual language system, but also to the principle of Separate Schools, which constituted, he claimed, an insurmountable barrier to homogeneity among the inhabitants of the British half of the North American continent. The *Gazette* of Montreal, commenting on Mr. McCarthy's speech, says that "the problems he has undertaken to agitate and settle are both delicate and difficult, much more so than Mr. McCarthy appears yet to have realized. They are largely matters of local or provincial concern, in respect of which the Parliament of Canada cannot take the initiative. Notwithstanding Mr. McCarthy's gratuitous sneer at the present House of Commons, there is no reason to doubt that it will do its full duty to the best interests of the Dominion whenever those questions come up for action in a proper and constitutional way."

A fine sample of the poison which the *Mail* instils into its columns is to be found in an editorial in its issue of Monday last. "The Ultramontanes," we read, "are professional reactionaries. They insist on the maintenance of clerical privilege, which they say is of God, and look forward to a time when French Canada shall possess a Middle Age polity and be ruled from Rome. 'When shall we begin persecuting?' asked the neophyte of his Jesuit teacher. 'My dear young friend,' was the reply, 'just as soon as we are able.' That is the Ultramontane position in a word."

The Marquis of Londonderry, the late Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, made a remarkable admission a few days ago in the course of an address to the Unionists of Stockton. His Lordship said.—"My experience during the past three years in Ireland has strengthened my conviction that it is utterly futile and hopeless to even attempt to govern Ireland except by extraor-

## MADEMOISELLE ANGELIQUE.

AN ALMSHOUSE IDYL.

*John J. A. Becket Ph.D., in Catholic World.*

Ramsay was quite content to have Townley come back to the club window and be a comfort to him by his sympathetic idleness. But Townley really meant to do something, to go into business, and got Ramsay to tell him of some of the men that knew most about it. In this way he was introduced to two or three fellows who were in banks and brokers' offices on Wall Street. They advised Townley and gave him "tips" on stocks. The tips did not always bring in large returns, and Townley began to think he was not going into business properly.

One day he came to the Union Club in the afternoon. Ramsay almost pressed his hand, he was so glad to see him. Ramsay also was mildly excited. He used to stretch back in his chair and look at the ceiling when he was excited.

"Old man, I've got the opening for you. All you've got to do is to put some money into it, and then a lot of money will come to you. Isn't that what you want?"

"Having the money come in to me is what I want; there is no doubt about that," said Townley. "What is the scheme?"

"Why, there is a Jew fellow who knows all about money and stocks and things, and he wants to start a financial paper. He will do everything. All you have to do is to get half the money that comes in. It's sure to pay. The man has done it before and knows all about it. Of course, he needs an office and printing and things, and you would have to put in the money for that. But you will get it all back in a few months, and then you will have the rest pure gain."

Ramsay was quite out of breath with such a long speech.

"Well, there is no harm in seeing the fellow and having a talk with him. Can't you ask him to dinner here to-morrow?"

"Oh! my dear boy, I couldn't really ask him here, you know. We'll take him to Delmonico's. Wouldn't have anybody think I knew him for the world?"

"Well, invite him to Delmonico's and introduce him to me, and then you can go, and I'll talk it over with him," said Townley.

The Jew proved to be of the pumice-stoned order, all the Semitic features being softened down. The nose was thin and aquiline, but did not droop very much at its extremity, and his eyes were black but not beady, and his complexion was an olive verging on sallowness, but was not greasy. And then he really knew a lot about how much everything was worth, and, still better, could tell like a prophet what it was going to be worth a month ahead, and how to make anything they took hold of get up right away and become suddenly precious.

He had suffered a reverse out in Rio, because somebody had lied to him and not paid money, so that he had to give up things just as they were booming. But he could put some money into the scheme and would undertake the whole management, while Townley should have half the profits if he would supply the rest of the capital.

The sum he mentioned as necessary was about all Townley was worth. But it was a sure thing. In six months they would be getting rich on it. There were one or two papers in the field, but they did not meet the wants which this would supply.

It looked very feasible. Cohen talked calmly and with a quiet air of confidence and experience that moved Townley. Besides, there could not be a better proof of Cohen's assurance than his putting in all his own money. "So if it goes up, I go up too," he said laughingly to Townley.

So that middle-aged young man put up nearly his whole fortune, which was not so very great now. In three months Cohen called for more. Expenses were greater than he had expected. An office had been taken in Broad Street, handsomely fitted up, and various specious channels for the outflow of cash were presented by that worthy. But Townley had no more, and three weeks later Cohen told him in his calm way that they were running the paper at a loss and must stop unless they could get more money. They couldn't, and in a fortnight Cohen told him they must give it up.

"But my money?" said Townley.

"And mine?" said Cohen with the calm of philosophic resignation. "It was a beautiful scheme, and if you could only have put in five thousand dollars more it must have succeeded. If you can't, we will have to let the thing go and only have experience as a profit."

This was not exhilarating. There was a mean sense in Townley's part that the son of Israel had gulled him, but there was no proof. So he started in with a rich experience but no cash as the outcome of his business. He had hard work in getting anything to do. Partly because he didn't know how to do much of anything. The difficulty of acquiring money was brought home to him for the first time in his life. It fretted him dreadfully. He finally got a position on a newspaper at a low salary. It was all he could do.

Ramsay had refused to lend him anything with an unembarrassed alacrity which was another experience for Townley. He moved into a hall-room on Seventh Avenue, and dropped out of sight of his friends altogether. He had a rich uncle who had a son, but he was too proud to appeal to him, and he doubted his success if he did ask for help. He was always a little behind his salary, for economy was an occult art to him. Yet he kept up a cheerful front and worked as faithfully as he knew how. But it was hard, and every day it got harder. He did not care to make new friends, and he would not see the old ones since he could not meet them without an inevitable drain on his slender purse.

One day he was crossing Fifth Avenue. A stage was passing up and behind it was a hansom. Coming down was a heavy victoria. The hansom cabman turned in just as Townley got between the stage and the victoria. The lady in the latter shrieked, and the next moment he was crushed between the wheels of her carriage and those of the hansom.

He fell to the ground in dreadful pain and with every nerve quivering. The lady had him placed in her carriage, and he improved the opportunity to faint. When he came to he was in St. Luke's Hospital suffering from sharp interior pains. He could not move without the greatest agony, and the doctor told him to lie as quietly as possible.

After he had suffered for a week, one day the lady who had been in the victoria rustled in. She inquired after his health. He told her he suffered but was improving. She remarked that it was all that horrid cabman's fault, and she had got his number, and he could hold him to account. She asked after his means and resources. Townley said he had none then. She said: "You must let me pay for this week in the hospital, my good man, and I am sure you will have no difficulty in getting to the Island as soon as you are well enough to be moved, and you can stay there till you get better."

Townley groaned. He told her civilly that she must pay nothing for him, that he could not permit it. What a curse it was to be stricken down like this! He had only two dollars in the world!

He got the nurse to write to his uncle and tell him the state of things very fully. His uncle replied promptly that he would pay his hospital expenses, and hoped he would have sense enough to keep from being run over again, for he could not undertake to support him for life.

Townley waited till he got well enough to walk, which was not for two weeks more. Then he wrote a letter to his uncle and, almost in the words of the Apostle Peter, bade his money be to him for his damnation. After that he crawled slowly down through the healthy, well-dressed crowds on Fifth Avenue and made his way to a low brick building on the corner of Eleventh Street and Third Avenue.

It was the office of the Commission of Charities and Correction. The building was pretty well filled by women with babies and slouchy men. He had to take his turn in the line that filed by a window where a man, partially bald, sat asking questions and giving little slips of paper to the unfortunates who rehearsed their woes to him. A policeman with a sharp nose and a blunt manner stood at the opening, and hustled them along and prodded them to a prompt response to the questions.

"I have no money. I am incapacitated for work for the present, and have absolutely no one from whom I can seek assistance," said Townley in a hard voice, but with a feeling like death on him.

He had to answer several questions which the man put to him in a brusque, business sort of way, and with the manner of a man to whom charity is a profession and the exercise of a livelihood.

Then he was directed to go to the pier at East Twenty-third Street and take a boat for the Almshouse on Blackwell's Island. As he came out of the door he stopped for a moment and uttered an involuntary groan. He dragged himself up to the pier, and, with his head swimming, got on the boat. His whole soul recoiled, and only his will drove him onward. It was fate. The exertion of the long walk had set his nerves tingling, and as he looked at the blue dancing water of the river he thought whether it were not nobler, more wise, and sweeter far to use the little strength he had to fling himself in and sink down in the cool depths. But his soul recoiled somehow from the thought of dealing with his own life so summarily.

The summer breeze played about his throbbing temples, but in his bitterness it seemed to him as if it did so because it must play even on the brows of the poor if it played at all, and the smooth, soothing sail was embittered when he remembered that he was being taken to the refuge the city afforded to its paupers. By a sudden turn in his fancy's movements he thought of Mademoiselle Angolique and her courage in bearing all the burdens of poverty. "She was more generous than Ramsay," he thought. Somehow the thought soothed him. She had been so bright and cheerful amid her toil and insult, and with that poor, cancer-cursed mother to support, to whom she brought home the harvest she gathered by her "many twinkling feet."

But the boat had arrived at the little pier on the island. A dark stone building with small barred windows, a pile uninteresting and gloomy in its whole length, breadth and thickness, faced him as he landed. Was that the place? Happily, it was not. That was the penitentiary, and Townley thought with galled feeling that human justice sent men to prison for their misdeeds and Heaven might be sending him to the Almshouse for his. His head was throbbing violently and his limbs shook with weakness as he landed, and oh! how his soul sickened at the trial! But it was only that or death, and self-inflicted death. The other he would have joyfully welcomed. He and the others who had come to share with him the municipal charity of New York were taken half a mile, it seemed to him, further up the Island. The Almshouse did not prove so very forbidding, but it was with a sense of satisfaction that he reflected he should not partake of its hospitality very long. There was such a sink in his soul that he felt it would have its influence on his physical being.

A large man with a commonplace sort of face and bearing received him, and his name was entered in a book. Then he was told where to go, and he left the small room and returned to the sunshine—a pauper!

He walked languidly to a bench which was placed at one side of the grounds, and, sitting down on it, leaned back and watched the swiftly running stream. His thoughts were like wormwood. He could not work, and there was not a soul to whom he could apply for help! That is, he could not bring himself to apply to any one of those from whom any help could be hoped. He would die sooner than ask alms of his uncle again. Die? He would endure this, which was worse than death. And after all, what use was it? He would only run in debt, and stave off the evil hour a few weeks longer, perhaps. Why did not Providence arrange for such cases as his by letting death come to the soul spent, weary, and broken by the heat of the day?

It seemed so like a dream. If it had not actually occurred to him it would not have seemed a possibility to his mind. A few months ago independent and living for his pleasure? And now, reft of money and friends, a pauper in the Almshouse in New York.

He felt as if he were in a dream. His temples throbbed so, and the figures about him moved like phantoms of another world, and he could not realize who or what they were. They looked dejected and were silent, but still seemed to take an interest in things.

(To be continued.)

## CARDINAL MANNING.

All things come to those who wait, and Cardinal Manning has waited for eighty years. Great is his triumph now that it has come at last. Only circumstances have kept him from showing how strongly, under the red cassock of the Cardinal, his heart beats with the people.

He has allowed himself to be absorbed in the routine work of an Archbishop; but the restrictions of his office have always been a little irksome to him; but, when he has stepped outside them, he has been met by the suspicions of zealous Protestants, who saw in the total advocate only the Prince of the Roman Church, and in the Royal Commissioner of the Housing of the Poor and on Education only a diplomatic proselytizer. But the dockers' strike has shown a large public, hitherto blinded by prejudice, what the Cardinal really is; and nearly every organ of public opinion has paid its tribute to him for the courage in conflict, the patience under slight, the labour, regardless of fatigue, displayed by His Eminence during the fortnight of active mediation. Only one paper among those supposed to be devoted to the interests of the Anglican Church carps because Cardinal Manning's signature has precedence over that of the State paid Bishop of London, in one of the Mansion House manifestoes. And only one paper in the general press, the *Morning Post*, has contrived to write its last two leaders on the strike without as much as mentioning the name of the Prelate who has effected the settlement. Otherwise the homage to the Cardinal has been as universal as it deserved. Perhaps few people knew so well as the Cardinal how dangerous to London the continuance of the strike might prove. Had it been carried to the bitter end, London would have witnessed some strange scenes; and the Home Secretary, if he believes half the predictions of riot and outrage made to him by his advisers and underlings, ought to write to his spiritual chief the strongest letter of thanks he ever yet composed.

The feeling of the men on strike towards the Cardinal is something deeper than can be expressed by the cheers which greet him when he appears among them, or by a parade past his house, which they offered him, and which he declined. I have heard both the men and their wives bless him with a heartiness which he, who gives so many formal blessings, must envy for its freshness and force.

One day this week, when the negotiations were thickest, I called on the Cardinal. My object was twofold. For one thing, I wished to hear the last of mediation news from the first of the mediators. For another thing, I wished to take to His Eminence a visitor from Ireland now in London—Miss Catherine Tynan, who had just written about the strike one of her best poems. "I shall be very happy," His Eminence wrote, "to see Miss Tynan on Tuesday morning before 1 o'clock. The best time would be 10 o'clock." And then, speaking of the strike: "Last night all seemed hopeful. To-day we have fear. But I shall know later." At the door of the Archbishop's house, which we performed the feat of reaching only a quarter of an hour after the "best time," an aged dock labourer was standing on the steps. He was speaking to Newman (the Cardinal's faithful attendant of nearly a quarter of a century, and Cardinal Wiseman's before) about "the archdeacon." He had come from near Lavington and knew the Anglican Rectory once inhabited by the Roman Cardinal of to-day. To him he was "the archdeacon" still, for things move slowly in the mind of the dock labourer. Once inside, the Cardinal came to us quickly a walking skeleton with a face whose very bones beamed with intelligence and kindness. Two convert Anglican parsons were being examined as candidates for Minor Orders. One His Eminence had dutifully questioned; the other awaited him. "I hope you are getting another volume ready," he said to the young priestess of Ireland's poetry. "I have enough to fill a third volume, but I am in no hurry to publish, because I want to make it very good." "I can't find fault with that," he said, and then entered into a discussion on current poetry, mentioning even just published volumes by minor poets, which we, who spend our time in reading, pleaded we had "no time" to read as yet. True to his old character when he was "Manning of Balliol," the aged Cardinal "has time for everything." I could not help seizing a pause in

his praises of Arthur Symonds and of Mrs. Hamilton King (Garibaldi's laureate!) to ask the Cardinal if the papers reported him truly when they made him say, in reply to John Burns' appeal as to whether the strikers had behaved with "sweet reasonableness," "My son, they have." Spoken in the presence of the Bishop of London, and addressed to the strike leader, who is not one of the Roman flock, the phrase struck me as being unlikely; and the Cardinal laughingly said it was pure invention. We told him we thought it would have been a very fine thing to say, but that we felt that even a Cardinal Archbishop would have too much of what moralists call "human respect" to say it under all the circumstances. Its invention, however, does credit to the reporter, for it shows he understands the paternal feeling of the Cardinal towards those not of his own flock. "My son, they have," must take its place beside "Up, guards, and at them," and "England expects every man to do his duty," as one of the sayings which are, in a large sense, true expressions of sentiment, but which were never said in so many words. That same day, despite ecclesiastical work, a huge correspondence and the distractions of visitors, the Cardinal spent over three hours in conference with the strike leaders at the other end of London.

One of the letters received by the Cardinal that morning remained unanswered. The reason was simple, for the writer gave no address. The envelope was addressed: "To Archbishop Manning, R. C. Clergy House, Westminster, S. W., and it ran as follows: "The Head of the Roman Schism in this country is requested to instruct his clergy to use greater discretion in sending out begging circulars and the like. The writer, an Anglican priest, has lately been much annoyed by intrusions of this kind." The postmark is West Kensington. To be quite in keeping the envelope should have been addressed, in the dock labourer's fashion, "Archdeacon" instead of "Archbishop." I have put the original letter into my museum of curiosities as a fine specimen of parsonic spleen.

## SONNET.

SEPTEMBER, 1889.

He heard the hungry crowd outside the gate;  
Many the Church's sons, and more not hers—  
Yet all alike to-day his worshippers.  
He did not stop to reckon up the rate  
With pedants in the sums of toil and freight.  
He only loved the hungry—withheld the curse  
Of empty pockets and of empty purse,  
Where wives and bairns in Famine's Shadow wait,  
His great Cathedral now is London dock,  
The portals of the world's great water way,  
His hands, as with the Fisherman's keys, unlock,  
And men who, overtoiled, lack time to pray,  
See his great form, untossed by tides, and say:  
He dominates the Thames from Peter's Rock.

—"John Oldcastle" in N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

## THE LATE MONSIGNOR CORCORAN.

Catholics have read the notices that have been extensively published in United States journals and magazines concerning the late Monsignor Corcoran. His abilities had made him a great part of the Church's history in America for the last quarter of a century, and when his biography comes to be written, by a competent pen, we trust, the task of the biographer will be no light one. For this reason it will be long deferred, but wisely. In the meantime such tributes as this from the pen of a man who knew Monsignor Corcoran well and could appreciate his great abilities to the utmost will go towards the preparation of the story of his life. It is taken from an essay on "Books and Reading," by Brother Azarias, published some time since in the *Catholic World*.

"On the eve of sending out this lecture in its permanent form another great luminary in the world of Catholic letters passed from earth. The Right Reverend Monsignor James A. Corcoran died." His loss is irreparable. Among the American priesthood he towered peerless. His learning was prodigious. He was a lifelong student, ever absorbing knowledge. He was deeply read in oriental literature; he was equally at home in the sacred and profane literatures of nearly

every nation in mediæval and modern Europe; he was unrivalled as a Latinist and wrote the Latin language with classic grace and purity of expression; his knowledge of books and authors extended to the smallest details and the most obscure writers; he was possessed of rare critical acumen; his erudition was profound, but he never permitted it to conceal from him the real worth of an opinion. Authorities had in his judgment the weight of their intrinsic merit, and neither more nor less. He had rare tact in brushing aside as so many cobwebs traditional opinions and traditional quotations, and going straight to the heart of his subject, weighing and measuring it in the light of his trained intellect. In all matters of human knowledge he considered facts and principles above mere assertions, how respectable soever might be the authority from whom they proceeded. He was intolerant of all dogmatism, be it the dogmatism of the theologian who would have men more orthodox than the Church, or be it the dogmatism of the scientist who would obtrude his crude fancies as proven propositions.

"My acquaintance with Mgr. Corcoran began at the time that he assumed the editorship of *The American Catholic Quarterly Review*. The acquaintance soon ripened into friendship, and to the hour of his death that friendship grew more cordial and more steadfast. He honoured me with an amount of confidence, and treated with a degree of deference the judgments and opinions that I had formed in my own line of study and thought, which I can account for only by his great humility, but which have been to me, and which shall continue to be, an incentive so to labour as to render myself lest unworthy of the abiding trust of such an eminent scholar. Indeed, when one has learned to distinguish the would-be friend from the real friend, one may well rank the friendship of James A. Corcoran among the blessings for which one should daily thank God. He has passed away, but like a sweet perfume his memory remains to cheer and to refresh.

"Looking into the clear, crystalline depths of his beautiful soul, I think I behold it in all its greatness. I think I can still see the honest indignation with which that soul would be stirred by the very shadow of sham or pretence. He had an abiding hatred for dishonesty, be its form what it may. He could but ill disguise his loathing of him with the two faces, or of him of the fawning ways, or of the cowardly character devoid of the courage of his convictions. I read therein the perfect manhood scorning all pettiness and subterfuge, and strong and fearless in right-doing. I read the charming simplicity of the character without wrinkle and without guile—just, upright, straightforward, charitable. I read the profound humility that led him all through life to shun honours, seek retirement and find happiness in doing God's will in the most lowly occupations. I read that wisdom from above which made clear to him that in the service of God even the least position is ennobling. I read the simple faith that accepted every jot and tittle of the teachings of the Church with all the docility of the artless child. And the love the child bears the mother only partially measures the love he bore the Church and all things pertaining to the Church—the language of her ritual, her ceremonies, her devotions, her practices, her doctrines. He loved them all with a tenderness and a reverence that were touching. This love led him to resent any insult offered to her teaching and her practices with all the energy of his great soul. It wounded his sensitive nature far more than could any personal grievance. In controversy he was a hard hitter, but he never forgot the courtesy due to an opponent; he could not be provoked by personalities the most bitter and malicious into an uncharitable expression. I have named but a tithe of the many virtues that I read in that beautiful soul.

"Years were pressing upon him, and his health was compassing him round, but the joyousness of his spirits rose above his sufferings and infirmities, and his heart grew young with advancing age. He was the most genial of companions, even as he was the staunchest of friends; he had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and I now see the quiet humour dimple his amiable face as he told a good story or listened to a clever joke, even when made at his own expense. There was no moroseness in his nature, there was no gall in his disposition. Broad in his views, large-hearted in his charity, modest as he was learned, he was among the brightest orna-

ments of the American priesthood, always a pillar and mainstay of the American hierarchy.

"As editor of a quarterly which directed and influenced the readings of many, Monsignor Corcoran is entitled to a distinguished place in any discourse treating of books. He was a firm believer in the apostolate of the press. He loved the good book and recommended it to those under his guidance and influence. But the modern books that met with his commendation were few and far between. He preferred to go back to the old masters in literature, the tried ones who had been weighed and had not been found wanting. These were the favourites with whom he loved to commune. His acquaintance with Italian literature was especially intimate. Even in Rome he was regarded as one of the greatest Dante scholars living. He saw in the avocation of the book-seller great opportunities for doing good, and he once remarked to him who pens these lines, that if he were not a priest he would follow that calling, and would devote all his energy to the propagation of good reading. Though an elegant and forcible writer, he has left little from his pen that will live in literature; his name will pass down the corridors of time, a wholesome tradition of great learning and solid piety. When shall we look upon his like again?"

### THE NEED OF CATHOLIC WRITERS

At the present moment there is tremendous need in America for the work of Catholic authors in every department. We want story-writers, poets, critics, text-book compilers, historians, scientists, philosophers and theologians. And we want a large school of talented and patient apprentices, studying from the best models, and in the hours of leisure producing articles worth publishing and yet worth little money. All these masters and apprentices, to be penetrated with the true Catholic spirit, the artistic spirit, ready to bear all things for the sake of their art and the truth.

It happens that we have a goodly quantity of the different literary crafts above suggested, and any number of apprentices. A few of the former are doing good work in their proper spheres, and still fewer of the latter are biding in patience and labor the day when their work will be appreciated for its perfection. But the grand majority of masters and apprentices are neither studying and laboring as they ought, are not testing all their powers, are not producing what they might, and are far from grasping the principles which they wish to explain and defend. If they were, there could not be so lamentable a lack of books, and so wretched a quality in those that have been published. If there be anything in this world outside of Sahara barer than the lists of Catholic American publishers we would like to see it. We speak of American books. The English lists are far ahead of ours.

When we consider the special needs of the hour, this fact is all the more astonishing. We want badly a few hundred volumes of stories and histories and biographies for children. Written cleverly they would not want for publishers and customers. We need at least a dozen capable novelists to follow the lead of Marion Crawford. If they can follow him afar off even, their fame will be sufficient. We want a few historians to hold up the hands of John Gilmary Shea. We want writers like Father Lambert, Father Hughes, of Detroit, and Maurice F. Egan to present to the multitude the latest theories of science and philosophy in the style which captivates. Above all, we want a few singers who will fire our hearts, who will put the soul of American Catholicity into glorious words and music.

Why have we not got them? Simply because with us the spirit of Catholic art does not live. It may vivify the few, but the many have never felt its fire. Our apprentices, for instance, are enraptured only with the idea of writing a book or getting into print. Hard study, long training they will not and cannot endure. Look at our text-books on literature and science, not one fit to put into a collegian's hands with the single exceptions of those produced by a certain Christian Brother. Examine nine tenths of the books produced by our native Catholic authors, slovenly and vulgar in composition, crude in thought, volumes that should have been rewritten and then burned; mutilations of history, biography and romance; frightful sermons, homilies, essays without feeling,

taste or learning; criticisms with no qualities but brazen impudence and ignorance. Their authors had the desire to do good, perhaps, but most of them had no other desire than to appear in print. Had they worked five years at their books they might have been worth something. The apprentices of the present time are worse than their fathers.

As to our authors who have won some reputation, they work far apart, and seem to drink inspirations from different wells. Christian Reid writes very Catholic stories with one pen, and with the other very sensational non-Catholic stories. Maurice F. Egan, who is a born story-teller, has in romance produced nothing of magnitude, and does not seem to recognize his vocation. John Boyle O'Reilly might be a novelist of repute, but does not seem to care for the position. He might also be the creator of another "Evangeline," but seems readier to leave true Catholic poetry to Unitarian Longfellow, while he sings a less noble strain. We mention these names because they are representative. Their defects, deficiencies, blunders are repeated in the multitude of Catholic writers now notable or striving for recognition. Some have no ideal, others follow the wrong ideal; the majority do not know themselves nor their art. It is unnecessary to point out remedies for this state of things. Some day, in the gift of Providence, a great Catholic poet, novelist, thinker will arise and lead the way. The power of his genius will enlighten and inspire the minds of men. He will found his school, and the school will mould the multitude. Until that day arrives, our writers might spend the time in trying to give us the best of which they are capable, and our apprentices in destroying whatever their amateurishness produces.—*N. Y. Catholic Review.*

### THE HURLBERT-WHELAN CONTROVERSY

The following letter appears in the *Montreal Star* of last Thursday;

*To the Editor of the Star:*

Sir,—A letter signed J. Beaufort Hurlbert appeared in Saturday's *Star*. The writer finds fault with a Rev. Dr. McGregor for not adhering strictly to facts. I have not the honor of being acquainted with the Rev. Dr. McGregor, who, no doubt is able to set himself right in the eyes of the public; but of one thing I am certain, and that is, he is not a member of the Jesuit Order. Nevertheless in Saturday's letter he is termed the "Jesuit Dr." Let us adhere strictly to fact.

The amiable correspondent after administering a rebuke, by means of a quotation from the *Vindicator*, continues:

"The Jesuit Fathers have from the beginning of this controversy been constantly giving the public similar false statements, and then sending them all over the Dominion." This is pure fiction, to be ascribed to some unreliable informant, but certainly not to one as scrupulous in matters pertaining to fact as is your correspondent.

The statement, however, very naturally has whetted the legitimate curiosity of the Jesuit Fathers, who are anxious to be better informed on a few points:

1. Who are the "Jesuit Fathers," who from the beginning "constantly" give the public, etc.?

2. In what do the "similar false statements" consist?

3. After what fashion were these statements disseminated? The fact is, that the Jesuit Fathers have shown very little concern in the matter from the beginning. The question may be a novel one for a certain class of contemporaries; but the threadbare accusation is based on calumny and misquotation, or on a strange perversion of the meaning of technical expressions and brought up a score of times within a century and as often refuted. Without stooping to impugn the good faith of their opponents the Jesuit Fathers have given the public through the columns of the *Star*, August 30, a fair statement of what took place at the meeting. Nor have they found fault with the account given in the *Montreal Gazette* of the same date.

I shall rehearse here the leading features of the abortive meeting of the 29th August, without insisting on the reasons of the disagreement.

1. Principal MacVicar proposed the Rev. Prof. John Clark Murray of McGill as a fair and competent fifth arbiter.

2. Father Doherty proposed one who by his training would

be qualified to deal with the technical expressions used by moralists, and who had a thorough knowledge of their meaning as accepted in the schools of moral theology. He left the choice of the person to the Rev. Principal MacVicar and Rev. John Scringier, but restricted the choice to Laval University, the Sulpician Seminary, or to any other faculty of moral theology in Europe or America. Father Jones concurred in this offer.

8. Both Father Whelan's representatives expressly and repeatedly stated that they did not ask for a Jesuit theologian.

4. Principal MacVicar adhered to his original proposal.

5. Father Jones asked why a similar latitude in the choice should not be left to Father Whelan's representatives. For instance, that they should choose any non Roman Catholic clergymen deemed by them competent.

6. On the answer from Principal MacVicar that the alleged latitude was illusory, and that there was no parity in the two cases, Father Jones proposed to act without adding to their number, requiring each member of the commission to report on the passages which were to be submitted, and then publish under one cover the four reports over their respective signatures. The answer given was that this was deviating from the letter of the conditions laid down by Father Whelan.

The above is a substantially correct but condensed report of the lengthy interview.

Since Dr. Hurlbert refers to my letter as correct why go out of the way to assert that false statements were scattered over the Dominion by the Jesuit Fathers? My letter was the only statement which was signed by either of Father Whelan's representatives.

Professor Scringier knows, and if necessary no doubt would willingly bear witness to the fact that though under much provocation, we acted throughout in a gentlemanly and Christian spirit. Letters from anti-Jesuit celebrities, mailed by mistake to my address, and intended for our opponents, were delivered to his keeping, nor were their contents divulged nor the names of their signers mentioned.

Dr. Hurlbert remarks towards the end of his letter that all he ever expected "will be accomplished by the publication of the proofs of his contention, which he assures his friends will be speedily done, and these proofs will be full and more than sufficient."

I do not pretend to gauge Dr. Hurlbert's expectation, but may assure him in turn that the long and expected disclosures are awaited without undue trepidation.

The Jesuit Fathers must at all events acknowledge their bitter disappointment that after so much ink has been wasted in decrying the theologians of the society of Jesus, and in proclaiming them from the housetops to be the inventors and sole proprietors of the theory that the end justifies the means, the doughty doctor should have contented himself with taking "an extract..... from a Romish author and not a Jesuit." Surely we might have expected something more crushing, since the thousand and one works written by the members of the order must be found teeming with examples of the unsavoury maxim, or at least must have opened out a vast field wherein to cull a few choice blossoms.

Yours very sincerely,

A. E. JONES, S. J.

S. Mary's College, September 30, 1889.

#### CATHOLIC BELIEF AMONG ENGLISH PROTESTANTS.

Among a large majority of the more ultra Protestants hatred of the Blessed Virgin seems to be one of the main principles of their misleading religious ideas. The next objects of their detestation are such types of Catholic devotion as Crucifixes, paintings of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and images of the Saints. These they designate by the general term "objects of Popish idolatry."

In view of these facts, therefore, it is a very cheering sight to see this long-standing aversion to the Mother of God, and also to Catholic devotional objects, fading away from the minds of the cultured clergy of the English Church, and to find them introducing into their churches the very objects their forefathers condemned in terms both harsh and heretical.

The Ritualist element in the Church of England has done

much to familiarize the English people with Catholic customs and devotions, and their clergymen are copying after the ritual of the Catholic Church in every particular where they think such adoption of Catholic ceremonies might be conducive of increasing the devotion of their congregations.

A few weeks ago a meeting of the the English Church Union was held in London for the purpose of promoting the progress of ritualistic ideas. The occasion was honored by the presence of no less a personage than Lord Halifax, who voiced the unanimous opinions of all present when he delivered the following remarkable statement, coming as it did from a nobleman who is a pronounced Protestant. "We rejoice," said Lord Halifax, "that the dean and his assistants of St Paul's (the church that embraces within itself the London diocese and its representative thereof) have placed upon the altar the picture of our Lord upon the Cross attended by His Blessed Mother, so that in contemplating the same we may not forget what He has done and suffered for us, and also remember the Mother, who, crowned with glory and joy, was among mankind the only one who was permitted to say, 'Behold from now all generations shall call me blessed.'

The idea advanced by Lord Halifax regarding the use to be made of the Catholic objects of devotion to which he referred, represent the Catholic idea precisely. We have pictures and statues on our altars so that they will remind us of what those they represent have done and suffered in order to gain heaven, and to teach us that we too must "take up our cross" and follow our Blessed Lord if he would die in His friendship and live for ever thereafter in His Divine Presence.

Ritualists rarely become converted to the true faith, but it is to be hoped that the prayers the Catholics of England are constantly offering up for the conversion of that country to Catholic faith, will yet bring them all into the one true fold under one Shepherd—just as they were until Henry VIII. Mormonized and set up a sect of his own so that his immoral conduct might be legalized by an English Parliament of his own making.—*The Monitor*.

#### STRIKING THE KEY NOTE.

No Catholic moral movement is complete without the clergy. We have rich Catholics of leisure; but wealth and "society" seem to enervate them for any use in the world. The ordinary Catholic layman with nerves and brains for enterprising agitation has his time taken up with making a living for his family. He can't lead. In a moral movement it is a question whether he should lead. If there must be leadership the clergy must furnish it.

This is the why and the wherefore of the "Address to the Clergy" determined upon at the recent national gathering of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union. There are 7,000 Catholic priests in the United States. Scarcely seventy of these figure in the Catholic total abstinence movement.

To interest the clergy is the first great step in the C. T. A. movement. Thus far this has been largely a lay movement, confined to active laymen in Pennsylvania and scattered lay effort here and there throughout the country. A number of distinguished clergymen have participated and officered the work in some localities. To say that men like Fathers Cleary, Conaty, Elliot, O'Malley and Cotter furnish the finest type of the Catholic priesthood is to merely state a well recognized fact. And the influence of Archbishop Ireland has been as powerful for this good cause in America as that of Cardinal Manning in England and Ireland.

The needed step is in the direction intimated by addressing an appeal to the clergy of the whole country. It is not the visiting lecturer or the invited organizer but the local clergyman who is most needed. The former may start; the latter only can sustain and strengthen.

If this is a good movement it should plead for the good graces of the clergy everywhere. It should propagate itself as a practice and mission in the seminaries.

Of this thing we may be reasonably certain: If there is apathy among the clergy, there will be apathy among the laity. The average Catholic will say: "There can't be much use for this movement or the clergy would be into it more than they are."

Such lay activity as exists comes largely through the stimu-

lus furnished by similar Protestant movements. Everybody knows that Father Mathew got the idea from the Quakers.

We say again, that when the recent Total Abstinence Convention voted an address to the clergy of the United States, it struck the key note of the situation.

## Irish Affairs.

COERCION : A CONTRAST.

Lord Londonderry has, in the most considerate manner, rendered a signal service to the electors of Great Britain by the lucid and flat footed manner in which he has placed the real issue of the Irish question before them at this crucial moment. Such an outspoken declaration as that which his late Excellency delivered himself of at Durham on Friday night was very badly needed. The "Liberal Unionists," with a guile characteristic of the political hybrid, have been going round the country for some little time past, obscuring the real issue in a manner which must have been highly distasteful to the genuine out-and-out single minded Tory stalwart, who, to give him his due, is not a natural professor of cant. Your Liberal Unionist may be ashamed of Coercion. But your true-blue Tory, especially if he have a tinge of the Orangeman in him, is not. Coercion is the breath of his nostrils. The Liberal Unionists, finding that it means death to them, have been announcing that Coercion is over, that its work is done, and that the era of reform, of "remedial measures," has begun. This is the note which Mr. Chamberlain, as we pointed out last week, trumpets on high with special vehemence. "What is now the difference between us and the old Liberal Party," he exclaims, "now that Coercion is out of the way and Lord Salisbury's Government pledged to a thoroughgoing Liberal programme?" Let Parnell and all his followers go to the deuce, and the voice and the wishes of the Irish people go along with them—that is all nonsense. Coercion reduced to a minimum is now buried out of sight; the Tory Government is converted to Liberalism, and Lord Salisbury has become a Birmingham Radical, a veritable Jack Cade, I do assure you. What on earth are the Gladstonians fighting about? Let us all unite against Parnell and his gang, shouting "No Coercion, and Ransom forever!" This is really not an exaggerated parody of Mr. Chamberlain's appeal to the Gladstonians last week. We invited Mr. Stansfeld to reply to it at the time, but Lord Londonderry has since most considerately saved him the trouble.

Let it be well borne in mind who Lord Londonderry is. He is no unattached political thimble-rigger like Judas Chamberlain. He was, until a couple of weeks ago, the head of Her Majesty's Government in Ireland—Mr. Balfour's chosen Lord Lieutenant, the member of the Government charged with representing the Queen, and superintending the administration of Coercion at the same time. He speaks from an official position of the very highest and most responsible character. Habitually he disdains the arts of the political Cheap Jack. He is no Liberal or Radical-Unionist balancing himself on a shaky seat, but a plain, blunt Tory Peer, like his leader, Lord Salisbury, who speaks with his leader's frankness, who understands the true spirit of his leader's policy, and who, like his leader, is not ashamed to profess with enthusiasm and confidence the faith that is in him—Coercion, and *encore* Coercion, and *toujours* Coercion—Coercion at the very least for twenty years! That is the policy Lord Londonderry proclaims, the reply he gives to Mr. Chamberlain. Let us print his responsible utterance side by side with Mr. Chamberlain's "unauthorized" humbug, as an illustration of Tory truth and Unionist trickery:—

LORD LONDONDERRY, MR. BALFOUR'S LORD LIEUTENANT-GENERAL AND GENERAL GOVERNOR OF IRELAND, TELLING THE TRUTH,

"At the outset of his remarks he had expressed his firm conviction that to ensure the good Government of Ireland it could be necessary to secure from Parliament extraordinary powers, and his experience during the past three years in Ireland had strengthened his conviction that it was utterly futile

and hopeless to ever attempt to govern Ireland except by extraordinary powers. He reminded them of the words of Lord Salisbury in 1886, when he declared that what Ireland wanted was to be governed honestly, resolutely, consistently for twenty years. A truer and wiser statement was never made. There had been barely three years of resolute government, and he left them to judge of the results of that. He held that to be the real solution of the Irish difficulty—a policy which would, if it be steadily continued, achieve the result of eradicating sedition and crime, and leaving Ireland a law-fearing and consequently, a law-abiding country. But if there was any hesitation or half-heartedness, if the firm hand is relaxed on the reins of Government, lawlessness and disorder would speedily reassert themselves. They might rely upon it that the Government would pursue the same course in the future as in the past."

CHAMBERLAIN, POLITICAL CHEAP JACK, STRIVING TO HUMBAG THE BRITISH PUBLIC.

"Can any Gladstonian tell me what we are fighting for? Coercion? At the present moment Coercion is reduced to a minimum. There is less Coercion in Ireland at the present moment than there has been, I believe, at any time for the past seven years. . . . The Unionist party told you when they were first returned to power that they would use whatever Coercion was necessary to maintain respect for authority and law. We stated that we would maintain the law and we have done it. We have done it with success, which has come sooner, and which has been more complete than any one of us had dared to anticipate, and now we say that having maintained the law, and having restored Ireland to a state of comparative peace and order, we proceed to the next stage of our policy, to the remedial policy, which we have put forward as a substitute for the policy of Home Rule."

A more perfect and instructive contrast than these two statements surely was never furnished in a single week by a pair of influential statesmen belonging to the same party.—*United Ireland.*

### TO LOCATE IN NEW YORK.

The following extracts from the Albany papers will be read with interest:

"We are sorry to learn of the contemplated removal of the Cleveland Baking powder business from this city. We understand that its rapidly increasing business will shortly render enlarged facilities desirable, so that the proprietors have determined to remove to New York, where their export trade can be more conveniently handled.

"Albany, who have watched the growth of this business from small beginnings to its present mammoth proportions, will regret to see it go, but will rejoice with its owners in its new prosperity. It is but just to say that Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder as a food product has the enviable reputation of being a thoroughly wholesome, effective, and honestly made article. The people of Albany and vicinity have known this fact for about a score of years and have shown their appreciation by their steadily increasing consumption of this excellent baking powder. This, and the fact that all recent investigations, including those made by the Food Commissioners of the States of Ohio and New Jersey and of the Canadian Government, show that Cleveland's is superior to any baking powder on the market, have so increased the business that more extensive accommodations are necessary.

"A new label is being prepared, but the old name "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder" and the heretofore high quality of goods will be maintained.

"Dr. Hoagland, the first, and for many years, President, and Wm. Zeigler, former Treasurer, of the Royal Company, two of its main props, have now left it. The former will be President of the new Company, and his known integrity, liberality, and experience promise great success for the new organization, and lively times for all competitors."

A collection was taken up in St. Patrick's church in this city on Sunday last in aid of the sufferers by the Quebec disaster.



## The Catholic Weekly Review.

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IN CANADA.

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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 lay children in dispelling ignorance and prejudice. They can do this nobly by public journalism, and as the press now appears to be an universal instructor for either evil or good, and since it is frequently used for evil in disseminating false doctrines and attributing them to the Catholic Church your journal will do a very great service to Truth and Religion by its publication. Wishing you all success and many blessings on your enterprise.

I am, faithfully yours.

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,  
Archbishop of Toronto.

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX.

HALIFAX, July 11, 1888.

DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

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

Yours very truly.

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. CADDERY,  
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCT. 12 1889.

A perusal of the October number of *Bystander*, the production of that political Petruccio, Professor Goldwin Smith, and the prodigality with which he asperses opponents, recalls to mind the rebuke once administered by Baron Maule to an inordinately arrogant lawyer. Counsel had been treating the bench throughout his speech with the utmost lack of courtesy. At last the judge could bear it no longer, and stopped him: "Mr. Cresswell," he said, "I am perfectly willing to admit my vast inferiority to yourself, still I am a vertebrated animal, and for the last half hour you have spoken to me in language which the Devil himself would hesitate to address to a black beetle."

We have had only good things to say of the speech of Mr. Laurier at the Pavilion meeting a few nights ago. Our admiration, however, does not extend to that made by Mr. Mowat. The contrast between the two men was painful. Mr. Laurier spoke like a patriot, and a statesman; as a man of inflexible principles which he refused to abandon however angrily might rage popular prejudices and passions. Mr. Mowat spoke like a wretched little parish politician, a cowardly time-server, quailing before the figure of demagogism. The efforts of the man to cajole and flatter the fanatics were nauseating; his patronizing references to Mr. Laurier were in something more than bad taste; they were contemptible. "Whatever effect," said this local politician, "Mr. Laurier's observations may have in producing conviction on that subject which occupied the greater part of his speech, I am sure you all rejoice to have had the opportunity of hearing his version of the

Jesuits' Estates Act, and his reasons for the course which the Liberal party has taken in reference to it." Offensive as this was, Mr. Mowat went farther. As a concession to those who had hissed Mr. Laurier, he continued: "I am glad there are so many subjects on which we, the Liberal party, are agreed as to the Jesuits' Estates Act; you may not be quite content with the explanation given us," a statement which evoked "loud applause." And so on. Mr. Mowat apparently has not improved in his manners since the time, now only a few years back, when he used to preface his offensive pleasantries at Catholic banquets by a Presbyterian apology for being present.

"It is plain to demonstration," says *United Ireland*, "that the pestilent Coercionist intriguers at Rome are trafficking, and what is worse still, successfully trafficking, in Irish Catholic ecclesiastical appointments; meanwhile, to borrow Sir George Errington's phrase, 'keeping the Vatican in good humour' by bogus promises of an Irish Catholic University." It quotes with approval a recent speech by Mr. T. M. Healy. That gentleman told his hearers: "When you hear denials on this subject you should always remember the important and memorable words of Pius IX. After a Pontificate of nearly a quarter of a century he declared that there never was a vacant place in Ireland (of course, of an ecclesiastical character) 'that the British Government did not ask me for the appointment.'" Mr. Healy went on to speak as follows of a recent appointment to the Episcopacy in Ireland:—

"If you will follow recent ecclesiastical appointments," he said, "you will notice that in a diocese like that of Kerry, you had the entire, I may say the unanimous, body of the clergy voting (for bishop) for a particular priest (Canon Lawler). You had that vote supported by the entire body of the bishops of the archbishopric of Munster, including the Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, of Limerick: you had the vote sent unanimously to Rome, and what was the result? The name of the gentleman, the expected ecclesiastic, unanimously so recommended, was discarded and set aside, and a pet and protégé of Lord Kenmare appointed in his stead. That is a portion of the policy of the British Government. They want, in the first place, to get practically the right of veto on the appointments of bishops; and I can say of my own knowledge that there is at this moment an intrigue of a most active kind proceeding to obtain the translation of the Coadjutor Bishop of Clonfert, the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, down to the county Waterford, to fill the vacant See there, Dr. Healy being the correspondent of Mr. Balfour, the friend of Lord Clanricarde, and the chief opponent of the popular movement in his diocese."

*United Ireland* comments upon these utterances with approval. It adds that the danger to the Catholic Church and the Catholic religion in Ireland to-day is more deadly than that against which O'Connell protested with such vehement indignation. "Then," it says, "the English Government openly claimed a veto only on Irish ecclesiastical appointments. Now the worst Government that ever cursed Ireland secretly exercises the absolute power of appointment."

We are glad to learn, however, that the condition of things in regard to ecclesiastical government in Ireland is hardly so bad as represented by Mr. Healy and *United Ireland*. A much better authority, the *Irish Catholic* of Dublin, which condemns Mr. Healy's utterances as not only indiscreet but wholly inaccurate, says that "information, for the accuracy of which we can vouch, enables us to assert that there never was a

moment when intrigues at Rome against Ireland were less likely to be successful than the present." If, it adds, Mr. Healy's surmise that such attempts as he referred to are being made, has no sounder foundation than the charge which he made in connection with the recent appointment to the Bishopric of Kerry, he might have done better than speak words likely to disturb the minds of the Catholic people. The real facts of the ease to which Mr. Healy referred are as follows.

"The clergy of Kerry, under the presidency of His Grace, the Archbishop of Cashel, met in solemn assembly and selected the names of three clergymen for submission to the Holy See. Now there is no point better or more definitely decided than that the Sovereign Pontiff is at perfect liberty to discard such nominations. Over and over again in the ecclesiastical history of Ireland, as well as of other countries, instances have occurred of such nominations being unrecognized by the Pope. In the case of Kerry, however, a directly opposite course was adopted. The Holy Father actually offered the vacant see to the ecclesiastic whose name was first on the list submitted to him, and when he begged permission to decline the sacred office, then His Holiness appointed to the Bishopric the clergyman whose name had been placed by the clergy second on the list submitted to him." In fact Mr. Healy's remarks upon this important subject were so entirely based upon the supposed exactitude of the stupidly misleading information which had been supplied to him relative to the Kerry appointment, that "we forbear," says the journal just quoted, to "follow or criticise them."

#### THE ANGLICAN MONKS.

We have already referred to the project for the formation within the Anglican body of an organization of Anglican "Monks." The subject is, perhaps, scarcely a fit one to jest about, and for that reason we shall not do more than set down for the information of our readers, who will be interested in learning something of the plan, the details of the organization as outlined by one of its principal promoters; and the opinions of some prominent Churchmen in regard to it. At the outset, we observe that the proposition is laid down that there must be no tampering with, or playing at, monasticism. The basis of the scheme has been stated as follows:

"There must be the genuine foundation of the threefold vow of obedience, chastity, and poverty,—obedience, *i. e.*, submission to the rule; chastity, celibacy, for particular lines of work in the Church; poverty, a true renunciation of everything beyond food (spiritual and bodily) raiment, and lodging. Money must never come near the order. This is absolutely essential. The Order must never become wealthy. Its members must never so much as touch a coin. All legacies and gifts to the Order must only come to it through trustees, in the shape of kind. Travelling could be easily arranged. If a member was sent to a place where there was a small prospect of his receiving friendly invitations, let him beg a meal in the name of Christ, and repay his host with dreary and spiritual instruction. If no house would receive him for a night's lodging let him go to the casual ward and preach the Gospel to the tramps. All surplus offerings to the Order, and all that was absolutely necessary for lodging, food and raiment, must be devoted, not to the Order, but to the needs for which the Order existed. So with regard to natural gifts and talents—such as painting. They must never be cultivated for, or expended on, the Order; but they must be used for the cottages, mission halls, churches, and those centres wherever the Order sent forth its labourers. If a rich man desired the habit, his wealth should go (1) to the "bare necessity" fund, if it happened to require it; (2) to the district or parochial fund. To be successful the Order must be

co-extensive with the Anglican Church. The end and object of such an Anglican Order must be to bring all classes from the richest to the poorest, "to the true knowledge of God, upon the Anglican principle of the Bible, as understood by the Primitive or Universal Church." Rules would come with progress. The guiding principle in drawing them up would be never to let the means exceed the bare necessity of the end and objects of the Order. Necessary exemptions from technical regulations would be in the hands of the superiors who would be appointed on the Dominican principle embodied in Act VI., 8. Instead of the novitiate, a man should only be bound with the rules so long as he was a member, and he should be able to leave directly it was found he had missed his vocation. The life of the monks would consist of worship, study of theology and medicine. If a title were wanted for the Order it could be that of St. James, exemplifying the probable Eastern origin of the Anglo-Catholic Church and the practical nature of the work of the Order. The monasteries to be under episcopal supervision.

It is worth while to take note of what prominent Anglicans say of the proposals. Earl Fortescue looks with suspicion upon the vows of poverty, celibacy, and obedience. "The vows of passive obedience," he writes, "would, in my view, tend to encourage an unwholesome habit of passive submission to a spiritual authority, somewhat analogous to that of the Roman Catholic to his confessor and spiritual director"—and so on. Lord Grimthorpe says:

If they are to obey their own warden rather than the incumbent, it is evident that there will be collisions everywhere between the regular and secular clergy, and especially when the incumbent and the warden are of different ecclesiastical views. Curates are proverbially difficult to manage now, and a set of curates with a monastery and a warden behind will make an incumbent's life intolerable, unless he is resolute enough to stop them through the ecclesiastical court from poaching, and the Bishop does not veto a prosecution, as Bishops will if they prefer the warden to the incumbent—so long as their veto is allowed to last. If the scheme were not fortunately impracticable and sure to fail, it ought to be condemned by everybody except those whose primary object is to restore clerical supremacy and all Popery except the Pope.

His Lordship sizes up the situation as follows:

On the whole, therefore, I come to these conclusions: (1) That this scheme of voluntary monkery at the monk's own expense, will never get on its legs in any practical sense; (2) That if it does it will soon have to be maintained by begging, contrary to the avowed intention of its authors, and by the partisanship of those who are always trying to imitate Popery; (3) That so far as it succeeds it will do nothing that cannot be done as well, and better, without it; and (4) That it will do far more harm than good.

The Dean of Ripon writes that he regards the movement as "a retrograde step." Sir R. F. Fowler says "We must all feel the great evils which have sprung from the system of celibacy in the Church of Rome, while, on the other hand, the influence of the wives of clergymen has been a great blessing to our country." The Rev. E. Carr-Glynn, Archdeacon Blakeney, Archdeacon Clarke, and Canon Tristram are among others who have written expressing their objections to the proposal. The last named gentleman goes so far as to state that a more objectionable scheme, in his opinion, could not have been devised, while Bishop Moorhead has bluntly answered its promoters that "monastic institutions are not in harmony with the spirit of the Church of England."

Mr. McCarthy spoke somewhat confidently in his speech at Montreal on last Tuesday evening, of the progress of the Equal Rights agitation. If it is making any progress outside of Ontario, in Quebec, or in Manitoba, or in the Maritime Provinces, there are to be found no evidences of it, at all events, in the comments of the press of those provinces.

The *Halifax Chronicle* of Monday last, for example, speaks of the course of the *Mail* and the agitators as "intolerance run mad;" a course the tendency of which is not to secure peace, harmony, and progress in the country, but to promote discord, distrust, and evil passions. Only a few days ago Mr. Laurier came to Toronto bearing the olive branch. He laid down principles of true tolerance. He was not unaware that the *Mail*, Mr. D'Alton McCarthy, and other agencies had stirred up considerable feeling in Ontario upon topics which vitally affected the sentiments and convictions of the French-Canadian people. Yet he came as a French-Canadian to this strongly Protestant place to plead for peace and greater toleration. He did not utter one word that could evoke sectional or race animosity. He laid down the irrefragable principle that no man should be denied or abridged in his civil rights in this country on account of his religious views; and in support of this great principle he quoted British ideas and British practice against French and European principles. And he did it all in language so clear, so refined, and so lofty, that there could be but one opinion among all true, wise, and patriotic men as to the justice of his position.

One would have thought that every impartial newspaper in Canada would have been ready to applaud such sentiments, and to recognize in them the only basis on which we can hope to found a truly national life in this country. The *Mail*, however, deals with Mr. Laurier's speech in the most unfair and bigoted manner. Its method of treatment is the time-honoured one of making its opponent say what he did not say, and then attacking him vigorously. The article, nearly three columns in length, which the *Mail* published in answer to Mr. Laurier, can only be characterized as a painful bit of special pleading. It is encouraging to see that it is reproached by leading journals in all quarters of the Dominion as an appeal to the worst passions of those who are predisposed to religious intolerance. "Such a line of action," says the *Chronicle*, speaking of the policy of the *Mail* and its supporters, "if it be pursued to its natural consequences, would lead to troubles and bickerings which would render anything like harmonious existence impossible in Canada."

#### "IN SEARCH OF A RELIGION."

Under the heading "In Search of a Religion," Mr. W. S. Lilly, one of the most brilliant and scholarly of living Catholic writers, contributes to the *Nineteenth Century* for September, a remarkable article. Like some of Mr. Lilly's former articles on religious subjects it is cast in the form of a conversation between "Luxmore," "Grimston," and "Temperley," three characters who have figured before in the *Nineteenth Century's* pages, and with whose habits of thought and religious opinions readers of that magazine are familiar. The conversational form into which Mr. Lilly's article is so effectively thrown, makes it not easy of summary; the speakers passing rapidly in and out among the most important subjects in the whole field of religious inquiry—the Bible, Miracles, Protestantism and Catholicism. All three are men of the world, and of extensive information; and their remarks, at the outset, in regard to the successes of the Protestant missionary army in India, are, if sarcastic and witty, not less hard-headed and practical. "The arguments with which these reverend gentlemen attack the religions of India," writes a Hindu gentleman, "may, for the most part, be directed as effectively against their own; while with the objections current in Europe against Christianity they seem ill-

acquainted." The reason of this, we read, is that the reverend gentlemen usually know as little of what they seek to convert the Oriental from, as of what they seek to convert him to; the conversion of a really educated native of India being almost as rare as the conversion of a Jew. "By the way a friend of mine," says Grimston, "who has gone into the figures carefully, told me the other day that the average cost of a Hebrew proselyte, during the last ten years, is £1,001, 0s., 1d."—such is the efficacy, notwithstanding the generosity and self-denial of those who support them, of the great missionary societies. "I saw the other day," says Temperley, "an advertisement which read in this wise: 'Help! help! help! 923,350,000 of heathen waiting to be converted. Pray assist the little Peddlington Missionary College to send out one more evangelist.'" "The 'one more evangelist,'" retorts Grimston, "is really very funny. At the last census in France, if the official figures are to be trusted, out of a population of thirty-seven millions, some eight millions returned themselves as being 'of no religious belief.' The enemy is coming in like a flood at one gate; at the other, Little Peddlington sends forth 'one more evangelist.'" The keen and subtle Hindu mind, Mr. Lilly writes, is essentially metaphysical; and the moral we draw from the dialogue is that a mild Hindu who quotes Voltaire and Renan to an evangelist from Exeter Hall, is hardly likely to figure in the missionary reports, as "a brand snatched from the burning."

All this will be a trifle displeasing to our evangelical Protestant brethren; and so, too, we fear will be certain references to the Bible which are not favourable to the Protestant pretensions with respect to it. "To suppose Christianity to be based upon the collection of ancient documents called the Bible," writes Mr. Lilly, "is historically false. It is certain that no authorized New Testament canon existed until the latter half of the second century. It is equally certain that the mission of the Author of Christianity was not to promote the formation of a volume, which, long centuries after, should become 'the religion of Protestants,' but to establish a society. 'I should not receive the Bible,' St. Augustine declared, 'unless the authority of the Catholic Church moved me to do so. The Bible is in fact the creation of the Catholic Church, from which other varieties of Christianity have received it.'"

Equally telling are Mr. Lilly's references to the subject of miracles. "The Catholic position in this matter," we read, "is certainly the more consistent. Relegate them to the dim antiquity of two thousand years ago, and Protestantism will perhaps tolerate them. Instance them as matters of modern, of contemporary, history, and Protestantism will explain them away, referring them to imposture or at the best to hallucination. Indeed it appears to me that Protestants involve themselves in a manifest contradiction when they admit the miraculous stories in the Old and New Testaments, and reject the precisely similar legends to be found on every page of ecclesiastical history. The Biblical mysteries and the ecclesiastical mysteries hang together so to speak; and as a matter of fact the prodigies related in the *Acta Sanctorum* are, from the point of view of historical criticism, much better established than the like occurrences in the Bible." It will thus be seen from the few quotations we have been able to make, that in the search for a Religion, the writer does not point to Protestantism as the version most consistent with reason and history, but to the Catholic Church, with this beautiful description of which Mr. Lilly brings his article to a conclusion:

"As for the Catholic Church she possesses, as it appears

to me, a power of guiding through the moral perplexities of the world, such as no other religion possesses; a power to which, I feel sure, no individual could attain for himself, or by himself. If religion is still to affect human society at large, I do not know who can take up the spiritual sceptre, should it fall from the hands of the Catholic Church. And, without religion, society will degenerate into mere swinish barbarism; 'God is as necessary to a people as liberty.' I was looking the other day at a curious book by a very early Christian writer, *S. Hippolytus de Antichristo*. He is commenting upon 'the great wonder in heaven,' spoken of in the Apocalypse: a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars; who brought forth a male child. The woman, he says, is the Church, always giving birth to Christ, the male and perfect offspring of God, who is styled both God and man; and thus acting as the teacher of all nations. Now this appears to me profoundly true. The Catholic Church; in every age, seems to be bringing forth the Divine idea of the Eternal Word, in such form and shape as each age requires. And here, as I cannot but feel, is the source of all that has been noblest in individual action, most precious in moral civilization, during the eighteen centuries of our era. Even now, as I look through the world, I confess the Pope appears to me the only power left which values supremely the moral law, which witnesses for it unflinchingly; the one power which cares nothing for the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them; which upholds the Sermon on the Mount as the sole rule of conduct, alike for public and private life, and finds in the Crucifix the measure of all things. The mysterious plastic influence of the Catholic Church is an undeniable fact; an influence so prevailing and so puissant in its application, and yet so delicate, so individual: so imperious and inflexible, as of the Prophet of God; so penetrating and persuasive, as of the Messenger of Christ. This is a religion, if religion is no dream of a shadow, but objective and real."

#### CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.

The inauguration of the new Chapter of the Cathedral at Ottawa, and the unveiling of the statue of Bishop Guigues took place with great ceremony on Wednesday morning. Among those present were Cardinal Taschereau, Archbishops Duhamel, Tache and Cleary; Bishops Ryan, Lafèche, Roger, McIntyre, Wadham, Langevin, Moreau and Lorraine

The following priests of the Diocese of Peterborough are in retreat at St. Peter's cathedral this week: - Vicar General Laurent, Lindsay; Rev. Father Brown, Port Hope; D. O'Connell, Ennismore; Quirk, Hastings; Casey, Campbellford; Conway, Norwood; Rev. Father O'Brien, Victoria Road; McCloskey, Brighton; Rev. Father Keilty, Douro; Rev. Thos. O'Connell, Fenelon Falls; Rev. Father McGuire, Bracebridge, and curate; Rev. Father Sweeney, Harwood; Rev. Father Bretherton, Lindsay; Rev. Father Connolly, Emily; Rev. Fathers J. Bloem, and E. Bloem, North Bay, and the priests in connection with St. Peter's cathedral. Rev. Father Henning, of St. Patrick's church, Toronto, preaches the retreat.

Many years ago, at the celebration of the landing of the Pilgrims in New York city, much to Archbishop Hughes' surprise he was invited to be one of the guests, and perhaps to their surprise also he accepted. Among those who spoke on that occasion their was not lacking a sly slab-dab at the church, which forms a part of the proceedings—but all in good fellowship. Finally the Archbishop was called upon to respond to a toast, which he did in his usual happy manner, and ended by proposing "Plymouth Rock, the Blarney stone of America." It was received with shouts and cheers, and was the best hit of the evening.

#### ASLEEP.

My love lies lightly on her couch,  
So fair, so pure! The silence that she keeps  
In death, they tell me, as I crouch  
Beside her; but I know she only sleeps.

I gaze upon her calm, still face,  
And cannot find there ought to make me weep;  
The subtle smile, the tender grace  
Of waking hours still haunt her placid sleep.

Within her closed eyes I know  
The love light lingers yet, this restful day;  
And I can almost catch the slow,  
Sweet, solemn word her fragrant lips would say.

The slender hand that wove a chain  
Of loving deeds around her winsome way  
Would answer still the cry of pain  
As sunlight answers to the cry of day.

The gentle heart, I know, still glows—  
A faultless crystal chalice, pure and white—  
And holds a sacred sorrow for our woes,  
As dewdrops hold the tender tears of night.

What'er her strange, sweet silence be,  
It is not death. For though her lips are dumb,  
Her soul still surely speaks to me;  
And blessed answers to my questions come.

And thus I learn a secret sweet;  
She whispers low: "We have not loved in vain;  
For though no more on earth we meet,  
Beyond the veil our hearts are one again.

"For love is measured not by time,  
Nor place, nor state, nor any known degree,  
But lofty, infinite, sublime,  
Includes all space and all eternity!"

And thus I know 'tis but to wait  
With perfect patience some few yearning years,  
Till I may pass the ivory gate  
My love has passed, unstained by idle tears.

And so a sacred, calm delight  
Within my heart its music makes;  
And so I bid my love "good night,"  
And wait to have her claim no when she wakes.

—Harper's Weekly.

#### Men and Things.

Chauncey M. Depew, the American statesman, was much impressed by these remarks of Mr. Gladstone, during a conversation he had with the ex-Premier:—"If I had to select from the beginning of the world down to the present time, and so to the close, the fifty years in which I would prefer to pass my active life, I would choose the half century in which I have lived, because in that half century there has been the emancipation of the slaves, there has been the emancipation of the restrictions upon the Catholics, there has been the emancipation of all the restrictions of the corn laws, there has been the emancipation of the voter from restriction upon suffrage."

Mr. Wilkie Collins is dead and will go down to posterity like single-speech Hamilton, mainly on the strength of one achievement. He wrote a weird thrilling novel of mystery, *The Woman in White*. Yet this, says the London *Universer*, is equalled by "*Uncle Silas*," a masterpiece by an Irishman, Sheridan Lefanu, who, in the words of another Irishman of letters, John Augustus O'Shea, "could put a bridle and a saddle on a nightmare." When will Irishmen learn to prize their own leaders of intellect?

The N. Y. *Freeman's Journal* says of "John Oldcastle," whose interesting letter on Cardinal Manning we publish in another column, that he "is the most intimate living lay friend of the great English Prelate. As author of interesting volumes on Cardinals Manning and Newman and Pope Leo XIII., and editor of the greatest of English Catholic journals, he has made a lasting name for himself in English Catholic literature." "John Oldcastle" is the *nom de plume*, if we mistake not, of Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, the editor of the *Weekly Register*.

## KILLARNEY.

The tourist season has brought the usual number of visitors to Ireland, and when the train from Dublin carries the traveller to the terminus among the trees right opposite one of the best hotels in Killarney, he finds the broad steps covered with figures in travelling coats and capes, ladies with curious little caps on their heads, men in deer-stalking costume, a few children half-dazed with fatigue and half-excited with their first experience of travel. It is evening, and cars and wagonettes wheel into the gravelled space in front of the hotel and its gardens, laden with hungry excursionists who have spent the day in gloom and shine between the hills or on the lakes, filling their minds with pictures not easily effaced, and their ears with never-to-be-forgotten echoes. At present they are extremely hungry and think more about dinner than scenery. As you stand at the open window of your bright bedroom you see glimpses of deep purple mountain walls between the waving of vividly green trees. Yonder lies the fairyland "from Dinas' green isle to Glenna's wooded shore," and from the Gap of Dunloe to Inisfallen, which beguiles plodding feet out of the common road of life and holds them spell-bound for awhile by wood-paths and water-ways full of an indescribable and an irresistible enchantment. The clear chimes of the *Angelus* drop lightly down from a neighbouring belfry, and presently a ringing and martial bugle call pierces the upper air. All sights and sounds, even the luxurious arrangements of the crowded hotel, would persuade one of foreign surroundings, and the mere Irish person could scarcely believe himself in Ireland but for the comely fragrance of the burning turf which hangs in the moist atmosphere, and leads him to peer among the trees for ruder roofs and gables than meet the eyes in a Continental hill-country.

The town is just at hand, and a walk through its streets soon convinces us that we are nowhere but in the very heart of Erin's Isle. There are worse towns in this country than Killarney, yet it is far from being as clean or as neat as it ought to be. This is the evening of the market day, and the streets are filled with country people. One looks about for pretty faces, and a few can be just guessed at; but the large blue cloak, or less graceful shawl, is so folded over the head that mouth and chin are almost hidden, sometimes the nose is done away with, and even the eyes can scarcely be sought for without impertinence on the part of the seeker. A young woman comes smiling down the street leading a donkey by the head; the donkey draws a small cart, and on the cart are various stores and provisions, bound for the plenshing of some little brown-thatched home in the stream-watered green country over yonder, among the violets of the hills. The mists and shades of evening gather about the turf smoke, and light springs up in the Franciscan church which is but a three minutes' walk from the hotel. Here are faith, and prayer, and peace; God at home in His own house, with His children round His knees. As one sees the brown-robed figure of the Franciscan, in cord and sandals and shaven crown, pass down the church to minister to the wants of the poor, one remembers gratefully the centuries-old devotion of this most blessed Order to the suffering Irish in their darkest and dimmest need. As St. Francis preached to the birds, so do these, his followers, care for the lowliest, and simplest, and most helpless of God's creatures who come across their path. In the morning early you find them at work again, leading poor souls, and if you are eager to be a poor soul for God's sake you will meet with no better sanctuary on your way than this: a sanctuary in which to catch a little of the light and fire that descends on an Irish altar with the morning sunshine. If your heart should be carrying with it by road and rail a care or a sorrow heavier than the luggage in the van of the train or "well" of the car, you can unload and ease it here as well as anywhere this side of Heaven. —Miss Rosa Mulholland in *Weekly Register*.

The Review has sent out to all subscribers in arrears their accounts for subscription, and we regret to again have to appeal to them to pay these bills promptly. The duty is a disagreeable one, but as the income of a paper is derived almost solely from the price of subscription it becomes necessary to remind over due subscribers that on the prompt payment of their bills depends our own punctuality in meeting the very heavy current expenses and maturing obligations of the paper. The price of a paper, always a small matter to the subscriber, amounts to the thousands, in the aggregate, to the publishers. The frequency with which some of the foremost religious papers in the country are compelled to make appeals of this kind testifies to the widespread prevalence of the evil.

## CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. H. C. Walsh, a Catholic journalist, is the new editor of *Lippincott's*.

We have received the first number of the *Catholic Journal*, of Rochester. It is a small, but promising looking paper, and the opening number contains much interesting local news. We wish it every success.

We have also received the first number of the *Coloured Harvest*, a monthly publication published with the approval of Cardinal Gibbons, and devoted to the conversion of the coloured race. Its conductor is the Rev. J. R. Slattery of the Apostolic College, Baltimore, an institution which is designed to educate, and foster vocations among, the coloured youth.

The Great Parliament of Ireland, elected 1790, is the title of a remarkably handsome engraving, 24 x 30 inches, and published by Mr. A. E. Costello, 10 Union Square, N. Y. This engraving is an entirely new production, and is taken from the original picture in College Green, Dublin, and painted by the celebrated artists, H. Barraud and J. Hayter. This fine engraving represents the last Parliament of Ireland, prior to the fateful Union of 1800. This is truly the representative period of the golden age of oratory and great statesmen. All the patriotic celebrities of the age are here delineated,—Grattan, Flood, Curran, Ponsonby—but inasmuch as there are over two hundred life-like portraits in all, anything like an enumeration of the names would be out of place. John Philpot Curran, the renowned patriot and advocate, is seen addressing the spell-bound assemblage. Conspicuous among the throng of celebrities are the figures of the two rivals, Grattan and Flood, wearing the uniform of the Volunteers. They stand side by side in the foreground, attentively taking note of the scene, all jealousies thrown aside at this happy period of their career. The structure of the Irish House of Commons, at the period of these debates, was particularly adapted to convey to the people an impression of dignity and splendour in their legislative assembly. The interior of the Commons House was a rotunda of great architectural magnificence. An immense gallery supported by Tuscan pillars, surrounded the inner base of a grand and lofty dome. In that gallery on every important debate, nearly seven hundred auditors heard the sentiments and learned the characters of their Irish representatives. The engraving sells for the low sum of \$1 50; with a fine three-mch polished oak, gilt moulding, frame, \$6.00.

The Jesuit Fathers still maintain their splendid reputation as men of letters and science. The list of great names which they have enrolled amongst the pioneers of knowledge is continually being swelled. Father Raeli, a member of the Order, has just completed a monumental work—a Turkish-French Dictionary, printed in Turkish and Latin characters, which has gained for him testimonials of esteem from Orientalist savants and persons of influence on all sides. The Sultan Aboul Hamid II. has signalled his appreciation of the author's labours by conferring upon him the insignia of a Commander of the Sovereign Order of the *Megalic*. The dictionary is described by the learned as the most complete of its kind yet published.

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	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East .....	6.00	7.30	7.45	10.30
O. and Q. Railway..	7.30	7.45	8.00	9.00
G. T. R. West.....	7.00	3.20	12.40	7.40
N. and N. W.....	7.00	4.40	10.00	8.10
T. G. and B.....	7.00	3.45	11.00	8.30
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	9.00	2.00	
	6.00	4.00	10.30	4.00
	11.30	9.30		8.20
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
U. S. N. Y.....	6.00	4.00	9.00	
	11.30	9.30	11.30	5.45
U. S. West States	6.00	9.30	9.00	3.45
	12.00			7.20

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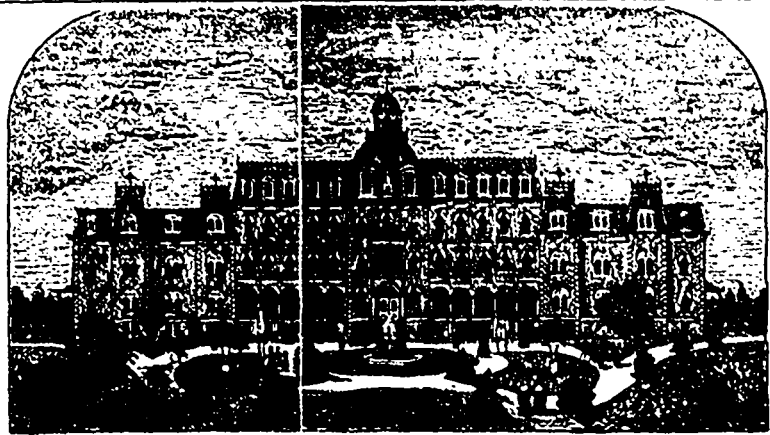
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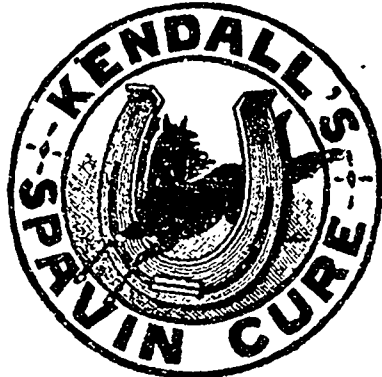
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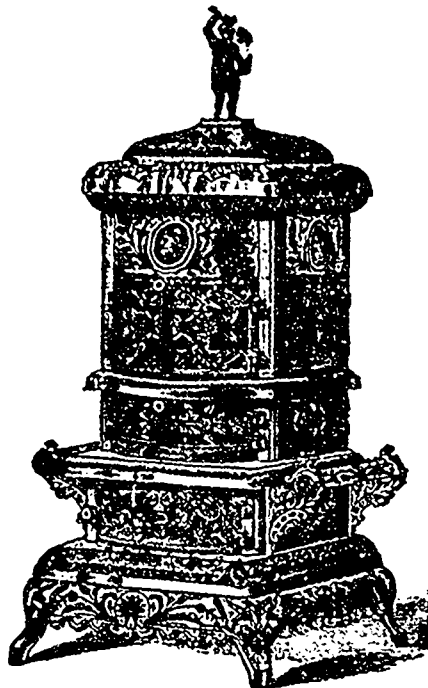
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