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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. IV

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No. 12

CONTENTS.

NOTES.	181
THE DISAPPEARANCE OF JOHN LONGWORTHY	M. F. Egan 182
PERE MONSABRE	Piquette 184
AN INTERVIEW WITH THE POPE	181
THE PRIEST AND THE SCHOOL	182
REMINISCENCES OF ORESTES A. BROWNSON	187
EDITORIALS—	
Equal Rights in Manitoba	188
Herr Winchbors	188
The Meeting of the Editors	181
Journalistic Etiquette	181
The League in America	190
The Secret Society Element	190
The Disabilities Bill	190
The Ottawa Election	190
The Minister of Worship and his Advisory Board	191
Canada and the United States	191
General Catholic News	192

Notes.

We shall publish in our next number an interesting review of "When We Were Boys," Mr. William O'Brien's novel. The requirements of space necessitate our holding it over until next week. Mr. O'Brien's novel is the work of an Irishman of imagination and genius. As our readers know it was written to beguile the tedium of the author's prison hours. It was Cardinal Newman, we think, who said that a thought could not be blown away, even by a Krupp gun, and, as Miss Mulholland, another gifted Irish writer has lately said, if Mr. O'Brien's imprisonment is to produce such intellectually delightful results, Mr. Balfour will have to devise some other kind of torture.

"I will not submit to a leadership of assassins, and I publicly resign," writes the Rev. Father McKenna, of Boston, the national Vice-President of the Irish National League in America, in relinquishing his office. In the ordinary course of events the reverend gentleman will now find himself inveighed against as a "spy," and a "traitor," and as the creature of "British gold." That is the usual way in which Irishmen of principle have been answered, who refused to connive at the crime and rascality which has been practised, in America, in the name of Irish patriotism.

The Review's readers have had put before them in these columns some good literary fare lately. Articles such as those on "Mrs. Browning," "The late Father Meehan" and "The Character of Oliver Cromwell," which may be found in our two preceding numbers, are of an order of scholarship and of literary excellence by no means commonly met with. In this number will be found the continuation of the "Reminiscences of Dr. Brownson;" an article of great power from the pen of Father Finley, S.J., the distinguished editor of the *Dublin Lyceum*, "The Priest and the Public," and two other articles of merit, that on the Manitoba School Question, and the sketch of "Pere Monsabre." Both are fine examples of the best literary style; the former as finished a bit of satire, and the latter—which comes to THE REVIEW from the pen of a Canadian lady resident in Paris—as charming a piece of graphic descriptive writing as the reader will come upon in some time. It

has been by providing from week to week reading matter of this sort—reading matter, we beg leave to add, of a range and excellence not to be met with elsewhere outside the magazines and monthlies—that has given this Review its already high reputation, and its strong claims to the interest and support of the Canadian Catholic public, now so generally acknowledged.

WEDNESDAY last was another Jesuit day in the House of Commons, for which the country is indebted to Mr. Charlton. That gentleman, who really would be better advised were he to subside for a time until an afflicted House has been given a brief space—and a brief space, if it were permitted them, would be enough—in which to experience the refreshment of forgetting him, on Wednesday moved a resolution of want of confidence in the Government because the Ministry did not refer the constitutional and legal points involved in the allowance of the Jesuits Estates Act, to the Supreme Court. This action on the part of Mr. Charlton was the more wanton in view of the important resolution presented to the House only the day previous by Mr. Blake, and adopted by unanimous vote of the House—a resolution which provides, namely, for the reference by the executive in future, on grave occasions, of important questions of law or fact touching the exercise of the power of disallowance, to a high judicial tribunal and the obtaining a reasoned opinion for the information of the executive. The passage of this resolution which was designed to obviate future difficulties of the sort that lately arose in respect of the Jesuits Estates legislation, and the question of disallowance, forms, along with the masterly speech in which Mr. Blake presented it to the Commons, one of the most notable acts of the session. We say, therefore, that for Mr. Charlton to again spring, the day following, a debate in the House upon the Jesuit question was utterly wanton and disturbing.

Mr. CHARLTON spoke in support of his resolution at his accustomed painful length. He appears to have discharged all his old anti-Jesuit and, possibly, anti-French, speeches over again. He said nothing new. He made bold, however, to charge that the Minister of Justice, in submitting his memorandum to the Law Officers of the Crown had ingeniously— he perhaps said Jesuitically—prepared it so as to present but one side of the case; and he interlarded through his speech many insinuating references to the Jesuits and indeed all Roman Catholics. For about the twelfth time he was again utterly crushed by Sir John Thompson in reply, who dealt with Mr. Charlton argument by argument. It was reserved though for Mr. Blake to give Mr. Charlton his finishing blow, who rebuked him in sarcastic language for his presumption in disposing of the legal phases of an involved constitutional matter. The question was one, he said, to be treated in a spirit contrary to that, which, he was sorry to say, animated the mover of the resolution, if any good were to come of the discussion, "may, more," said Mr. Blake, "if a great calamity is to be averted."

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF JOHN LONGWORTHY.

M. P. ZOAN IN AVE MARIA.

XXVIII.—The Dance.

BASTIEN and Fitzgerald made their way into the ball-room. At one end of it was a stage, with the curtain down, representing Vesuvius in eruption. A gallery crowded with spectators ran around three sides of the hall. They took their stand beneath this gallery, and the Lady Rosebuds and their attendants filed past them.

Nellie Mulligan, leaning on Miles' arm, headed the glittering throng. Her train was respectfully followed by Jim Dolan and Lou Simmons. Jim was almost as splendid as Miles; his badge was similar, and his nose-guy even larger. Later in the evening he met with a misfortune, which exposed him to some derision. Owing to a bad investment—he had spent five days in lounging on the corners, owing to a disagreement with his employers about a Saturday's half holiday,—he had been unable to hire his "full dress suit" until an hour before the opening of the dance, and consequently he had omitted to notice that a small tag bearing the words, "S. Nathan, 3d shelf," depended from the neck of the coat. The discovery of this caused him much pain; particularly as Miles, in his humorous way, called attention to it. It was the one blot on this red-lettered night; otherwise he triumphed.

Nellie's rival, Miss Simmons, who was red-haired and always wore blue, was thought by some to be even more stylish than Nellie herself. Her fan hung by her side, suspended by a long ribbon and in her left hand she carried a large bunch of yellow roses. Then followed pink gowns and white gowns, black gowns and red, attached to every sort of young man in every variety of dress. There were no low-cut bolices, as there would have been in "society,"—Bastien noticed with satisfaction; and those, like Nellie Mulligan's, which were not very high, were covered with lace. The young ladies were not all so resplendent as she was; there were many very plain dresses, relieved merely by a knot of ribbon or a bright-colored fan.

The band played a resounding march. Slowly and solemnly the procession moved around the hall. No one spoke, no one smiled. The picture was bright enough, if one did not look at the faces. On each was an expression of settled sadness. Suddenly the cry was heard above the music: "Ladies to the right! Gents to the left!" And the couples separated, performing various evolutions, and then joining each other again. At last, after a number of bewildering changes, they formed for a quadrille, and the real business of the evening began.

Later, in the intervals of choosing partners and dancing, the "gents" went down to the bar in pairs and returned livelier than ever, with the scent of beer mingling with that of musk and hothouse roses. The ladies were offered sandwiches, coffee, and lemonade. Still later, the fun became fast; etiquette was less stringent; and those timid creatures who sat under the galleries because their coat collars were not up to the regulation standard, came out and waited together, unnoticed by the hitherto rigid floor managers. After a while there were heard many shrieks of protest, called out by the determination of some of the "gents" to know the reason why other "gents" did not act properly. And still later, solicitous Lady Rosebuds, a little dishevelled by the furiousness of the whirl, might be seen supporting their escorts through the mazes of the square dances. But nobody seemed to mind it.

Miles had behaved "like a gentleman" to all possible constituents. He had divided his attention impartially between the bar and Nellie Mulligan. His eyes grew smaller, his face redder, and his voice huskier, as the merry hours rolled by.

At midnight Fitzgerald, who had been sitting under the gallery with Bastien since half-past ten o'clock, arose.

"Let us go," he said; "this makes me sick at heart. I hate to see those young girls pulled about by the drunken brutes."

"We'll come back," Bastien answered. "I'd like to see the thing out."

They strolled into the dressing-room. It was cool and

deserted. Now and then one of the younger men came to get a glass of iced water from a round tank in the corner of the room, his wilted collar showing that he had been dancing through the whole programme.

"And these are the poor, Fitz?" Bastien said when they lighted their cigars. "And this is one of their amusements?"

"These are the children of the poor," answered Fitzgerald; "and they look forward eagerly to amusements of this kind."

"It's a revelation to me," said Bastien. "There is more beauty, if less grace, than there would be at any fashionable assembly in any great city. Certainly, the young woman in the same position of life in London would not show such refinement of manner or taste in dress as these girls show. It is a revelation. And yet you say that many of them come from tenement houses like 'The Anchor'?"

"Most of them. Where else could they live in New York?"

"Ah, yes!" said Bastien, with a sigh. "If it were not for the beastly willing of beer, the extravagance, and the fact of these young girls being out long after midnight without a chaperone of any kind, it would not be so bad. It seems to me," he added, with a short laugh, "that if one could find methods by which society—I mean the society that dances at Delmonico's—could be made freer from vanity, envy, extravagance, license of all kinds,—could be made simpler, more—"

"Christian," interposed Fitzgerald.

"Well, have it so,—we could easily apply the same methods to these people and succeed, too."

Fitzgerald's face brightened.

"I am glad you have found that out. Your people in Fifth Avenue have good music and lovely pictures, and good food and gentle manners, and high cultivation and æsthetic tastes,—very well. These people do not care for really good music; Liszt's Polonaise is less to them than that mere waltz the orchestra is now rattling out. Their idea of art is rudimentary, and their food depends on circumstances. Their manners are governed by their feelings—which is about the worst thing one can say of anybody's manners,—and they don't know a good picture from a bad one; and yet they are in need of the very same influences which, if cultivation could exert in Fifth Avenue, would make the rich and the poor what Our Lord wants them to be—brothers."

Bastien pulled at his cigar for some time before he spoke.

"You mean to say that my theories are foolish,—that if culture cannot exalt the rich to a knowledge of their duties, to a sublime altruism, it can do little for the poor?"

"Exactly. I mean that. See, these people are imitating the amusements of the rich. Naturally, they love color and light, and quick motion to lively music, and they arrange them all for their enjoyment after the manner of the rich. Is Miles Galligan there better because he has learned that an evening coat is better form after six o'clock than the coat of any shape his father wore? You say flowers help the poor,—they are here in abundance; but will all the roses and heliotrope the girls display make them more considerate to the old folk at home, less fond of the distractions of the city streets, less anxious to outrival their neighbors in dress; more industrious, more simple, more content?"

Bastien threw away his cigar, but did not answer.

In the meantime Nellie Mulligan had been told by Miles of his interview on Christmas night with his sisters. She heard it with flashing eyes after the last Lancers Quadrille. She stamped her foot angrily on the smooth floor, regardless of the precious white satin shoe on it.

"So I'm not good enough to marry into the Galligan family!" she exclaimed. "Oh, good gracious! I've half a mind to call Jim Dolan and tell him. How he would laugh at the idea! Oh, my! I don't want to say anything against your sisters, Miley, but if I hadn't more style about me than they have, I'd drown myself! The idea!"

"You are stunning!" said Miles, in admiration and embarrassment. "I wish you hadn't asked me about the girls. I'm sure I didn't want to tell you,—and you don't have to marry them, do you?"

"But if I marry you I'll have to live in the same house with them," said Nellie. "Oh, do button my glove! Try it again, clumsy! So I'm not good enough to marry into the Galligan family! Oh, my!—excuse me, I must laugh!"

"If they only knew you," said Miles, in desperation, "they'd change their opinion."

"I'd make them," retorted Nellie, with a flash in her eyes. "There goes that new schottische. It's just too sweet! Try it, Miles."

"Don't know it," answered Miles, reddening angrily.

"Wonder your accomplished sisters haven't taught it to you? Come, try it, this way; two jumps and five kicks—O Jim, you dance it lovely! Mile can't. Just a few turns. Excuse me, Mr. Galligan!"

And Nellie and the grinning Jim Dolan kicked over the floor in a way that extorted admiration even from the most worn-out ball-goer.

Miles was too indignant to speak. He was on his way to the bar when Miss Simmons, the deserted one, asked him to bring her a glass of water. He rushed into the dressing-room, grumbling under his breath. Bastien and Fitzgerald were there in deep conversation, with their backs to the door. Miles paused on the threshold. He did not catch Fitzgerald's words, which seemed to be grave, but he heard Bastien's reply;

"I'll tell you the whole story, my boy, and you shall know"—and then he laughed in his usual quick way—"Why I killed John Longworthy."

Miles gasped. Bastien turned suddenly and laughed again. Miles disappeared. He went into the bar-room; and Miss Simmons remained, for all he cared, as thirsty as the Desert of Sahara for the rest of the night.

XIV.—A Sweet, Sweet Home.

Miles danced no more, and on the way home Miss Mulligan tried in vain to draw him into conversation. That young lady ascribed his preoccupation to sulkiness, and in her heart she rejoiced in her powers to depress his spirits to such a depth. Nevertheless, she made up her mind that she would not be satisfied until she brought those "stuck-up" sisters of his to a sense of her merits.

Miles was heartily glad when Nellie was safely deposited at The Anchor, the carriage door slammed, and he alone with his own thoughts. What a fool he had been, he said to himself, not to have kept on Bastien's tracks! He might have secured a good round sum by this time, and been sure of a place as the member from his district. In that case it would not have made much difference how Mary and Esther regarded Nellie—in that case he would be independent of relatives whose selfishness he began to feel acutely.

What right had two girls to whom he had always been a model brother, to interfere not only with his happiness, but with his advancement in life? Some fellows sisters' would have lived on bread and water, and worked their fingers to the bone, to help in the elevation of a brother who needed only a little assistance to cross the threshold of a brilliant career. And, then, Nellie Mulligan's "style" and "go" were qualities most needed in a politician's wife. What a swathe she would cut at Saratoga! He felt bitterly the indifference of his sisters to the realization of his ideal; but here was a sudden opportunity of teaching them that he could realize it without any help from them.

Some day they would regret their present attitude. Why didn't they get married, like other girls? Of course, he reflected Mary would never marry; Esther would, if she had a chance. If Mary came to her senses about Nellie Mulligan, she should always have a home, and he would forgive and forget. Nellie and he would be out a great deal, and it would be convenient to have somebody in the domestic circle who could be depended on to look after things. Oh, yes, he'd make Mary come around! But Esther should never enter his door unless she accepted it at once.

Miles, to whom Bastien's words had been as the dawn of hope, laughed aloud when he thought how simple Bastien's trick about the letter had been. Of course John Longworthy's letter was forged—and yet it had been well done, too; for it had nearly thrown him, the astute Miles, off the track. He wondered if Bastien had seen him, and he wished that he had not been in such a hurry to leave—he might have heard something more; but he had heard enough. The question was, how to utilize it.

Miles trusted no one. He would put no detective on the track. He determined to use Bastien—who was evidently spending Longworthy's money recklessly—as a mine from which nuggets could be taken at will. What did he care whether Longworthy's murderers were brought to justice or

not? Justice could look out for itself; he wanted money, and he saw it within his grasp. That sarcastic, patronizing, insolent Bastien was really in his power. And Miles, reaching home, threw himself down on the lounge in his room, with a plan in his mind for beginning his extortions at once.

The morning after the dance was not a happy one for the Lady Rosebuds. Most of them had reached home after sunrise, and they were obliged to be at work at seven o'clock. Nellie Mulligan, relying on the prestige given her by her engagement to a possible member of the Assembly—which she announced in the domestic circle—sent word to Lacy's that she was sick; and at eleven o'clock she went over to the O'Connors' rooms to ask after Rose.

Nellie was rather pale and faded, and a draggled wrapper and a dishevelled condition of hair did not improve her appearance. She had a headache, and her mother had said some sharp words concerning her absence from the store, which had not improved her temper. However, she thought of Rose, and also of the remains of her bouquet of the night before. She chose the flowers that were not hopelessly withered and climbed to the top of the house, heartily wishing that she had not torn one of Eliza Brown's shoes, that she had never danced in her life, that she was at the store, fresh and energetic—that she was, in fact, somebody else.

The O'Connors lived near the roof. The passage which led to their three rooms was dark and evil-smelling. A sickly glow from a kerosene lamp was dimly projected from a dingy reflector as Nellie groped her way along this corridor. The girl, who liked to be sentimental when there was no practical question at issue, said to herself that her heart was sad because of Miles' unfeeling conduct in deserting her during the last part of the ball. She determined to tell Rose all about it, for lack of a better confidant.

Without knocking, she turned the greasy knob of the O'Connors door and entered. The first room was lighted by a pane of glass set in the sloping roof. A parlor stove, a wash-tub with some wet clothes hanging over the edge, a candlestick in a corner, encrusted with tallow, and a pile of sombre-looking quilts and blankets, were the only furniture. Nellie passed quickly through the middle apartment, which was so dark that she could not distinguish any object clearly, and entered the room where Rose and sister Maggie slept, when the whole family were not living in it.

Here there was a big kitchen stove, several cooking utensils, and a shelf of dishes. The floor was uncarpeted, and dark from the ill usage of many occupants during many years. This room was lighted by a glass frame in the roof. At one end, where Rose lay on a lounge, the roof and the floor almost met.

Nellie was startled to see another person there—a trim-looking, quick-moving person, who had just put several paper parcels on a chair beside Rose's resting place. Nellie was even more startled at recognizing in this person Esther Galligan.

Esther had taken off her waterproof cloak, and she looked very comfortable and graceful in her tight little coat, white collar, and black frock. Nellie took this in at a glance, and would have backed out the door had not Rose called to her in her weak, treble voice:

"O Nellie, you must have looked grand last night! And you did not let me see you before you went!"

Nellie forgot her vanity in compunction.

"Oh, I forgot, Rose! A gentleman friend was waiting for me," she added, with a glance at Esther; and I couldn't let him wait too long, you know. But I have brought you some flowers."

"Oh, how sweet!" cried Rose, her pale face flushing, as she eagerly took the flowers in her thin hand. "And see what this kind young lady has brought us!"

Several bunches of grapes, some oranges and lemons, and a beefsteak, on the chair, were evidently the occasion of this exclamation.

Nellie at once assumed her "best" manner, muttering to herself: "I'll soon teach this upstart that everybody that's poor and lives in The Anchor doesn't need cold victuals!"

(To be continued.)

of the august head of the Christian world. There, behind all the pomp and ceremony, sat a gentle old man with a sweet face and the saddest eyes that ever looked out of a human head. The Pope sat in a chair of crimson and gold set against a table.

Behind him a figure of the Virgin, and at his right a small throne. He wore upon his head a skull cap of white watered silk, and a snowy cassock flowed about his frail figure. It was a presence at once appealing and majestic. As we advanced to salute the Pope he held out his thin, white hand, upon which gleamed the emerald ring, and bade us to be seated beside him.

The stories about his weakness are absurd. There was a surprising vigor in his gesture, and his voice was clear and unwavering as he spoke of America. "I have a claim upon Americans for their respect," he said, with kindly eyes, "because I love them and I love their country. I have a great tenderness for those who live in that land, Protestants and all. Under the constitution religion has perfect liberty and is a growing power. When the church is free it will increase, and I bless, I love Americans for their frank, open, unaffected character, and for the respect which they pay to Christianity and Christian morals.

"It pleases me to say this through the *Herald*, which is a great international journal and represents so much. The press and the church should be together in the work of the elevation of mankind. American journalism especially should be amiable and benevolent (*amabile benivolus*) toward me, because my only desire is to use my power for the good of the whole people, Protestants and Catholics alike, and to increase their prosperity and happiness. I have no other aim on earth than to benefit them, and I will never do anything that is not for their good. Journalism is now very powerful, and it should help me to spread the spirit of religion and charity and to teach sound morality.

His Holiness asked how the Protestant part of America received his utterances, and was assured that the people, without respect to particular churches, listened with deep respect and sympathy to his appeals for a more charitable and unselfish spirit in society.

"I feel sure that it is so," said the Pope. "I want the Protestants as well as the Catholics to esteem me. They may all be sure that I have a very deep and real affection for them. In America the Vicar of Christ is respected, but it is not so in Europe. Here there are in control those who have nothing but hatred for the head of the Christian world and offer insults to the Holy See. Enemies of God who occupy high places desire not only to offend the person of the Holy See, but utterly to break down the influence of religion, to disorganize and obliterate the church, and to overthrow the whole system of morality upon which civilization rests.

"These are times of social unrest and impending disorder. There is no power that can deal with the anarchist, socialism and discontent but organized religion, which will restore morality to society. The result of the efforts which have been made to throw aside Christianity and live without it, can be seen in the present condition of society—discontent, disorder, hatred and profound unhappiness. I have studied how to bring about a change, and, while I live, I will labor to relieve the world of this terrible confusion. The suffering and helplessness of the working people are sources of great anxiety and grief to me. Their troubles have been largely due to the enemies of Christian morality, who want to see Christian history ended and mankind returned to Pagan life.

"There are two things in the world at present that need especial attention—slavery and the social question. To abolish slavery I have established colleges and am sending out missionaries into Africa and wherever men are held in bondage. The true way to free them is to educate and Christianize them. An enlightened man cannot be enslaved. For that reason I shall devote the energies of the church to the spread of knowledge among the poor savages. Humanity must aid me to teach these unfortunates and save them from slavery.

"The social question can only be solved by increasing the morality of the world. While Christian morals governed there was no such condition of affairs as we see to-day. But with the efforts to destroy religion began the evils which are agitating society. The social troubles cannot be cured unless man-

kind comes back to the same principle. But if the foes of Jesus Christ and His church continue to attack and revile the religion which teaches correct morals and has civilized the world, these disorders will increase and overwhelm them.

"The governments of the various nations must do their work and I must do mine. Their work is local and particular, such as the enforcement of the laws of labour or such amelioratory measures as seem wise. But my work as the head of Christendom, must be universal and on a different plan.

"It is for the Church to Christianize the world and teach morality and charity. The moral condition of both the workman and his employer must be raised. I intend to have committees formed in every diocese in the world. Each committee shall have the bishop at its head and shall consist either of workmen or those who sympathize and associate with them.

On fast days and whenever there is rest from labour these committees will call the toilers together, discuss their duties and inspire them with true morality. Sound rules of life must be founded on religion."

His Holiness spoke with emotion about his desire for the disarmament of Europe. "The existence of these vast armies is a source of displeasure and sorrow to the Holy See. The military life is injuring hundreds of thousands of young men. It surrounds them with violent and immoral influences, it crushes all their higher spiritual life and tends to harden and degrade them. These armies are not merely full of spiritual perils, but they drain the countries of wealth. So long as Europe is filled with soldiery so long will all this labour be withdrawn from the soil and the poor will be overburdened with taxes to support the system. The armies of Europe are impoverishing the population.

"These great military establishments have another deplorable effect. They set one people against another and intensify national jealousies. The result is the growth of a spirit of anger and vengeance. I long to see a return of peace and charity. Huge armies confronting each other in such times as these cannot leave a good spirit behind them. They are anti-Christian."

Here I suggested that the doctrine of arbitration, for which the Vatican is laboring, was accepted as a national principle in America.

"Yes," said His Holiness, "that is the true principle, but most of the men who have got control of affairs in Europe do not desire the truth.

See how they exalt godlessness! Look at the men whose names are selected in Italy for honor after death! Men who died opposing Christianity; men like Mazzini and Saffi!"

At the close of the audience His Holiness thanked the *Herald* for the good it had done to mankind and gave the apostolic blessing. It was the longest audience ever given to private individual. From first to last the Pope spoke constantly of America and her bright future. As I left the presence of the Pontiff the assistant Secretary of State, Monsignor Mocimmi, entered the ante-chamber.

I talked to a Cardinal later on and he was amazed at the length and character of the audience. Nothing could show more clearly the Pope's fondness for Americans than this extraordinary privilege.

THE PRIESTS AND THE SCHOOLS.

At St. Paul's Church, Belfast, Ire., recently, that distinguished Jesuit, Very Rev. T. A. Finlay, F. R. U. L., gave a powerful exposition of the claim of the Catholic Church to authority in matters of education. For the benefit of our readers we extract some of the most striking passages. The speaker said:

The zeal for education and the claim for exclusive control over it on the part of the civil government are of comparatively recent origin. In past centuries, when kings and their ministers were the rulers of nations, and war and diplomacy were regarded as the primary functions of State authority, the education of the people was left largely to the Church or to fortuitous, private, or personal agencies. It was not a burden which the heads of the State were anxious to take up, an expense for which they were ready to provide. And, be-

PERE MONSABRE.

The farewell, on Palm Sunday, of the Rev. Pere Monsabre to the thousands whom he has held for twenty years under the charm of his eloquence, attracted an enormous number beneath the arches of old Notre Dame.

I wished to hear a first and last time this Dominican whom the world has proclaimed the worthy successor of Lacordaire and of Ravignon.

The Conference was for men, but, by arriving three hours before the time, I secured a chair in a corner destined for a few privileged women.

Presently the little corner was lost and hidden by the multitude of men who thronged the Church.

There were all kinds, ages, creeds and conditions: *polytechniciens*, officers, ecclesiastics, professors, and ordinary every-day people of fashion and otherwise. They were, I noticed, nearly all decorated with the *Legion d'Honneur*, either the little end of ribbon or rosette.

The hour struck.

The Metropolitan corps took their reserved places.

S. E. Mgr. Richard seated himself in his elevated chair.

The orator appeared in the pulpit. I followed him with my eyes which never left him, because it was he above all in whom I was interested.

The Pere Monsabre is of medium height, with powerful shoulders, strong throat and prominent forehead.

Under his hair, slightly grey, he has what one would call a good face, that is to say, his regard, his smile, and the changes of his expression, inspire one with the noble workings of his soul.

I looked hard at him while Mgr. Richard addressed him at length, and with much feeling, words of thanks and felicitation. The Pere Monsabre received the compliments without false modesty, like a soldier who has merited honestly the praises of his general. One also felt he had the consciousness of his importance, but, like all minds truly great, did not allow himself to be carried away by vanity.

This is what I read, I, a spectator, in his appearance so dignified and so simple.

If I were already fascinated by the orator before he had opened his mouth, what should I be when I had heard him speak?

The Pere Monsabre writes in advance his conferences. He does not improvise like Lacordaire. He recites his discourse. What a marvellous *declamateur*! what resonance, what suppleness, what variety, what simplicity, what *esprit* in his talent!

His voice is always full and sonorous and well poised, notwithstanding a career as trying as it was long.

It broke forth like a trumpet in the passages of force, and filled the immense place with triumphant *fanfare*.

Then it softened and became altogether familiar.

The orator had sometimes an air as if addressing particularly the first rows of his audience. He bent to speak to them more clearly.

It seemed as if he would say:—"You know this is between ourselves, do not repeat it."

In the heavy passages and the numberless arguments and proofs, the Pere Monsabre plowed the ground with an extraordinary vigor.

He is less suave, less ethereal, less feminine than other *predicateurs* whom I have heard, heard of, and read. He is none the less seductive.

He speaks for men, because it is possible that his speech, a little harsh at times, might frighten women.

The Pere Monsabre is a great orator. More Lacordaire than Ravignon, more Bossuet than Fenelon.

One can compare him to Bossuet and Lacordaire, with less passion and, perhaps, more simplicity.

On Easter Sunday afternoon I heard the Pere Hyacinthe Loyson on the Resurrection.

His little church called "Eglise—Catholique—Gallicani," was filled with eager curious listeners—some of them perhaps sincere.

His sermon was very beautiful and most artistic.

There is much force and fervor in his language. He quotes Jean, Jacques Rousseau and Alfred de Musset, and the delivery of some lines from the latter was more beautiful than anything I have ever heard upon the stage.

But his arguments are doubts; therefore he loses one of the Pere Monsabre's strongest points—conviction.

One might listen all one's life to the Pere Hyacinthe Loyson and never still one's questionings; but I do not believe it possible that there was even one soul in the whole of great Notre Dame on Palm Sunday afternoon—the most modern, callous, and cynical—who, when he left, did not, at least for an hour, keep within him the tones of that glorious voice, and believe its teachings.

Paris, April 1890.

PAQUETTE.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE POPE.

The Roman correspondent of the New York *Herald* was granted an audience with the Holy Father on the 19th ult., a privilege which the *Herald* says must be taken as an expression of the Pope's friendship for this country, his confidence in its free institutions, and his faith in the dignity of modern journalism. The correspondent tells his story as follows:

Early in the morning I received from one of the Papal chamberlains a document informing me that the special audience would be at 11 o'clock. Dr. Rooker, vice-rector of the American College, was named to accompany me. Long before that hour we were driven to the Vatican.

No man can make that journey from the ponderous bronze door of the Vatican into the presence of the sovereign whom 250,000,000 people hail as Vice-Regent of Heaven and Earth without being thrilled from head to foot. I care not whether he be Protestant, Catholic or Pagan; whether he believes the Pope the infallible Vicar of Christ or regards him simply as the head of a universal school, he is bound to be moved by the solemnity and suggestiveness of his surroundings.

To get to this sovereign of a shadowy empire, whose predecessors have turned sceptres to dust and blotted out kingdoms, I passed the historical portal that looks out upon the wide square of St. Peter's. Here were grouped a squad of the Swiss Guard in their brilliant red, yellow and black costumes, designed by Michael Angelo over 300 years ago. Going along the royal staircase that leads to the Sistine chapel, turning by a flight of venerable stairs to the right, I was saluted by the Papal gendarmes at the entrance of the open courtyard of St. Dammasus, which is flanked by corridors and halls, glorified by the genius of Raphael, the glowing colors showing here and there through the windows.

In one corner of the sunny court stood a cardinal's carriage, a *monsignor* in purple silk rustled by, and a pigeon wheeled in alarm through the air as the great chimneys began to strike the hour. Leaning on a tall halberd a picturesque sentry guarded the door of another immense marble stairway on the opposite side of the square. This led me to the Hall of St. Clement, a spacious room, whose ceilings and walls are marvels of the decorative art.

Here figures of Justice, Mercy, Religion and Charity looked down upon a company of the Pope's soldiers sprawling comfortably on a wooden bench in a corner, their glittering halberds leaning against the wall. There was a ringing command uttered by some invisible officer, and the next instant the row of red, black and yellow guards was erect, saluting as a stately cardinal passed.

In the next chamber we were received by an attendant, clad in crimson silk and knee breeches, at the outer chamber of the Pope's apartments. Through one gorgeous room after another we were conducted, among historic tapestries and princely trappings, until we reached the Throne Room. Here we sat until His Holiness was ready to receive us. The great golden throne under the canopy was presented to the Pope by the working-men of Rome. On its apex are the keys of St. Peter and the triple crown, surmounting the azure shield of the Pecci family, with its eypress tree and silver bar. The Pope is proud to sit upon a throne given to him by the toilers of his own country.

A chamberlain in purple silk preceded me into the presence

sides, the paramount part the Church had taken in educating the people of Europe had brought men to look on education as primarily of her domain. It was regarded as a work for Christian zeal and Christian philanthropy. The founding of schools and the founding of hospitals were alike expected from Christian charity; and Christian charity, it will not be denied, responded munificently to the expectations thus addressed to it. But with progress of time and changes in the character and temper of governments, this view of the State's duties and rights gave place to a wholly new conception. The absolute form of government became more absolute still; the popular forms became more democratic. The change in the one direction and in the other affected the attitude of the State towards education. The autocratic ruler, who had come to see in the nation which was subject to him a social organization specially contrived by Providence for his exaltation; which discharged its functions as a community only through him; which grew to greatness only by making him magnificent; which created wealth chiefly to fill his coffers; which made war or peace as his interests or his whims dictated, of whose power he was the only embodiment, and of whose voice he was the only mouthpiece—this man could not witness without jealous misgivings the Church's action upon the mind of the young generations. The young were growing to maturity only to subserve his plans, and to work out his purposes. They should be taught betimes that this was their end of life, the key to their destiny, and there was no guarantee that the Church would teach them this lesson. She assumed to be the judge of kings, and she would inculcate allegiance to herself as a duty which would take precedence of duty to the throne. It became a necessity for the autocrat, who meant to be absolutely and effectually master of his people, to take their education into his own hands, to plan himself the methods and the principles which should be applied in their instruction, to provide a system under which they should be trained to subserviency, if not to obedience, and in which, if they heard little of the sovereignty of God, they should hear a great deal about the supremacy of the crown. And what is the plea of justification for this policy of narrow bigotry and oppression, this outrage not only on the rights of the Church as a recognized religious organization but on the parents also whose children the State forces into its schools? Again, it is jealous fear of the Church, a dread that in some way or other she may supersede, in the estimation and reverence of the people, the ephemeral rulers whom popular favor and disfavor are constantly setting up and pulling down. Even from the great Republic of the Western Hemisphere (the United States) we have lately heard the cry that the supremacy of the people was in danger; that the Catholic Church was establishing a perilous ascendancy within the Republic, and that the increase of her power constituted a pressing danger to the free institutions of the great federation. The distrust of autocrat and democrat alike proceeds from the same source, and ultimately finds its explanation in the same feeling: jealous fear of the Church's influence upon the popular mind. With both it is the same cry of resentment against what they are pleased to term priestly domination. They will not submit, they protest, to priestly rule; they will not have ecclesiastical control established over their State institutions. They will not admit the pretension that in every department of social life, public and private, the ambition of the priest and his love of power shall be free to assert themselves. They will, therefore, take the young generation out of his hands. They will save them from subjection to the yoke he would impose; they will teach them independence as well as obedience; to respect also the dignity of humanity in themselves, and thus train them to the habits of social virtue which make the useful citizen. What right has the ecclesiastic to come between the chiefs of the State and their subjects, or to dictate to the civil governments how it shall discharge its proper functions? We are familiar with this language. This is the result of the straining after the paltry privilege of worldly superiority. In the priest whom the Church recognizes as the representative of her spirit, and whom she acknowledges as the genuine creation of her teachings and discipline—the priest whom, thank God, we know best in every-day life—there is no ambition, and it would be more

than a surprise that there should be. You know him well—a man of unpretending mien, of simple habits, of familiar address, of ready sympathy with the afflicted. You have seen him surrounded by the lisping children of the poor, teaching them the rudiments of God's law. You have seen him in his visits to the bedside of the dying. You have seen him seeking out the victim of disease and poverty in the dark places of a great city like this, or again plodding along the lonely country road or climbing the mountain bridal path, in the same business of mercy. He has been grounded in the theory of the nothingness of human greatness and the hollowness of human glory, and the theory finds signal confirmation in his latter experience unless he wholly fails to read the lessons of life which his ministry is constantly enforcing upon him. He has stood by the bed where the child of promise, the hope of an aspiring house, was dying, and has had to point the aspirations of souls whose projects of greatness were perishing to a higher world which they had forgotten. The struggle and the sacrifice of youth, renouncing at the bidding of death its hot hopes and gorgeous ambitions, have been accomplished before his eyes with the help of his exhortations. The grave where the poor heart, fretted by the thousand eager enthusiasms of life, had come to rest and been dissolved, has closed under blessing from his hand. No, no; he is not, he cannot be ambitious. We might, perhaps, suspect him of being cynical if he were not so frankly simple. He is not ambitious; asceticism in any sphere of social life he does not seek and would not accept; and, nevertheless, he disputes with the masters of the State the control of the public systems of education. He will insist that his voice shall be heard and his counsels respected in the framing of the plans, legislative or otherwise, which affect the training of the young, and that he shall be permitted an effective influence in all institutions of education however established. What is his motive for seeking this control if we exclude the ambition with which he is absurdly reproached? We sometimes hear fervent apologists of the church defending her right of interference in education on the ground that she has been the great educational power in Europe, and that education, as she has proved, is part an important part—of her mission. This argument, if it be an argument, the priest himself does not urge. Education, in the ordinary sense of that term, is not a part of the special mission of the church. Her mandate is to preach the word of God, not to teach school. Her ministers are apostles, not schoolmasters. If the kingdom of heaven can best be established by school methods she will adopt them for the time; but if school methods are a hindrance to the coming of that kingdom she will resist them without scruple. If then the priest claims to interfere in education it is not in virtue of his pretensions as a schoolmaster, but under pressure of his duty as an apostle. It is his duty to seek first the kingdom of God; to bring home the knowledge of it to every soul that owes allegiance to the church. He has to announce it to the young and to the old, and in the case of both to watch for and to resist the influences which are hostile to it. He is the appointed guardian of the flock of Christ, and is responsible for their safety. It is his duty, as it is his right, to assure himself when they pass into the hands of other teachers and other guides that his teaching and his guidance shall not be undone or undermined. In the school which is anti-Christian his teachings will be undermined. He has the right—more than the right—the duty, to follow his flock into the school and assure himself that it is neither anti-Christian nor un-Christian. Let who will question his right of entrance his answer is ready. It is given him in his mission. He can point to the children and say, as no one else can, "I am among them because they are mine." And if he is further asked whence this claim is derived, he can make answer with reverent use of the words of the Redeemer, "The Father has given them to me out of the world." And here the question is brought down to its ultimate issue. Either there is a Gospel of Christ and a Kingdom of God, and certain men are commissioned to preach them, or there are not. If there are not, then religion is an imposture, and the rulers and statesmen who tolerate it are conniving at a fraud. If there are in very truth such things as these, then the interests which they represent are paramount to all others, and it is a supreme obligation to the

rulers of States to allow the ministers of this great spiritual system the freedom of teaching truth and hindering error, without which there can be no Kingdom of God on earth. Thus much for State obligations and the duties of State authorities, and in justification of the claims we address to them. For ourselves, we hold, of course, that there is for us a law, the source and pledge of life eternal; that in it our present existence finds its only explanation, and our hopes for a hereafter their only guarantee; that we cannot in any theory of government rights let it out of our hearts all the days of our life, and that with government aid or without it, under government favor or in the face of government opposition, we must teach it to our children and our children's children.

REMINISCENCES OF ORESTES A. BROWNSON.

HIS CONVERSION—CAREER AS A CATHOLIC PUBLICIST—TRAITS OF CHARACTER, &c.

II

In the way of writing, it was exceedingly hard to please him. If a book or publication of any sort came from beneath his sharp pointed pen without having flaws picked in it, it was regarded as a sort of literary miracle. Of our greatest American writers he spoke with a severity that sometimes bordered on contempt. Bancroft he described as never at his ease, as always aiming after effect, as always on stilts; Prescott as not flexible enough, and occasionally jejune; and Irving, as a writer whose works no man with any respect for his scholarship would be found reading in the morning.

Of our Catholic writers he was just as unsparring in his criticism. He said D'Arcy McGee seldom or never proved the points he undertook to prove. Mrs. Sadlier's tale, "The Blakes and the Flammigans," received a pretty rough handling from him; and Father Faber's works, he said, had too much molasses in them. He did not think very highly of Father Smarius' and Father Weninger's controversial works on the ground that they took for granted that the Protestants of the country believed in the divinity of religion. Dr. Newman's essay on "Doctrinal Development," he criticised with great severity, saying that Newman ought never to have published the work, and that, according to Newman's theory, the faith was indebted for its propagation more to the teachings of heresy than to the teachings of the Church. Speaking of the same author's "Grammar of Assent," he exclaimed, "What does Dr. Newman mean by this work?" a sentiment in which many a man who has tried to wade through that waste and wilderness of words would heartily join with him.

But was Brownson himself a good writer? Some would say that he was and a very great writer. Others, on the contrary, would contend that he was not; that as a writer he was not, either in matter or in manner, above the average. Probably the truth lies between these two extremes. There is no doubt at all that much of his fame and influence as a writer was owing to circumstances. Much of what he said in his *Review* had been said over and over again, and just as well, by Bishop England, Bishop Hughes, and Bishop Spalding. But coming from them it did not bear the weight it had when coming from the great Yankee convert.

Besides, there was an air of indescribable positiveness and sincerity in what he wrote that gave it a value that it really did not possess. And then during the years immediately succeeding his conversion he was so intensely Catholic—more Catholic, as some would say, than the Catholics themselves. He would write in his *Review* and would say in his public lectures, at which many Protestants were sure to be present, that, save under the influence of the Catholic Church, there was no true education, no true progress, no true liberty. According to him Protestantism was a mere negation; it ended in Nihilism. Hence, a man might be a very good Protestant and deny anything, deny the existence of God, or even his own existence.

In January, '51, Brownson delivered a course of lectures in this city. One of these lectures, at which the writer was present, was on civil and religious liberty. In the beginning of the lecture everything was quiet. The utmost attention and respect were shown the distinguished speaker. But when, after having got through with a number of definitions, such as he was accustomed to make, he came out with the startling

utterance that there was less civil and religious liberty in this country than in any other civilized country, there broke forth from the large audience a mingled storm of hisses and applause. Brownson did not wait, as was afterwards stated, until the storm had ceased of itself. No indeed! He yelled and shouted, "Hear me," and when at last they did settle down to hear him he said, "That hiss proves what I say;" and added either then or farther on in his lecture, somewhat to the effect, "What's the use of all your civil and religious liberty if I must have a padlock on my mouth."

Now, there was, as must be apparent to the reader, a great deal of exaggeration in all this. For, save from the prejudices of ignorant people, there was no lack in the country at that time either of civil or religious liberty. It was wrong, then, in Brownson to say what he did say, and, had he remembered that at the very time he spoke the Catholics of Ireland were forced by law to support a Church to which they did not and could not in conscience belong, he would certainly have modified what he said. Many Catholics would shrug their shoulders and shake their heads and question the prudence of some of these startling utterances of Brownson; but at the same time they could not but admire the man; and would say, "Is he not a grand old man entirely? Was there ever such boldness?"

But as years rolled by, Brownson thought proper to modify many of his views, and to such an extent that there were some who believed, or affected to believe, that what was foretold of him when he first became a Catholic would actually come to pass; namely, that he would abandon the Church. But, as the event proved, there was not the least foundation for such a belief. For he continued faithful to the end, not only in the profession but also in the practice of religion as a Catholic.

Brownson, when he saw that he was losing hold on the confidence of the Catholics of the country, used to complain of the treatment he had received from them. That he should complain was no more than might have been expected, the natural sensitiveness of the man and the consciousness he must have had of the great services he had rendered the Church being taken into account.

But assuredly he had no reason to make any such complaint. For many years, and as long as he gave them no just cause for offence, no man was ever better treated by the Catholics of the country. Wherever he went the clergy, secular and regular, vied in doing him honor. The people crowded to hear his lectures. And the Bishops did him a service greater than which they never did any other man, either lay or cleric. At the close of the Provincial Council held in Baltimore in 1840, and at the suggestion of the great Bishop Kenrick, of Philadelphia, they authorized the signing of their names on the cover of his *Review*, as a mark of the confidence they had in his faith and ability. We say, therefore, again, Brownson had no reason to complain of the treatment he received from the Catholics of the country.

We had something more to say regarding this remarkable man, but we will keep it for some other time and bring our present article to a close. As we take our pen in hand to finish what he have been writing, the form of the grand old reviewer rises up before us. The gray head, the black beard, the noble features, the gold-bowed spectacles, the massive frame, the ponderousness of his utterance and the vigor of his gesticulation, are all as vividly present to us as when we first beheld him, nearly forty years ago.

We remember, indeed, that the man had faults; but who hasn't faults? We remember how he was a little too imperious, a little too dogmatic, a little too confident in the strength of his own judgment, but at the same time we remember his many and great services. We remember how he came forth from the very hot-bed of Puritanism, a convert to the Church, full from the very beginning of faith and fervor. We remember how he taught the Catholics of the country to have the courage of their convictions; how for many years he fought the battles of the Church with a perseverance sometimes, indeed, lacking prudence but never lacking courage; how, more than any other one man, he made the Church respected when she was most despised; and, how thus having deserved a high place in the history of the American Church, he has earned—more than earned—his title to our everlasting gratitude.—*Church Progress St. Louis.*

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commented by

The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto.

The Most Rev. C. O'Brien, Archbishop of Halifax.

Rt. Rev. T. J. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto.

The late Archbishop Lynch.

The late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carbery of Hamilton.

The Rev. Father Doied of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, May 3, 1890.

We direct the special attention of our readers this week to the letter which will be found elsewhere in this number and which appeared in a late issue of the *Winnipeg Free Press*. Though dealing with the School Question in Manitoba it hits off the agitation in Ontario not less happily. It is as clever a piece of irony as has come to our notice in many a day.

In the debate on Mr. Charlton's notice on Wednesday, Mr. Davin, M.P., who is a man of wide reading and culture, took up the mover's insulting reference to the Jesuits, after the constitutional points in the case had been dealt with by Mr. Blake and the Minister of Justice. Mr. Davin, who was unsparing in invective, denounced his incendiary conduct and demagogism as a public crime.

The *N. Y. World* published the other day an interview which one of its reporters was alleged to have had with Mr. Cleveland, teeming with gross and undignified personal abuse of Charles A. Dana of the *Sun*. It was so unlike Mr. Cleveland that his friends all over the country made haste to ascertain its genuineness. Next day the *World* came out with an editorial paragraph stating that only fourteen lines of the alleged interview contained the President's language, and that all the rest was added by the reporter. That was its *amenité honorable*. In the meantime Mr. Dana, the editor of the *Sun*, had replied to Mr. Cleveland in that paper in language so violent, brutal, and ungentlemanlike as to shock all who read it. Yet this is what in America is called journalism at the close of the nineteenth century.

We take the liberty of directing the attention of our respected *confiere*, *La Verité*, to the letter recently addressed by the Sovereign Pontiff to the director of the *Reviser Populaire* a Catholic journal of Barcelona, in which the Holy Father treats of the duties of Catholic journalists. The head of the Church, while recommending concord and unity among the colleagues of the press, deference and proper submission to ecclesiastical

authority; and stigmatizing the indulgence in private acrimony, under pretext of defending religion, to the grave injury of faith and charity, takes occasion to lament furthermore "the too oft abuse made of Papal utterances and letters--breathing in themselves equal good-will to all--to inveigh against those who are of different opinion, on political and public matters, and thereby foment party strife and blameworthy dissensions."

A BEAUTIFUL illustration of the Equal Rights theory in application comes to us from Manitoba. The late Attorney General, Mr. Martin, succeeded in passing in the Manitoba Legislature a short time ago, a bill abolishing the Separate Schools and providing for the secularizing of all state-aided education in that province. Henceforth, it was given out, all public schools in Manitoba were to be non-denominational, both as to the character of the instruction they imparted, and in their management. Mr. Martin's conception, however, of the proper carrying out of this principle appears in the letter of instruction addressed by him to the Mayor of Winnipeg respecting the schools in that city:—

"On the first of May the Catholic school board will cease to exist and the Protestant school board will become the public school board of the city. The members of the Protestant school board will continue in the office of public school trustees for the remainder of their respective terms. After the 1st of May all moneys due to the Catholic school board on the levy of 1890 will belong and be payable to the public school board."

It has the merit of simplicity. The Catholic school simply "ceases to exist!"

To a correspondent, Herr Windthorst, the leader of the Catholic party in Germany, lately gave his views regarding the future of Germany, his party, and upon the question of Socialism. No permanent conditions will be made, he has said, by the centre party, only certain combinations from time to time, as the necessity may arise. The centre party stands between all parties, and will accept the support of any other party, when certain contingencies arise, best able to support it. They have no wish, Dr. Windthorst adds, to offer the Government systematic opposition. On the contrary, the centre would prefer to further the affairs of Germany by a mutual good understanding with the government, without, of course, conceding one of their principles. Especially will they support, with their entire strength, the policy of social reform begun by the Kaiser. It is the duty of all parties, he believes, to support the Government in the work of reform; and to protest against every attack upon them. Since the interests of Germany are those of peace, and can be furthered by peace, and peace alone, the new Reichtag will support the peace policy of the Government to the best of its ability.

With regard to the Labour Conference, Herr Windthorst, regrets that Russia and America did not take part in it. "I and my friends" he said "were delighted at the Kaiser's having taken the initiative now as the Pope had done. In this matter the Pope and the Kaiser are as one. If I had been President of the United States I should have sent one of the ablest men in the country to watch and report about the success of the conference. The growth of socialism may be attributed here in a great part to the waning interest in religious matters an indifference fostered by a lack of religious instruction in schools."

THE MEETING OF THE EDITORS.

THE *Catholic Review* of New York speaking of the meeting of the editors of Catholic papers which assembles in Cincinnati next week, says that the question of journalistic etiquette is one which will have some claim upon their attention. The *Review* says that, so far as it can see, journalistic etiquette has no exact definition in America; for it has permitted the Catholic editor to be called ignorant, bigot, swashbuckler and the like by his brother, in the same column which saw from the same pen a pan of praise to the Almighty. If the meeting can agree upon a standard of journalistic etiquette our contemporary is of opinion that it will be a success. Unfortunately, however, for American journalism, no great stress seems to be placed, by the by far most numerous part of the present day publications, on any so sentimental or nice an abstraction as "etiquette." The modern American journal is much more concerned about what will pay than about any dignified observance of etiquette; and it is worth while to observe in this regard that even in the case of some Catholic papers, no less than their wicked neighbours, their success seems to be in the inverse ratio to their excellence. A noisy Catholic paper published in America furnishes an example. It is a journal which appears to mistake clamour for Catholicity, and vituperation for virtue—and as a consequence it has come to be uncommonly successful. Very recently it blossomed out with all the evidences of prosperity. And yet, more than any paper that we are aware of outside of the flesh-tints of New York, is it a reeking medium of vulgarity and viciousness. The intelligence that can produce its jeremiads presents a problem to the psychologist. A wild Apache Indian, in an editorial chair, could not disport himself with more native savagery—with this difference, perhaps, that the Apache in his wildest flights, would still exhibit certain artistic, albeit aboriginal, dignity. But he would illustrate much the same stage of civilization, if he wrote with his war paint on, and in all the bizarre grandeur of his plumes and fantastic feathers.

—"with fire in his heart, and brimstone in his liver."

But this nature, as it exhibits itself on the printed page, and when not occupied, under the stimulus of editorial fire-water, in skinning a man alive, puts on a softer front. The mind, like the outer man, is bedecked with beads and bangles, and bedaubed in garish colours. The ornamentations in each case are worn on the outside.

"Contemplation makes a rare turkey cock of him."

as Sir Toby Belch said of the yellow-legged Malvolio, and his advanced plumes are on view for admiration. In fact, too great indulgence in the habit of complacent introspection in his quiet hours plays a strange trick upon him. He pictures himself as a stainless knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*, as an offshoot from the age of chivalry, and by an antic of the imagination can regard himself as a Sir Galahad, whereas in reality he is but a garroter and a Bill Sykes.

And, even in Catholic journalism, as we have seen, these methods sometimes prove successful. A venerable priest writing to us some months ago upon this subject, instanced the publication of which we are speaking: "When its editor was a learned and serious man," he wrote, "it went down;

but when another came with blare and flourish of trumpets, but without parts, it prospered exceedingly. Catholic papers that do not flatter or humbug, unfortunately for poor human nature, are not always those that thrive best." It is a truth; and an unpleasant one. Ultimately the responsibility resides in a vitiated public taste, and an arrested stage of intelligence. The beautiful and the good are less the ends to be approached than the popular and the profitable. Weighed in the not too nice scales of a world which is modern and practical, the popular is the good, and the beautiful is the profitable. And as a consequence it happens that melodies such as Newman strikes, in the stilled heart, in a phrase like this, which touches as by invisible Angel-hands the instrument of the soul

—"After the fever of life, after weariness and sicknesses, fighting and despondings, languor and fretfulness, struggling and succeeding, after all the changes and chances of this troubled and unhealthy state—at length comes death, at length the white throne of God, at length the beatific vision."

—fall upon hearts that are not always attuned to hear them, and upon ears that are deaf to other sounds than the noise of contending voices. The harp must be strung to more martial strains. Otherwise, in journalism at least, it will not be listened to.

"Go write it in a martial hand; be curt and brief; it is no matter how witty so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England set 'em down; go, about it. Let there be gall in thy ink: though thou write with a goose pen no matter: About it."

—that is much more in the popular spirit.

We have wandered away from the meeting of the editors. That assemblage, the arrangements for which are in excellent hands, will bring together a body of men, priests and laymen, who are doing in an humble, and for the most part an unrequited, way, a great work for the Church in this New World. They bring, many of them, to that work an experience, an education, and an order of abilities, which in more secular pursuits would have won for them more of the world's laurels, and more, perhaps, of what the world calls distinction. The lives of some of them have been an apostolate. The convention has for its object the discussion of the needs of the Catholic Press, questions of policy, and of methods, and all that makes for the extension of its influence and usefulness. The results, we trust, will be as beneficial as the occasion is certain to be pleasurable.

We gave a summary recently of the judgment of the Court of Appeal in England in the suits brought against Dr. Barnardo to recover the custody of a Catholic child. More expressive than even the judgment itself were the exclamations with which the two distinguished Judges interrupted the proceedings of Dr. Barnardo's counsel. "I know what would be said if this was a Protestant mother trying to take her child out of the custody of the Jesuits," hinted Lord Chief Justice Coleridge. "Here is an English child who has been spirited away," said Lord Justice Bowen; "can any human being imagine such conduct about his own children."

THE AMERICAN LEAGUE.

The Irish National League of America has suffered much by the lamentable murder of Dr. Cronin by the Clan-na-Gael men last summer. Ever since that event it has been torn by dissensions, and so great were the divisions that it was found impossible to call together, even if it had been the part of wisdom to do so, the usual Convention last summer. At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the organization in St. Louis last week, the desire was expressed that a general Convention should be held as soon as Mr. Parnell's permission could be obtained, and Dr. Thomas O'Reilly, of that city, was authorized to write Mr. Dillon, M. P., and have him approach Mr. Parnell to that purpose. In that letter, written in the name and by the authority of the Executive Committee, Dr. O'Reilly said as follows:

As you have Mr. Parnell's confidence, permit me to impress upon you that the necessity just now for calling a convention is pressing, as the present organization in this country is *non-existent*.

As soon as this letter was published Father McKenna, of Boston, the National Vice-President of the League, wrote and published the following letter:

Dr. O'Reilly, of St. Louis, sent a letter last week to John Dillon, M.P., against which I wish to protest. I write this in order to protest against the spirit and letter of his writing. In the first place he is a Clan-na-Gael man. I am not, and never have been, although the Clan has wished to make it appear that I was one. I do not believe in their methods.

Secondly, Dr. O'Reilly's statement is false when he talks about the delegates of last week assembling from every State within the United States. There were not delegates present from every State in the United States. The National League has no existence in this country at the present time.

In conclusion I have always remarked that the States of "the United States," which contributed the least—Missouri, Illinois and Michigan—always dictate the policy of the League.

For one I will not submit to such a leadership of assassins, and, like Mr. McCaffrey, of Philadelphia, I publicly resign my position.

P. A. MCKENNA,

National Vice-President I. N. L.

Whether Father McKenna is correct in describing Dr. O'Reilly, of St. Louis, (who should not be confounded with the Rev. Dr. Charles O'Reilly, of Detroit) as a Clan-na-Gael man, we have no means of knowing. It is of importance, however, to observe that they are agreed upon one point—that the National League has no existence in America at the present time.

However much we may regret it, yet that it is so will surprise nobody. As the Milwaukee *Citizen* says, "the instincts of a race usually prefer its best men." And of late in the American League, this recognition has not been had. As our contemporary observes, the decadence of the League is to be traced to the supremacy in its councils of the whiskey ring and the Masonic lodge "Irishman." The League will take its proper place in America only when it has been expurgated of the presence of some of the present "representatives of the Irish." That, we take it, is the conviction which has led to Father McKenna's resignation. The evil will be cured in time, and, it may be, sooner than the secret society and saloon "representatives" anticipate.

The Bill lately introduced into the English Parliament by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Campbell Bannerman for the removal of the religious disabilities which remain on the statute books against Catholics—namely, their ineligibility for the offices of Lord Chancellor in England and Lord Lieutenant

of Ireland—of which we gave a forecast some time ago, has been named in Presbyterian quarters the "Russell Relief Bill." The following paragraph, we learn, has gone the rounds of the Scottish papers:—

"The Rev. Jacob Primmer, Dunfermline, on Sabbath forenoon said that Mr. Campbell Bannerman, having failed to rush through Parliament his Bill to open the offices of Lord Chancellor and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to Papists, but what was simply a Sir Charles Russell relief Bill, who was a bigoted Papist, and the defender of the Irish Popish rebels, it was given out by the promoters of the Bill or their Popish allies that the Bill was to be withdrawn; but this was done with the evident design of deceiving the public, and allaying the excitement caused by the Bill. As he warned them, so it turned out to be, a lying Jesuitical trick. The result of such discreditable tactics would be to rouse the nation against this infamous and revolutionary Bill."

Nevertheless, says the *Weekly Register*, this "infamous Bill," however delayed, will make its appearance in due course; and then it will be seen how many members of Parliament will array themselves under the antiquated banner of the Rev. Jacob Primmer. By the way a reading of that Rev. gentleman's words would suggest that Toronto is his proper field of labour. The wealth of his epithet, the exuberance of his invective, the sweetness and light of so Christian a disposition—would make money for him here.

The election in Ottawa on Saturday last, in which some interest centred, resulted in the return of Mr. Mackintosh.

Mr. Mackintosh, who was opposed by an Equal Rights candidate and with the full force of Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Charlton and other leaders of the new organization, referred in his election address in these words to the question upon which the Equal Rights party invited a contest:

"You are aware that, consequent upon certain Provincial legislation, an attack has been made upon the Dominion Government, and a desire expressed by some that the Constitution should be changed. These tell the people that the British North America Act would be a better charter, if certain provisions had been omitted therefrom. They might as well consider it profound philosophy to assert that fowls would be bigger fowls, had they not been drawn on to furnish the chief ingredients of omelettes! The Act of Union was a compromise, it was the olive branch held out to draw English, Irish and French into an alliance devoted to solving the problem of Canada's future greatness and strengthening the ties binding her to the mother country. I gave my first vote in favor of that union; why should I now be asked to countenance aught that threatens to disturb the peace, the progress, the prosperity, the contentment of any class of Her Majesty's subjects? I have no personal end to serve by entering Parliament, nor would I wish to do so, if my position after election, was to be that of a delegate and not a representative.

Gentlemen, I would ask you to cultivate the larger idea, the more national sentiment; I would ask you to respect a solemn compact, and thus respecting, seek to found upon this portion of the American continent, the fabric of a future empire, to be peopled by the rugged sons of the North; a nation true to the best principles of constitutional liberty, and true to the Mother land, should the hour of trial, tribulation and adversity ever overtake her."

THE MINISTER OF WORSHIP AND HIS ADVISORY BOARD.

Your defence of the separate school system and the so-called rights of minorities, though doubtless the best that could be expected in support of a bad cause, is replete with fallacies and absurdities. Nor can you, like many other enemies of reform, plead invincible ignorance as an excuse, after all that has been said and written for your enlightenment during the past few months by the most profound scholars and logicians of the age.

You still labour under the delusion that the Catholic parents of Manitoba and the Northwest desire separate schools for their children, though the contrary has been again and again demonstrated. It is true that the Catholic clergy demand such schools, and that the laity pretend to favor this demand. But you should know that scientists, who have studied the mental condition of believers in papal supremacy, have found as a result of their investigations, that whenever Catholic laymen by their votes, speeches or contributions, appear to agree with their clergy on any religious or educational question, they are to be understood as being privately of a contrary opinion; and that in all doubtful cases, a committee of Protestant editors and University graduates is the proper tribunal to decide what are the real feelings of the Catholic laity in any matter under discussion. It is most absurd to suppose that so complicated and mysterious a being as the nineteenth century papist should express his thoughts and feelings by the same means as ordinary mortals. Sound Protestants at least should have no doubt on this point. Finding that their own co-religionists in all parts of Canada insist on some religious teaching in schools attended by their children, they may conclude with absolute certainty that Catholics, whose religion is the opposite of Protestantism, must necessarily be opposed to the principle of combining religions with secular instruction. And this conclusion is borne out by the facts, for the licensed logicians have proved by modern and approved methods, that only about half a dozen Catholic laymen in the whole Dominion are in favor of separate schools; but I am inclined to think that even in the case of these few, any court of law would accept such a peculiar circumstance as proof that the individuals in question received holy orders from some Jesuits in disguise. Such being the case, whatever may be said in favor of separate schools for Utopia or other places beyond the sea, it would be highly criminal to force such schools on Canadian Catholics or to establish them for the sake of a few ecclesiastics who practise cohabitation.

When you pass over in silent contempt the arguments in favor of establishing a national religion for the youth of Manitoba, you and other advocates of intellectual bondage, seem to overlook the great discoveries made in the domain of logic since the middle ages, whose institutions you so much admire. In those dark days it was sought, even by the most learned, that two contradictory propositions could not both be true at the same time. Fortunately, the logic of this enlightened age is hampered by no such absurd restrictions. We can prove for instance, (1) that the national schools in every country ought to be purely secular; (2) that they ought not to be purely secular but should have just religion enough to remove the reproach of godlessness, and no more, and (3) that the amount of religion may justly be increased *ad infinitum* at the command of any clergyman with a numerous following, provided he is in the habit of protesting against popery. Now, as these propositions have been proved by sound logic, one or all of them must always be true, and a statesman is justified in choosing as the basis of his policy the one that he prefers, provided his choice is determined by worthy motives, such as a love of office and its emoluments and not by a base desire to promote the welfare or happiness of the people.

Whatever may be your private opinion as to whether the national schools should be secular or religious, you must admit that if Christianity is to be recognized at all, there are too great advantages in having the character and amount of religious exercises determined by a central authority for the whole Province, instead of allowing each parent to send his children for religious instruction to a teacher of his own denomination. In the first place, the former plan will ultimately bring about uniformity of worship and belief throughout the whole coun-

try, a "consummation devoutly to be wished" by all good Christians. If children are taught to worship together when young, they are not likely to split up into denominations for such purpose when they grow up; whereas if you continue the separate system we may expect a continuance of the present lamentable divisions and sub-divisions which so retard the progress of Christianity and strengthen the common foe. A second advantage of the new system is that the worship and religious teaching are more likely to accord with the divine original if determined by an advisory board composed of learned, enlightened and spiritual men, acting under the inspirations of Cabinet ministers renowned for virtue and piety, than if the matter were left to the whims or fancies of parents, each prejudiced in favor of his own particular creed, and the majority ignorant of the Scriptures and of the rudiments of theology. But we are not left to conjecture on this important point. If you will take the trouble to read the productions of the departmental mathematicians and astrologers you will find it proved most conclusively that during the hours denoted by the magic numbers from 9 to 16, all the children within an area of 25 square miles must assemble in one place for religious worship and instruction, and not divide into groups as older people do. This of itself justifies the new departure in Manitoba.

Hoping you will soon be found on the side of truth and justice, I am

W. J. MACDONALD.

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES: A PASSAGE FROM D'ARCY MCGEE.

DURING the debate in the House of Commons a few days ago upon the *modus vivendi* between Canada and the United States, Mr. J. J. Curran, M.P., the member for Montreal Centre, quoted a memorable passage from a speech of the late Hon. Thos. McGee. Mr. Curran said:

It was stated by one hon. gentleman that a feeling of antipathy and hostility to the American Union was manifested by the Canadian people during the civil war. That was stated by my hon. friend the leader of the Opposition last year, and replied to by the leader of the Government, who pointed out not only the number of young men from Canada who had been enrolled under the banner of the North in that great war, but who pointed out, moreover, that this Government had received from Secretary Seward the thanks of the American Government for the course they had pursued. But there is something more than that. We have evidence, not merely in official documents, but we have evidence of utterances of public men in Canada during the time that great war was being waged; we have words which, I think, are worthy of being repeated here to-day, showing exactly what were the sentiments of the Canadian people at that time. I shall take the liberty of quoting a brief passage from a speech delivered by a gentleman who occupied a position as Minister of the Crown in Canada, and delivered upon the subject of Canadians' interests in the American civil war. I refer to the lamented Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee. He said:

"We can afford to speak of the American system in this hour of her agony, in the glowing language of her finest poet:

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid the keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope;
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
Where shaped the anchors of thy hope!

We do not—to continue the poet's image—while the ship is driving on the rocks, her signal gun pealing for aid above the din of the tempest, we do not lurk along the shore, gloating over her danger, in hope of enriching ourselves by the wreck. No, God forbid! Such is not the feeling of the people in Canada. On the contrary, so far the public opinion can be heard throughout the British Empire or the United States, their wish would be that the republic, as it was twelve

months ago, might live to celebrate in concord, in 1876, the centenary of its independence. We prefer our own institutions to theirs; but our preference is rational, not rancorous: we may think, and we do think, it would have been well for them to have retained more than they did retain of the long-tried wisdom of their ancestors: we may think, and we do think, that their overthrow of ancient precedents and venerable safeguards was too sweeping in 1776, but as to continental peace and chronic civil war, as between natural right and oligarchical oppression; as between the constitutional majority and the lawless minority; as between free intercourse and armed frontier; as between negro emancipation and a revival of the slave trade; as between the golden rule and the cotton crop of 1861; as between the revealed unity of the race and the heartless heresy of African bestiality; as between the North and South in this deplorable contest, I rest firmly in the belief, that all that is most liberal, most intelligent, and most magnanimous in Canada and the Empire is for the continental peace, for constitutional arbitrament, for universal, if gradual, emancipation, for free intercourse, for justice, mercy, civilization and the North."

General Catholic News

Father Lambert has accepted a parish near Rochester.

Archbishop Cleary of Kingston presided at a theological conference of the clergy of the eastern portion of his diocese at Cornwall last week.

Archbishop Croke of Castel visited Mr. Gladstone a few days ago and had a long conference with him upon the Government's Irish Land Bill.

Rev. Father Angier, hitherto Provincial superior of the Order of Oblats in Canada, has been appointed assistant-general of his order and will leave shortly for Rome.

The Rev. Father Keily of Kingston, secretary to Archbishop Cleary, will leave for Ireland on Monday next. Father Kelly goes to seek health, and will be absent about three months.

Miss Charlotte O'Brien, the daughter of the late Wm. Smith O'Brien M.P., whose reception into the Church we announced some weeks ago, has for her godfather her friend and kinsman Mr. Aubrey de Vere, the poet.

Archbishop Ireland favours the suggestion that there should be a general temperance section in the forthcoming World's Fair in Chicago. It has also been proposed to hold a universal temperance congress.

A public meeting of the Temperance Society in connection with the Catholic Church at Sault Ste. Marie Ontario, was held in the Separate School Hall, on the 14th inst. The hall was crowded with a large audience.

Mr. J. J. Kehoe, President of the Society, addressed the meeting first in French and afterwards in English. He explained the working of the Society and its objects, which are total abstinence and beneficial. The Society in forwarding its object of total abstinence, worked on the individual by moral suasion, and took no stand on the prohibition question. Among Catholic temperance people, some are prohibitionists and some are not, but as far as this Society was concerned, the question of prohibition is never discussed. The speaker then pointed out the evils of intemperance, and the straggle the drinking habit had upon its victims. He made an especial appeal to young men to convince them that their only safeguard was to take the pledge, and closed by calling on the mothers, wives and sisters to assist the society in sending recruits to the ranks of the society. The address was heartily applauded throughout and a vote of thanks was tendered to the speaker.

The course of lectures delivered by Pere Monsabre in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris, during last Lent, has made a

very happy and, we hope, lasting impression on the people of that gay capital. The last sermon was made the occasion of a real ovation to the great preacher. The *Liverpool Catholic Times* says that before Pere Monsabre began, the Archbishop of Paris, in a few happy and cordial words, felicitated him on his brilliant and fruitful career during twenty years in the pulpit once occupied by Lacordaire and Ravignon, and publicly tendered a tribute of praise from the Sovereign Pontiff. "Our separation," said his Grace, "is not complete, and I invite you to join us in June next, when we shall bless the Basilica of Montmartre, the inception of which you announced at the request of the venerable Cardinal Guibert." Pere Monsabre's adieux to the congregation were couched in affecting language, and sobs were heard in every part of the vast Cathedral. By desire of his Holiness Leo XIII., Pere Monsabre will be the next Advent preacher at the Church of Saint Andrea della Valle, in Rome; and an enthusiastic French contemporary gives currency to the report that the Holy Father has a Cardinal's hat in reserve for the illustrious Dominican.

Quite an interesting interview has taken place at Aix-les-Bains between Queen Victoria and Mgr. Leuilloux, Archbishop of Chambéry. The prelate called upon her Majesty to thank her for honouring Aix-les-Bains with a third visit, and he seized the occasion to express his gratitude for the protection accorded by the British Government to French missionaries in the East. The Queen manifested a lively satisfaction at the Archbishop's remarks, and entered into a long and animated conversation with his Grace, in which Princess Beatrice, who was present, cordially joined. Another member of the Royal family, the Princess Louise, has been visiting the tomb of Pius IX., in the Basilica of San Lorenzo, Rome, accompanied by Father Benedetto da Calitri, a Capuchin missionary who has spent some time in England.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* mentions, as a fact interesting to both journalists and politicians, that Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M. P., has parted with his rights in the well known *Nation* to which he succeeded upon the death of his eloquent and lamented brother Mr. A. M. Sullivan. His connection with the *Irish Catholic* we believe also ceased some months ago. The new proprietor of the two papers is Mr. J. J. Labor who has been long connected with them.

The London Spectator has offered Mr. Michael Davitt the sum of £250 and costs not to proceed with his action against that paper, for describing him in its issue of February 1st as "having been sentenced, justly or unjustly, to a long term of penal servitude for his share in a political murder." The Spectator also expresses its willingness to make a further apology if Mr. Davitt is not satisfied with the one previously published. It is said that Mr. Davitt will agree to the proposed settlement of the case.

A WOMAN TWO HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

A case is on record of a woman who lived to this advanced age, but it is scarcely necessary to state that it was in "the olden time." Now-a-days too many women do not live half their allotted years. The mortality due to functional derangements in the weaker sex is simply frightful, to say nothing of the indescribable suffering which makes life scarcely worth the living to so many women. But for these sufferers there is a certain relief. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will positively cure leucorrhœa, painful menstruation, prolapsus, pain in the ovaries, weak back; in short, all those complaints to which so many women are martyrs. It is the only guaranteed cure, see guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

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Printed forms of tender, containing full information as to the articles and approximate quantities required, may be had on application at any of the Mounted Police Posts in the North-West, or at the office of the undersigned.

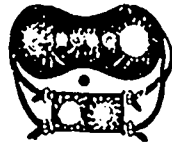
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The lowest or any tender not necessarily. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted Canadian bank cheque for an amount equal to ten per cent. of the total value of the articles tendered for, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the service contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

No payment will be made to newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority having been first obtained.

FRED WHITE,
Comptroller, N. W. M. Police,
Ottawa, April 22nd, 1890.

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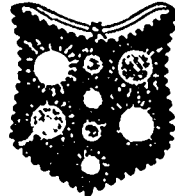


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Rev. Chas. Cole, Halifax, is happy to testify to the benefits received from Butterfly Belt and Actina.

A. Rogers, tobacconist, Adelaide west, declares Actina worth \$100.

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Mrs. McKay, Ailsa Craig, after suffering 13 years, our Sciatica Belt cured her.

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Chas. Cozens, P.M., Trowbridge, general Nervous Debility, now enjoys good health.

Thomas Bryan, 371 Dundas st., general Debility, improved from the first day, now perfectly cured.

Wm. Cole, G.T.R., fireman, cured of Liver and Kidney troubles.

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STATUTES OF CANADA AND OFFICIAL PUBLICATIONS.

The Statutes and some of the publications of the Government of Canada are for sale at this office, also separate acts. Revised Statutes, price for 2 vols. \$5.00 and for supplementary volume, \$2.50. Price list sent on application.

B. CHAMBERLIN,

Queen's Printer and Comptroller of Stationery.

Department of Public Printing and Stationery.
Ottawa, May, 1889.

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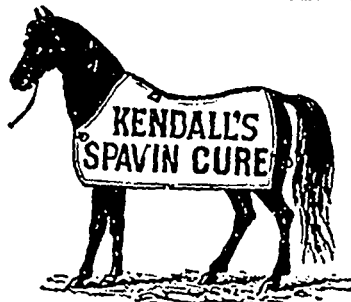
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