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Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, Aug. 16, 1890.

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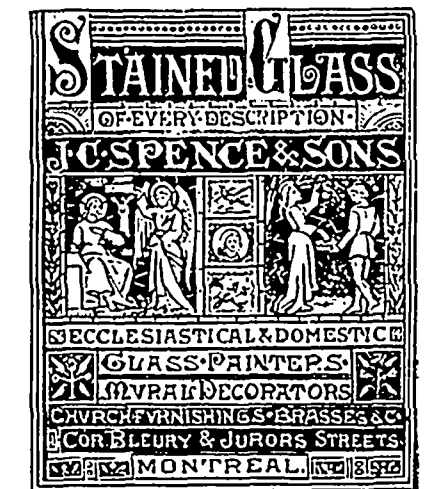
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The Catholic Weekly Review.

Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, Aug. 16, 1890.

No. 28

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Notes.

There is much ill health in Rome. A sudden and violent outbreak of Roman fever is making havoc among the natives. There were over 300 deaths from this cause last week, and the epidemic is on the increase.

A NOTABLE feature of the ceremonies attending the consecration of the Cathedral at Ulm was the immense procession, which was a living history of the city for the five centuries during which the Cathedral was building. Fifteen hundred people, in the distinctive garb of soldiers, heralds and citizens, depicted the life of Ulm during these successive eras—the first one carrying a model of the Cathedral itself.

A BAPTIST preacher in Springfield, Ohio, recently treated his congregation to a reading from "Our Christian Heritage," commending it in enthusiastic terms, and expressing his obligation to Cardinal Gibbons for having "informed his mind and helped his heart." The conferees of our Baptist brother would do well to follow his example. A reading from the New Testament, supplemented by selections from a standard Catholic work, would be a capital programme.

CARDINAL SIMOR, Primate of Hungary, has assigned one hundred thousand florins for the support of the new orphanage founded in his primatial residence at Gran, which will be inaugurated on the 4th October next under the name of the Emperor Francis Joseph. Cardinal Haynald also dedicated a similar sum for the establishment and sustenance of schools and the relief of poor priests. These acts of Christian beneficence need no comment.

THE Salt Lake City Mormons experienced another crushing defeat in the county elections which took place last week. They had a majority of from 700 to 1,000 in the county, but this was overcome by the large Liberal or Gentile majority in the city. This completes the rout of the church in its stronghold, and it is said to be

unlikely that the Mormons will appear again as an organized body in Utah politics. But, while they are being driven out of Utah, it is to be feared that they are gaining a foothold in our North-West. They should be carefully watched there.

A TELEGRAM in Monday morning's papers announced the death of John Boyle O'Reilly, the poet and editor of the Boston *Pilot*, which happened suddenly at his home near Boston on Sunday afternoon from an overdose of chloral, which he had taken to relieve insomnia. He combined the gifts of the soldier and the scholar with a magnanimity that forgave and forgot the most grievous wrong. John Boyle O'Reilly was a man of brilliant parts—a self-made man who had climbed to fame unaided, save by the force of intellect and an indomitable will. Whatever he put his hand to he did well. He was a dashing cavalry-man; an able journalist; a poet of singular charm; a novelist of graceful style; and an Irishman who early learned the patriot's lesson, and cherished it to the last.

EARLY in September a congress of Catholics from all parts of the world will be held at Liege, Belgium, for the purpose of considering the necessity of the Pope's independence and the feasibility of urging upon Christian Governments the necessity of restoring those territorial rights of the Papacy, whose usurpation none of them have recognized as lawful.

The congress is the outcome of a circular letter which was sent to all Catholic Bishops two years ago asking if they thought it advisable for the Pope to leave Rome. The consensus of opinion was against such a step, but it was argued that the world's governments should be requested to respect Papal temporal powers. Recorder Demontigny, of Montreal, has been invited to represent Canada at the Congress.

HIS HOLINESS has expressed himself as extremely grieved at the anti-Christian policy of the Italian Government, which is suppressing all religious guilds and seizing their property. This will necessitate the closing in Rome alone of no fewer than twenty-eight churches, several of which will speedily be turned into cafes and theatres, while others will be razed to the ground.

The Church of Pieta, which for centuries has belonged to one of the leading religious guilds has been sold to a big German Brewing company and will forthwith be turned into a large beer saloon. The placards are out announcing a grand ballet and concert for the opening night. They are flaring and alluring—so much so, in fact, that even the newspapers are protesting against what they call a desecration.

Another large church, associated with the memories of Michael Angelo, will be converted into a theatre and dancing hall.

The Pope never fails to protest against this sacrilege, and has again sent a memorial to the King upon the subject.

A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER.

(Marian White in *Catholic World*.)

ROBERT BROWNLY was a proud man as he gazed that first morning of the year on a scene as lovely as any that a New Year sun ever shone upon. His young wife, in her dainty morning gown, was bending over the cradle of her baby boy; the child, who had just awakened, was extending one pretty dimpled hand towards its mother's face.

That face alone was a study. The newly-awakened tenderness, the soft flush of maternal pride, lent a beauty almost holy to the delicate and youthful features. Robert stood looking at the picture for some minutes in silence. Then, as the pretty mother picked up the laughing boy and turned towards him, he exclaimed: "I wonder if any fellow ever had before as genuinely happy a New Year as this. I can well afford to wish every man, woman, and child to-day 'a Happy New Year' without the smallest grudge in the world."

"And you, too, are happy, Lillian. Isn't it so?" he said, seeking her blue eyes for confirmation of her perfect contentment. But Lillian was bending over her boy and did not look up, though she said, with a little laugh: "I know I ought to be happy, Robert, if I were as good as you are, or baby. Who ever had such a darling boy, or such a good husband?"

"Ah!" said Robert, laughing in the abundance of his good humor, "I am afraid my wife is becoming very artful."

Then, as she blushed a little, he laughed again, and said: "No, Lillian, that is the last accusation I would want to make against my wife, and the most unmerited. Do you know," he continued, walking towards the window and looking out, "I sometimes think it is very strange that I should be so exceptionally fortunate in everything. I am a crank on the subject of sincerity. If I find any one guilty of the smallest deceit I want to end my acquaintance with him then and there. Now suppose I had married a tricky woman. I might have done it. Men in love are blind, you know, and I might have had my eyes opened too late. Good heavens! how I should have hated the deceitful creature! I can't imagine a more miserable fate than to despise the woman one has married." And his usually genial face was drawn into a most withering scowl.

"Which reminds me," he said, as his features relaxed and he smiled at his imaginary difficulties, "that my wife is a strictly truthful creature as well."

"Yes," to the servant who announced a gentleman in the library; "I will see him in a moment. Eh? He is in a hurry? Well—" And after kissing his wife and baby he left the room. Just then nurse came in to take the baby, and Lillian was left alone.

"O my God!" she cried, sinking on her knees and covering her face with her hands, "how shall I ever tell him now? I could not bear it!"

The New Year had come to Lillian as it comes to us all, a stopping-place for reflection, a halt on the road, a fresh starting-point. All other days whirl over us and bear us on unconsciously; but New Year's day pulls us up suddenly, as it were, and compels us, willing or unwilling, to consider how far we have gone and whither we are going.

A few years previous to this time Lillian Nelson had been a bright, happy girl. Though an orphan, and so impoverished at her parents' death that she had been obliged to earn her daily bread as a telephone operator, her cheerfulness, frankness, and candor made her a universal favorite. Lillian's mother had been an Irish Catholic, her father a convert. In spite of the loss of both parents at an early age, and though surrounded by Protestants, she continued firm in the practice of her religion. Suddenly the girl's fortune changed. She was invited to visit her father's sister, Mrs. Carlton, a rich and influential lady, and upon that personage taking a fancy to her, she was practically adopted, and became the daughter of the house. The girl soon became warmly attached to her aunt, and the latter exerted an astonishing influence over her niece. Unfortunately, that power was soon used to break down the girl's piety and faith. Lillian's was essentially a clinging nature. She would have made the

typical old-time heroine—gentle, confiding, and submissive; but pretty and lovable as such a nature may appear in romance, and often in reality, it lacks the element of strength, which is as necessary a part of a perfect woman's character as a certain elastic firmness is an essential quality of all plants that grow. It is fair to say, however, that Lillian would have resisted any open opposition to her religion. Mrs. Carlton never opposed her openly.

"Ah! going to church so early this morning?" the latter would say as Lillian prepared for Mass. "I really hoped you would breakfast with me; I wanted to have a little chat;" or, "I don't feel well, and I should like to have you stay with me this morning."

At first Lillian always had a polite but firm answer ready for such an excuse, but gradually she began to grow lax and to yield point after point. Again, Mrs. Carlton would remark quietly, as her niece was going to make a call or preparing for a reception:

"It is not necessary, my dear, to tell any one what church you go to. So-and-So and So-and-So are Protestants; and it is no one's business but yours what sect you belong to."

"I am not ashamed of my religion, Aunt Caroline," Lillian once said proudly; but imperceptibly the impression took root in her mind that her religion was a subject to be kept in the back-ground.

When Robert Brownly appeared upon the scene as a suitor for the young girl's hand Mrs. Carlton, who considered him a most eligible *parti*, cautioned Lillian more plainly and decidedly than she had ever done before to say nothing about her religion. For a moment the spark of faith still glimmering in the girl's breast flashed in her eyes:

"No, aunt, I have kept silence too much already about my religion, and if Robert Brownly asks me to be his wife I will certainly tell him that I am a Catholic. He will have to consider whether that is a serious objection before he goes any further."

"You silly little goose," said Mrs. Carlton. "All that is very fine, but it is nonsense. No one urges you to tell a lie. You have simply to say nothing on the subject. Nobody imagines that my niece is a Catholic, so there will be no questions asked. When you are married, no doubt, you can tell him all, and he will be perfectly satisfied. I understand men better than you do, little girl," she continued caressingly, "and I know that a trifle can crush a love affair in the beginning. It would be such a pity, for Robert Brownly is a splendid fellow and just suited for you, I think. Besides, I am sure that you love him already."

The girl could not deny that she loved him. Yet, although Mrs. Carlton urged that the Brownlys had always been the strictest Protestants and had never been known to marry Catholics, Lillian did not promise to keep silence. It was only when her jealousy and pique were aroused that she yielded to the temptation and tried to make herself believe that she would make it right—*afterwards*.

So the Catholic girl was married by a Protestant minister. After marriage the stumbling-block her guilty silence had thrown across her path loomed up before her as a mountain. When she knew Robert better she did not fear so much that he would object to her religion, but she dreaded to reveal her hypocrisy. Her love and esteem for him, and consequently her desire to appear well in his eyes, had grown stronger each day. Robert was the soul and truth of honor. He detested anything like deceit. How, then, could she tell him that she, his wife whom he loved and trusted, had concealed from him so important a fact as her religion?

Though Lillian's spirits were buoyed up by her natural gaiety, though she was pleased and interested in her home, her husband and her baby, yet her conscience was still alive and gave her many uncomfortable hours. At last, on New Year's morning when Robert found her leaning over her baby's crib, looking in those innocent eyes, she had resolved, cost what it might, she would be a hypocrite no longer. She would confess all and repair her guilt. She might neglect her duties, lose her own soul, but how could she leave the little soul that God had entrusted to her care unbaptized? Her faith was still strong enough to make her feel that this was little short of a crime, and that if her child should die unbaptized the evil would be irreparable. Such a possibility

seemed too terrible even to imagine. Ah! in what a difficult position the young wife's concealment had placed her! Those few words of Robert's sufficed to crush her resolution of the morning, and to leave her still farther from the difficult step that conscience, duty, every feeling of good within her urged her to take.

When later Lillian came down to the quiet little lunch that was to precede the formal dinner, Robert remarked that she looked tired and urged her to devote herself less to that "bouncing boy," who was, he said, almost strong enough to take care of his mother. After lunch she put on her furs and went out for a short walk.

The exercise, the bracing air, and the subtle exhilarating of the scenes through which she passed made her almost forget the painful thoughts that harassed her. She walked straight on up the stately Fifth Avenue, when suddenly the Catholic cathedral came in view, standing out in snowy contrast amid the world's corruption. This was the church where, not many years before, she had prayed, she had received the Divine Sacrament, where—ah! the memory of those blessed moments that had been filled with peace rushed upon her, in bitter contrast to the tumult that an accusing conscience was now raising in her distracted mind. Hitherto she had been too ashamed of her treachery to dare kneel before God's altar. Now she felt impelled to throw herself on her knees in the spot where she had prayed in her innocence. Hurriedly and eagerly she went up the broad stone steps and into the sacred edifice.

She walked a few steps up the aisle then turned into one of the lower pews. She longed to go on to the altar-rail, to throw herself before the Blessed Sacrament and renew her resolution of the morning. Yet, still shrinking from the sacrifice, she could only beg God to help her and give her strength. There were many people scattered here and there in the great church, but she did not notice them. Only as she walked down the aisle on her way out, one face attracted her strongly.

The face was irregular, uncouth, pinched with hunger and want, the youthful features sharpened and twisted out of their natural roundness and smoothness by the cruelly defacing hand of poverty; but in the uplifted eyes, earnest and full of confidence, spoke the faith that moves mountains, the love that knows no fear. Lillian stood still a moment, then passed out of the wide door; but she felt an irresistible desire to see that face again. She was tempted to go back to ask the ragged boy—he seemed scarcely more than a boy—to pray for her; but as she opened the door again a queer, crippled figure was coming down the aisle. His face looked commonplace enough now, but recognized it as that of the earnest pleader. She opened the door again and waited for him to come outside. The boy looked up a moment at the handsome young lady, and would have passed on, but she came over to him, smiling. "Will you kindly tell me," she said, "how long the church keeps open at night?"

This was the only question that suggested itself at the moment.

"Until nine o'clock, I think, ma'am," answered the boy, surprised and abashed before so elegant a creature. He would have passed on, but she said: "I saw you praying in church, and you prayed as if you wanted something very much. Can I help you in any way? Do you need money?" And she took a little gold coin out of her purse. The boy looked so miserably poor that she need scarcely have asked the question. The rough features brightened with a grateful smile, but as he took the money a shade of disappointment flitted across his face. "Is it not enough?" she asked, a little surprised. "I have no more at present in my purse, but if—"

"Oh! thank you, ma'am," said the cripple, confused and blushing. "It's an awful lot. I guess it's more'n I ever had in my life; but—I thought; maybe—I—I mean—I—didn't ask for no money."

"No, I know you didn't," said Lillian kindly, "but you will take it as a little New Year's gift." The boy puzzled her. Was he afraid of being thought a beggar?

"Oh! I mean—I—I didn't ask God for that."

"Won't you tell me," she said, "what you asked?"

that is, if I can help you. What is it you want more than money?"

"Well, I'll tell you," he answered, hesitating at first, then with a burst of confidence, as he looked at her kind and pretty face. "It's—what I have been making a novena for, and I kin do it if I only gets a chance, and bein's I've lived off alms ever since I was borned almost, and I want to earn somethin', and nobody never'd give me no work becoss I was crippled, and I never learned nothin', I kin work better'n I always done—odd jobs and errands and sellin' papers. What I want the most of all is"—and he stopped, looking up in the lady's face, as though she might think his pretensions too exalted—"its—stidly work." He said the words slowly, as though considering their great importance.

Lillian could not suppress a smile as the boy announced the summit of his ambition.

"What is your name?" she asked, kindly.

"Jimmie Cronin."

"Well, Jimmie, come to my house—you'll remember the direction, No. ——— Street—to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, and I will see what I can do for you. Our fireman is going out West in a day or two, and I believe you could take his place, attend to the furnace, and so on. You don't look strong, but I think you can work."

Oh! if she had known what happiness those words brought to the cripple's heart. His eyes filled with tears, but he shuffled his feet awkwardly, pursed his mouth as if about to whistle, and said:

"You—" Then he blushed, and said: "I mean, I'll come sure."

She had gone a few steps, when she turned back suddenly. It was the lady's turn now to look confused. She blushed as she said hurriedly: "I—that is, my family, my household, is Protestant. You need not mention where I met you." Jimmie stared stupidly. His astonishment could hardly have been greater if the lady had told him that the Pope had turned Protestant. He answered, "No," mechanically, and she walked away, thinking that after all he was a very stupid fellow.

The New Year's dinner passed off brilliantly, and Lillian soon forgot her emotions of the morning and the almost pathetic little episode that had followed. At breakfast next morning the maid announced a queer little man to see Mrs. Brownly. "He said you told him to come, ma'am, or I wouldn't have let him in at all, he's that miserable-looking."

"Oh! what a nuisance," exclaimed Lillian, who now wished that she had not bothered with the "creature." "Send him away," said Robert, carelessly.

"Oh! no; I suppose I must do something for him," Lillian said, suppressing a yawn. "He is a poor creature I discovered yesterday; he is in need and wants work. I thought we might use him as fireman now that Curtis is going."

Robert looked surprised and amused. "Why, this is a new departure! Hunting up beggars to work for charity! What next, I wonder? I suppose you'll belong to an association for providing the poor with strength, or something of the kind, before I know where I am. My wife is charitable if she is not religious."

"No; I am serious, Robert. You want a fireman and here is a young man who wants work."

"Well, that is logical, at all events, though I don't doubt that there are thousands of young men in the same position. Where did you pick this one up? What do you know about him?"

"Nothing," she answered, "except that he is good and willing to work."

"For which endorsement," he said, laughing. "I'll be bound you can't give a reason or a proof except the usual one—a woman's instinct. Well, I suppose it's safe to engage him on the strength of that. If he is a success, so much the better, and if he robs us, kills us, and sets fire to house, I'll have the satisfaction of proving to the world that this thing about woman's instinct is all humbug." So Jimmie was engaged. After a few weeks had passed Robert declared that the cripple was such an honest, upright fellow, and such an energetic worker that for the future "Lillian's first impressions" should be his only guide in judging character.

(To be continued.)

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

THE announcement of Cardinal Newman's death has been received with the deepest sorrow, not only by all English-speaking people, but throughout the whole of Christendom. It is no mere conventional eulogy to say that the world will be the poorer by his death. The unique dignity of the great churchman's position resided not only in what he has done, but in the unrivalled command which his personality has given him over the consciences of his fellow-men. The blamelessness and simplicity of his life, the singleness of his aim, and the influence of his great intellect all conspired to give him a position as a pillar of the Church which it will find difficult to replace.

Cardinal John Henry Newman died Monday evening last at Birmingham. His death was primarily due to pneumonia, accelerated by old age and infirmity. Prayers were said for him at all the churches that morning and his death was somewhat unexpected. Cardinal Newman became ill on Saturday, when he had a severe chill. He passed into a comatose condition on Sunday and remained unconscious until he died. The Cardinal was seized with inflammation of the right lung at 2 o'clock on Sunday morning.

His last sermon in the Oratory church was delivered three years ago last Easter, and he made a few comments on the 1st of January, 1889, in reference to the sacerdotal jubilee of Leo XIII. Since he ceased preaching, his physical weakness has grown with rapid strides, and although he has been present at important celebrations he has had to depend upon the support of two of the fathers of the Oratory to enable him to reach his seat in the chancel. The last ecclesiastical function in which he took part was the solemn *tribunum* celebrated July 18. His feebleness on that occasion was specially noticed, and at the opening service he was carried into church seated in a chair. At the Saturday and Sunday services his Eminence was not carried through the church, but had his seat placed at the entrance of St. Philip's chapel, which has a private communication with the Oratory. On Saturday night last Cardinal Newman had an attack of shivering, followed by a rise in his temperature, the symptoms indicative of pneumonia rapidly becoming acute. During the day following the Cardinal, although rapidly becoming worse, was able to speak to those about him, and in the afternoon, at his request, Rev. W. Neville recited the breviary with him, his Eminence in a very low voice repeating the whole office. This morning he fell into an unconscious condition. He was heard in a mechanical way to whisper "William," the Christian name of his attendant, Father Neville, but he gave no signs of understanding any question put to him. The Oratory fathers were then informed that the Cardinal was sinking without hope of recovery, and that the prolongation of his life was to be measured by hours. Upon this the rite of extreme unction was administered. Owing to the patient's comatose condition the *viaticum* was not administered, but the Cardinal received the Holy Communion on Saturday. Information of the Cardinal's condition was telegraphed to the Oratory in London and also to the Right Rev. Bishop Illsley. The latter visited the Cardinal early in the afternoon and spent some time with him, and made a commendation of his soul in the presence of the Oratory fathers. At eight o'clock it was seen that life was fast ebbing away, and both the medical men remained until twelve minutes to nine, when the Cardinal quietly breathed his last. All the fathers were summoned on the approach of the end, and the Cardinal died in their presence. There is every reason to believe that his death was quite painless.

The private prayers of the congregation were asked for the Cardinal yesterday at the Oratory, and this evening, when his serious condition had become generally known, a large number of persons visited the church.

The Cardinal will be buried in the little cemetery at the Oratorians' retreat at Rednal. The body will lie in state, exposed in the church of the Oratory, Nagley road, from noon on Wednesday until it is removed for burial.

John Henry Newman's name will live as long as the English language lasts as the author of the beautiful hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light." He was born in London in 1801, and educated at Ealing school, whence he proceeded to

Trinity College, Oxford, where he graduated B. A. in 1820, taking classical honors, and was elected Fellow of Oriel College. He became in 1825 Vice-Principal of St. Alban's hall, then under the late Dr. (afterwards Archbishop) Whately, tutor of his college, which post he held till 1831. In 1828 he accepted the incumbency of St. Mary's, Oxford, with the outlying chaplaincy of Littlemore, and in 1812 he quitted Oxford, and established at Littlemore an ascetic community on a mediæval model, over which he presided for three years. He held St. Mary's from 1828 till 1843, where, by his preaching, he gained such influence over the younger members of the university that he became, in conjunction with Dr. Pusey, the recognized leader of the High Church party. He took a leading part in what is known as the tractarian movement, and in the publication of the "Tracts for the Times," contributing the final tract, No. 90, which brought down a severe censure from the University authorities as practically annulling the broad lines of demarcation between the English and Roman Catholic churches. He seceded from the Established Church in October, 1845, was received into the Roman communion and appointed head of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, at Birmingham. In 1854 he was appointed rector of the newly founded Roman Catholic University in Dublin, but resigned that post in 1858, and established a school for the sons of Roman Catholic gentry at Edgbaston, near Birmingham. Dr. Newman was elected an honorary Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, on December 28, 1877. It has been frequently asserted that Cardinal Newman did not believe in the doctrine of the infallibility of the Roman Pontiff when speaking *ex-cathedra* to the Universal Church on questions of faith or morals. In reply to a criticism to this effect, made by a Mr. Capes, Dr. Newman wrote as follows (September 13, 1872): He assumes that I did not hold or profess the doctrine of the Pope's Infallibility till the time of the Vatican Council, whereas I have committed myself to it in print again and again from 1845 to 1867. And on the other hand, as it so happens—though I held it, as I ever have done—I have had no occasion to profess it, whether in print or otherwise, since that date. Any one who knows my writings will recollect that in so saying I state a simple fact." Dr. Newman was created and proclaimed a Cardinal Deacon by Pope Leo XIII in 1879. His Eminence was a vigorous writer, among his most important works being: "Lectures on the Prophetic Office of the Church," and "Lectures on Romanism and Popular Protestantism," published in 1837; "Lectures on Justification," in 1840; "Church of the Fathers," in 1842; "Essay on the Miracles of the Middle Ages," in 1843; "Life of Apollonius Tyaneus," and "Loss and Gain, or the Story of a Convert," 1853; "Lectures on the History of the Turks as to Christianity," in 1854; "Arians of the Fourth Century," in 1855; "Callista, a Sketch of the Third Century," in 1856; "Letter to Dr. Pusey on his recent Eirenicon," in 1866. He published an autobiographical record of his life, entitled "Apologia pro Vita Sua," in 1864; a "Collection of Poems," in 1868; an "Essay on Assent," in 1870, and "A Letter Addressed to His Grace the Duke of Norfolk on the Occasion of Mr. Gladstone's Recent Expostulation," 1875.

The *London Daily News* thus extols the departed theologian: "In his command of cold sarcasm and cutting irony he was not unlike Pascal. In the later editions of his celebrated "Apologia" Cardinal Newman purposely left out some of the bitterest and, in a controversialist's sense, best things he had said about Charles Kingsley. If he did not actually regret having said them, he yet would not allow the bitterness of controversy to spice and flavor its arguments for new and curious readers. Sometimes the barb of his irony seemed to have a little poison on it. Sometimes he seemed to be carried away by polemical zeal into language which seemed ungenerous to his adversary, but all who knew him, whether among those whom he had left or those whom he had joined, knew well that there was nothing ungenerous in his unselfish and candid nature. We cannot pretend to judge just yet the extent and permanence of Cardinal Newman's influence either on the Church of England or the Church of Rome, nor indeed is that the question which will arouse the most interest now that he has gone. Men will dwell rather on the

career of the man himself, on the influence which he exerted over those who come within his reach. We can hardly recollect any other instance in which so great and keen a controversialist made so few enemies; in which so eminent a seceder retained such a hold on the regard and admiration of those from whose ranks he withdrew at so critical an hour. We are constantly told that this is the age of cynicism, and the age that has ceased to believe in the sincerity and disinterestedness of men. No stronger evidence can be cited to prove that we are not swallowed up in cynicism, and lost to the belief in the possibility of mortal sincerity than the mere fact that men of all creeds and parties, in whatever heat and passion of controversy, recognized and respected the sincerity of Cardinal Newman."

The *Chronicle* believes that "opinions will no doubt differ in marked degrees as to the precise place which the late Cardinal will occupy in the estimation of the English people. High Churchmen will never cease to reverence him, whether as a tractarian or as a preacher; Low Churchmen profess to honour him for his honesty in quitting the Church which they hold gives no harbor to either his earlier or his later views; Broad Churchmen and Nonconformists witnessed in him a psychological phenomenon which largely enabled them to account for certain curious developments of early Christian history. To the mass of Englishmen, however, he was a conspicuous example of that welding together of genius, talent, and self-effacement which are the prime elements of a popular hero. Whether they do not also realize that much of the purest philanthropy which marks our age in politics as well as in religion is due to efforts, to talents, to zeal, and even to doctrines such as his, may be open to the briefest question. Honours from Rome, which are rarely valued in England, were bestowed upon him with the hearty acquiescence of our national vanity, and perhaps, these notwithstanding, a poll of Englishmen would be as ready to poll assent to his interment in Westminster Abbey as it would be to demand such an honor for Cardinal Manning.

The *Times* devotes much space in its editorial columns to the late Cardinal. It says:—"A great man has passed away, a great link with the past broken. At 90 years of age, full of years, full of honor, in the obscurity of his almost private home the great man receives the last summons and quietly obeys. The most interesting chapter of our history closes with his death, and a life that bears a strange testimony to the permanence of certain types in human nature becomes a part of the past. Once more the world is reminded of the degree in which respect and love still attach to the saintly life, when it is coupled with one or another kind of intellectual leadership. Cardinal Newman is literally the last of his generation. Many of his old friends and colleagues he has long survived. Others have but lately passed away, but he, to all appearance the most fragile of them all, has remained till now. He liked the tractarian less, perhaps he understood them less, than the eminent foreign contemporary with whom one naturally compares him, Dr. Dollinger. The one is more interesting as an example of intellectual energy and critical alertness, the other as a poet, a mystic, and as a thrice refined example of the unworldly life. Will Cardinal Newman's memory survive in the estimation of his country? Will his books maintain it? Of one thing we may be sure, that the memory of his pure and noble life, untouched by worldliness, unsoiled by any trace of fanaticism, will endure. Whether Rome canonizes him or not, he will be canonized in the thoughts of pious people of many creeds in England. The saint and the poet in him will survive."

The following is Cardinal Newman's beautiful poem "Lead Kindly Light" referred to above. It is considered one of the gems of English literature.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.
So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

A PRIEST'S EXPERIENCE.

Is the *Catholic World* for July 1890, is an article, from the pen of a Catholic priest, signed R. O. R., upon Intemperance in Ireland. His experience with restrictive legislation, gives a full refutation to the pretence so often advanced, despite its patent absurdity, that laws of this kind aggravate drunkenness:

For the town and country, a most salutary act was passed by legislation in 1878; it is called the Sunday Closing Act; but Dublin, Cork, Belfast, Limerick, and Waterford are exempted from it. Its main provisions are, that no public-house shall be opened for the sale of drink at any hour on Sundays. An exception is made in favor of persons who are at least three miles from home, and these persons are technically known as bona fide travelers—gentlemen, by the way, who give a good deal of annoyance.

I was a priest in a remote country parish at the time that this act passed. Previously I endeavoured to get the five or six publicans in the district to sign an agreement among themselves to shut their shops and sell no liquor on Sundays. Some would, but some would not; and so it dropped. I recollect seeing a large number of the congregation, as soon as last Mass was over, sit along a low wall opposite the chapel gate, and await the opening of the public-house. Some hundreds so waited. In the evening they went home, many of them reeling along the road, ill-tempered and blasphemous. As soon as the act came into operation, they all went quietly to their homes. A few may stay lurking about the place, but not one-fiftieth the number of former times. These hang around and manage to get in by the back way and take a drink "on the sly." The first business with a country or small-town publican is to "make friends of the mammon of iniquity"—that is, to "square" the police, if he can; if they will not be "squared" then he has to set watch, and bring up all his ingenuity to devise means how he can sell drink on Sundays unknown to the police.

Legislation, too, might go further than it has done in this country. There cannot be a doubt that the Sunday Closing Act, although there be some drawbacks, has done an immensity of good. It was nicknamed by its opponents the Sabbatarian Act, in order to make it odious to Catholic Ireland. The late A. M. Sullivan answered this very well. "I find," he said, "the Archbishop of Cashel one of the great advocates of this measure and I do not count him a Sabbatarian."

The picture given of the dram-seller in Ireland, suggests at once the same valued citizen as known to us, on this side of the Atlantic. Likewise do we recognize the following bit of description as true to nature for America as well as Ireland:

"There is no use in appealing to the publicans as a body, at least in Ireland, to have an interest for the welfare of society; they see little more—the bulk, at any rate, of the small dealers—than the danger that their neighbors will forestall them in securing the custom of their unhappy victims.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUG. 16, 1890.

Special Editorial Correspondence of the REVIEW.

In Ireland.

EXTRA LETTER: AN UNHAPPY OUTLOOK.

THERE is bad news this week from Ireland. Communications from Dublin and the South-West of Ireland show only too clearly that a failure of the potato crop is imminent in some of the coast districts. A complete cessation of the rainy weather, followed by prolonged sunshine, may prevent the worst coming to the worst. But most serious mischief has already been done, and relief will be required for its helpless victims. The visitation--of the kind which the Irish peasant dreads most, which has so often in the course of this country left its mark, in depopulated villages and heaped graveyards--may to some extent have been foreseen. The Irish newspapers, in occasional paragraphs and letters from Paddy's earthly Providence, the Parish Priest, have been giving warnings of it. In several localities along the western, south-western, and southern coast the fell disease has been showing signs. But according to present information Castlehaven and the neighbouring parishes in the diocese of Ross, are the places where the failure is most apparent. Castlehaven is near Skibbereen, and on the south-western coast of the County Cork. They are poor enough at the best of times, these sea-coast parishes of the south-west of Ireland. What they will be if famine comes no one can imagine who has not with his own eyes beheld a foodless, fireless, Irish cabin. Unless the English memory be too short, or the English public too indifferent to the fate of a country a few hours sail from its shores, they may still retain some recollection of the description given by landlord and peasant witnesses of this south-western region before the recent Parnell Commission. Starvation, or the risk of it, is chronic in those dreary sea-coast parishes. To be "blue with hunger"—to recall the expression of an agent-witness—is a common fate in the Arcadia of the landlords. Only that blue is scarcely the correct expression. Grey with hunger is nearer the mark—the pinched grey faces of silent men, women, and children.

An Irish potato patch under blight is a dismal sight. All the more dismal in the sea-shore regions, owing to the character of—we were going to say the soil; but there is none, beyond what has been fortuitously gathered in sheltered nooks among the rocks, or created (that is really the word) by the most patient and the most hopeful of labourers. Along those desolate, hungry shores the traveller may come upon large stretches of country which at a distance seem to be nothing but grey rock. As he proceeds he discovers stray, stony scraps of soil in the depressions, and in spots protected from rough weather. The potato crops, the cabbages, growing on these scraps are usually of the poorest description. Where are the houses? the uninitiated traveller is sure to ask. The cabins, being of the colour of the rock, and more like rabbit-hutches than dwellings for human beings, are almost undiscoverable until one is close upon them. One may know Paddy's cabin by the bluish smoke oozing out of a hole in its roof, if he cannot distinguish it from the dreary chaos of rock and boulder around. Along the west and south of Ireland there are scores and hundreds of townships, or villages, to which the above description literally applies. Their inhabitants, or their fathers before them, have been gradually driven westwards from the better soils, until they have reached their present footing on the barren shore, with only the ocean between them and the America whither the grown-up lads and girls have gone and are going, and of which the old, who only know it by report, speak always with a strange familiarity. In those dreary sea-coast huts, they don't speak of London, they speak of New York. They will speak of it oftener as the potato patches fail, and the need of the remittance, from son or daughter, grows more pressing. If a realistic painter wants a live subject of our time, let him go to the Western Irish coast, when the blight is on, and take stock of the ragged family amidst its little field of potato crops drooping in slimy, black malodorous rot.

By and by the parish priest will go around to inspect the potato stores. He will conduct his inquiries from hut to hut. "Well, Biddy, how much of the potatoes have you left?" "Sure, your riv'rince, and thim's all." And the good priest may be seen poking with the point of his gingham umbrella among a little heap of things that look for all the world like boys' marbles, so small are they. And Pat and his wife, and his half-dozen barefooted, half-naked children, may thank their stars if, instead of being hard like marbles, the "praties" don't turn out to be little better than a watery pulp. The heap of marble-like potatoes in a corner of a peasant's cabin is the worst of signs. In the hardest times, there is nothing else. During the day, Pat is, probably, seeking work in some distant parish as poor as his own. The sight of his children sitting mute at home might draw the tears down Pluto's iron cheek. If the potato crop does fail, no great help need be expected from the landlords—as a class. It will have to be a case of what Disraeli called "John Bull puzzled, but still subscribing"—puzzled, we mean, at the landlord and tenant relationship which is answerable for so much of Ireland's misery. In a striking passage in his recent novel Mr. O'Brien—who, like Mr. Froude in his work "The Two Chiefs of Dunboy," knew what he was about when he made the action and the incidents of his story to centre amid the scenic glories of Glengariff and of Bantry—pondering upon the appalling loss of life in the famine year of '47, indulges in the vain, but natural, regret that so many thousands upon thousands of a hardy and an active peasantry should have been done to death by the agonies of hunger,

should have sunk silently down and rotted by the roadsides, when under other circumstances, and with a fraction of the suffering, they might have met death gloriously, fighting for their country. But, though they often suggest themselves, speculations of this sort are bootless. The moral of every such melancholy reflection is that the Irish peasant is proud and sensitive; and that he will sooner die in a hole than beg. All the more reason why the English public should keep an eye—a kindly eye—upon him.

DUBLIN: TRINITY COLLEGE AND THE CASTLE.

III.

We referred, briefly, in a former letter to the exterior view of the far-famed Trinity College, now the oldest building on the "Green." It occupies the site of a great religious establishment founded in 1146 by the King of Leinster, and suppressed, in the Reformation times, by Henry VIII. The buildings and lands were presented to the corporation of Dublin, and later, in the reign of Elizabeth, allotted for the founding of a university. The College dates from 1593.

Of course, not all the buildings now within the College grounds were erected at that early time. Like many other famous seats of learning, Trinity, in its beginning, was poor enough, and at one time the institution seemed likely to collapse for want of funds. "But as Irish 'rebellions' were suppressed," says a local writer, "and Irish chieftains slain or banished, and Irish lands confiscated to the crown, fresh grants of property were made for the support of Trinity College, and in the course of time it became a wealthy institution."

In its character and in its functions the College was for many years as much a hostile garrison in Ireland as any military barrack in the country. In other words, it was simply an instrument for the extirpation of the religion, and the destruction of the nationality of the Irish people. There is no need to recount here the penal prescriptions which operated for so long a time against the Catholic people of Ireland in respect of education. Education was forbidden to them by law under the heaviest penalties; it was made illegal for them to fly even to foreign countries for instruction. The schoolmaster, like the priest, was an outcast and a felon; there was to be no education in Ireland but English Protestant education; and at the head and front of that system stood Trinity College. Year after year there went out from its walls scores of educated men to take hold of every position of power and emolument in this country; while for nine-tenths of the race, dispossessed, impoverished, and degraded, there remained scarcely any other occupation than that of hewers of wood and drawers of water. The settled policy of their rulers seems to have been to reduce them to the level of brutes, in order the more easily to retain them in slavery. But as time went on, a more liberal sentiment sprang up even in Trinity College, and there arose within it men of wiser minds and more generous instincts, who procured such a reform in its Statutes as admitted Catholics to a certain participation at least in the educational advantages which the institution afforded. In fact, it is to the credit of Trinity that it took this step long before either of the English Universities could make up their minds to act with like liberality. Later on, further relaxations were made, until soon after the passing of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Church Disestablishment Act, the College threw off all that

remained of its exclusively Protestant constitution, and remodelled its laws upon a purely secular basis.

We have said that Trinity was designed as an instrument for the maintenance of an alien ascendancy in Ireland, but that more generous sentiments made their way into it. The pride of race and of Nationhood took a firm hold there, a feeling which grew and strengthened until, as time went on, and the Parliament and people of Ireland began to think of casting off—as we described in our last letter—the fetters with which England had bound them, the men of Trinity College—Grattan and Flood, Plunkett and Curran—were the leaders of the movement and carried on the struggle to a triumphant issue. The walls of the Dining Hall of the College are covered with the portraits of the great men of that day. Many of the leaders of the insurrection of 1798, also received their education here. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Wolfe Tone, and Robert Emmett, were students of Trinity; and Edmund Burke the great philosopher and statesman whom Ireland gave to England, the poets Moore and Goldsmith—all these were Trinity College men. So, too, were several of the leaders of the '48 movement, Thomas Davis, John Mitchell, and John Martin, and, later still, Mr. Isaac Butt, the first leader of the present Home Rule movement.

The College, and College grounds, will well repay a visit. On either side of the entrance from College Green, stand the statues of Edmund Burke, and Goldsmith. Under the porch, a door on the right gives entrance to the College Museum, in which are many antiquities and curiosities. Passing through the porch, we enter Parliament Square, so called in memory of the generous aid given by the Irish Parliament to the erection of its buildings. On the right is the examination hall; on the left the Chapel and the Dining Hall. Midway between the buildings stands the handsome bell-tower, erected by Archbishop Beresford, one of a family of churchmen who, holding some of the most lucrative positions in the Establishment, obtained, within a brief period of time, out of the funds of that institution very nearly a million of money. Farther on is the College Library, a fine range of buildings, containing about 200,000 volumes, and including among its treasures *The Book of Kells*, *The Book of Dimma*, *The Book of Armagh*, *The Liber Hymnorum*, and other ancient Celtic Manuscripts. Further on, still, we come to the Geological Museum, a new and handsome structure, and turning to the right we enter the College Park—or rather a succession of small parks—extending over a space of 13½ acres. The grounds are laid out in inviting walks, in tennis-courts, and cricket ovals. To the stranger within the gates of Trinity, these peaceful, slumbering groves, which are completely hidden from first view, break, when he comes upon them, like the realization of some soothing dream of Arabian rest and of student leisure.

Not far from the City Hall we came upon a place of rather curious interest—the central point of British rule in Ireland, which goes by the name of Dublin Castle. The present pile of buildings is of comparatively modern erection, bearing very little likeness to the fortress to which was first given the name of "Castle," and whose foundation dates from the reign of King John. Over the archway, by which we enter, stands a figure of Justice, but the effigy is rather weather-beaten and battered, and significantly enough, the scales have long since dropped from her hands. The position of the figure however has been regarded as not wholly inappropriate, inasmuch as Justice is represented with

"Her face to the Castle, her back to the Nation."

The chief objects in the Castle-yard are the Bermingham Tower and the Chapel Royal, while around are the chief offices of the Irish Government. The tower has more the appearance of antiquity than any other part of the buildings, but even it is no part of the original construction. On the site which it occupies a tower was erected some five centuries ago; it was pulled down in 1775 and the present edifice built on its foundations. The old tower was long used as a prison for State criminals, and here Irish chiefs, who resisted the subjugation of their country, and Irish bishops and priests detected in the practice of the Catholic religion, were held in confinement, and, in many cases, led forth to execution. During the centuries of the wars between the English invaders and the native races the spikes over the gates of Dublin Castle were rarely without some Irish heads on them in various stages of decay—a method of ornamentation which has since been discontinued. In '48 the Castle was put into a state of defence in view of the expected "Young Ireland" insurrection, and in 1867 it was further prepared, and cannon shifted into position, to resist an anticipated attack from the Fenians. Looking over old St. Werburgh's Church one day, which is close by the Castle, I inquired of the caretaker what had become of the two spires that at one time belonged to it. He answered that they had been pulled down at the instance of the Castle authorities who feared their being used as a point from which to drop bombs down upon the Castle—so great was the dread of attack entertained by the local authorities.

From here we naturally turn our steps to those old and memorable parts of Dublin, which are associated with the tragic memories of '98, and with the lives and deaths of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Robert Emmott, and which shall be ever venerated as among the holy places of Irish patriotism.

SUANID ABOO.

THE DEATH OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

THOUGH the death of Cardinal Newman could not, in the course of nature, have been long delayed, still now that it has actually taken place it causes a deep feeling of sorrow in the minds of all who were even in the slightest degree acquainted with him or with his writings. We are loath to part from our heroes, and Cardinal Newman was assuredly one of them. What figure in England or in the English speaking world approaches in interest to the great Oratorian? Even Cardinal Manning and Mr. Gladstone, England's other two grand old men, excite feelings widely different from those which rise up in our minds at the thought of Cardinal Newman. Now that he is dead we recognize that the noblest of Englishmen is gone, that the greatest light of England has been extinguished, that one of the grandest and most gifted intellects has been withdrawn from this world. We have given elsewhere to our readers an outline of the life of John Henry Newman. The date of his conversion is as well known to all English-speaking people, we might say, as that of Queen Victoria's accession. Though Cardinal Newman retired as far as possible from the gaze of the world since his conversion, his life cannot be said to have been a private one. His humility led him to shrink from adulation and publicity, but he could not altogether escape from the admiration which followed him into his quiet retreat at Birmingham. The smoky, uninteresting city acquired a charm in the eyes of intellectual men from the residence in it of the great theologian and leader of religious thought. The people

of Birmingham, Protestant as well as Catholic, will naturally miss more than any other the great man who had made their city for so many years almost a place of pilgrimage. To estimate or sum up the results of Cardinal Newman's work and example in England and in English-speaking countries would be simply impossible. Only the great Teacher of the hearts can know how many have been led into the one fold of the one Shepherd through the instrumentality of this gifted and saintly man.

His influence extended immensely beyond the favored few with whom he personally came in contact. The Protestant public has been taught to look upon the dead Cardinal as an extraordinarily gifted man—which is true—and one who bolstered up a falling and decaying creed by his matchless subtlety of thought and reasoning—which is false. There is nothing subtle about the Catholic writings of Cardinal Newman, and Protestants who have read them and been struck with the truth which they contain, have unconsciously reasoned something like as follows:—"The Catholic religion is a false and bad faith. But this man makes that religion seem beautiful and true. Therefore, he must be very subtle." They were fair enough to admit that Newman was a good, a sincere, an unselfish, and a high minded man. Yet with all this they failed and still fail to see that those praises and qualities must necessarily be false when given to one who deliberately, in middle age, joined the Catholic Church if the Catholic Church be what they say it is. The subtlety of reasoning in Newman's works is, we repeat, imaginary. There are hundreds of Catholic prelates and priests who could reason just as well—not in such marvellous English it is true—but still, just as well. It does not need great skill to make out a plausible case for the truth. Truth does not need to be bolstered up by many, or by weighty, arguments. Newman obtained a hearing from the Protestant faith, which was, is, and will be, denied to other Catholic Ecclesiastics. The Protestant public, which is stupidly ignorant of nearly all Catholic writings, pronounces confidently: "He was the only thinker of note among them. How rejoiced they must be to find one who can put even their absurd creed on an intellectual basis." Truly the influence of prejudice on the human mind is great. The best biography of Newman is his "Apologia." To this work we may fittingly apply the Cardinal's own words when speaking of Keble's Christian Year, he says; "It is not necessary and scarcely becoming, to praise a book which has already become one of the classics of the language." It is sufficient to say that the prejudice which had existed against Newman before the publication of the Apologia, almost, if not entirely, died out upon the appearance of that marvellous book. And we say it in no bitterness, that a book which can clear away Protestant prejudice must indeed be a patent.

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

"A great luminary," wrote Mr. Gladstone of the secession of Dr. Newman from the Anglican Establishment, "drew after him a third part of the stars of heaven." At length that luminary has gone out; at length that great light has fallen from the sky. In the beauty and the fulness of his holy years John Henry Newman has been called to his everlasting home; has mounted

".....The great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God."

Surely of such an one we may not speak of Death! Only

this world is poorer of a saint.' "There is no Death!" the poet says; "what seems so is transition." Such is our poor humanity's sustaining hope.

"What seem to us but sad funeral tapers,
Are Heavens' distant lamps."

This only we know, that there has been closed to our mortal ken a holy and gentle life, the life of one who to the mightiest gifts of intellect united a nature of such winning sweetness that in the evening of his old age, and looking back into the long vista of the years during which he laboured, and upon the great movements and events in which he was the master-spirit, this could be said: That "he had put into his very controversies more of the spirit of Christ than most men had been able to make room for in their prayers."

The measure of the influence and the greatness of John Henry Newman will be better estimated a century hence than now. This much, at least, we know: That his words and his works will live so long as lasts the language that conveyed them; and that his name will be blessed, and his memory revered so long as saintliness and holy living have hold upon the hearts of men.

May the soul of John Henry, Cardinal Newman, rest in peace.

The leaders of the London press bear eloquent and feeling testimony to the greatness and the goodness of the dead. The *Times* says: "The memory of his pure and noble life, untouched by worldliness and unsoured by any trace of fanaticism, will endure, and whether Rome canonizes him or not he will be canonized in the thoughts of pious people of many creeds in England."

The *Daily News* says: "The greatest English ecclesiastic of later times has passed away. We cannot pretend to judge, as yet, of the extent or permanence of his influence upon either church."

The *Standard* says: "It is no exaggeration to say that one of the greatest names in the history of two churches is now enrolled upon the list of the deathless dead."

The next issue of this Review will be a Cardinal Newman memorial number.

UNFOUNDED REPORT OF THE POPE'S LEAVING ROME.

The report sent by telegraphic agencies to all parts of the world, to the effect that the Pope had issued from the Vatican, and "decided to traverse a small portion of the city outside St. Peter's," is inaccurate and misleading. The statement also to the effect that "as the Pope passed the Royal Mint the guard presented arms, in accordance with the provisions of the Law of Guarantees," is devoid of truth. The purpose of these false additions to the actual fact may be guessed at if, as the *Moniteur de Rome* suggests, they have been communicated to the telegraphic agency by the Minister of the Interior.

The true story of the Pope's act on Tuesday, July 15, is as follows: The Holy Father, after having seen the statue of St. Thomas Aquinas in the studio of the sculptor, Signor Aureli, at the Belvedere Court, when leaving this studio, simply gave orders that he should be brought to the Vatican Gardens. And as the carriage was at two paces from the gate which leads to the gardens by the shortest way, so he passed in front of the gate of the Mint. There is, then, not over a shadow of truth in what so many of the story-tellers assert, that the Holy Father departed from the limits of the Vatican. The proof of this is, that the gate in question is closed every evening by the Pontifical Swiss Guards, and the Italian sentinel on guard at the Mint has to return to the

Mint by a staircase made outside of this gate. Perhaps it is as well to remember that this Mint is another conquest by right of arms which the Italian Government has achieved over the Vatican. This statement of the facts destroys the fine fabric of stories built upon this act. The ornaments put in by the telegraphic agency, to the effect that "the guards presented arms," and reported in papers published in Rome that "the Pope blessed the army of Italy" in the person of the solitary sentinel on guard, are all falsehoods. The sentinel on guard did not know it was the Pope until he had passed, did not present arms, and did not receive any benediction. Neither did the Pope, in spite of the statements to the contrary, traverse Italian territory as distinguished from Vatican territory.

That the Pope while going in a carriage from the Court of the Belvedere to the Vatican Gardens, and traversing a passage which from the outside—from the height of the wall of separation ending at the Mint—may be under the surveillance of an Italian sentinel, simply proves how painful in itself and how unworthy of his sovereignty is the condition of the condition of the Pontiff, even on the territory of the Vatican. But, as the *Moniteur de Rome* pertinently remarks, it is no less true that the passage in question forms an integral part of the last shred of poverty left to the august captive, since it is the Pontifical Swiss Guard which has the key of the last door giving access to this same passage.

Whatever other effect this rumor concerning the Pope's coming out of the Vatican will have, it has produced a declaration on the part of the Crispi regime, through its officious organ, the *Riforma*, which puts the relations of the Pontiff to the Government—as the Government understands them—in the clearest possible light. Insisting upon the statement that the Pope did, on July 15, traverse Italian territory, the *Riforma* solemnly declares: "The fact is that in Italy there is no territory which is not Italian, and not only is the part traversed by the Pontiff on Tuesday Italian territory, but likewise the whole of the Vatican, just as the seats of foreign representatives are Italian territories." This is certainly clear talk. Its value arises from the fact that the paper is inspired by Crispi, and expresses his policy.

Catholics all the world over have thus an opportunity of knowing Italian governmental ideas on the residence of the Pope. It has been said that he owned a palace; but now it has been again proclaimed by those who have the courage of their convictions that that palace and all it contains are Italian property. In the face of this statement, which is the expression of the principle of action followed by the Italian Government in its treatment of the Pontiff during the last twenty years, it is folly to speak of the liberty of the Pope and of the respect paid to him by the authorities there. His tenure of the Vatican is a very slight one, and may cease tomorrow in consequence of some intemperate act on the part of Signor Crispi. That he is on Italian territory is the belief of Crispi, as expressed by the *Riforma*, and undoubtedly this Prime Minister of Italy will act, when it may suit his purpose, in full accordance with that belief.—*Boston Pilot*.

More than half of the Catholics who, during the last four years, died in the almshouse of Buffalo, were killed by the direct or indirect effects of alcoholic excess. The saddest cases of death in that institution during the same period were those of young men ranging from twenty-five to thirty-five years of age, who had contracted diseases whilst sleeping on the ground in a drunken stupor. With squandered earnings and friends estranged, these dreary remnants of youth soon longed to be carted to a bed in the almshouse, where mute walls would shelter them during the last few days of their wasted lives, no less from the scorn of mankind than from the inclemency of the weather.—*Hawley's for Alcoholism*. Rev. Geo. Zurcher, Buffalo Plains, N.Y.

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Men and Things.

Mr. William O'Brien has written a preface for the third edition of his novel, "When We Were Boys."

A good story is told of Cardinal Manning. At the Prince of Wales' garden party held at Marlborough House, the Archbishop of York said to him, "Our birthdays are next to each other." "Yes," replied the Cardinal, "you will be singing your second Vespers when I am singing my first Vespers." The Archbishop looked as if he felt the point.

The Jews in Great Britain are taking steps to show their regard for Cardinal Manning. The acting chief rabbi, Sir Julian Goldsmid, Sir John Simon, Mr. C. G. Montefiore and other eminent Jews have formed themselves into a committee with the object of presenting Cardinal Manning with an illuminated address of congratulation on his silver jubilee, and in commemoration of his Eminence's efforts on behalf of the persecuted Jews in Russia.

General Wolseley retired Friday from his position as adjutant-general, and will assume command of the forces in Ireland in October. Although a native of Ireland he is not popular with the Home Rulers, as he is understood to be thoroughly in accord with the policy of coercion, and prepared to use the troops for the purpose of aiding evictions. The general will have his headquarters in Dublin, whence he will direct the movement of the troops at any point where they may be needed.

The new Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, M. B. Daly, who was sworn into office Monday, July 14, is a son of the late Sir Dominick Daly, an Irish Catholic, who filled many high positions in the colonial service. He was for twenty-six years Acting Chief Secretary of Canada, and afterwards, being knighted, held the office of Governor in the colonies of Tobago, Prince Edward Island, and South Australia.

Monsignor Gruscha, the new Archbishop of Vienna, is a son of the people. His father was a working tailor, and his elevation to the primacy of the Austrian episcopate has been hailed with delight by the workers of Vienna. On the day of his solemn enthronization, all the trade guilds of the capital marched to the cathedral with bands and banners. The municipality was also present, having carried without one dissentient voice a motion that the councillors should assist at the enthronization of "the son of a Vienna workman and the founder of the Catholic workmen's societies of Austria."

A Presbyterian clergyman at Derry, in Ireland, says that 70,000 Orangemen are armed to resist Home Rule. Well, 70,000 Orangemen are not much, and brickbats are not formidable weapons unless convent windows are to be broken. A larger question presents itself in the same connection: Who will furnish the whisky? If we have read history aright, Belfast mobs do not fight well unless they are furnished with whisky. They need to be well lubricated or else they pick up cobble stones slowly. A great question that has been waiting seven hundred years for settlement will not be greatly disturbed by the bluster of a few thousand Orangemen. Many Irish Reforms (in fact all Irish Reforms) have progressed in spite of this bluster during the last fifty years. We think Home Rule will get along with as little interruption from this source.—*Catholic Citizen*.

A lively debate took place in Congress on the subject of appropriations to the various Indian schools under the care of the different churches. Until within two or three years these appropriations caused no comment. They were divided among Protestant and Catholic schools, somewhat in proportion to the number of pupils, or the work done by each. Recently, however, it was found that the Catholics were increasing their number of schools more rapidly than the other denominations, and consequently were drawing the

lion's share of the appropriations. Something like Jealousy at once sprung up, and it looks very much as if the Protestants would rather dispense with all government aid than to see the Catholics in the enjoyment of so large a part. The discussion arose on the point of confining appropriations to government schools exclusively. The Catholic schools were vigorously defended by several Protestant members, some of whom went so far as to declare that the Jesuits were the only successful teachers of Indians. The result was that the appropriations were passed, and the schools will be aided as heretofore.

Whatever may be said about the principle of government aid to denominational schools, it is notable that a dollar spent in that direction is worth two or three expended in agency schools, under political management.—*Ypsilanti Sentinel* (non-Catholic).

The following statistical statements respecting the Catholic Church in different countries will interest our readers. They are professedly taken from the last annual report of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda:

There are in the United States, according to the figures reported: Catholics, 8,168,666; priests, 7,657; churches, 7,072; chapels, 1,658; parochial schools, 3,600; scholars, 543,197; charitable institutions, 514.

Ireland has 3,808,636 Catholics, 2,558 churches and chapels, 1,097 parish churches, 3,290 priests, 5,394 schools and 18 seminaries.

The returns for England are as follows: Catholics, 1,352,278; priests, 2,447, and churches, 1,324.

In Scotland there are 336,643 Catholics, of whom nearly two-thirds—220,000—are in the Archdiocese of Glasgow; 304 churches, 318 priests, 310 schools, and 3 seminaries.

According to the report British America furnishes the following statistics: 2,080,531 Catholics, 2,155 churches and chapels, 2,871 parish priests, 4,940 educational institutions, 112 charitable institutions, and 19 seminaries.

The account of the work in Australia tells that in 1798 two Irish priests went there as missionaries, but soon returned to their native land, because they were prohibited to exercise their religion there. Father Flynn, another Irish priest, had a similar experience at the beginning of this century in Australia.

The figures show that out of 2,400,000 inhabitants in Australia and Tasmania, 770,260 are Catholics. There are 1,387 churches and chapels, 594 priests, 707 schools, 74,734 scholars, and 3 seminaries.

Of Oceania's population of 4,085,000, 164,120 are members of the Church of Rome. They have 638 churches and chapels, 243 priests, 314 educational institutions, and 18 charitable institutions.

The extraordinary inequality in the administration of the law in Ireland receives a new illustration in the case of Captain Rye, a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant, who was tried at the Cork Assizes on Tuesday for the shooting of a peasant named Jeremiah Corcoran. It was proved clearly that this respectable custodian of the peace and representative of the sovereign authority, fired twice deliberately at the man, who was guilty of no greater offence than the ordinary one of trespass. The judge in his charge said he would gladly, if he could, find in the statement offered by the prisoner in defence one single point in his favour, but he could not. There was no fear, however, that the prisoner would suffer. He had taken care to shelter himself behind Mr. Balfour's Coercion Act, and had applied for a special jury. The special jury, which is so safe to hang when it is a question of the trial of a peasant for his life, is equally safe to take a merciful view of the crimes and outrages of the loyal minority. In this instance the special jurors could find sufficient evidence to justify only a verdict of common assault.

Then came the merciful judge. He sentenced the prisoner, whose counsel put forward the plea that he was "a landlord, a member of various political organisations, a grand juror, a magistrate, and a deputy-lieutenant," to two months' imprisonment, with hard labor! When we think of poor Larkin sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment

for defending his homestead, when we think of Mr. John Dillon's six months' imprisonment for a speech, when we think of the months endured by Irish journalists for the crime of not restricting their news columns as Mr. Balfour directs, and then see this criminal escape with two months' imprisonment, it makes us loathe and detest the weakness that allows such outrages to be perpetrated in the name of justice.

General Catholic News

The Annual Retreat of the Archdiocese of Montreal opens at the Seminary, Montreal, on the 26th inst.

It is expected that 20,000 boys will parade in Pittsburg, Pa., on Oct. 10, in honor of the birthday of Father Mathew.

The Catholic societies of Portland, Ore., have commenced the building of a hall, which will cost when completed about \$40,000.

Bishop Vaughan of Salford, at the late meeting of the English Catholic Truth Society, was very strong on the tendency Romeward in the Anglican Church. No doubt the practices of the ritualistic churches are very close imitations of ours.

Bishop Phelan of the Pittsburg diocese has arrived at Rome, and was received by the Pope in audience. Archbishop Corrigan has already left Rome, and is travelling on the continent. He will not sail for New York before September.

Cardinal Taschereau has appointed the Rev. F. X. Conture missionary for the north-eastern portion of the diocese. The reverend gentleman's labors will extend from the parishes in the county of Quebec along the Lake St. John railway to the diocese of Chicoutimi.

Cardinal Mermillod, on his arrival at Berné last week, was received by the Federal Council of Switzerland with the honors usually paid to ambassadors. The delegates of the Protestant cantons united with their Catholic colleagues in this public welcome to the Cardinal.

Rev. T. E. Fownes, an Anglican clergyman, for some years connected with St. Mary's, Woolnoth, London, has been received into the Catholic Church. It is stated that the Church of England may be startled within the next few weeks by a still more remarkable conversion.

The Church of the Sacred Heart, which is going to be the national sanctuary of Ecuador, is to be built on the side of the mountain overhanging Quito, thousands of feet above the level plain. Ecuador was dedicated to the Sacred Heart by Garcia Moreno, its lamented President, who was assassinated by Freemasons.

It is reported that the Pope is engaged in preparing his Encyclical on the Social question for publication to the bishops of Christendom. This subject has been studied with the greatest care and diligence for some years past. He has read the more important works issued on it, and he has conversed upon it with some of those prominent persons who have made it an object of study. Bishops, too, from dioceses where the question has become a practical one, and where experience of its difficulties have been added to a theoretical knowledge of it, were closely questioned by Leo XIII. The Pontiff, according to what is related of him, has inquired into Socialism and all its bearings. The Latin document, then, which he will soon send forth, will be, perhaps, the most important, in its bearing on humanity, of all the great Encyclicals he has yet written. It was, it appears, ready five or six months ago, but the Emperor of Germany having convoked the Labor Conference at Berlin, the Pontiff awaited the result of that measure.

A Montreal despatch of the 5th says:—To-day, for the first time, a member of the Franciscan Order preached in public here. The occasion was the fete of St. Ignatius, founder of the Jesuit Order, and it was celebrated with great pomp at the Church of the Gesù. Father Jean Baptiste delivered a magnificent panegyric on the illustrious saint, and was himself the centre of all eyes, clad in his long brown cassock, his single garment, and a pair of sandals on his feet. This Order was established here some weeks ago, and is the pioneer in America. It is one of the most severe in the Church. The monks are vowed to perpetual poverty. They accept no alms, never see money, and subsist upon the gifts in kind of the faithful. Their long, coarse brown gown is fastened with a stout rope. The sleeves serve as receptacles for the handkerchief and other personal belongings, and the hood is drawn over the head in inclement weather. Their rooms contain only a couch of wood, with straw mattresses, a pillow of the same, and one coverlet. They pass the time in meditation and missionary ministrations, and the poor are always welcome. The appearance of these strange, old world monks on the streets created much comment while the novelty lasted.

Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, entered on his duties as editor-in-chief of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* with the July-October number, just issued. In his admirable salutatory he informs us that the new management will work on the lines marked out by the great pioneer editor of the *Review*, Monsignor Corcoran.

"The mission of the *Review*," says Archbishop Ryan, "is to the higher intellects of the country, Catholic and non-Catholic. . . Catholics suffer most from the ignorance of learned men, learned in almost everything but Catholic doctrine, history and tradition."

No attentive reader of the great magazines and reviews of America and England but can amplify the Archbishop's assertion from his own experience; testifying also, with the Archbishop, to the honesty of most of these writers. They are not opposed to the Catholic Church, but to something which they have imagined it to be. To such minds the *Review* aims to explain clearly the philosophy, theology and sociology of the old Church, and their necessary connection with the stability of our civilization.

The ethics of politics— not politics as popularly understood—science, history and biography will all come within the scope of the *Review*, which will be, as it has ever been, thoroughly American. In this century, as Archbishop Ryan puts it, "the American and Catholic spirits seem identical."

Further particulars of the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of Rev. Canon Boucher at River du Loup en haut (Louisville) on Wednesday show that the celebration, which was unique of its kind, was an entire success. The venerable priest, who is 86 years old, has for 70 years been an active worker in spreading the teachings of the Church. First stationed at St. David d'Yamaska he established many missions in the face of great hardships, laying the foundations of the now flourishing parishes of St. Pie, St. Bonaventure, St. Guillaume d'Upton, St. Theodore and St. Andre d'Action. In 1885 he was called to Louisville, where he has since been. After the services in the church addresses of congratulation were read to the venerable priest from the parishes of Louisville (which was accompanied by a handsome oil painting of the Cure); from Baie du Frere and St David, while Major T. E. Normand, M.P.P., voiced the good wishes of the people of Three Rivers. The ladies of the parish gave a great banquet in the convent, which was largely attended, among those present being Messrs. C. J. Coulombe, M.P., F. Vanasse, M.P., F. J. Desaulniers, M.P., J. Lessard, M.P.P., T. E. Normand, M.P.A., Lt.-Col. A. Dufresne, Major T. J. Jacques, Alex. Desaulniers, ex-M.P.P., and Louis Frechette. The health of the guest of the day was proposed by Bishop Lasfleche and Bishop Gravel, and a poem, composed for the occasion, was read by its author, Mr. Louis Frechette.

Unless all signs fail, the National Convention of the Young Men's Societies to be held in Washington next October, will

be an unparalleled success. But it can be more. It can be an absolute triumph, one of the noblest works in the Catholic Church to-day, if some of our able, zealous, but not in this respect, lethargic workers, will put their shoulders to the wheel and help the excellent work along.

Few people realize the full importance of this movement. If these societies can be made to attain the object for which they were instituted, they will fill the country with a body of intelligent, virtuous and energetic Catholic men, who will be the Church's best shield against persecution, and her strongest arm for the propagation of the faith.

We have said if they can be made to attain the object for which they were instituted. Can this be accomplished? Do not doubt it for a moment. All that is necessary is to adopt the proper means. And we verily believe that the only way by which we can reach these proper means is, by making the annual conventions as large, enthusiastic and practical as possible.

This coming convention will be addressed by some of the ablest speakers in the United States. It proposes to establish a lecture bureau and reading circles. It hopes to formulate a plan whereby the associations in the different dioceses can be brought together in friendly contests, both physical and

intellectual. It expects also to present to the public a model constitution, which can be a guide for new organizations wheresoever they may be formed.

The Basilian Fathers went on their annual Retreat at St. Basil's Church on Monday evening last.

We are sorry to have to record the sudden death of the Rev. William Henry Anderdon, S.J., which happened on Monday morning at Manresa House, Rochampton. Father Anderdon was a nephew of His Eminence Cardinal Manning, and was formerly an Anglican clergyman, and for some time held a curacy at Leicester, and afterwards at Lavington; but he was one of the earliest of the Oxford converts. He had taken his degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts at University College, Oxford, in 1839 and 1842 respectively. Having taken orders in the Catholic Church, he soon became well known as a preacher, and was employed on various missions in the North of England and in other parts; he was at one time connected with the Catholic University founded in Dublin under the auspices of Cardinal Newman, after which he joined the Society of Jesus. Father Anderdon was a voluminous writer and the author of a variety of religious books. R.I.P.

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OF

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July 9, August 13, September 10, October 8, November 12, December 10.
SECOND MONTHLY DRAWING, AUGUST 13 1890.

3134 PRIZES
WORTH \$52,740.00
CAPITAL PRIZE
WORTH \$15,000.00
TICKET, . . . \$1.00
11 TICKETS for \$10.00

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Prize worth \$15,000	\$15,000.00
1 " " " 5,000	5,000.00
1 " " " 2,500	2,500.00
1 " " " 1,250	1,250.00
2 Prizes " " " 1,000	1,000.00
5 " " " 500	1,250.00
25 " " " 50	1,250.00
100 " " " 25	2,500.00
250 " " " 15	3,750.00
500 " " " 10	5,000.00
Approximation Prizes.	
100 " " " 25	2,500.00
100 " " " 15	1,500.00
100 " " " 10	1,000.00
100 " " " 5	4,995.00
100 " " " 5	4,995.00

3134 Prizes worth \$52,740.00
S. E. LEFEBVRE, .. MANAGER,
81 St. James St., Montreal Can.

The Father Mathew Remedy

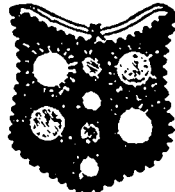


The Antidote to Alcohol found at Last!
A NEW DEPARTURE

The Father Mathew Remedy
Is a certain and speedy cure for intemperance and destroys all appetite for alcoholic liquor. The day after a debauch, or any intemperance indulgence, a single teaspoonful will remove all mental and physical depression.
It also cures every kind of FEVER, DYSPEPSIA, and TORPIDITY OF THE LIVER when they arise from other causes than intemperance. It is the most powerful and wholesome tonic ever used.
When the disease is strong one bottle is enough; but the worst case of delirium tremens do not require more than three bottles for a radical cure.
If you cannot get from your druggist the pamphlet on Alcohol its effect on the Human Body and intemperance as a Disease, it will be sent free on writing to:
S. Lachance, Druggist, Solo Proprietor
1588 and 1540 Catherine st., Montreal

THE CLIMAX OF ABSORPTION
A CURE WITHOUT MEDICINE.

Our appliances act as perfect Absorbents by destroying the germs of disease and removing all Impurities from the body.



All diseases are successfully treated by CORRESPONDENCE, as our goods can be applied at home.

STILL ANOTHER NEW LIST.

Senator A. E. Botsford, Sackville, advises everybody to use Actina for failing eyesight.
Miss Laura Grose, 106 King w., Granulated Eye Laid; cured in 4 weeks.
Rev. Chas. Cole, Halifax, is happy to testify to the benefits received from Butterfly Belt and Actina.
A. Rogers, tobacconist, Adelaldo west, declares Actina worth \$100.
Miss Flora McDonald, 21 Wilton Ave., misses a large lump from her hand of 13 years standing.
S. Floyd, 119 1/2 Portland st., Liver and Kidneys and Dyspepsia cured.
G. B. Glassford, Markdale, Sciatica and Dyspepsia cured in 6 weeks; 15 years standing.
Mrs. McKay, Ailsa Craig, after suffering 13 years, our Sciatica Belt cured her.

Mrs. J. Swift, 87 Agnes st., Sciatica for years, perfectly cured in 6 weeks.
Chas. Cosens, 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.
A. E. Colwell, engraver, city, Rheumatism in the knees, cured.
J. A. T. Ivy, cured of nightly omissions in 6 weeks.
Your Belt and Suspensory cured me of Impolency, writes G. A.
Would not be without your Belt and Suspensory for \$50, says J. McG.
For General Nervous Debility your Butterfly Belt and Suspensory are cheap at any price.

"H. S." says Emissions entirely ceased. Have not felt so well in 20 years. THESE LETTERS ON FILE.

CATARRH Impossible under the influence of Actina. ACTINA will cure all Diseases of the Eye. Given on 15 days trial.

Combine Belt and Suspensory only \$5. Cure certain. No Vinegar or Acids used.

W. T. BAER & CO., 171 Queen st. West, TORONTO, ONT.



Continuation of the GREAT JULY MARK-DOWN SALE
McKEOWN & CO.

During the remainder of this month we will continue our enormous

MARK DOWN SALE

In order to reduce our Stock as much as possible prior to 1st August.
Our sales this month has been unprecedented but there are lots of Goods left yet that must be closed out. We will offer unapproachable bargains in Dress Goods, Silks, Sateens, Prints, Ginghams, Table Linens, Sheetings, White Quilts, Lace Curtains, Flannelettes, Tennis Flannels, Check Muslin, Victoria Lawn, India Linens, Skirting and narrow Embroideries, Laces, Handkerchiefs, Corsets, Ribbons, Kid and Silk Gloves and Mitts, Ladies' summer Underware, etc. and also a special purchase of 500 doz. Ladies Balbriggan, Striped Black and Colored Cotton Hose selling 3 pair for 50 cts. this is less than half actual value.
Immense reductions in Jackets, Jerseys Waterproof Cloaks, Parasols, Ladies and Childrens Muslin Underware &c. &c.

Everything as advertised

M'KEOWN & CO.
182 Yonge Street.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER



Absolutely Pure.

A cream of Tartar Baking Powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—U. S. Government Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Dominion : Line : Royal : Mail
STEAMSHIPS
SUMMER SEASON.

Liverpool Service—Sailing Dates
 From Montreal. From Quebec.

*Sardinia	Thurs. July 17	
*Oregon	" " 21	
Dominion	" " 31	
Vancouver	Wed. Aug. 6	Thurs. Aug. 7th
Toronto	Thurs. " 14	

Bristol Service, for Avonmouth Dock.
SAILING DATES.

Idhao	July 19th
Ontario	" 31st

Rates of passage per S. S. "Vancouver"
 Cabin \$90, to \$50. Return \$100 to \$150, according to accommodation. By all other Steamers \$30 and \$50, according to accommodation in three and two berth rooms. Return \$50 and \$90. Intermediate \$30. Return \$60. Steerage \$20. Return \$40.

* These Steamers have Saloon, State-rooms, Music-room and Bath-rooms, amidships, where but little motion is felt, and carry therein—Cattle or Sheep.
 G. W. TORRANCE, DAVID TORRANCE & Co
 18 Front St. W. Gen. Agts.
 Toronto. Montreal & Portland

ALLAN LINE

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT, 1890.

Reduction in Cabin Rates

Liverpool, Londonderry, Montreal and
 Quebec Service.

STEAMER	From Montreal at Daylight	From Quebec 9 a.m.
Parisian	30 July	31 July
Circassian	13 August	14 August
Sardinian	20 " "	21 " "
Polynesian	27 " "	28 " "
Parisian	3 Sep.	4 Sept.
Circassian	17 " "	18 " "
Sardinian	24 " "	25 " "

RATES OF PASSAGE.

Montreal or Quebec to Liverpool.
 Cabin, from \$45.00, to \$80.00, according to accommodation. Intermediate, \$50. Steerage, \$20.00. Return Tickets, Cabin, \$65.00 to \$120.00.

Passengers are allowed to embark at Montreal, and will leave Toronto on the Tuesday Mornings Express, or if embarking at Quebec, leave on the Wednesday Morning Express.

H. BOURLIER,

GENERAL WESTERN AGENT

Corner King and Yonge Street
TORONTO

HAVE MERCY ON THOSE CLOTHES HOW?

By Giving Up Your Old And Laborious Style of Washing Where you Rub the Clothes to Pieces in your Efforts to Get Them Clean.

USE SUNLIGHT SOAP

According to Directions around each Tablet, and you will soon see the tremendous difference it will make on Washday.

It saves hard rubbing, sore hands and backaches, and enables you to do the wash in half the time that it formerly did before using the "SUNLIGHT" SOAP.

Don't Hesitate for Sunlight Soap is the Ladies' Delight.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully,
T. A. CLOCUM M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of August 1890, mails close and are due as follows:

	CLOS.		DUE.	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.00	7.30	7.45	10.30
O. and Q. Railway	7.30	7.45	8.00	9.00
G. T. R. West	7.00	3.20	12.40	7.40
N. and N. W.	7.00	4.10	10.00	8.10
T. G. and B.	6.30	3.45	10.40	9.00
Midland	6.30	3.30	12.30	9.30
C. V. R.	6.00	3.20	11.20	9.35
G. W. R.	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
	6.00 4.00	10.36 7.30	11.30 9.30	8.20
U. S. N. Y.	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
	6.00 4.00	9.00 5.45	11.30 9.30	10.50 11.00
U. S. West States	6.00 9.30	9.00	12.00	7.20

English mails will be closed during August as follows: August 4, 6, 7, 11, 13, 14, 18, 20, 21, 25, 27, 29

Niagara River Line

In connection with Vanderbilt System of Railways

SINGLE TRIPS

On and after Thursday, May 15, steamer

CIBOLA

will leave Yonge-street wharf (daily except Sundays) at 7 a.m., for Niagara and Lewistown, connecting with trains on New York Central and Michigan Central Railways for Falls, Buffalo, New York, etc.

Tickets at all principal offices.

JOHN FOY, MANAGER.



OVER-WORK.

Office of the High Court of Illinois Catholic Order Forastera, 126 and 128 Washington Street, CHICAGO, Oct. 11th, 1887.

REV. F. KOENIG: Dear Sir—I deem it my duty to certify to the good effect the taking of your medicine had on my health. I was troubled with nervousness brought on by over-work. Your Nerve Tonic almost immediately stopped that peculiar tremor that I presume, is evidence of nervousness. I am now well. My head troubled me, could not sleep, head hot, dreams of accidents, etc. One spoonful of your medicine removed the cause of my dreams; have not had them since; took seven or eight bottles of your medicine. Keep some in my house; always take some occasionally; would not be without it; have recommended it to my friends. If I am not mistaken your medicine will prove a great blessing to this over-worked nation. Yours truly,
JNO. F. SCANLAN,
 N. C. R.

A similar experience was made by Mr. John Beatty, Corner Carroll Avenue and Lincoln Street, Chicago.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MEDICINE CO.,
 50 W. Madison cor. Clinton St., CHICAGO, ILL.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Price \$1 per Bottle. 6 Bottles for \$5.

Agents, Lyman & Co Toronto

