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Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, Oct. 4, 1890.

No. 35

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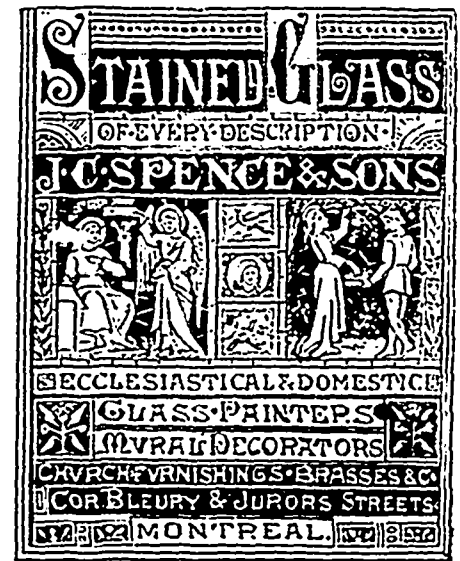


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The Catholic Weekly Review.

Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, Oct. 4, 1890.

No. 35

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Notes.

THE New York *Sun* published on Wednesday an appeal to the people of America from the American committee for the relief of famine sufferers in Ireland. The most trustworthy information is that the complete failure of the potato crop makes another great famine in Ireland practically inevitable. The committee appeals for immediate contributions of money, provisions and clothing. The committee has for its chairman, General James Grant Wilson; honorary chairmen, Ex-Presidents Hayes and Cleveland; and for treasurer, The New York *Sun*.

THE New York Retail Liquor Dealers' Association has appointed a "Grand Committee" of forty-four. The *N. Y. Catholic Review* says concerning it that "Catholics have been charged again and again with their prominence as dealers and consumers in the liquor trade. It is unnecessary to discuss the correctness of the charge at this moment. If we wished to do so, what could we say in the face of this shameful fact, that the committee appointed by the liquor dealers has a majority of Catholics." The *Milwaukee Citizen* cuttingly remarks that, so far as it can perceive, this is the only way in which New York is celebrating the 100th anniversary of Father Mathew.

MR. JOHN MORLEY, who was a witness of the proceedings attending the prosecution of the recently arrested Irish members at Tipperary, has returned to England, and has given to the public his account of the conduct of the police and the resident magistrates. The whole affair he describes as a blunder, and the batoning of the people by the police as a lawless and cowardly outrage. He regards the present Irish administration as responsible for these scenes. The Chief Secretary, for now three and a half years, has defended every act of the executive through thick and thin, whether right or wrong. From the odious slaughter at Mitchellstown, down, Mr. Balfour has always refused to institute an effective public inquiry. He had always denied the truth of charges made against the police, and had always refused to believe the word of an Irish member of Parliament and thus the Irish people, had been left wholly at the mercy of the authorities, without any supervision, without help, and without hope. No wonder, Mr. Morley thinks, that the Irish people do not respect

the law, and that they hate the government which inspired such an abuse of executive force.

A PASTORAL letter from Archbishop Walsh was read in all churches of the archdiocese on Sunday last, in which his Grace urges parents to encourage and cultivate the spiritual vocation in those of their children who may desire to enter the priesthood. The Archbishop dwelt, among other things, on the advantages of a native clergy. "It can be truly affirmed," he says, "that the church will never be firmly established in this country until it possesses a native priesthood—until it is interlaced with the feelings, affection and national habits and traditions of the people—until, in fine, it is made "racy of the soil," like some giant oak that has grown gradually up in our forests, spreading its roots abroad, and driving them deep into the soil and deriving therefrom its sap and nourishment, until it has acquired the sturdy strength and magnificent proportions that bid defiance to the fiercest storms."

THE *Weekly Register*, speaking of the death of Canon Liddon, who was greatly looked up to in the Anglican communion, and of his burial in St. Paul's, says of that edifice that it may be called the only Cathedral of Protestantism in England; and that even so, there is a good deal of Rome in its derivations. To Rome and to St. Peter's, Sir Christopher Wren had an eye when he took up his designing pencil. The period of the building was that in which the Anglican leaders had a momentary dream of re-union with Christendom; and the chapel on the left was specially pushed forward by the Duke of York—a convert to the Catholic faith. To-day, on the altars he erected are seen Catholic emblems—placed there, once again, by "Romanizers" in the Establishment as they are called, for St. Paul's is in the hands of men who adhere to the modern phase of the Church of England as Cardinal Newman "founded" it.

To St. Paul's Dr. Liddon was attached, and perhaps no man, says the *Register*, united in himself more completely than he, the borrower from the Catholic Church and the repudiator of the indebtedness. "He would compass sea and land to save—as he would have said—one proselytes' being made by that Church whose Bible he used, and not her Bible only but almost her Breviary. A picture of the Mother and Child had the place of honour in his library; and, had he any whim that way, he had not hesitated to wear our Lady's livery—the brown scapular, or to say the beads. Any Catholic book of devotion he felt open to him, and there is no literary piracy to compare with the piracy committed in English waters by the buccaners of Anglicanism who board the barque of St. Peter." This is all very well, says the *Register*, and Catholics make no objection, provided only that the flag of St. Peter is not hauled down. The burial of Canon Liddon shows how, more and more, our Anglican brethren are adapting to themselves Catholic customs. For example, there was an inscription on Dr. Liddon's coffin which evoked not a single protest—the letters *R.I.P.* There was a time when Anglicanism would not allow a Catholic to be buried, if it could help it, with those letters upon his tombstone, much less one of its own members.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND ON FATHER MATHIEW.

From advance sheets of the *Catholic World* for October.

A NAME to conjure by! Be it in this year of grace, 1890, that of Theobald Mathew. The tenth day of the October of this year marks the centennial anniversary of the birthday of the hero of total abstinence. Shall it be for us a mere commemorative date, cold as the page of history that tells of the men and the occurrences of a by-gone age? Far from this! Be it a day diffusing over souls all the warmth, all the enthusiasm in well-doing, all the love for God and for fellow-man, with which throbb'd during his life-time the heart of Father Mathew. Be it the well-spring of noblest inspirations to noblest deeds. The world has sore need of them: be they ours on Father Mathew's centennial day.

Theobald Mathew was born on the tenth day of October, 1790, near the ancient capital of Tipperary, in sainted Ireland. The great work of his life began on the tenth day of April, 1838, in the city of Cork. The story has been often told, but it is ever worthy of repetition. He had gathered around him in his humble school-room a group of friends. He spoke to them of the evils wrought by intemperance. "Indeed," he added, "if only one poor soul could be rescued from destruction by what we are now attempting, it would be giving glory to God, and well worth all the trouble we could take. No person in health has any need of intoxicating drinks. My dear friends, you do not require them, nor do I require them—neither do I take them. After much reflection on the subject, I have come to the conviction that there is no necessity for the use of them by any one in good health; and I advise you all to follow my example. I will be the first to sign my name in the book which is on the table, and I hope we shall soon have it full." Father Mathew then approached the table, and, taking the pen, said, "Here goes, in the name of God?" and signed as follows: "Rev'd Theobald Mathew, C. C., Cove Street, No. 1."

Cove Street, No. 1! Three years ago, guided by the esteemed Bishop of Cork, Dr. O'Callaghan, I turned thither my steps. It was to me a shrine most sacred. Thoughts of it had visited me on trans-Atlantic ground, and had impelled me on a certain day, which I will ever reckon among the happiest of my life, to repeat, in earnestness which must cease only on the grave's brink, the words of Father Mathew: "Here goes, in the name of God!" I wished by the closest contact amid scenes with which he had lived to freshen in my soul my resolution, and gain new strength for it. Thence I wandered toward the blackened walls of the chapel, of penal day obscurity—now, alas! diverted to uses profane—in which for long years the "Apostle" had devoutly ministered. I tarried, too, in meditation beneath the roof of the old "Bazaar" building for which he had exchanged the school-room as the dozens of followers grew into the thousands, and I thought that I heard from the overhanging beams the echoes of the fierce denunciations of sin, and his fervid appeals to take the pledge. This were a work worthy of the attention of total abstainers, and entirely within their lines—to wrest from neglect and decay one or more of those birth-places of their cherished "cause," and bedeck them with ornaments of love and gratitude, guarding them as sanctuaries of zeal and self-denial, for the spiritual refectory of pilgrims from many lands.

Father Mathew, as revealed to us on that memorable April day, was a man of singular courage, and men of this stamp are, unfortunately, rare. The common man moves with the crowd, and keeps himself within beaten paths. The hardest thing to bear is isolation, moral or intellectual. Only the bravest, whose make-up is of the heroic kind, will step out by themselves and suffer to be aloof from their fellows. The tens of thousands of contemporary Irishmen bewailed, as Father Mathew did, the terrible evils wrought around them by intemperance. But the tens of thousands did nothing toward remedying the evils. Why should they? Those evils were of old standing; other men, wise and prudent in their generation, had looked on unconcernedly. Moral evil will endure whatever is done. If it is blotted out under one form it will reappear under another. The use of liquor in

itself is not forbidden; to ask people to abstain from it might be bordering on the old African heresy, which must be avoided at all costs. Enmities, too, would be awakened, if action is taken against liquor; brewers, distillers, and publicans should not be ruffled in their temper. Besides, he who stirs will be called, even by good and pious men, a fanatic and a fool. By all means let us be quiet, and leave the world to Providence. Not so did Theodore Mathew argue. Sin and misery abounded; he felt in his heart that a remedy was nigh, however unusual and unpopular, and he vowed to apply it. He became a total abstainer, and he preached total abstinence. He stood out alone, the moment he had taken the pledge, from the whole priesthood of Ireland, many of whom, when his determination was made public, called him a "madman;" but his solitude revealed his grandeur of soul. He was the hero, too, in his self-denial. He imposed total abstinence upon himself, so as to be able to preach it with power to others, and total abstinence in him bespoke all the greater fortitude that it was new in the moral practices of the times. The self-denial which consists in depriving one's self of the use of intoxicating beverages must seem to many veterans of the "cause" the merest of trifles, especially in the priesthood, to whom self-denial under harshest forms presents itself as the daily obligation. Yet, as experience shows, men who apply midnight discipline to their shoulders, and who would face undaunted the martyr's pyre, tremble before the wine-glass and dare not bid it to be gone. There is much, no doubt, in the fact that total abstinence has no command and no religious rule; it knows but the law of liberty, and the will must rise to it without prop or help, save divine grace; but precisely because of this must we recognize heroism in it.

"If only one poor soul could be rescued from destruction by what we are now attempting, it would be giving glory to God, and well worth all the trouble we could take." His own words give the key-note to Father Mathew's life and labours. He loved God, and for God's sake he loved the neighbour. Sin through excessive indulgence in drink was rife; souls were rushing into the jaws of hell; family hearthstones were made desolate; despair and early death circled around the brow of youth, and old age was dishonoured. Was he to fold in idleness his arms, and watch unmoved the swift current of destruction? Was he to hesitate before any sacrifice to self, any appeal to others, that might alleviate the sin and the misery? Assuredly not, so long as his heart was fully aglow with the fire of divine love. To spend and to be spent for souls—this is at all times the test and the measure of apostolic zeal. When sacrifices alarm, there is a cooling of the inward fire; when sacrifices are readily met, it burns with celestial heat. O for a Paul of Tarsus! who cried out that he might be anathema for his brethren: who would never eat meat, or drink wine, if his weaker brother were thereby to be scandalized; who lived and died a martyr of zeal and self-denial! The world is warmer and better for centuries from the life of a true hero of divine love, and it is well to gather men closely around one such, that they be permeated with his spirit, and reproduce in themselves his ardours. Such a man was Theobald Mathew, and hence his force of character, his strong resolve, his fearlessness in presence of criticism and his perseverance despite impediments and contradictions.

That Father Mathew was not mistaken in his estimate of the efficacy of total abstinence in the eradication of the popular vice, subsequent events gave ample proof. Within a few years he regenerated Ireland, whose people became the most sober among the nations of Christendom, and rose to an unexampled condition of material prosperity and social peace and virtue. That the good he wrought did not continue unimpaired by time, was not the fault of Father Mathew; neither can the fact be construed as showing a defect in the means he employed. The dreadful famine of 1848 broke the energies of the people and arrested all upward movements. The cause of total abstinence necessarily emerged from it weakened and nerveless. Then, soon afterwards, the apostle himself passed away, and none were found who coveted the wearing of his mantle. He had, indeed, sought to perpetuate his kind. One day he had enrolled

under his banner two hundred and fifty students of Ireland's far-famed seminary, Maynooth, and he had believed that a race of leaders had been created that should never fail in Israel. His hopes in this regard were doomed to disappointment. Yet not with himself did all his power go down into the grave. His name remained, and it has been fertile in inspirations. A great man never dies among his fellow-men; his activity never ceases. The total-abstinence movement of the present day in Ireland, in England, in the United States inscribes upon its banners the name of the "Apostle," feeds itself upon his principles, and lives off his very soul. The priest of Cove Street reigns to-day, and his realm embraces the whole English-speaking world.

In the centennial of Father Mathew there is a deep significance. It speaks to us, in accents that will not be stilled, of our own duty. Intemperance is among us, doing fearful harm to bodies and to souls. It has not the unlimited sway which former years accorded to it: there are serried battalions in the field opposing it. Public opinion no longer fawns to it; both its victims and its agents are held in ill-repute. Yet, withal, the slimy serpent lives, and through all ranks of society it trails its poison-laden lengths, distilling in all directions its pestilential breathings. Who is there who has not sorrowed over its ravages? Let me speak as a Catholic. I know I will be blamed for my rashness and credited with unpardonable exaggerations, and, may be, with untruths. There are those who fain would veil from public gaze the gaping wounds; there are those who, limiting their observations to their immediate encircling, do not believe in the wide-spread disasters, the knowledge of which appalls me. But speak I will, and let me be called, as Theobald Mathew was, a fanatic and a madman. Intemperance to-day is doing Holy Church harm beyond the power of pen to describe, and unless we crush it out, Catholicity can make but slow advance in America. I would say, intemperance is our one misfortune. With all other difficulties we can easily cope, and cope successfully. Intemperance, as nothing else, paralyzes our forces, awakens in the minds of our non-Catholic fellow-citizens violent prejudices against us, and casts over all the priceless treasures of truth and grace which the church carries in her bosom an impenetrable veil of darkness. Need I particularize? Catholics nearly monopolize the liquor-traffic; Catholics loom up before the criminal courts of the land, under the charge of drunkenness and other violations of law resulting from drunkenness, in undue majority; poor-houses and asylums are thronged with Catholics, the immediate or mediate victims of drink; the poverty, the sin, the shame that fall upon our people result almost entirely from drink, and, God knows, those afflictions come upon them thick and heavy! No one would dare assert, so strong the evidence, that the disgrace from liquor-selling and liquor-drinking taken from us, the most hateful enemy could throw a stone at us, or that our people would not come out in broad day-light before the country as the purest, the most law-abiding, the most honoured element in its population. And still—mystery passing strange!—the Theobald Mathews are few, and these few are timid. What, as a people, are we doing? We stand almost at the doors of saloons pelting nicknames at total abstainers, calling them cranks and Manicheans. We exhaust our speech in invoking maledictions upon the heads of prohibitionists and temperance agitators. We inveigh, of course, though often in softest tones, against the sin of out-and-out intoxication; but, while doing this much, lest the blows to alcohol be too serious, we are careful to emphasize certain abstract principles as to the licitness, *in se*, of saloon-keeping and liquor-drinking. On the tables at great banquets the wines sparkle, and their fragrance is wafted through the air to cellar and tenement-house, tempting the miserable occupants to rush to their banquet-hall, the corner grog-shop. We philosophize, at times, of course, over the evil which we cannot totally conceal from ourselves; but very strange the cogitations by which we excuse our do-nothing policy. In other countries, say we, drinking goes on, and no noise is made about it; why should not drinking be as highly thought of in America as in Jutland or among the Carpathian Mountains? Others drink as much as our own people do, and, may be, a good deal more than they;

and, if they are more temperate than our own people, they have vices more hideous than intemperance, from which ours are free. We must denounce divorce and Mormonism; we have no time to denounce intemperance. Then—who knows?—by opposing intemperance too strongly we might drive men into Manicheism, and, at any rate, we would offend the generous brewer and the jovial-faced bartender, men whose dollars are never held back from the charities of the church. Liquor is the poetry of life; a table without wine or beer looks like a funeral feast; those total abstainers are moody, dangerous men, hypocrites and misers. The proper remedy for intemperance, if a remedy is needed, should be prayer and the sacraments; but the drunkards will not come to the sacraments, and our obligation toward them ends. Thus do we act, thus do we argue, thus do we joke, and meanwhile the Church of Christ droops her head in shame, legions of poor people rot in sin and misery, and immortal souls are precipitated into hell.

Oh! for a solemn and enduring awakening from slumber and sloth, by virtue of the sacred memory of Father Mathew! Why dilly-dally another day with this monster-evil which is desolating the land? Why, when the enemy is upon us, slaying neighbours and friends, and damning souls, lose a moment in idle discussions and heartless pleasantries? For once let us be serious-minded, and zealous and active in well-doing. One decade of years, in earnest warfare—the battle being general throughout the field, instead of being confined to some isolated bands of sharpshooters—and victory brilliant and complete shall be ours. The task is much easier than it was for Father Mathew. Total abstinence is no longer a novelty; it has made its record and proved its efficiency, and the church has set her seal upon it. The cry was in Father Mathew's time, and for long years afterwards, that Rome had not recognized total abstinence. Indeed, the would-be-wise men knew that Rome never would recognize it; if she did, then assuredly they, loyal sons of hers, should recognize it too, and most likely practise it. Well, Rome has spoken; but those loyal sons of hers are so busy reading up her utterances on other subjects that they lose sight of her words on total abstinence. "Hence," wrote Leo XIII., "we esteem worthy of all commendation the noble resolve of your pious associations, by which they pledge themselves to abstain totally from every kind of intoxicating drink. Nor can it at all be doubted that this determination is the proper and the truly efficacious remedy [or, as some choose to translate, a proper and a truly efficacious remedy] for this very great evil." There remains, now, no excuse for indifference or inactivity.

All circumstances well considered, it is not too much to say that the practices of zeal and self-denial are very few, if there are any, that will give more public edification and bring greater glory to the church than that of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. Let this truth be pressed upon our Catholics, in season and out of season. Let pastors, in whose keeping primarily souls are placed, teach it by word and example. Let the religious orders in the church, that make of self-denial a chief duty, embracing through love for God fasting and flagellation, take front ranks in the new crusade. Father Mathew was a priest and a religious, and his example comes home with intensified force to priests and religious. We quote again from the brief of the Sovereign Pontiff: "So much the more strongly will all be induced to put this bridle [total abstinence] upon appetite, by how much the greater are the dignity and influence of those who give the example. But greatest of all in this matter should be the zeal of priests, who, as they are called to instruct the people in the word of life, and to mould them to Christian morality, should also, and above all, walk before them in the practice of virtue. Let pastors, therefore, do their best to drive the plague of intemperance from the fold of Christ by assiduous preaching and exhortation, and to shine before all as models of abstinence, that so many calamities with which this vice threatens both church and state may, by their strenuous endeavours, be averted."

To Ireland, Father Mathew's own land, do we send, on his anniversary, a message of love and gratitude. To her are we indebted for him, and for all the inspirations which spring from his name. Next to their own country, Ireland

is of all nations dearest to the hearts of total abstainers, and for her salvation their fervent prayers go up to the Throne of Grace. Heaven be praised that, her noble episcopate leading, a new era for total abstinence has dawned over her. She celebrates fitly the centennial of her "Apostle." How much there is involved in the triumph of total abstinence in Ireland, did but Irishmen understand it! For herself it means all blessings. "Ireland sober is Ireland free," said one who loved her well. For her exiled children, scattered to the four corners of the earth, it means their own sobriety, and their honour in the eyes of their fellow-citizens in their new homes. For the church, of which in the vast English-speaking world Irishmen and their descendants form a part so large and so important, it means undimmed glory. Total abstinence in Ireland is total abstinence across oceans and over continents. And total abstinence in Ireland is to be had for the asking. God has not created a people more docile to their spiritual leaders than the children of St. Patrick. May I dare speak across the Atlantic and name the means, so easy and so simple, by which Ireland will be made the most sober nation of earth, and without which labours most herculean must fail? It is this: let the words of Father Mathew reverberate in the seminaries, the monasteries, and the presbyteries of Ireland: "Here goes, in the name of God!" The magic persuasiveness of Father Mathew's appeals lay in his own total-abstinence pledge. In their own pledges will the priests of Ireland conquer.

"*In hoc signo vinces.*"

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S DEFINITION OF A GENTLEMAN.

It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say that he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, so far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him, and he concurs with their movements rather than take the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature—like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman, in like manner, carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast—all clashing of opinion or collision of feeling, all restraint or suspicion or gloom or resentment; his great concern being to make every one feel at his ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absurd. He can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation and never wearisome. He makes light of favours when he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves toward our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults; he is too well employed to remember injuries and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing and resigned on philosophical principles: he submits to pain because it is inevitable; to bereavement because it is irreparable, and to death because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds, who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean; who, mistaking the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may

be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candor, consideration, indulgence; he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes; he knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits. If he be an unbeliever he will be too profound and large-minded to ridicule religion or to act against it; he is too wise to be a dogmatist or fanatic in his infidelity. He respects quietude and devotion; he even supports institutions as venerable, beautiful or useful, to which he does not assent; he honours the ministers of religion and it contents him to decline its mysteries without assailing or denouncing them. He is a friend of religious toleration, and that not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial eye, but also from the gentleness and effeminacy of feeling which is the attendant of civilization. Not that he may not hold a religion too in his own way, even when he is not a Christian. In that case his religion is one of imagination and sentiment; it is the embodiment of those ideas of the sublime, majestic and beautiful, without which there can be no large philosophy. Sometimes he acknowledges the being of God, sometimes he invests an unknown principle or qualities with the attributes of perfection. And the deduction of his reason or creation of his fancy he makes the occasion of such excellent thought and the starting-point of so varied and systematic a teaching that he even seems like a disciple of Christianity itself. From the very accuracy and steadiness of his logical powers he is able to see what sentiments are consistent in those who hold any religious doctrine at all, and he appears to others to feel and to hold a whole circle of theological truths, which exist in his mind not otherwise than as a number of deductions. Such are some of the lineaments of the ethical character which the cultivated intellect will form, apart from the religious principle. They are seen within the pale of the Church and without it, in holy men and in profligate; they form the beau-ideal of the world; they partly assist and partly distort the development of the Catholic. They may subserve the education of a St. Francis de Sales or a Cardinal Pope; they may be the limits of a contemplation of a Shaftesbury or a Gibbon. Basil and Julian were fellow-students at the schools of Athens, and one became a saint and doctor of the Church, the other her scoffing and relentless foe.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

THE Bishop of Linz, Austria, on a recent occasion expressed himself in the following text on the necessity and the mission of the Catholic press: "Whoever advances and promotes the interests of the Catholic press is, in the words of the pastoral letter of the hierarchy of Austria, a 'defender of the faith and of the Church,' a 'herald of truth,' and 'a promoter of the highest interests of truth.' The Catholic paper should be a defence against falsehood and erroneous doctrines, and is called to popularize the principles of Catholic faith. Like in the world we see the separation and classification of the spirits that are fighting with Christ and those that antagonize Him, so also do we observe the same feeling manifest itself among the press of this day. One of the most urgent and important duties of the clergy to-day is to move, with energy and all possible means within the bounds of morality and law, toward the substitution of irreligious and harm-producing journals by those published in the interests of God and of truth."

The newly-appointed Archbishop of Vienna, Dr. Anton Gruscha, says also in reference to this subject: "Among the duties we owe to God and the Church (words of Pope Leo XII.) is the first, that we strive with all our power and ability to disseminate Christian truth and antagonize the opposing heresies. This duty is also that of the press. It is the means of extending to the furthest bounds Catholic truth and defending it against the attacks of its enemies. And the truth is Christ. It is in contravention of divine law that the press that should be a support and aid to faith and justice is a power for evil, a promoter and adherent of unbelief, of

revolutions and rebellion against God and His revealed law."

These references to the worth and intelligence and scope of a Catholic editor should find their reflex among the Catholic laity of this country, viz.: that those most in need of a champion of their faith, of their religious and political rights, can find no better helpmeet and aid in the multifarious occasions that arise day by day in intercourse with the world than a Catholic newspaper. Experience teaches us that those Catholics who in argument or controversy of a polemical nature are worsted, or at least *decidedly silent*, are those who hardly, if ever, read a Catholic journal. People who do not read the paper are proverbially ignorant and to be pitied for their lofty stupidity. How, then, does it stand with the subject—the most important and far-reaching of any that we can conceive, that we know of—that of religion? That in these days of enlightenment and educational advancement a Catholic should not be able to hold his own ground upon a controversial basis and be swayed hither and thither and find the ground giving way beneath his feet, merely because he has been forced to declare his religious convictions and the ground-work upon which they rest is hardly so strange and surprising when we consider that instead of fortifying himself with the means that the Church and its auxiliary, the Catholic press, place at his disposal (while not ignoring Catholic literature itself), and thus enable him to overcome the foes of truth and justice, he ignores the spirit and purpose of the same by failing to subscribe to and maintain that very important factor, a Catholic paper. And not only this, but deliberately aids the cause of unbelief and falsehood by giving countenance and assistance to journals of a decidedly "liberal" and demoralizing tendency—sheets that insinuate themselves into the household, into the club, into the library and contaminate with their poisonous and imperceptible miasma minds that are weak and unstable and debilitated morally, mentally and *controversially*.

If a person be careless and callous of his most precious interests and neglect in a manner both reprehensible and, I may say, sinful, that which he should guard with most jealous fervor—his Catholic conviction—then he is upon the highway to moral torpidity and this generally is productive of disbelief and unbelief and falsehood.

Our Catholic journals are plentiful to supply any demand made by a reading public and should at all times be generously aided in their gallant fight with Satan and his satellites, a sneering and contemptible literature, a wicked, sordid and grasping world, an erratic and falsehood-teaching press, an evil and bigoted public opinion and last, but not least, the usurpation by governments of the rights and privileges of the Church.

ST. PATRICK'S, ROME.

Says a writer in the *New York Sun* in giving a description of the splendid church edifice to be erected in the eternal city in honor of Ireland's patron saint: The project of erecting in Rome a church dedicated to Ireland's patron saint was inaugurated four years ago, and the work was intrusted to Dr. Glynn, prior of the Augustinian College in the Eternal City. Nearly every nationality except the Irish is represented by a church in Rome. The work of erecting St. Patrick's is now well in hand, the corner stone having been laid on Aug. 1, 1888. The building will rise beside the new college of the Irish Augustinian fathers in the new quarters of Rome, formerly known as the Villa Ludovici.

A few months ago, in accordance with the wish of the Pope, three sets of plans were prepared. They represented the Gothic, renaissance, and classic styles of architecture. Copies of the plans were sent to the provincial of the Irish Augustinians, the archbishops of Ireland and Australia and an American prelate, who were asked to give their opinions as to the best styles. The plan of the renaissance edifice received the general approval. The decision was then submitted to the Pope, who said he also was in favour of the renaissance.

In form the edifice will be a basilica, with three naves. Steps will lead to the floor, which will be seven feet above the level of the street. The facade will be very handsome.

It will be incrustated with coloured marbles and ornamented with mosaics and statues. Pilasters, spiral columns, mosaics, ornate pinnacles and bas reliefs will ornament the entrances, of which there will be three, one for each nave, a handsome rose window will be over each door. A row of niches with gilt walls will stretch across the facade, above the rose windows. The niches will be filled with Greek marble statues of illustrious Irish saints.

In the central niche will be a statue of the patron of the church. It will be considerably larger than any of the other statues. The niches on the right will contain statues of St. Brigid, St. Jarlath, St. Lawrence O'Toole and St. Dymphna, and those on the left statues of St. Columbia, St. Cormac, St. Killan and St. Ita. The lateral naves will be only about half as high as the central nave. The tympanum or triangular space of the central nave facade will be adorned by a mosaic, and in the centre of the square portion beneath it will be a large window. Across the summit of the entire facade will run a cornice with medallions, mosaics and intaglios. Above the centre of the tympanum will be placed a gilt cross. The side walls will have the same horizontal divisions as the facade. Stained glass will fill the windows, above which will be placed, on ornamental shields of carved stone, the arms of the different dioceses of Ireland.

The belfry or campanile will rise at the right hand side, where the apse and nave will meet. It will be divided into stories or zones and will be ornamented with colored marble discs and mosaics. In form the apse will be semi-octagonal, and its horizontal divisions will harmonize with those of the front and sides. It will have the windows similar to those of the sides. In height the facade will be 122 feet, and in breadth 92 feet. The distance from the ground to the top of the belfry will be 158 feet. In length the edifice will be 194 feet. This includes the apse, which is 17 feet deep.

The entire breadth of the church will be 76 feet. Each of the lateral naves will be half as wide as the central nave. Eighty-nine feet will be the height of the central nave, and 49 feet that of the lateral naves. Two rows of columns will mark the divisions of the naves. In each row will be four monolith columns of Biella granite. The columns, including the capitals, will be 34 feet high each. In style the capitals will be Corinthian, and the material will be Carrara marble. At each end of the rows of columns will be a pilaster. The decoration of the walls and vaulted ceiling has not yet been decided upon, but the interior of the edifice will be most favorable for any kind of artistic work.

The entire area of the church, sacristy and other places of worship connected with the building will be 21,740 feet. The sacristy and the other places of worship have been completed, and form part of the adjacent college building. They are on the left hand side of the edifice. The sacristy is quite spacious, and will be used as a chapel until the church itself has been completed.

The funds for the erection of the church are being raised by subscription. The Pope made the first contribution. He gave 4000 liras. He also made an appeal to Irish Catholics in all lands, which has been generously responded to.

Sir John Croker Barrow, Bart., the author of a fine legendary poem on the Blessed Virgin, has written the most beautiful sonnet we have yet seen in honour of Cardinal Manning. We have pleasure in giving it to our readers:

High Priest of God most High! Thou hast the scars
Of wounds, which Francis-like thou fain wouldst hide;
But which—though not in hands and feet and side,
Like his—thou canst not hide! They are the stars
Which crown that Silver Jubilee of wars,
Which thou has waged against our Island Pride—
To feed and clothe and peace-make far and wide,
And save from drink and crime and prison-bars.
True shepherd of the great Arch-Shepherd's flock!
Who livest on, to guide from Error's glare,
Toward the shelter of St. Peter's rock
The sheep and lambs committed to thy care
For light to lighten more our Island Home
We look to thee—and look, through thee, to Rome

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto.
The Most Rev. C. O'Brien, Archbishop of Halifax.
Rt. Rev. T. J. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton.
The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto.

The late Archbishop Lynch.
The late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carbery of Hamilton.
The Rev. Father Dowd of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.
And by the leading clergy of the Dominion

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Our excellent contemporary, the *Irish Catholic* of Dublin, commenting upon the letter addressed by the Bishop of Cork to the parish priest at Schull, and printed elsewhere in this number, says that it will attract much and deserved attention. "Ireland and her cause," it says, "has no stronger well-wisher than the Holy Father, and it is impossible not to deplore the policy which would create even a seeming antagonism between the twin duties of Irishmen to Church and country. Nothing can be secured by such a course of action but loss and trouble. The interests of our suffering peasantry can be fully and entirely safeguarded without adopting methods condemned by the Holy See."

Monsignor Seton, in a sermon preached in St. Joseph's church, Jersey City, a few weeks ago, expressed himself thus freely regarding the brutal selfishness that even in the house of God not seldom exhibits itself:

"While we deplore the number of those human brutes to be met in public conveyances, it is to be regretted that the churches are not free from them. They find their way into the house of God. I have been shocked to observe on the part of members of my own congregation, while worshipping here before the altar, evidences of a want of courtesy and kindness altogether unworthy of Christians. I have seen persons come into this church who were treated as though they were not entitled to a seat by those in possession of the pews; and strangers have remarked this want of Christian courtesy in the church. It is all wrong, and I propose to put a stop to it. If those persons for whom God has done so much are not disposed to appreciate the blessings they enjoy, and to extend a Christian sympathy to their neighbours, in so far as my influence extends I am determined to bring them back to a sense of appreciation. All men are equal in the house of God, and here, at least, the human brute will not be tolerated. Once in this church two negroes who had entered to attend Mass were told by one of these brutes that I have referred to, that this sanctuary was not intended for negroes, but for white men. The matter was brought to my attention afterwards, and words could not express my indignation. Such an outrage will not occur again, however, I promise you. There is no distinction of colour or race, of worldly condition, or rank in the Church of Christ. But there is no room for brutes; and if I am compelled to do so, I shall make a public example of any persons whom I see acting the part of brutes in this church."

IRELAND AND THE ENGLISH CATHOLICS.

The painful estrangement of a section, and an influential section, of English Catholics from the bulk of the Catholic people of Ireland, recalls to mind those two chapters on "Irish Discontent," in Cardinal Newman's delightful Historical Sketches, in which he portrays the feelings which exist among the Catholics of the two countries, the one towards the other. Nowhere else has that relationship been so faithfully, or so impressively, or so sympathetically described. Seven years of the great Cardinal's life were lived in Ireland; his tender heart went out to her long-suffering children; and the pathos of his sentences has a personal touch. The English visitor to Ireland, he writes, if he happens to be a Catholic, has, in consequence, a trial to sustain of his own, of which the Continental tourist has no experience from either Austrian police, or Russian douane, or Turkish quarantine. He has turned his eyes to a country bound to him by the ties of a common faith; and, when he lands at Cork or Kingstown, he breathes more freely from the thought that he is among his co-religionists, and has left behind him a Protestant people. "He has but this one imagination before his mind, that he is in the midst of those who will not despise him for his faith's sake; who name the same sacred names and utter the same prayers and use the same devotions as he does himself; whose churches are the houses of his God, and whose numerous clergy are the physicians of the soul. He penetrates into the heart of the country; and he recognises an innocence in the young face, and a piety and patience in the aged voice, which strikingly and sadly contrast with the habits of his own rural population. Scattered over these masses of peasantry, and peasants themselves, he hears of a number of lay persons who have dedicated themselves to a religious celibate, and who, by their superior knowledge, as well as sanctity, are the natural and ready guides of their humble brethren. He finds the population as munificent as it is pious, and doing greater works for God out of their poverty than the rich and noble elsewhere accomplish in their abundance. He finds them characterised by a love of kindred so tender and faithful as to lead them, on their compulsory expatriation, to send back from their first earnings in another hemisphere incredible sums, with the purpose of bringing over to it those dear ones whom they have left in the old country. And he finds himself received with that warmth of hospitality which ever has been Ireland's boast; and, as far as he is personally concerned, his blood is forgotten in his baptism. How shall he not, under such circumstances, exult in his new friends, and feel words deficient to express both his deep reverence for their virtues, and his strong sympathy in their heavy trials?"

"But, alas!" he adds, "feelings which are so just and natural in themselves, which are so congruous in the breast of Frenchman or Italian, are impertinent in him. He does not at first recollect, as he ought to recollect, that he comes among the Irish people as a representative of persons and actions and catastrophes, which it is not pleasant to anyone to think about; that he is responsible for the deeds of his forefathers, and of his contemporary Parliaments and Executive; that he is one of a strong, unscrupulous, tyrannous race, standing upon the soil of the injured. He does not bear in mind that it is as easy to forget injuring as it is difficult to forget being injured. He does not admit, even in his imagination, the judgment and the sentence which the

past history of Erin sternly pronounces upon him. He has to be recalled to himself, and to be taught by what he hears around him, that an Englishman has no right to open his heart and indulge in honest affection towards the Irish race, as if nothing had happened between him and them. The voices so full of blessings for their Maker and their own kindred, adopt a very different strain and cadence when the name of England is mentioned; and, even when he is most warmly and generously received by those whom he falls in with, he will be repudiated by those who are at a distance. Natural amiableness, religious principle, education, reading, knowledge of the world, and the charities of civilization, repress or eradicate these bitter feelings in the class in which he finds his friends; but, as to the population, one sentiment of hatred against the oppressor, *manet alta mente repostum*. The wrongs which England has inflicted are faithfully remembered, her services are viewed with incredulity or resentment; her name and fellowship are abominated; the news of her prosperity heard with disgust; the anticipation of her possible reverses nursed and cherished as the best of consolations. The success of France and Russia over her armies, of Yankee or Hindoo, is fervently desired as the first instalment of a debt accumulated through seven centuries; and that, even though those armies are in so large a proportion recruited from the Irish soil. If he ventures, at least, to ask for prayers for England, he receives one answer—a prayer that she may receive her due. It is as if the air rang with the old Jewish words: "O daughter of Babylon, blessed shall he be who shall repay thee as thou hast paid us!"

It is remarkable, too, the Cardinal has mentioned, that the Holy See, to whose initiative the union of the two countries is in history traceable, is not held chargeable by the Irish people with the evils which have resulted to them from it, unique and remarkable as the Holy See's responsibility for that initiative is. There are other nations ill-matched besides the English and Irish, but the Holy See has had no hand in their political arrangement. It indeed seems strange, and we are often reminded of it by Protestants, that the act of a Pontiff, although a personal act, should have given the impulse to a union so unblest for centuries. They deem it stranger still that the Holy See has not roused against itself thereby a torrent of resentful feelings in the minds of the people of Ireland. But the Irish have preserved the Faith, and with it its instincts, its insights. Whatever they may think of the wisdom or the expediency of the original annexation, they know that its serious evils did not begin until the Monarchy was false to the Faith as well as to Ireland. Up to that time, so attached and united did settlers in Ireland become to it and its people, that, according to the proverb, they were *Hibernicis ipsis Hiberniores*. "It is Protestantism," wrote the Cardinal, "which has been the tyrannical oppressor of the Irish; and we suppose that Protestantism neither asked nor needed letters apostolic or consecrated banners to encourage it in the war it waged against Irish Catholicism. Neither Cromwell, nor William of Nassau, waited for the Pope's leave or sought his blessing in his military operations against Ireland." In a word, it was Protestantism that introduced the iron age into Ireland.

A WRITER in the *London Athenæum* thus speaks of Cardinal Newman's rank in English Literature: "Lord Coleridge, calling all the works of Newman as witnesses, delivers judgment on him as the greatest modern master of style, with the apparent concurrence of the whole court of men of letters, including John Morley."

THE ORANGE SENTINEL AND MIRACLES.

We do not think that any good purpose is to be served by the continuance of a discussion with the *Orange Sentinel* on the subject of miracles. That journal itself, a few weeks ago, admitted, in view of the fundamental differences in our positions, that further discussion would be useless; yet it has since gone on, we observe, writing fresh articles on the subject, and giving place to the communications of correspondents who profess to have discovered a mine of artfulness and casuistry in the arguments of this Review. So far as we are concerned, however, we are free to say to the *Orange Sentinel* that there is no need, nor, in our judgment, any room, for casuistry or literary legerdemain of any sort in the matter. Our positions, though wholly different, are quite simple. The *Orange Sentinel*, a militant exponent of Protestantism be it remembered, rejects modern miracles as incredible, and regards "modern miracle-mongering," the phrase by which it pleases it to describe the Christian and Catholic belief in and acceptance of miracles, as "repugnant to the reason and intelligence of the age," and as an imposition upon "an intelligent public," and so on. That is to say, what God did once, the *Orange Sentinel* contends He is not likely to do again. Similarly when Catholics affirm that the Supreme Being has wrought miracles on earth since the times of the Apostles, the *Orange Sentinel* refuses to believe it. The *Orange Sentinel* maintains that it cannot be supposed He has worked many miracles. We answer that it cannot be supposed that He will work few. And here we are content to abide the matter, leaving it to the judgment of any intelligent person, whether he be a believer or unbeliever, to determine which is the more consistent and tenable position.

We are no apologists, we may be permitted to say to the *Sentinel*, for superstition or for vulgar credulity. Catholics put just as small store on superstition, we believe, as their neighbours. Miracles to us are facts of history and biography, to be dealt with precisely as other facts. But believing as we do that there are two systems in existence, the natural and the supernatural, and two corresponding histories, one of common events, and the other of events of a miraculous character, each system and each history separate and existent in its own order, therefore for the reason that natural facts do not startle Protestants, supernatural facts, under circumstances, *i.e.*, when perceptible to the senses and sustained by invincible testimony, do not startle Catholics. Whether or not a reported miracle took place, is a simple question of evidence. But in the absence of distinct evidence there is no obligation upon them to believe. So long as the miraculous character of a happening is indeterminate or undetermined, they will prefer to suspend judgment. But their first and last word will be, "It is possible." Under no circumstances will they say with the *Sentinel* "It is impossible; we refuse to believe." Why, may we ask, is the *Sentinel* silent in regard to the three several reported cases the particulars of which we on two occasions supplied it with, and which furnish it with proper subjects for investigation?

There is just one other word which it may seem ungracious in us to say, but which we feel it incumbent upon us to add before finally having done with our contemporary. It is that politeness does not sit well, if we may judge, upon the *Orange Sentinel*. That journal is good enough to profess twice in a recent article its unwillingness to give "any unnecessary offence" to us, and to those who think with us, in

its handling of these questions; and yet, we observe, that the preceding and subsequent sentences are full of contemptuous references to the "Romish" Church, whatever that may be, and to the "saints and medicine men" of the "Romish Church." The lives of some of these saints we are informed "do not stand the closest scrutiny imaginable;" and we are free to confess that they must have been bad indeed if they fail to come up to the Orange standard.

LA VERITE AGAIN.

La Verite, the Sir Lucius O'Trigger of Canadian journalism, has a fine notion of chivalry. For no better purpose, apparently, than to have a lunge at this journal, it levels, by insinuation and innuendo—for it prefers to avoid direct statement—a cruel and cowardly libel against the dead. In the very full and carefully prepared biographical sketch of the saintly and illustrious Cardinal Newman which the Review published in its pages a few weeks ago, speaking of the period immediately following the publication of his famous defence of the dogma of Papal Infallibility and the loyalty of the Catholic people of Great Britain against the elaborate attack of Mr. Gladstone, it was said:

No official recognition of the service rendered by Dr. Newman followed his *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*. He remained a plain Oratorian Father, and while one of the two prominent divines who had defended the Decrees received a signal mark of approval (and apostolical favours in the shape of approbations and Benedictions were showered upon many) the other, and more eminent, was treated with what his countrymen could not help regarding as sullen neglect. Honours, however, were forthcoming from a different source, animated by a generous recognition of his unsurpassed intellectual qualities. In 1877 he was elected an Honorary Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. This was a signal mark of honour. Trinity had been his first College, and was endeared to him by many pleasant associations, and the ties of warm and never-to-be-forgotten friendships.

This paragraph it suits *La Verite* to construe as "an insult" against the memory of one of the greatest Popes that the Church has known, the late Sovereign Pontiff Pius IX. If, says *La Verite*, Pius IX. did not honour Father Newman at that period there were weighty reasons (*motifs*) why he should not. It implies that this Review has sought to attribute the neglect which Dr. Newman for some years did endure, to personal feeling on the part of the late Sovereign Pontiff,—which is a suggestion of the false; and not content with that it goes on to add that the fact that at that time Father Newman was adjudged worthy of the honours of the Protestant University of Oxford furnishes us with an explanation of the conduct of Pius IX. with regard to the famous ecclesiastic—which we go farther and say is not only a suggestion of the false, but a suppression of the truth.

The simple fact is that from about 1866 until about 1875 Dr. Newman was subjected to a series of ungenerous attacks at the hands of some of his co-religionists. No man had ever done more for his adopted faith than he had, yet there was dissatisfaction rather than gratitude in certain quarters. It was insinuated, in much the same way as *La Verite* illustrates, that he was not "sound" and so forth; and the full force of this distrust and denunciation broke upon him when in 1870 he resisted the definition of the dogma of infallibility, not, be it remembered, on any doctrinal grounds, but simply on the ground of opportunism and expediency. His views found expression in a private letter to Bishop Ullathorne, of Birmingham, which, in some unaccountable manner, found its way into print and gave rise temporarily to an impression that the doctrine itself failed to meet with his acceptance.

But in the end, such was the irony of events, it fell to Dr. Newman to give the last word in defence of the dogma, and to dispose of the serious indictment urged, in consequence, against the civil allegiance of Catholics by no less a person than Mr. Gladstone.

The ungraciousness of these attacks was manifest. Twenty years of fidelity to the cause for which he had made such enormous sacrifices and broken such affectionate ties, ought to have insured him from the petty jealousies and disaffections of a clique. To the credit of the Catholic body, very little sympathy was shown with these attacks. On the other hand Dr. Newman was himself the object of a very marked display of sympathy. On one occasion a large number of influential Catholics met at Stafford and showed their attachment to him by adopting an address in which they expressed their deep pain at the anonymous attacks he had endured. "Any blow," they said, "that touches you wounds the Catholic Church in this country;" and the numerous and important signatures appended to the address gave it a representative character. In his letter of reply Dr. Newman said: "The attacks of opponents are never hard to bear when the person who is the subject of them is conscious to himself that they are undeserved. But in the present instance I have small cause indeed for pain or regret at this occurrence, since they have at once elicited in my behalf the warm feelings of so many dear friends who know me well, and of so many others whose good opinion is the more impartial for the very reason that I am not personally known to them. Of such men, whether friends or strangers to me, I would a hundred times rather receive their generous sympathy than have escaped the misrepresentations which are the occasion of their showing it."

Some years afterwards the Cardinal made another public reference to the painful episode of these unjust attacks. By a deputation of Irish peers, judges, and Roman Catholic bishops, waiting upon him to congratulate him on his accession to the Cardinalate, it was remarked that he had not been altogether spared the dishonouring misrepresentations which had been the portion of the best and greatest of mankind. Dr. Newman, in acknowledging the compliment, said: "Reference has been made to the accident that in past years I have not always been understood, or had justice done to my real sentiments and intentions, in influential quarters, at home and abroad. I will not deny that on several occasions this has been my trial, and I say this without assuming that I had no blame myself in its coming upon me. But I was conscious myself of a firm faith in the Catholic Church and a loyalty to the Holy See; and that I had been blessed with a fair measure of success in my work; and that prejudice and misrepresentation do not last forever. And now my wonder is, as I feel it, that the sunshine is come out so soon, and with so fair a promise of lasting through my evening."

It is not a pleasant thing to know that it was due to a faction of Catholics, more zealous than scrupulous, that these libels, to the effect that Dr. Newman was "wavering," and "upon the point of uniting with Dollinger," were kept in circulation for many years. But, happily, as he himself said, "prejudice and misconception do not last forever;" and our present Holy Father was not long upon the Pontifical Throne before it was known that he was desirous of conferring some signal mark of favour upon a great and single-minded champion of the Church.

With regard to the distinction conferred upon the Cardinal by the University of Oxford, it is enough to say that it bears

no such sinister meaning as that suggested by *La Verite*. It was, in fact, a felicitous compliment to the Catholic body. Otherwise, need we say? Dr. Newman would not have accepted it. Oxford University had just abolished the old university "Tests" of the intolerant days of Church of England prerogative. Dr. Newman's religious professions being no longer a "disability" nothing could have been more fitting than the distinction conferred upon him by his old College, which, as he tells us in the "Apologia," "had never been unkind to him."

While we are on this untoward subject perhaps we ought not to lose sight of the fact that Cardinal Newman was neither the first nor the only great spirit to suffer from the selfishness and the cruel suspiciousness of others of his own household. Take Pere Lacordaire, that kingly figure, who, a generation ago, sought to do for France what Cardinal Manning in our day is doing for England—uniting religion with the progress and well-being of the people. Here was a man sincere, earnest, and firm in his faith, simple and docile as a child, of unbounded charity, full of tenderness of heart, eminent for his prudence, singleness of purpose, earnestness and learning. And yet Pere Lacordaire had enemies, who persisted in being his enemies during his life, who misunderstood him, misrepresented him, distrusted him as a Catholic, and did all in their power to lessen his influence and defeat his purposes. He was traduced as a radical, a Jacobin, a socialist, concealing the *bonnet-rouge* under the friar's hood. "Yet he persevered," a great writer tells us, "held fast to his integrity, held fast to his convictions, and continued on in the line of duty marked out for him, unshaken and unruffled, calm and serene, till he laid him down gently, and slept his sleep of sweet peace in the Lord who so tenderly loved him, and whom he so tenderly loved and so heroically served. His example is full of inspiration and consolation and proves that God is as near us to-day as of old, and has not abandoned our age. Great souls may be born now as well as aforesaid, and great and heroic deeds remain for the Christian to-day, not inferior to the greatest and most glorious performed by our fathers. Not in vain did Pere Lacordaire live, toil, suffer and die, and nothing better proves it than the touching words in the Albigensian *patois* uttered by a poor woman in the immense multitude that flocked to his obsequies at Soreze, 'We had a King; now we have lost him.'"

In America, Brownson—the most powerful intelligence reared up for the Church on this continent—fell foul of the same fanatical faction. From his youth up, as he wrote with much pathos in the chapter announcing the discontinuance of his *Review*, he had loved truth, and wooed her as a bride, and wished to die in her embrace. He had never been disobedient to authority; he had never adhered from pride or obstinacy to any opinion; he had never been unwilling to abandon any opinion once held the moment he was satisfied of its unsoundness. But what Brownson complained of was the course of a camp of theological *petits maitres* and pedantic abbés who attempted, he said, "to lash every generous spirit, every really thinking student, who aspires to a free, living theology, into subjection to their hide-bound and cramping systems, which squeeze the very life out of them." Need we say that the result was that Dr. Brownson's Catholic loyalty was widely distrusted; and that he speedily came to be regarded as on the point of abandoning the Church and returning to some form of Protestantism or infidelity? So great was this distrust—and yet so unmerited—that he was

compelled to discontinue his famous *Quarterly*. That was in 1864. For nine years he endured all this silently; scarcely a Catholic journal of the country attempted any vindication of his Catholic reputation. At length, in 1873, unwilling that his name should go down to posterity with the slightest suspicion upon it of disloyalty to the Church, and to fulfil one of the last wishes of his dead wife, he revived his *Review* for a single year to prove to the world that his faith had never wavered and that he was still an uncompromising Catholic and a thorough-going Papist.

We might have mentioned the case of Pascal, but there is no need. But with respect at least to Newman and Lacordaire it is to our mind the infallible mark of the sanctity of the men, and of the sustaining hand of Divine Grace, that they were not crushed down, and fell not away like Pascal and the Abbe de la Mennais. Pride, we have always heard, was at fault with de la Mennais; but Pascal's was not a proud spirit; his life was one long course of physical suffering, borne with resignation and with martyr patience. Perhaps if he had been "lashed" less truculently he would never have joined the Jansenists and the party of Port Royal.

The moral of all these incidents and reminiscences would seem to be that "the Rock of Peter," to quote the famous phrase used by Cardinal Newman on one occasion when he was accounting for just such occurrences as we have been reviewing, "enjoys at its summit a pure and serene atmosphere, but there is a good deal of Roman malaria at the base." *La Verite*, it is likely, will not much relish this plain-speaking. With what it may answer we little concern ourselves. We have long since ceased to anticipate fair dealing from it. If it holds any other view upon the foregoing facts and conclusions it is entitled to its opinion; we are of those who do not, however. Looking back over these records of misrepresentation and malice, there will be many to feel, as we do, that it is well there is such a just and charitable thing as Time, who, as the poet says—

"solves all doubt,

By bringing Truth, his glorious daughter, out."

THE PRIEST.

A babe on the breast of his mother
Reclines in the valley of love,
And smiles like a beautiful lily
Caressed by the rays above.

A child at the knee of his mother,
Who is counting her decades of prayer,
Discovers the cross of her chaplet,
And kisses the Sufferer there.

A boy with a rosary kneeling
Alone in the temple of God,
And begging the wonderful favour
To walk where the Crucified trod.

A student alone in his study,
With pallid and innocent face;
He raises his head from the pages
And lists to the murmur of grace.

A cleric with mortified features,
Studious, humble and still,
In every motion a meaning,
In every action a will.

A man at the foot of an altar,—
A Christ at the foot of the cross,
Where every loss is a profit,
And every gain is a loss.

A Deified Man on a mountain,
His arms uplifted and spread—
With one he is raising the living,
With one he is loosing the dead.

--Irish Monthly.

HOW PERSEUS BECAME A STAR.

M. F. Egan, in *Catholic World*.

V.

It happened that the Honourable Perseus G. Mahaffy and Colonel Brodbeck were asked to address a spring meeting of a society called the Farmer's Alliance on one Saturday night. The Colonel made an address which was not received well. It was not vaguely atheistical; it was not humourously atheistical; it was openly immoral—a plea for affinities, an apology for a law granting easier divorces. It was hissed by the farmers who had tolerated his jokes on the Divinity and his amusing caricatures of modern Calvinism. Going home with Perseus and Frank Carney, his humour was ferocious. The beautiful—not even Goethe's "Helena" or the march in "Lohengrin" could have made him less savage. It was strange that the panaceas recommended by the Colonel for other people rarely answered for himself.

The three were walking; it was a moonlight night. Perseus was well satisfied with himself; Frank Carney was moody. They were passing the arbor-vitæ hedge which separated his mother's house from the road.

"Do you know, Colonel," said Frank, "I have concluded to go back to my first love and to get out of your infidel clique, and likewise out of politics? You haven't treated me right; but that makes no difference now. I'm going into the insurance business at Oxborn next week, and I shall follow my conscience. I am a Catholic at heart and I'll be one practically, with God's help, after this. A speech like the one you made to-night ought to make us all religious.

Perseus laid his hand on Frank's arm; he saw the colonel's ugly look.

"Who hasn't treated you right?" The colonel stood still and confronted Carney.

"I said that was neither here nor there." They were standing near the new railroad embankment, and Carney paused near the edge to answer the Colonel.

"I suppose you mean this as a threat," sneered the Colonel. "I suppose you think we're afraid you'll go and confess certain little things to a priest. But you can't frighten us. If you want money, why don't you say so, instead of trying a monkey trick like this."

Frank Carney's face turned ashy.

"I don't want thieves' money."

He had no sooner spoken the words than the Colonel raised his fist. Frank Carney tried to guard himself; the Colonel struck him, and he fell down the embankment, a descent of twenty feet. He lay still among the stones; then he groaned. Perseus and the Colonel went to the ladder at the side, and with some effort dragged him up to the hedge near his mother's house. There was a deep cut on his forehead, and another on the back of his head. His face was white. The colonel felt his pulse.

"He can't live," he said coolly.

The wounded man opened his eyes and his lips in a mute appeal.

"He wants a priest," whispered Perseus. "Stay with him, while I run to the town; it's not a half mile."

The Colonel showed his white teeth.

"A priest, you fool! Do you want him to ruin us with his silly nonsense? He knows too much. Let him confess to us; we'll keep his secrets."

"He must have a priest, colonel."

Again the dying man opened his lips and tried to raise his hands.

The Colonel looked at Perseus in his ugliest way. "You're a nice person to be talking of priests—you that pretend to hate them. I can't afford to have a priest come here; neither can you."

Perseus was irresolute. He felt that he was killing a soul. But he had let the colonel's evil will dominate him so long that he could not resist it now. At the same time his last hope of all better things seemed to die out as he steeled his heart against Frank Carney's whisper, "A priest."

Carney's voice grew stronger in his agony: "For God's sake, get me Father Lovel—he's not far—my mother. It's all I ask, I can't stand this much longer."

"You hear his confession, if you're anxious about it," said the Colonel, mockingly.

Perseus had been accustomed to wince at that tone. He turned away from the agonized face of his friend, and went down the road; and then it seemed to him as if his own soul went to hell and a devil of despair took possession of his body. The Colonel soon rejoined him, and spoke in his coolest voice.

"He's dead. The thing's awkward; but I just dropped my whiskey-flask into his pocket and rolled him down the embankment. Everybody knows he drank. That will account for it all when he's found. We'll say he left us at the Junction. The idiot!"

Nobody cared much, except Frank's old mother. She heard that he had died almost at her door. The whiskey-flask part of the story was mercifully kept from her. "It accounted for it all," as the Colonel had predicted.

To be Continued.

General Catholic News

The Holy Father has under advisement the subject of hypnotism.

St. Patrick's cathedral, Hartford, will soon have a fine \$25,000 main altar.

It is said to be probable that Archbishop Stoner will be Cardinal Newman's successor.

There are in New York eighty Catholic churches, where, every Sunday, 392 masses are celebrated.

The Christian Brothers opened two new schools in Philadelphia at the beginning of this scholastic year.

The German government has at last agreed to pay one-half the pensions of the Catholic churches and sees suspended during the Kulturkampf and to pay interest on the other half. This is a great victory for the noble Centrum.

On the 5th inst. the Catholic High School, of Philadelphia, the gift to the diocese of the late Thomas E. Cahill, opened its doors to one hundred boys. The building cost \$275,000, and there is an endowment fund of \$325,000.

Cardinal Lavignerie has promoted a competition for the composition of a work dealing with the slavery question. The prize—20,000 francs—will be awarded to the author of the most practical treatise regarded from the abolitionist point of view.

Rev. Dr. Charles O'Reilly, of Detroit, has resigned the pastorate of St. Patrick's Church in that city, and at his wish has been granted an extended leave of absence from the diocese in order to pursue a special course of study. His successor will be Bishop Foley who has chosen St. Patrick's as the Cathedral site.

Archbishop Corrigan has presented to each priest of the New York archdiocese a souvenir of his recent visit to Rome and the Holy Land. The souvenir is a rosary made of pearl beads and a silver chain. The rosaries were blessed by the Pope, and the Archbishop touched the Holy Sepulchre with them. Nearly 500 of them have been distributed by the Archbishop.

The chapel of the Dominican Convent at Havre, after having been open for a short time, though not for public worship, has been formally closed by order of the French Government. The official seals were affixed to the doors of the chapel a few days ago. No active opposition was displayed, though M. Dignet, a member of the French bar, was there to protest in the name of the few Dominicans of the convent against the tyrannical act. It is in this celebrated retreat that Pere Monsabre spends the greater part of the year.

On the 21st November of every year one hundred thousand nuns of France of the order of Sisters of Charity, founded by St. Vincent de Paul, are free-- their vows are at an end, having expired that night at twelve o'clock. It is difficult to realize the fact that one hundred thousand nuns at a given moment, are free to enter society and its amusements, may, to marry if they please. But among all these thousands there is not one who will not at the seven o'clock mass next morning joyfully and generously resume the chains which had just fallen off forever had she so willed

Mgr. Bernard O'Reilly, is putting the finishing touches to a new book. It treats of the love of the Irish for Christian education. That people have been especially anxious to give the boys a chance. It is the ambition of every family to have a son a priest. Ever the poorest make sacrifices to educate their boys for the altar. And when the laws of England made education a crime in Ireland, the inhabitants of that country, who could afford the expense, sent their boys abroad, by stealth and at the risk of penalty to themselves, in order that in France or Spain or Italy, the new generation might keep alight the flame that gave their country its title of "Island of Scholars and of Saints." A welcome awaits the volume.

The *Scottish Leader* says that coincident with the elevation of Monsignor Stoner to the Cardinalate, as the third representative in the Church of England, three other English-speaking prelates will be elevated to the Sacred College. These are Archbishop William J. Walsh, representing the Church of Ireland; Archbishop Kenrick, representing the Church of America, and Archbishop Charles Eyre, representing the Church of Scotland. The elevation of the last named will be hailed by Scotland with the same enthusiasm as the admission of Cardinal Newman to the Sacred College was by England eleven years ago. The last Scotch Cardinal was His Royal Highness the Cardinal Duke of York, who was the last member of the Stuart dynasty.

His Grace Archbishop Walsh has issued this letter to the parish clergy:

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—A well-founded rumour having reached us to the effect that several of our Catholic Separate School supporters in reply to the question of the assessors during the last assessment "Have you registered?" replied, through a misapprehension, "No," and have been accordingly rated as public school supporters, we request of you to make the following announcement at all the masses in your church, namely, that all Separate School supporters in your parish should without delay carefully examine their assessment papers, and find out whether or not they are assessed as public school supporters. If they are assessed as public school supporters, they should as soon as possible hand in their papers to their respective pastors, or to any of the Separate School Trustees, who will at once attend to the rectification of the mistake. We wish you, rev. and dear sir, to insist with your people on the importance of attending to this matter immediately in order that their tax may be used for the Catholic schools and not expended on purposes foreign to their intention.

The Most Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan, Bishop of Cork, has addressed a letter to the parish priest of Schull in reference to the meeting of tenant farmers, which Mr. William O'Brien addressed last Sunday. His Lordship says he is fully aware of the poverty of the people, many of whom, no doubt, remembered the events of the famine forty-three years ago, and he asks:—"But why is it that Mr. O'Brien can lead where we cannot follow? The Holy See has condemned the Plan of Campaign, and all are obliged to respect its authority and obey its teaching. I have confidence you will do your duty as a true priest, and may God assist you in the difficult circumstances in which you find yourself placed.

Many articles in THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW are worth many times the price of a year's subscription. Send for sample copy.

Men and Things.

The subject of the character sketch in this month's *Review of Reviews* is Lord Wolseley. In describing the study in his hero's house in Greenwich Park, Mr. Stead writes:—"There was a crayon portrait in profile of Bismarck, a very good portrait of General Gordon, and a portrait of a priest--an English priest, Father Brindle--decorated with medals, whom Lord Wolseley declared was the best soldier he ever had with him." Father Brindle served in the Soudan campaign and was the only chaplain who took part in the terrible desert march from Korti by Abu Klea to Metemneh.

Canada claims to have an older priest than Rev. Peter Havermans, of Troy, the dean of the United States priesthood. This is the Jesuit, Father Pierre Point, now stationed at St. Mary's College, Montreal, born in France on April 7, 1802, and who was ordained on May 20, 1826. He is in the sixty-fifth year of his priesthood, says Mass every day, attends all the commencing exercises, and takes a great interest in everything that goes on about him. But Father Point is the last survivor of the missionaries who with Father De Smet did so much to convert the tribes in the Rocky Mountains. The *Catholic News*, of New York, claims, however, that his great priestly work was done in the United States; though he is now, in his old age, in Canada, and that the Dominion can scarcely claim him. It claims both Father Point and Rev. Mr. Havermans.

Cardinal Newman was an accomplished performer on the violin, but of late years he had lost the power of using his fingers for writing and playing, to any extent, and some time ago he gave his instrument to Father Richard Bellasis as an especial mark of his esteem. Apropos of this accomplishment, a good story is told of the late Bishop Ullathorne, of Birmingham, who had absolutely no ear for music, and was continually enforcing on his clergy the use of plain chants. During one of his visitations he came to a certain church where the choir gave a capital rendering of the "Twelfth Mass." After the service the organist was presented to him, and he ventured the hope that the Bishop had enjoyed the music. "Not at all," was the startling reply. "Very poor stuff." "But," urged the poor organist, "Dr. Newman was here last Sunday and said he was delighted." "Oh, I dare say," said the Bishop; "he fiddles."

Mr. Chauncey Depew, the well-known New Yorker, who lately returned from Europe, gave to a newspaper representative some reminiscences of his visit. Of Sir Charles Russell he is reported as saying: I had the pleasure of meeting one other man who invited me to lunch, and really I regard that meeting as one of the most interesting features of this trip, a man whom all Americans look at with interest, and who in my judgment, has overcome more difficulties in making a great career than any man upon the other side. I allude to the eloquent Irish lawyer, Sir Charles Russell. He was an Irishman. He is an Irishman. He is a Home Ruler of the most prominent type, and it is safe to say that the social influences of Great Britain, which count for so much, are almost unanimously against that sentiment. He is a Catholic. To rise to the British bar is one of the most difficult things under the most favorable circumstances; but, though he has been handicapped by all these difficulties, he stands to-day as near as a man can the acknowledged head of the British bar in the line which he has selected for himself, and socially he is like all Irishmen, a jelly good fellow.

The news comes from Rome that the cause of the canonization of the venerable servant of God, Francis de Laval, first Vicar-Apostolic of New France and first Bishop of Quebec, was formally introduced on the 23d of August. This introduction was solicited by the Canadian hierarchy in 1878, and the episcopal process as to his life and virtues was completed some years ago and transmitted to Rome. After a long and thorough scrutiny the Congregation of Rites

reported favourably on the introduction of the cause, and the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII., now permits it. The Pontifical process, a second examination under the authority of the Holy See, will now take place.

The venerable Francis de Laval de Montmoreney was born in the diocese of Chartres, April 30, 1629, and while a student was appointed Canon of Evreux. Although the head of an ancient house he persevered in the ecclesiastical state and was ordained priest in 1647. His sacerdotal life showed his zeal and desire for perfection. His merit was so well recognized that when it was deemed proper to send a Bishop to Canada he was appointed Bishop of Petrea and Vicar-Apostolic. He was consecrated by the Pope's Nuncio at Paris in 1659 and set out for America. The vessel put in at a Nova Scotia port, and the good Bishop landed to instruct the Catholics and administer confirmation for the first time in those northern parts. He founded a seminary, laid off parishes, and introduced or trained priests to supply them. He fostered the religious communities at Quebec, Three Rivers and Montreal, and laid safe and solid foundations for the Church. Yielding at last to the burthen he obtained permission to resign his office and retired to the seminary where he led a life of extraordinary piety and patient suffering till his death May 6, 1708. Though relieved of the administration he constantly, when health permitted, performed episcopal acts to aid his successors. He was during his career as Bishop the founder of the missions on Lake Erie, Lake Michigan, and Lake Superior.

W. H. Mallock has written much that seems to indicate a deep sympathy with our holy Faith. Miss Constance Barton, a beautiful character in his recent work, "The Old Order Changes," is a Catholic. From another—a brilliant woman

who seems to have drained the cup of pleasure which the world offers to its votaries—the hero hears the following song:

"O World, whose days like sunlit waters glide,
Whose music links the midnight with the morrow;
Who for thine own hast beauty, power, and pride!—
O World, what art thou? And the World replied:
'A husk of pleasure round a heart of sorrow.'
"O child of God, thou has sought thy way
Where all this music sounds, this sunlight gleams,
'Mid pride and power and beauty day by day! -
And what art thou? I heard my own soul say:
'A wandering sorrow in a world of dreams."

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WEDNESDAY

OCT. 15th

At 2 p.m.

PRIZES VALUE

\$50,000

Capital prize - One Real Estate worth \$5,000.00

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Real Estate worth	\$5,000	5,000
1 do	2,000	2,000
1 do	1,000	1,000
1 do	500	2,000
10 Real Estate "	200	3,000
50 Furniture sets	200	3,000
60 do	100	6,000
200 Gold Watches	50	10,000
1,000 Silver Watches	10	10,000
1,000 Toilet Sets	5	5,000
2,307 Prizes worth		\$50,000.00
TICKETS		\$1.00

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FROM THE MONTH OF JULY

July 9, August 13, September 10, October 8, November 12, December 10.

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3134 PRIZES
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WORTH \$15,000.00
 TICKET, . . . \$1.00
 11 TICKETS for \$10.00

Ask for circulars.

LIST OF PRIZES.

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1 "	5,000	5,000
1 "	2,500	2,500
1 "	1,250	1,250
2 Prizes	500	1,000
5 "	250	1,250
25 "	50	1,250
100 "	25	2,500
200 "	15	3,000
500 "	10	5,000
Approximation Prices.		
100 "	25	2,500
100 "	15	1,500
100 "	10	1,000
200 "	5	1,000
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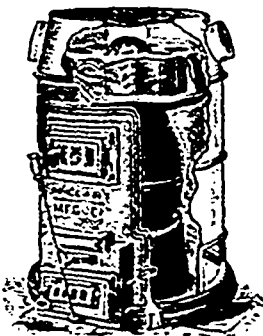
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TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of September 1890, a close and are due as follows:

	Close.	Dir.
G. T. R. East	a.m. p.m. 6.00 7.30	a.m. p.m. 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. 2.00 9.00	a.m. p.m. 2.00 7.30
	6.00 4.00	10.36 8.20
	11.30 9.30	
	a.m. p.m. 6.00 4.00	a.m. p.m. 9.00 5.45
U. S. N. Y.	11.30 9.30	10.30 11.00
U. S. West States	6.00 9.30	9.00 5.45
	12.00	7.20

English mails will be closed during ept. as follows: Sept. 1, 3, 4, 8, 10, 11, 15, 17, 18, 22, 24, 25, 29.

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*Sarnia.....	Thur. Aug. 21	
*Oregon.....	" " 24	
Dominion.....	" Sept. 4	
Vancouver.....	Wed. " 10	Thur. Sep. 11th
Toronto.....	Thur. " 18	

Bristol Service, for Avonmouth Dock.
SAILING DATES.
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Texas.....	Aug. 23rd
Knight Companion.....	" 30th

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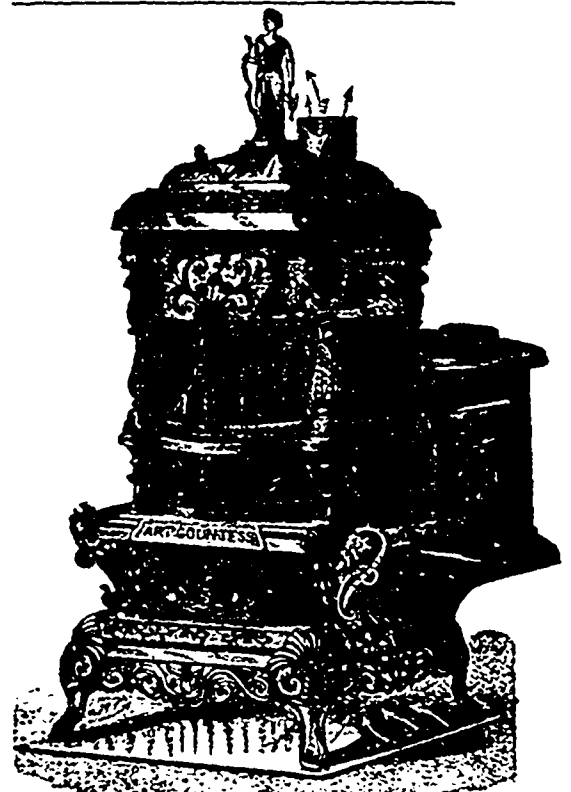
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