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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Reddite quæ sunt Cæsaris, Cæsari; et quæ sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. V

Toronto, Saturday, March 7, 1891.

No. 4

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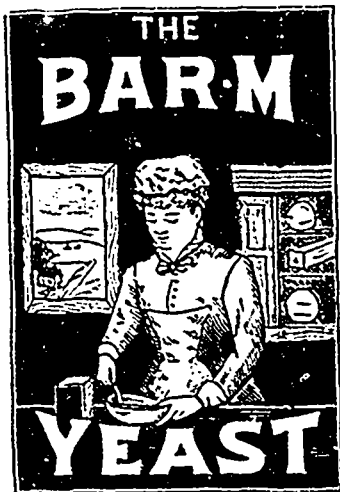
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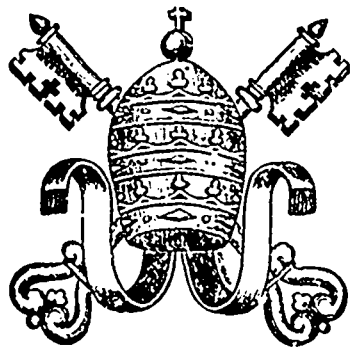
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 for excavations for New Drill Hall Toron-
 to," will be received at this office until
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 tions required for the New Drill Hall to be
 erected in the rear of Osgood Hall Toronto.
 Tenders to state the price per cubic yard
 for excavating and carting away the
 material from the premises and also ex-
 cavations required for draining the site.
 Tenders will not be considered unless
 made on form supplied by this Department
 and must be signed with the actual signa-
 tures of the tenderers
 Conditions and forms of tender can be
 obtained on application to the undersigned.
 An accepted bank cheque for \$200.00
 payable to the order of the Minister of Pub-
 lic Works, must accompany each tender.
 This cheque will be forfeited if the party
 decline the contract or fail to complete the
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 in case of non-acceptance of tender.
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 E. F. E. ROY,
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Department of Public Works
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Eloquent Philosopher (to assem-
 bled group of contemporaries)—Yes,
 the true basis of human happiness,
 you will find, my fellow philosophers
 consists in the supremacy of the will
 over the desire, and the contempt one
 learns to feel for the earth's greatest
 dross ..riches.
 Chorus of Philosophers—Ah, how
 true!
 Eloquent Philosophers (continuing
 —Now, to illustrate—
 Club Waitor (picking up a silver
 piece)—Which of you gentlemen does
 this dollar belong to?
 Philosophers (to a man)—Me!—
Kate Field's Washington.

"Help yourself, and Heaven will
 help you." It does not do to carry
 out this proverb too literally, or you
 may obtain six months with hard
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 "He showed me the door."
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 investigation of Dr. Koch the German
 Specialist, will lead to radical changes in
 the treatment of tuberculous diseases.
 That the eminent physician has discovered
 a specific for certain forms of skin diseases,
 the Medical fraternity have already admit-
 ted, but that he has made any advance in
 the treatment of pulmonary affections,
 they are not prepared to certify to, nor are
 they willing to believe that disintegrated
 tissues can be restored by the mere process
 of subcutaneous injection. On the other
 hand, the people at large have rushed wild-
 ly to Berlin with the firm conviction that
 Koch's lymph will stay the progress of ad-
 vanced consumption and lend them a new
 lease of life. Some have been benefited—
 not cured—for the very simple reason that
 the entire nervous system is overlooked in
 the treatment. No character of disease
 that assaults the vital organs can be suc-
 cessfully treated without reaching the nervo
 centres. In this very particular, the pub-
 lic appears to have rendered a strange ver-
 dict in favour of Dr. Koch, strange for this
 reason:—for many years the remedies dis-
 covered by Dr. T. A. Slocum of New York,
 now manufactured at 186 Adelaide street
 West, Toronto, have been supplied to the
 afflicted and so far have proved unailing
 as curative agents. They have been intro-
 duced into hundreds of thousands of house-
 holds free of cost, have been given grateful
 testimonials from numberless thankful
 hearts, have been publicly endorsed by suc-
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 indispensable articles of the family medi-
 cine chest. With such a record the hap-
 hazard verdict of the people in favour o'
 Dr. Koch does indeed seem strange. Dr
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 relief, and is still administering its gener-
 ous, life-giving nourishment to stricken hu-
 manity. Consumptives or those disposed
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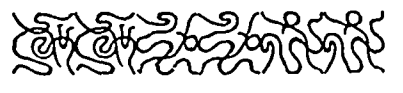
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A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA

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Vol. V

Toronto, Saturday, March 7, 1891.

No. 4

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"Unfortunately there are many who are willing to overlook the great good a paper may be doing, but who are quick to point out some slight error which can easily be remedied. . . . The man who enters the Catholic editorial chair and is afraid to risk an occasional blunder, has mistaken his calling and is of but little use in the battle of truth."—CARDINAL GIBBONS.

Notes.

PRIOR GLYNN, who is engaged in the work of erecting an Irish National Church in Rome, dedicated to St. Patrick, had an audience, recently, with the Holy Father in the latter's private study. During the conversation the Irish political situation was touched upon, and the Pope remarked:—"God will bring the faithful Irish people safely out of trouble. I have the greatest hope in the future of Ireland."

Pope Leo XIII spoke feelingly of the Irish race. He dwelt upon the generosity of the Irish despite the many burdens they have to bear. The progress of the Church and College of the Irish Augustinians pleased him, and, after referring to the fact that St. Patrick received episcopal consecration in Rome and was sent to Ireland by Pope Celestine, he touched upon the strength of the ties existing between the Emerald Isle and the Holy See, adding:—"Thank God, we have lived to see Ireland and St. Patrick honoured by the erecting of a national church in this city."

It may surprise Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Hartington and the other notable persons who are just now doing much to awaken religious animosity in Ireland, to know that the words following were spoken in the English House of Lords in November, 1865, and that the speaker was no less a person than the present Lord Salisbury:

"What is the reason that a people with so bountiful a soil, with such enormous resources (as Ireland) lag so far behind the English in the race? Some say that it is to be found in the character of the Celtic race; but I look to France, and I see a Celtic race there going forward in the path of prosperity with most rapid strides—I believe at the present moment more rapidly than England herself. Some people say that it is to be found in the Roman Catholic religion; but I look to Belgium, and there I see a people second to none in Europe, except the English, for industry, singularly prosperous, considering the small space of country that they occupy, having improved to the utmost the natural resources of that country, but distinguished among all the peoples of Europe for the earnestness and intensity of their Roman Catholic belief. Therefore, I cannot say that

the cause of the Irish distress is to be found in the Roman Catholic religion. An honest friend near me says that it arises from the Irish people listening to demagogues. I have as much dislike to demagogues as he has, but when I look to the Northern States of America, I see there people who listen to demagogues, but who undoubtedly have not been wanting in material prosperity. It cannot be demagogues, Roman Catholicism or the Celtic race. What, then, is it? I am afraid that the one thing which has been peculiar to Ireland has been the Government of England."

THE Irish Bishops in their Lenten Pastorals do not, in their solicitude for the spiritual needs of their flocks, forget their corporal wants, which, in the midst of the acute distress that prevails, are many and pressing. Their Lordships draw a harrowing picture of the condition of several parts of the country, and make pathetic appeals for relief, which, notwithstanding the large fund being raised, is still far from being meted out in adequate measure. The Bishop of Raphoe complains of the delay in providing employment, and says: "What the people want is work. What they ask is employment that will bring them wages, and permanently develop the resources of the country." In a recent letter to the *Manchester Guardian*, the Bishop of Salford urgently invited the people of Manchester to contribute on behalf of the poor in the diocese of Achoury—the most populous and the poorest district in Ireland. When distress is so acute, every well-to-do person should endeavour to have some share in the merciful work of saving the destitute from famine and starvation.

OPINION appears to be divided in regard to the expediency of the projected visit to America of delegates from each section of the divided Irish party. The *Pilot*, of Boston, a paper which for more than a quarter of a century has done yeoman's service in behalf of the cause of Irish nationality, believes that the warring factions will make a serious mistake if either or both send delegations to America at present to canvas for funds. The charitably disposed people of this country are ready and willing, it truly says, to contribute generously for the relief of the distressed, and they are doing so already through the relief funds opened by several friendly newspapers and other agencies, the proceeds of which are transmitted to the bishops of the afflicted districts. The collection of money for the destitute is in this way being provided for. "If," says the *Pilot*, "the contemplated delegations expect to gather contributions for political purposes, they will be sadly disappointed. The friends of Ireland in America will not furnish the sinews of civil war and thus help to keep alive the feuds which are to-day the chief obstacle in the path of Home Rule."

THE *Irish World*, on the other hand, takes the view that the representatives of the majority party should be accorded such a reception in America as will show that American sentiment and sympathy are with the cause and the party they represent. "The party," it says, "is the legitimate Irish party, consisting, not of new recruits or of untried men, but of those who have stood by their pledges, and who have borne the heat of the day and the sweats. They are not the promoters of disunion, or the organizers of disturbance and riot for the gratification of personal vanity or ambition, but they are men labouring with the help of all good and patriotic Irishmen to uphold the honour and interests of Ireland by maintaining the unity and strength of the National movement." Coming to America as the representatives of Mr. McCarthy and the bulk of the Irish party, they should receive, it thinks, a warm welcome, and a prompt and practical response to their appeal.

SERMON FOR ST. JOSEPH DAY.

Joseph, the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus.—St. Matt. 1: 16.

In these few words the holy Evangelist mentions three names most dear to Catholic piety, three names which the faithful ever bear in their hearts with love, and invoke with confidence; Jesus, our God, our Creator, our Redeemer; Mary, Mother of Jesus and our Mother full of grace, tenderness and mercy; Joseph, foster-father of Jesus, spouse of Mary, our protector, and patron of the universal Church. That we should have the highest confidence in and the greatest devotion to these three blessed and holy names, I have no need to tell you, who never permit a single day to pass by without invoking them many times, and are striving to honour them in all things. As we celebrate the feast of St. Joseph to-day, and as the promise we give him redounds to the honour of Mary and the glory of Jesus, I shall try to answer the pious wishes of your hearts by choosing for your consideration, and I hope edification, the devotion which is to this glorious patriarch St. Joseph, a devotion as beautiful in itself as it is pleasing to God and advantageous to ourselves.

The first sentiment which the name of St. Joseph should awaken in our hearts is one of profound veneration for him. God has honoured him infinitely by making him the treasury of his power and authority over Jesus and Mary. "Take the Child and His Mother," (Matt. 2: 13, 20). Take them and have in all things a care for them, as a father should have for his household, for his spouse and his child. Thus was St. Joseph raised to the sublime dignity of Head of the Holy Family, holding the place on earth of the Eternal Father in heaven. Mary honours him as her husband and submits all her actions to his judgment. It is St. Joseph who receives the messages from Heaven and makes them known to his holy spouse. Jesus, uncreated wisdom humbly obeys him who holds for Him the place of Father, *He was subject to them.* (Luke 2: 51.) He works with St. Joseph and under his orders in the modest workshop at Nazareth. Therefore, if our Heavenly Father, if our Lord Jesus Christ, if the Blessed Virgin Mary have rendered to St. Joseph the highest honours a man is capable of receiving, is it not our duty to give to this same great and illustrious patriarch all the homage of respect and veneration, which piety enlightened by faith and inflamed by charity can inspire in us? We are children of the Catholic Church, and see our Mother propagating on all sides and everywhere devotion to St. Joseph, erecting churches and altars in his name, celebrating feasts in his honour, and proclaiming him to the world as her glorious patron and protector. Shall not we unite in this universal concert of Catholic souls to honour the foster-father of our Lord, and the spouse of our good and tender Mother Mary? To honour St. Joseph is to unite our dispositions with those of Jesus Christ, to share in the sentiments of His Adorable Heart towards him, whom he venerated and loved as a father on earth. To declare ourselves servants of St. Joseph is to profess ourselves true disciples of the Saviour. The Blessed Virgin has a particular predelection for those souls who are faithful in honouring her holy spouse. You would have been happy to have belonged to the Holy Family as a humble servant. If, then, you are truly devout to this glorious saint, if you make it your duty to render him your homage, you will, indeed, merit to be regarded as a member of the great family of which St. Joseph is the faithful protector.

True devotion to St. Joseph requires that we invoke him with confidence. His credit with God is great, and his intercession all-powerful, for he is a *just man*, and St. James tells us that *the prayer of the just man availeth much.* (Jas. 5: 16.) How many are the claims he has to be graciously heard! What can our Lord Jesus Christ refuse him? During His sojourn on earth he served Him as a father, he provided for His wants, he protected Him against the fury of His enemies, he shared all His sorrows and all the anxieties of Mary in their flight into Egypt, on their return to Nazareth and in her search for the Child in Jerusalem, *Behold thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing.* (Luke 11: 8.) The care, the vigilance, the tender solicitude, which St. Joseph always had for Jesus, he has preserved for us, whom he sees exposed on earth to ways of hell, the persecution of the world and the snares of our own passions. From heaven he beholds the danger which surround us in this vale of tears and place of exile, he is the witness of our labours, our fatigues and miseries, and his heart is touched with a tender and fatherly compassion for us. While he is all-powerful with Jesus to obtain for us the succor and graces necessary, we cannot doubt but that he is also disposed to intercede for those whom his beloved Jesus has redeemed at the price of His Blood, and whom Mary, his holy spouse, has received as her children at the foot of the cross. The Church, too, by a solemn decree of the Holy Father, has acknowledged St. Joseph as her protector and patron. This should be for us a new motive of confidence, urging us to invoke him amid the thousand necessities which assail us in this life and in death. And whose death was like unto the death of St. Joseph? When he had fulfilled his days on earth, and accomplished the work God had given him to do, consolation came to him as he lay on his death-bed, such as has been given to none other of God's servants. There stood his holy spouse, the mother of his God, there, too, stood Jesus, whom he watched over from infancy to

manhood, his Saviour and his God. What death could be happier than to die in the blessed arms of Jesus and Mary? With what confidence, therefore, can we ask St. Joseph, patron of the agonizing, to be propitious to us at that dread hour which is to decide our eternity, and obtain for us a happy death.

The best way to procure for ourselves the protection and intercession of St. Joseph, is to take him for our model and imitate him in every virtue in which he has given us an illustrious example. Joseph, the Gospel tells us, *was just*, that is to say, faithful in all his duties to God, to his neighbour and to himself. Let the will of God be for us the only rule of conduct, as it was for St. Joseph in all the circumstances of his varied life. It is not without reason that in these our days devotion to this great patriarch has obtained an ever increasing extension. It is a remedy truly applicable to our present social state, which is being destroyed by insubordination, for it teaches the rights of authority and the duty of obedience. We should, however, love our neighbour, as St. Joseph loved him, supporting him with patience, assisting him with charity, and ever watchful for his welfare. We should also imitate St. Joseph in prayer, in work, and in the faithful accomplishment of all the duties of our stations in life. The Sacred Text relates no miracle done by the august foster-father of Jesus, but it does tell us that he was humble, a carpenter, a workman who earned his bread by the sweat of his brow. His whole life was passed in solitude, recollection and prayer, in the company of Jesus and Mary, where he fulfilled perfectly all the duties of his state. This it is that we must imitate in him in order to merit his paternal protection and wonderful intercession with Jesus. In our thoughts, words, actions, in all our conduct let us propose to ourselves St. Joseph as the model we are to follow. Let us recommend ourselves to him with confidence at all times. If we are faithful in our devotion to St. Joseph, he will ever be our support and succour in life, and we shall have the happiness of his protection when that hour shall come for us to leave this world, and through his intercession be received into the glory of heaven, where, with Jesus, Mary and Joseph, we hope to reign forever. *Amen.* D. J. C.

A VISIT TO CARDINAL GIBBONS.

The Cardinal's House stands back to back with the Cathedral and fronts on North Charles Street, the fashionable thoroughfare of Baltimore. It is a square-shaped, three story structure of marble, innocent of any attempt at architectural adornment. A low wall of brick, surrounded by an iron fence, guards the house and the narrow strip of grass land that surrounds it. Four and twenty marble steps lead from the steps to the door, and a few half grown elm-trees shade the inclosure. To gain an audience with the Cardinal is not a difficult task.

You climb the steps and ring the bell, the plated handle of which is tarnished from over use. A fresh-faced maid from Kerry answers the summons and in a delicious brogue asks your business. In her hands is a silver tray, and on it you lay your card. When this is done she bids you enter. You find yourself in a broad and gloomily-lighted hall. At the further end is a staircase leading to the upper floors; on either side, near the entrance, is a door. Both stand ajar and through the crevice you gain a glimpse of goodly-sized and meagerly furnished rooms. The open door of the hall is innocent of carpet or rugs.

As the maid ascends the stair, and with her your card, you take a look about you and a mental inventory of your surroundings. Two straight backed oak chairs—suggestive of discomfort—and an antiquated table comprise the furniture. Hung from the walls, in frames of tarnished gilt, are two paintings in oil. The one on the right reveals the face of the Virgin Mary, evidently very old, for the colours are sadly faded. Opposite the familiar features of Pope Leo look down upon you. In the dim religious light that steals through the narrow transom above the door the pictures look gray and positively ghostlike.

Presently the patter of slippered feet sound on the stair, and a moment later a slender little man in black is standing before you. He takes you by the hand and in slow and measured tones tells you how pleased he is at meeting you. Then he guides you out of the shadow of the passage into the sunlit office, and affords an opportunity for closer inspection.

One's first impressions of the Cardinal are apt to prove disappointing. He is undersized, thin-featured and pale of face; the fringe of hair that peeps beneath the red skull cap is iron gray as to colour and thin in quantity. He is dressed, as he is always dressed, in a suit of sombre black. The only visible tokens of his priestly rank are a cravat of crimson velvet and a cap of kindred tint. All in all, the man, from a physical point of view, is small, fragile and wonderfully unlike the Cardinal of your imagination. But as he intones the conversational words of greeting with such kindly emphasis your disappointment fades as the night shades fade before the light of dawn. The Cardinal is a clever conversationalist. He can talk and talk brightly, on almost any topic.—*Washington Post.*

MONTREAL LETTER.

A RETREAT for English-speaking ladies has just closed at the Church of the Gesu, Montreal. It was preached by Rev. Father Donny S. J. of New York, an eminent convert to Catholicity. The Retreat was in all respects a decided success, the attendance being large and constant, and the number of communicants very great. Those who attended the exercises will not soon forget the pleasure, as well as profit, which they derived from Father Denny's delightful instructions, which were declared on all hands to have had but one drawback—they were too short.

Montreal is being specially favoured during these last months. An English Retreat for men was preached in December at the Gesu, by the eloquent Rector of St. Mary's College, Rev. L. Drummond S. J. It attracted a number of men, chiefly belonging to the professions or to the higher commercial circles, who had long looked for such an opportunity of "putting their house in order."

The League of the Sacred Heart has been actively at work as heretofore. Its annual celebration took place in January. The crosses and badges were blessed by Vicar General Marechal, in the absence of His Grace the Archbishop. An effective discourse was delivered by Father Connolly S. J., Central Director of the League, and the music was such, as has made the choir of the Gesu famous. In spite of extremely bad weather the Church was filled to overflowing, and the ceremony was a solemn and impressive one. Many new promoters, both men and women, received the crosses.

The league has established a free circulating library, from which goes forth upwards of four hundred books monthly. The demand for books seems ever on the increase. Did funds permit, the library would require to be greatly enlarged, so as to supply what is now felt on all hands to be the most pressing need of our day. Everywhere, libraries and reading circles are being established, for the wise and the far-sighted feel that weapons must be provided for the struggle going on everywhere in the world.

The League is also sending forth its own *Messenger*, a little journal, which while propagating the devotion to the Sacred Heart, serves at the same time to excite an interest in local Catholic affairs. While studying Canadian Catholicity in the present, it goes back to give glimpses of its beginnings in this great Northern land of snow and frosts. It tells us something about the pioneers, who came and prepared the soil for us. The *Messenger*, besides, throws out hints about what is going on in other countries, the great work that is being done. Short stories, mostly founded on fact, and verses are among its features.

A. T. S.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

We have pleasure in directing attention to the following circular issued by the Executive of the Catholic Press Association:

To the Catholic Press of the United States:

On the seventh and eighth days of May, 1890, a number of Catholic editors, representing some thirty-seven Catholic journals, assembled in the parlours of the Dennison House, in the city of Cincinnati, to discuss and deliberate upon such measures as might best secure and further the interests of the Catholic press of the United States. The result of their proceedings was the organization of an association now known under the name of The Catholic Press Association of the United States.

The primary purpose of this Association is to unify the interests of the Catholic journals now published in the different sections of the country by adopting and carrying out such plans as will strengthen their power, extend their influence, and draw around them the bonds of fraternal fellowship.

It need scarcely be urged upon Catholic editors and publishers that in union there is strength where common interests are involved, and that in isolation there is weakness where there are many antagonizing elements to be overcome. Nowhere is this so manifest as among Catholics who live in a community where, unfortunately, a deep and lively prejudice prevails against their faith. No one knows this better than the Catholic editor, and no one has so keenly realized it. The benumbing opposition from an environment hostile to Catholic interests has not failed to react even upon our own people, as is evident in the indifference, the apathy, and the tepidity displayed by many of them toward the Catholic press, which, it may be truly said, is second only to the priesthood, as the most effectual and potent disseminator and staunchest support of Catholic truth in the modern world.

Nor need it be urged upon the Catholic editor, than whom no one better knows the public pulse, that combination is the spirit of the times. Upon all sides organization and association in every department of business and life are the effectual methods now adopted to further and develop the needs and ends of modern society. That we may be in keeping with the progress of the age, and may use the materials which Providence has placed at our disposal to advance and secure the best interests of the cause to which we have devoted our powers and our labour, it is eminently proper, and indeed urgent upon us, to unite and concentrate our forces in the spirit of the times and according to the exigencies of our environment.

While we have reason to deplore the indifference of not a few Catholics in their lukewarm support of the Catholic press, we are forced to acknowledge that their apathy is oftentimes due to our own lack of efficiency. Still it cannot be said that we are altogether to be blamed for those frequent deficiencies, against which many Catholic journals have had and have now to contend, for this is to be attributed to the force of circumstances which have so often hampered the progress and nullified the influence of the Catholic journal, and against the baneful influence of which no human enterprise can always successfully cope. Indeed when we consider the many obstinate difficulties which generally beset the career of Catholic journalism in this country, we are forced rather to wonder at its astonishing progress, in spite of its usually sterile circumstances, than to deprecate its present shortcomings.

But the time has now arrived when the surest and most reasonable means of advance are to be found only in an association of interests and a combination of forces. Through combination alone may we hope to remove these defects of isolation, under which the Catholic journal now so hopelessly labours. It is because of the lack of that strength, which can only be secured by a union of interests, that the weakness of the Catholic journal is most felt, and which has not a little to do in fostering the apathy of many Catholics toward their own press.

The secular press has not been slow to estimate and realize the advantages of union, and we may attribute much of its vast power to the results of combination. To us has now arrived the ripened opportunity of association according to our special needs and circumstances. It would be flying in the face of Providence and defying the plainest dictates of common sense to refuse to embrace the means at hand. That such a union of interests is urgently needed among the Catholic journals of these United States is apparent to all, and the benefits flowing from it are not less evident. Arrangements were made at its meeting in Cincinnati by The Catholic Press Association of the United States to carry into execution such practical measures as will best advance the general interests of the Catholic press at large. Among others, plans were adopted to establish an advertising agency under the direction and supervision of the Association; to secure reliable and authentic correspondence from the large capitals of the Old World; to regulate plate matter for Catholic journals, and to transmit important Catholic news of a domestic character to the various journals comprising the Association. The transactions of the meeting in Cincinnati were of a business character entirely, and steps are now being taken to carry out the arrangements there determined.

Although the proceedings of the convention were mainly taken up with considerations of matters of a business and financial nature, yet the higher and nobler interests of Catholic journalism were amply and duly regarded. The special character of Catholic journalism was ever kept in view, and the motive principle of its existence as the defender and propagator of Catholic truth was ever present to the mind of the convention. While the immediate topics under consideration related to the most practical means and methods of advancing the material interest of the Catholic press, there ever entered into the deliberations of the convention as means subordinate to a higher end—the defence of the Catholic church. In view of this animating purpose of the Catholic press, it may be truly said that in matters spiritual, moral, and social, it enjoys an invincible unity not vouchsafed to the secular press or to its Protestant contemporaries. The bond of its unity is the truth, which the Catholic church believes and teaches; and while the widest liberty of opinion in non-essentials is and should be indulged, the Catholic press presents an indivisible and solid front in all that pertains vitally to the Catholic faith. It may be said in truth—it should be said in justice, and is said in all humility—that no body of Catholic men in this country have a better right than Catholic editors to the noble title of "Defenders of the Faith."

In times such as these in which we live, when social doctrines of a pernicious and dangerous nature are being widely propagated and rashly accepted, and when the supernatural life of society is becoming entirely dependent upon Catholic teaching, it is especially befitting that Catholic editors, than whom none by virtue of position is better able to combat the errors of the day and defend the truth of all time, should be drawn together not only by the strong ties of a common faith, but also by the interests of a common profession, cemented by personal regard and friendship. The aim of The Catholic Press Association of the United States is to inaugurate and confirm such fraternal association and friendship among Catholic editors, and by such union advance the cause of Catholic truth in general.

It is in consideration of these facts and these interests that Catholic editors are urged to earnestly correspond and co-operate with the objects and purposes of The Catholic Press Association. All must be convinced of the practical and moral benefits to be derived from such a union of interests and such a plan of organization as the Association presents. It is hoped, and it is confidently believed, that all will affiliate in a matter so practical, so important, and, in view of our surroundings, so necessary.

To the Most Reverend Hierarchy and the Reverend Clergy of these United States, The Catholic Press Association pledges its most respectful and earnest co-operation in the labour of spreading and

defending Catholic truth. Animated by that spirit of obedience to their spiritual superiors, which ever dwells in the hearts of all true Catholics, the Association pledges itself entirely submissive to the jurisdiction of the venerable Episcopacy in all matters pertaining to faith and morals. Actuated by that spirit of liberty, which finds its securest anchorage in the divine authority of the Catholic church, and its firmest temporal guarantee in the free institutions of our beloved commonwealth, the Association hopes for and confidently expects, out of their wisdom and enlightenment, the generous assistance of the Hierarchy of this country in securing to the Catholic press the widest scope and fullest liberty in the pursuit of its great and providential mission.—CONDÉ B. PALLEN, *President*. JAMES DELANEY, *Sec.*

CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM.

TRULY the word socialism is the *bete noir* of many respectable people who can boast of a snug account at their banker's. If to it, however, we prefix the qualifying adjective, Christian, their trepidation thereby undergoes considerable diminution. Let it be once for all understood that we are not socialists. Nor are we the apologists for much that is irregular and inadmissible in socialistic propaganda; albeit we frankly acknowledge that a socialist is one whose arguments, at least some of them, are not easily disposed of off-hand. Whilst we thus define the limits of our position we cannot attempt to disguise from ourselves that there is much in our social system utterly unsound, absolutely gangrened; much that needs a thorough searching and probing; much through which the legislative scalpel must pass if the disease is to be kept from spreading. The rottenness must be removed, the process never so painful and difficult, if social life is to be saved and utter collapse avoided. This, however, must needs be done in a Christian-like manner. Society, or that portion which has become disordered, must be reorganized, if it is to be reconstructed at all, on a solid Christian basis, all due regard being paid to Christian tenets and the laws of natural equity.

That this constructive task has become necessary has long been patent to us, and events of recent occurrence have served to convince us all the more of its urgency. There is not one of our readers that does not scan the pages of some one or other of our dailies. Let them reflect for a moment, and endeavour to recall even a part of what has been recorded for the last three or four weeks. Thousands of our people are on the verge of starvation. Many of them have fallen on our highways, weary and emaciated, to rise no more. The rigid forms of lifeless women are discovered in the recesses of our bridges. The cries of countless little ones, wailing for a crust, fall with painful cadence upon our ears.

Death is here and death is there,
Death is busy everywhere.

And what efforts have been made to relieve the suffering of our starving poor? Nor work nor bread have they. Chameleon-like must they live, subsist on light and air.

Famine is on their cheeks.
Need and oppression startle in their eyes.
Contempt and beggary hang upon their back.
The world is not their friend, nor the world's law.

This is one side of the question. Turn we now to another.

Bedford dies and "ton" is flattered. When dead some days it leaks out he committed suicide. We have nothing to say in disparagement of the late nobleman, whose remains, in accordance with his own expressed wishes, were prematurely reduced to ashes a few days since at Woking. He once entertained the Queen of Holland at his gorgeous mansion of Woburn Abbey, Her Majesty, possessing that rather peculiar quality of inquisitiveness, would fain ask the Duke the amount of his yearly income. Regarding the imperial question in the light of a command the Duke made answer *sotto voce*, "I must plead guilty, your Majesty, to more than £800,000 a year." The Covent Garden Market property alone, where his tenants are literally done to death with the cold and the draughts, brought him in the respectable sum of £18,000 annually. Woburn Abbey, with its galleries of antique marble, and priceless paintings, and its park of 2500 acres, dotted with innumerable pleasantries, is one of the noblest mansions in the kingdom. What a change from Bethnal Green to Woburn Park! The Duke, surfeited with pleasure, knows not how to spend the twentieth part of his net annual income. He is well fed whilst countless thousands starve. Yet they are men as well as he, with human wants and human craving. Did nature, we wonder, ever intend that the world's leisure and treasure should be so divided? That the many should be driven raving mad with the pangs of hunger, whilst the few, the favoured few, fattened and revelled. Surely there must be something wrong, something awry in the state of society which furnishes us with such a contrast. The many, the multitudes, must not, shall not starve. They must get work, or they must get bread. A stone will no longer be sufficient for them. Stress and poverty may, according to natural equity give a man a claim to his neighbour's loaves. Their are circumstances in which the goods of life become common poverty. It may never come to pass with us. Yet the present stoical indifference to the needs of the poor may entail a Nemesis of blood in the not far distant future.—*London Universe*.

AN AUDIENCE AT THE VATICAN.

MIDDAY, in the great closed courtyard, the four sides of which seem like the faces of an enormous lantern, a dozen old carriages, clumsily joked, clumsily harnessed, clumsily painted, stand in waiting. On the right the great staircase ascends like a large avenue. On the flag stones, the tiles that were the King of Bavaria's gift to Pius IX., cast a glow of light from their over bright pigments. Above, a vast hall, high and blank, where the servants wait, and the Swiss guard, in yellow and black, trails his long halberd.

I offer my audience ticket to a *sediaro*, clad in red, whose brocaded velvet breeches and coat seem to have stepped out of a sixteenth century curtain. The ticket and the visitor pass, from hand to hand, from hall to hall, to a large waiting-room, where a *cameriere* on duty receives and bows. Others are there, waiting their turn; emotion is stamped upon the face of these Christians, separated by a single partition from him who upon earth is nearest to God. The door opens; a noble guard in shining helmet precedes an old monk, who, with hands full of blessed Rosaries, goes his way happy, to carry to his poor monastery the blessings of the Pope.

The *cameriere* called out my name. I can hardly describe the room into which I was ushered. Red walls, curtains, chairs and draperies—everything red save the white form of an old man sitting motionless on a throne under an immense dais. The white robe and *douillette*, with white silk facings, seemed yellow in contrast with the diaphanous whiteness of Leo XIII.'s hands and features. The first impression was a strange one; the Pope looks as though he were nearer to heaven than to earth. Life seems to have all but deserted that ascetic body. Thus would one dream of a soul, if it could be imagined, with the filmiest garb of materiality. The ancient painters, the mystics, have at times figured saints whose ascetic bodies have lost a human form and seem to be something near heaven. To give an exact portrait of Leo XIII. would need the return of one such to earth. The smile of triumph, which, in the Jubilee days, shone over the Pontiff's figure—that human smile has gone out.

The thin lips are not parted with a smile; they are so pale that they look like a faintly-shaded pencil stroke in the middle of the face. The eyes are very large and deep-set, and shine as pearls of the Orient—their colour is indescribable. Three genuflexions brought me to the feet of the Holy Father, and I felt a hard deeply weighed with benediction resting on my head. During the seventeen minutes that the audience lasted that hand was not once removed, either when the words of forgiveness fell from the lips of the Father, or, turning to general topics, the Pope deigned to touch on the affairs of France.

With the first portion of my audience there is no concern here. 'Twas in connection with a worthless book—an error. The Church has this pride and this singularity that she pardons, then forgets, and the pardoned offender has also the right to forget. . . . I mentioned the name of a French Cardinal, of him whom we should call the first bishop of his time, if one could accord a rank to the princes of the Church as to school-boys. At the name of Cardinal Lavignerie the Pope drew himself up and became more animated; his mild and paternal tones became vibrating, and he said:

Yes; Cardinal Lavignerie has spoken well. It is now for the French to speak well. It is easier than people suppose to soar above names and arrive at ideas. It is for men who are still young to mould a Republic with good, simple and practical laws; but what I fear is that in France political opinions, like other things, are mere matter of fashion. The words of an eminent prelate, which we have sanctioned beforehand, created a new situation, . . .

"Difficult perhaps, Holy Father?"

"All new situations are difficult. It is better to do what little good can be done, than tolerate what is very bad. To love the good Republic implies fighting the bad Republic, for in every *regime* there are two sides. Yet if you can achieve something better than the Republic do so; but if not, go into it faithfully, and as you complete it, so will it remain."

"A Catholic party in France would be able?"

"That is an excellent dream, but only a dream. In the times we live in, out of a hundred persons there are three good Catholics, and no more. The Catholics should use their crucifix to do good, not flourish it to create parties. The Catholics, unfortunately, have not the sense of association sufficiently developed for Christian works; but they have it only too well developed for political purposes. They ought to form groups, to work up the labour question, infant education, the welfare of the working man. There is plenty of work for them in that direction; but the French know not how to combine and associate."

"The Schools Laws?"

"The School Laws are criminal and violent; but I am assured that many Republicans set their face against them. Among your rulers there are some who would go back. As to military affairs, you have a Minister who is said to be a very good one; you also have generals and money. You can therefore attend to domestic matters without any pre-occupation as to foreign matters."

"Europe has before her meanwhile threats of war?"

"Ah, that is a delicate question. Prophecy belongs to no man. But with alliances one might at least maintain things for long in *statu quo*."

"Your Holiness does not fear surprises for the future?"

"I think the future looks promising for France, more so than for any other region, provided persecutions against the innocent come to an end. Agitated epochs are always fruitful with great Christian examples. In your country there was never a nobler gathering of great men than in the second part of this century. They were self-formed outside of political influences. I pray God that the next generation be equally great with that of which I speak to you."

The audience was over. What I heard, all that I heard, I wrote down on the Vatican staircase, and I do not think I have garbled the sense of a single phrase.—*Jean de Bonnefon, in The Figaro.*

HUMBUG CATHOLICS.

THERE are so many of them parading in the high places of the country, that an occasional description of them may do good. Whose fault it is that their faith is a principle of evil to them and their neighbours rather than good we need not attempt to name. The air is so thick with anti-Catholic microbes that even the saints are less strong and heroic here than they might be in a purer atmosphere. We find men giving thousands to charities, whose money was made by injustice, and who seem to be ignorant of dishonesty; others devoted in a formal way to their religion, whose week-day indifference and lack of Christian virtue would shame a modern Protestant; others still, whose business methods are so utterly unjust that one wonders what their faith has come to, or who have a voice in high councils and use it to the dishonour of the faith, or who have opportunities for good and coolly destroy them. They are Catholics, but are really humbugs.

Here for instance is a Catholic judge, of good legal ability and well thought of as a private gentleman. He is not a mouther or a poser, but a quiet, well bred man. For years he was chosen on many occasions to represent the Catholic body in civic committees. He never denied his faith, but he never respected it. He called the just demands of his Catholic brethren impertinent and unlawful, and never opened his mouth but to minimize them before his non-Catholic acquaintances. It took people a long time to understand him, but in our time having been found out he appears only as a representative of himself. He is a humbug Catholic.

Here is a Catholic business man with a million perhaps, and the head of a great concern. He has really built it up by his energy and invention. He is an ordinary Catholic, respectable and charitable. How was his business made a success and kept a success? In this way. He was a wholesale dealer in certain articles, and supplied the retailers. When a new thing in his line appeared in the market, he went to the producer and demanded it for his trade. If refused he set out to prevent the sale of that article in the market. He threatened the retailers that if they dealt with the producer for the article he would cut off their trade with him, and give it to the rival. In order to carry out his policy it is necessary for him to ruin the business of certain people yearly. He did it cheerfully. He was a monopolist. It is said he feels like an honest man, and loves to do an act of charity. He will be surprised when he reaches the judgment seat. He is a humbug Catholic.

Here is a Catholic society man. He is a good father, wealthy, charitable, and refined. He loves good society for its own sake. His children associate only with the "best" people. So careful is he that only the best people shall be their companions, that he overlooks the morals of the best people frequently. His children grow up refined and courteous with all the polish of their circle and all the vices. The boys are sinners in the conventional respectably dirty way, and the girls are as much troubled about religion as about fine weather. This good and polished father is a humbug Catholic.

Here is a Catholic journalist on a daily journal. He knows he is a Catholic from the fact that he made his First Communion and goes to Mass on Sunday. With any other reasons for his faith he is unacquainted, although he can discuss intelligently any current question. He has no repugnance for anything in journalism, except the plainest obscenity. He will write up an elopement, a rape, a seduction, an adultery, with the hearty intention of pleasing the lowest tastes. The very sentences which weep over wrong done are the most indecent of all. He will report a slander as readily as truth. He loves to describe sacerdotal deficiencies, and to annoy the clergy. He uses his high position on an immortal sheet of large circulation to injure those who have slighted him. Yet he is a Catholic. He is not ashamed of it. He is a humbug Catholic.

Here is a man in humble life. He has small wages, but enough to support him. He goes to confession once a year, never contributes a cent to church or charity, never joins a society, never feels any particular admiration for his faith, or any part of it, sneers at many doctrines in a timid way, and devotes twelve dollars a year to beer. The one moment when the grace of faith touches his heart is when he thinks of death, and hopes to enter heaven on the strength of a death-bed confession and poorly received sacraments. He is more easily recognized than the other persons named above, but he is not less a Catholic than they, although he is a humbug Catholic.

This country is full of them. They are too thick for comfort. They are a bad lot and it would be well to sift all of them into the dust heap. A Protestant, a nothingarian, an atheist are pleasant persons to deal with, for they are passive or active enemies, and the code regulates intercourse with them. But these humbugs, judges, business men, society men, and journalists, or whatever occupation they follow, are the warts of Catholic society, and must be got rid of by caustic. It would be a pleasure to see them squirming under it with all their pompous respectability withering.—*N.Y. Catholic Review*

BEHIND THE SCENES IN PARLIAMENT.

SOME persons affect to depreciate the House of Commons, and declare that it is not what it used to be, either as a "club" or as a legislative body. As a club there is certainly little to be said for it, except that it affords opportunities for men of opposite political opinions to meet together. But when people say that it is no longer of any importance as a legislative body, it would be well for them to explain what they mean. It is still the place where the laws of the country are made, subject, of course, to the concurrence of an assembly supposed to be still more "august." It is the most favourite starting-point for men of ambition. If they are clever men they sometimes get on with marvellous rapidity after they have obtained a footing in the House. There is a good deal of legal business of one kind and another which has to be done for a government; the opening is consequently much sought after by lawyers, and amongst these a truly loyal and "sympathetic" follower of his party chiefs is pretty sure to reap his reward.

It is also exceedingly worth the while of a railway director to obtain a seat in Parliament, as we may infer from the fact that, next to the potent legal interest, the railway interest is that which is most largely represented. But, as a general rule, it may be fairly said that members of Parliament are not actuated by considerations of personal advantage or gain in undertaking to go through the severe labours of session after session. They hope to be able to do some little work in behalf of their fellow-countrymen. That, like many other hopes, is destined to be disappointed. Few measures effect as much good as their promoters anticipated. Sometimes a great scheme, forced through the House by the most relentless party discipline, turns out to be anything but a benefit to the nation. These, however, are serious questions, and my present object is to touch only upon the surface of Parliamentary life. As regards the minister and the majority of office-holders, they like to pose as martyrs, but their labours are not as arduous as is generally supposed. The road to office is usually somewhat tortuous, but those who have once found it never want to go back. As for the private member, his work is, from first to last, fatiguing, monotonous and thankless. He has to wait about for hours and hours in order that he may assist in "keeping a House," or in expectation of a division, which, perhaps, does not take place. He must not go home to dinner without special permission; he must be prepared to do twelve hours' hard work at a stretch; he must take his orders as to when he shall come and when he shall go, without reference to his business or other engagements. The work done in the committee-rooms is often very severe, and in the end it seems to be utterly thrown away. It is in the committee-rooms that the capacity of members, their power of grasping facts and intricate problems, their readiness of resource, are most easily tested. It is there also that members become thoroughly acquainted with each other. Many a bitter political animosity has been softened or altogether removed by the judgment formed in the committee-room. The Conservative finds that the Radical whom he fancied to be a mere empty demagogue is, in reality an exceedingly shrewd and sensible man; and, what is even more, that he is thoroughly conscientious and animated by an evident desire to do that which is right. Or the Radical discovers the same quality in the Conservative whom he hated. The true measure of a man can be taken on committee work. The fine feathers and the tinsel disappear. Even the new member, the man who is almost unknown, will be appraised at his right value, whatever it may be. The House of Commons is, indeed, always just in its estimates of men. There is no fairer body in the world before which anybody could go. If it has stamped a man as a bore or as a humbug, it is because he thoroughly deserves it. Anything like bumpiousness, or affectation of superiority, or a disposition to trade upon a reputation made out-of-doors, the House will not stand; and a good thing, too. I once heard a member exclaim with a peculiarly sanctimonious air: "I stand here as a Christian," as if he were a missionary addressing a set of pagans. There was a roar of laughter, which for a few minutes silenced our only Christian. Tartuffe is not a popular character at Westminster.

Of the mere cut-and-thrust business, a Parliament in its fourth or fifth year has generally had enough. The everlasting ding-dong of personal attack and recrimination becomes a weary business. Even a daring foray from the Irish quarter is welcomed as a relief from the tediousness of hearing the pot call the kettle black. Most of the Irishmen whose names are well known to the public are good at those sudden raids.—*L. J. Jennings, M.P., in Contemporary Review.*

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. Doelling, 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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TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAR. 7, 1891.

MR. STEAD thus summarizes the Irish situation in an article in a recent number of the *Paternalist Review*: "Landlordism, having gone bankrupt, is now having its throat cut by Mr. Balfour; the Government, devoid of all moral basis, has no hold on the country outside the range of its constables' batons; the National League is all at sixes and sevens; the Catholic Church alone remains erect in the midst of the Irish chaos. Its bishops in council are the nearest approach to an Irish senate that is to be found in Ireland; its priesthood constitute a more intelligent, respectable, and public-spirited body than the retinue of nominees who were decorated with the affix M. P., at the good pleasure of Mr. Parnell. In the midst of insular provincialism, the clergy—many of whom have been educated in France, in Belgium, and in Rome—alone possess some trace of cosmopolitan culture. They are poor, but respected; celibate, but free from the breath of scandal; 'myrmidons of Rome,' but passionately patriotic. They represent in the parishes culture, discipline, and Christianity.

OUR excellent contemporary the *Republic* of Boston speaking on the subject of personal and sensational journalism, truly says that rivalry in journalism should be confined to this: That every editor should be determined to bring out the best, the brightest, the most reputable, and the most truthful paper. When writers resort to low abuse and unwarranted personalities and recriminations, they injure the cause, bring discredit upon the profession, and lower the moral tone of the community.

"Journalists," says the *Republic*, "should be gentlemen. Gentlemen do not invent malicious stories about their neighbours nor pervert facts. Those who would enlighten and instruct the community should come to their work with clean hands. But too often we find that the evils which the press would suppress or eradicate, its representatives illustrate in their own conduct. The spectacle of two editors shooting each other in the public streets in broad daylight is not edifying. But it is no worse than the spectacle presented by men in the profession who claim to be respectable, but who resort to methods that would be reprobated by any party of gentlemen anywhere."

WE commend to the thoughtful attention of our readers the following candid admission made by the *Catholic News* of New York, in a recent article on the subject of Canadian annexation: "The Catholic Church in Canada is averse to the proposed annexation of the neighbouring Dominion to the United States. The cause of this is patent. In the Dominion Parliament, in the Legislature, Catholics have equal rights with non-Catholics. Catholics hold positions in the ministry of the provinces and the Dominion. Once Canada is annexed to the United States and the Catholics of Canada take their position beside the Catholics of the United States, not one can ever aspire to a

gubernatorial position, to a place in the United States Senate, scarcely one to a seat in the House of Representatives; not one can ever be Superintendent of Schools. They must take their chances with the Catholics of the United States. We number one-sixth of the population, but have not one fiftieth in the State Legislature or Congress. The Presidency, Governorship, all the higher positions are closed against us as by a wall of iron. As to the Public schools, Protestants claim exclusive control and exercise it. They recognize no right in Catholics except to pay taxes for schools where their religion is misrepresented, vilified and derided. After annexation the French Canadians would stand in the same position, and annexation would be irrevocable. From being freemen, as they are now, they would become helots."

LATITUDINARIANISM EXTRAORDINARY.

THERE is a gentleman in Toronto known as Dr. Wild. He is called a doctor on account of his supposed learning in Divinity. When, or on what just grounds, he got the title Dr., it is hard to tell, but without investigating the etymology of "Wild," the name is not inappropriate. When the medical faculty find a quack invading their domain, they at once rise up and with fiery indignation denounce his unlawful traffic and trifling with people's health, and soon make the intruder transfer his operations to other quarters. It were a great blessing to the community if the same discrimination were observed in regard to theological quacks. This, however, cannot be, since in theology, to a large extent, quackery is the order of the day. It seems that in every science except theology, there must be certain fixed, or first principles. This is essential to science in general, but it seems, according to the notions of some, and outside of the Catholic Church, that the beauty of theological science consists in its variety, diversity of belief, and utter absence of any certain principle.

In his sermon last Sunday the Doctor exemplified this in labouring to show that Christ's mission was specially to free people from what he calls the restraints of uniformity, of creeds and doctrines. I have read this sermon and the one preceding it as reported in the *News*, not indeed for the sake of the sermons, for such his discourses are not, but to see what some people would accept as spiritual instruction. In that point of view they are curious indeed. A few Sundays ago he preached on the Behring Sea difficulty, and the Rev. Miss Annie Shaw had preached in the morning of that Sunday in Dr. Wild's church, as it was said, "with great acceptance." The Dr. seems to have no higher design than to present some religious opinions or theories, as he may regard them, in a startling form; to get his hearers to talk about himself; and then about his sermons. He looks upon ceremonies and other accessories of religion with almost savage hatred, because they presume, as formidable rivals, to intrude their offensive attractions between him and his admiring congregation. Texts of Scripture that a pious Christian would read on his knees, are twisted, and turned, and tortured by him to sustain a theory, to announce some prophecy, the conception of an over-wrought imagination, or perhaps to round a sentence; and mysteries which should be spoken of with deepest reverence are mentioned by him in playful levity. It is the natural result of his mode of handling sacred subjects and constantly talking about himself, that he falls far below even the popular standard of religious reverence. This is evinced, by the manner in which this conceited driveller accepts the applause so unusual and so out of place in an auditory claiming to be a place of worship. It is, however, when some offensive allusion is made to Catholics that the applause reaches its climax. Hence, when things are looking dull in Bond street, the Catholic Church will always supply an attractive theme. He says in his last sermon but one, that he has converted scores of Roman Catholics, who are now devoted members of his congregation. This statement would be to some purpose if he would kindly publish the names and addresses of these converts.

But the Dr., in playing the part of a noisy agitator and demagogue, and in gaining such notoriety for nonsensical sensationalism and blind bigotry, is not deceiving himself nor any one else. He does not mean to preach the Gospel or teach any theology, and he knows right well that the people who go to listen to him want none of these things,

and they are not disappointed. Since they cannot go to the theatre on Sunday night they go to Bond street to be entertained; and for a certain salary he tries to keep up the excitement. The profession of an actor is honourable and elevating compared with this trafficking in religion, and leading people astray into agnosticism or infidelity, by teaching, in the name of religion, contradictions, which if believed to be from God, can have no other result but lead to scepticism. While the Dr. in the last sermon concedes to every one the right to decide for himself what to believe and what not to believe, yet on some questions he arrogates to himself the office of Supreme Pontiff to decide. "Take, for example," he says, "the ultra Calvinistic doctrine of foreordination, A man holding these views should keep his views to himself." If this doctrine is true why not hold it and speak it out boldly; if God has not revealed it why hold it at all. A little farther on he says, "Some people have a strange idea of God, that is very different from mine at least." There is the Supreme Pontiff sticking out. First he lays down the principle that you can form your own faith, and soon after he erects his own idea as the true standard. Anything different from that he characterized as "*strange*."

Perhaps we have given too much time in noticing the doctor and his doctrinal effervescence. Indeed, we are convinced that he is not worthy of it, but for all that he is precisely a typical Protestant minister. These parsons are really pests, for they give people a wrong idea of God and of religion. And this is truly deplorable; it is repulsive by its wickedness and humiliating by its folly. On their own principles, if they have any principles, what authority have they in condemning error or maintaining the truth, because on their own principles they do not recognize any difference between the one and the other? What has scientific infidelity to *fear*, or to *resist* from a people divided amongst themselves, and rejecting as a tyrannical usurpation the teaching as certain of any truth or dogma in the name of religion?

The shameful spectacle of the mutual contradictions of sects, has made religion a jest; and sermons, such as the one under review, have largely assisted to extend and popularize some of the worst errors of the day. How can it be otherwise when the man supposed to be the minister of God is simply the minister of the congregation, and responsible to those only whose sins he is to rebuke for the doctrines he may hold, and the reproofs he may administer, and instead of being at liberty to consult only the glory of God and the salvation of souls, he must study to render himself popular and suit the congregation? Thus the pulpit, instead of proclaiming with authority the word of God, will echo popular convictions, passions, and errors, and vary its tune with the varying moods of the congregation. Without any religious basis, it has no religious power, and is driven to be attractive and entertaining so as to rival the theatre.

But the Doctor argues against the necessity of uniformity in doctrine and proves that Christ's mission was particularly to free us from the obligation of adhering to any particular doctrine. Now, a doctrine is a teaching, and when this word is applied to theology it means what God has taught. Surely, if God has taught anything, that teaching or doctrine must be the truth, and since that truth is the teaching of God, it appears strange to hear ministers of the Gospel, so called, telling us that there is no need at all of thinking alike on the truths which God has taught. If, for example, the doctrines of the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Resurrection, the Ascension, Heaven and Hell, etc., are true, and if Christ took particular care to convince the world of the truth of these doctrines, are people still at liberty to reject those doctrines, or hold their own opinions about them? If Christ has taught these doctrines it is absurd to talk of having one's opinion about them; we must believe them, and to believe with certainty what Christ has taught is not intellectual slavery but intellectual freedom. And yet the liberty to contradict what Christ, and the one and consistent, because infallible, Church which He has founded, has taught, is what these hireling preachers would call liberty. Such is error, such is heresy. We are afraid, Dr. Wild; you are not a doctor to be relied upon; we fear that the health of the soul about which you talk so much, and care so little, and know less about, would suffer at your hands. Still there is a demand for such *shams* and *quacks*, and so long as there is

there will be a supply. Oh! for the beauty and consistency of these liberal Protestant theories, which attribute to the God of all truth contradictions and absurdities which a sensible man would be ashamed of, and which no human science could for one moment tolerate.

And so, according to the Dr's theory, which after all is the Protestant theory, Christ's mission was to put the Unitarian and Socinian, who deny the divinity of Christ, on an equality with those who accept that doctrine. Really, the learned Doctor's platform is so broad as to leave room even for Catholics, except, of course, they are Jesuits, in which case they may, in his wise opinion, be shot down like dogs. The meaning of all this, according to the learned Doctor, is, that you are perfectly at liberty, if you choose, to differ from Almighty God in what He teaches, and on that ground form a new sect, as many have done, from conscientious motives of equal rights to all. But to differ from the Dr. in the plenitude of his supreme pontifical infallibility—that is quite another thing, and don't forget it.

Catholics do not consider themselves slaves because they believe alike. They believe alike because they believe the truth. Things which are equal to the same are equal to one another, is an axiom in philosophy. All believe alike in this axiom because it is the truth, and they are not considered slaves for so believing; but the learned Doctors among the sectarians have raised the cry that to believe alike about what God has taught is intellectual slavery—and the wonder is that intelligent Protestants, who, in other sciences, and in other matters, could not be imposed upon, have so implicitly believed them. A great responsibility rests on Catholics, that of being in their lives, and conversation, all that good Catholics should be.

LEX.

MONSEIGNEUR FABRE'S MANDEMENT: THE CHURCH AND THE COUNTRY.

We published last week two important utterances having a bearing upon public affairs, one the full text of the letter addressed to a Maritime Province paper by the Most Rev. Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax, to which we in a former issue adverted; the other a *Mandement* or Pastoral Letter issued by his Grace Archbishop Fabre of Montreal, and read in the churches of that archdiocese the previous Sunday. Though touching upon questions of grave public moment, and though evidently elicited by considerations of anxiety and concern for Canadian National interests, the maintenance of Canadian traditions, and the permanency of Canadian institutions, the pronouncements proceed from a quarter wholly removed from any taint of partizanship or political bias. Only by an abuse of words, and perversion of their Graces' meaning could the deliverances be construed as uttered in behalf of any set of politicians. They are put forth in behalf of the best interests, moral and material, of the people, and of assisting them to an understanding of the gravity of the issues in the keeping of their citizenship,—not in the interests of any party.

It is evident, however, that their Graces, in common with a good many other observers of affairs, are convinced that there is a movement, at any rate in inception, in Canada, making in the direction of annexation and the merging of the Canadian Provinces in the American Union. We know what that would mean. We can be doing him no injustice if we say that the foremost advocate in Canada of the policy of annexation, or as he more recently termed it "political union" with the United States, is Professor Goldwin Smith, who, to do him justice, has never sought to conceal his convictions. Sharing his views, and apparently working actively in concert with him, are Mr. Wiman and Mr. Farrer, both men of great ability, the former a prominent figure in American commercial circles, the latter the most trenchant writer on the Canadian press. Professor Goldwin Smith is of opinion, and he has more than once proclaimed it, that in annexation, which he believes to be the inevitable destiny of this country, will be found the only solution of the race and creed problem in Canada; that in that way alone, namely by the swamping of the smaller community of six millions in the larger one of sixty millions, will the onward march of the French Canadian be checked, and the growth of the Church in numbers and in power effectually arrested. Under such circumstances it would be strange if the pastors of the Canadian Church were silent. His Grace's views are those of

of Canadian Catholics, whether priest or people. "When, after a series of grievous disasters," writes Mgr. Fabre, "it pleased God to make us pass under the ægis of the British Empire, affairs were providentially arranged so as to assure us a national and religious life as complete as we had then any grounds to hope for. In the shadow of the flag which shelters us—protecting rather than dominating—we enjoy a precious liberty, sanctioned by solemn treaties, which enables us to preserve intact our laws, our institutions, our language, our nationality, and, above all, our holy religion.

It is as a result of this sacred and inviolable liberty that fathers of families can give their children a christian education in the schools of their choice; that, within a short period the country has been overspread with religious edifices; that parochial and other undertakings are founded, develop and prosper without interference; that the construction of churches and the administration of church property are placed under the protection of the laws without being subjected to any odious control, and, finally, that the church, thus independent in its action, can display the majesty and pomp of its worth. These, dear brethren, are precious advantages peculiar to this land of ours (for even our neighbours do not share in them and the preservation of which you ought to value at a high price." His Grace then adds: "These boons you have hitherto been able to retain, thanks to the Divine providence which watches over the mission of our people, thanks also to the goodwill of a power which accorded them voluntarily in return for sentiments and acts of perfect loyalty, the lawful homage of which you have not ceased to render. May we dear Christian brethren, remain faithful to our traditions and our duties in this respect, so as not to expose our country to the loss of a settlement so much in its favour—a settlement which justly elicits the admiration of Catholics in other countries."

As our contemporary the *Montreal Gazette*, has said in a recent comment upon Mgr. Fabre's *Mandement*, no one who is at all acquainted with the ecclesiastical and civil history of Canada, since it became a British possession, need be informed that in the passages quoted is no new departure, but, on the contrary, a strict adherence to the traditions of the episcopate over a period of one hundred and thirty years. During the revolt of the colonies to the southward, as it points out, when the newly formed Congress endeavoured in vain to allure the French Canadians from this allegiance; during the widespread unrest consequent upon the French revolution; during the war of 1812-15; during the troubled and trying period that preceded the union of 1841, and whenever during the last half century the state of the popular mind seemed to call for special direction, the bishops and clergy of Quebec have given one and the same counsel—namely to persevere in fidelity to the present order of things, and to the Imperial connection, and to beware of any allurements, from what source soever, which tended to endanger the existing relationship. "At the present moment," said our contemporary, "the words of wisdom addressed by Archbishop Fabre to his people are most timely and pertinent. His Lordship does not, indeed, enter the arena of politics. His words flow naturally from the occasion and the topic with which he was dealing, but they are not the less opportune at a time when, veiled under a plausible name, lurks a design to hand over this province—this Dominion, to the control of an alien and hostile government."

Canada, at the moment, is a young country in process of political development. Coming years will bring changes, and these changes, we hope, will be those of a gradual progression from youth to manhood, that is to say from the colonial conditions to that of a young and vigorous nationhood. Such a change would be but the natural and legitimate outcome of our political development, and need involve no severance of the tie of tradition and of sentiment that at present binds the Canadian people to the mother country. Such a Canada would be an independent, but an auxiliary, part of the Empire. The years, as we have said, will bring changes, but in the meantime it will be the part of wisdom to hasten slowly. The time is not yet; nor are Canadians themselves ready. Not until there is between the people the fullest union of ideas and interests; not until there is the fullest confidence and accord between all classes, all races, and all Provinces, and the firebrands, pessimists, and demagogues, who at

present go hooting and hissing through the land, playing upon the fears, the passions, and the prejudices of the people, are cast out from amongst us, or fittingly contemned; not until good men are given a chance to promote good-will and cultivate the generous and the trustful and the tolerant instincts of our people—will Canada be able to enter upon with safety the path of independence and of Nationhood. To attempt it till then, would be to invite the shipwreck of the country's interests and hopes. Till then we furthermore make bold to say, our people will find in the existing Imperial connection the sole surety and guarantee of their religious rights and liberties. Lest we should be thought to exaggerate, we venture to submit in proof, a case in point:

Two years ago the English-speaking provinces were for the most part set ablaze by the anti-Jesuit agitation. In the guise of the Equal Rights Party, bigotry and fanaticism assumed a menacing shape. The refusal of Parliament and the Ministry to disallow the perfectly constitutional legislation of the Quebec Legislature affecting the Jesuits' Estates, threw the country into the throes of an insensate agitation, directed indiscriminately against the Quebec Legislature, the Federal Parliament, the Ministry, the Governor-General, and Mr. Mercier, and against the Law Lords of the Crown equally with the simple *habitant*, Jean Baptiste. A delegation representing the Equal Rights Party journeyed all the way to the Citadel, Quebec, to petition the Governor General to set aside the Constitution, reverse the action of Parliament and its advisers, and, in a word, to set up, as against the Parliamentary system, Government by Petition! Such was the heated state of public feeling at the time that, probably had the Governor-General, instead of being an appointee of the Sovereign and a man trained in Imperial affairs, been a Canadian politician, elected or appointed to that office, and as such within the reach of the public tumult and the vulgar disapproval, he would have been forced either to efface himself, or to concede something to the popular clamour. As it was, however, that is, as the representative of the Sovereign and of the Government of the Empire, he did neither. He was familiar with the usages of constitutional government, he had had experience of affairs; he had at his back the Imperial Ministry; he took his instructions from the Sovereign, through her advisers, and not from an organization of local bigots. And the result was that when the deputation called, he told them, as plainly as would be becoming in an occupant of his high position, to go home, and to mind their business, and to try and cultivate toleration and better feeling. The delegates made a wry face as they swallowed this medicine, but it took the virulence out of the Equal Rights organization.

This, we think, is a practical illustration of the utility and the securities that reside in our political conditions. It will be time enough to discard them when we are quite certain that we shall no longer need them.

From Paris is telegraphed the announcement of the death of Baron Nicolai, otherwise known as Father Dom Jean Louis Nicolai, formerly Lieutenant-General in the Russian army and aide-de-camp to the Czar. He died at the monastery of the Grande Chartreuse, to which he retired about twenty years ago. He was Governor-General of the Caucasus, and it was he who suppressed the rising under Schamyl. He was seriously wounded in the course of the campaign, and came to France in search of medical advice. He made the acquaintance in Paris of Bishop Dupanloup, and was eventually received into the Church. He afterwards became a monk. It was he who received visitors at the Grande Chartreuse—a duty which he discharged with perfect urbanity and grace. He was very popular in the district surrounding the monastery. He leaves two nephews, M. Gaudin de Nillaine, formerly a Deputy, and his brother who is a military attaché in Sweden.

The Catholic press is a power for Catholicity, and every Catholic worthy of the name should support it. Therefore, get a Catholic paper into your house at once, and your sons and daughters, by perusing it, will become better citizens and better Catholics.—REV. ARSOLD DAMEX, S.J.

FATHER GILLIGAN.

A Legend told by the People of Castleisland, Kerry.

The old priest Peter Gilligan
Was weary night and day,
For half his flock were in their beds
Or under green sods lay.

Once while he nodded on a chair,
At the moth hour of eve,
Another poor man sent for him,
And he began to grieve.

"I have no rest, nor joy, nor peace,
For people die and die;"
And after cried he, "God forgive!
My body spake, not I!"

And then, half-lying on the chair,
He knelt, prayed, fell asleep;
And the moth-hour went from the fields,
And stars began to peep.

They slowly into millions grew,
And leaves shook in the wind;
And God covered the world with shade,
And whispered to mankind.

Upon the time of sparrow chirp,
When the moths came once more,
The old priest Peter Gilligan
Stood upright on the floor.

"Ochone, ochone! the man has died,
While I slept on the chair;"
He roused his horse out of its sleep,
And rode with little care.

He rode now as he never rode,
By rocky lane and fen;
The sick man's wife opened the door:
"Father! you come again!"

"And is the poor man dead?" he cried.
"He died an hour ago."
The old priest Peter Gilligan
In grief swayed to and fro.

"When you were gone he turned and died,
As merry as a bird."
The old priest Peter Gilligan
He knelt him at that word.

"He Who hath made the night of stars
For souls who tire and bleed
Sent one of His great angels down
To help me in my need.

"He Who is wrapped in purple robes,
With planets in his care,
Had pity on the least of things
Asleep upon a chair."

—H. B. Yeats.

Men and Things.

Mr. Gladstone has three hats only. One is familiar to Londoners, in the winter—this is black and very old. The second is white and used only in summer. The third is a soft felt, and the constant travelling companion of the right honourable gentleman. Its age is unknown, excepting to experts in this article of apparel, but certainly it was not new in 1860.

At an entertainment given recently by one of the non-Catholic organizations of Chicago there occurred an incident which was marked by as much frankness and moral courage on the one hand as there was bigotry and ignorance on the other. Among the exercises of the evening was an address entitled "Our Public Schools," by a Rev. Mr. Murray, of

Englewood, Ill., who gave utterance to a violent denunciation of Catholics and foreigners, particularly Irishmen. He assailed the priesthood with the greatest vehemence, and concluded by proposing that the Jesuits be banished from the country after forty days' notice. Judge Tuthill, who followed him in an address on "Patriotism," gave expression to the following sentiments:

"I am not a Roman Catholic, nor the son of a Roman Catholic; neither am I an Irishman. My ancestors were Protestants, and I am an American; but as an American and a gentleman I must refuse to be silent in any gathering where any religious denomination is denounced as the Catholics have been denounced to-night. I fought through the war by the side of Irishmen and Catholics. I fought under the gallant Sheridan, who more than any other of our Generals, with perhaps one exception, was instrumental in bringing that starry flag through danger and peril to victory. I notice you have Lincoln's picture on your banners. What would Lincoln say if he were here and heard the attack on the countrymen and co-religionists of Archbishop Hughes, who did so much to aid him in his efforts to bring our land safely to peace?"

During Lent, says the *Colorado Catholic*, drop into the slot of charity all the dimes and nickels that are wasted on whiskey and beer. At the end of the penitential season devote the money thus saved—to useful purposes.

Mr. Joseph O'Meara, the new Irish tenor, was educated by the Jesuits. His musical training was completed at Milan. He is brimming with enthusiasm, and when Sir Arthur Sullivan wants to check it a little he tells him he must not be too much inclined to the "blarney."

The *London Universe* says: A nobleman from Dublin named P. Maher met a Canadian gentleman named Gustave Lambert on Saturday night at the Pelican Club. They both put on gloves and proceeded to tap each other about the body. Maher knocked down Lambert thrice in one minute and a half. It was hardly worth while crossing the Atlantic for that. Still we are not excessively proud over the prowess of Maher.

C. M. B. A. News.

The following is a brief synopsis of the standing of the C. M. B. A. at 1st January, 1891, and for which we are indebted to Supreme Recorder Hickey:

RECEIPTS.	
Beneficiary Account for 1890	\$480,210.45
General Fund " "	5,525.47
Total	\$485,735.92
DISBURSEMENTS.	
For Beneficiary Account	\$481,200.00
For General Expenses	5,360.27
Total	\$486,560.27
MEMBERSHIP.	
Total Membership Jan. 1, 1890	24,796
" " Admitted in 1890	6,192
Total	30,988
Members ceased by death	279
" Resigned and Expelled	665
Total	998
Members in good standing Jan. 1, '91	30,050
Average age of members admitted in 1890	32.63 years
General " " " about	41 years
3,900 members are insured in the \$1,000 class and 26,120 in the \$2,000 class.	

Catholic News

CANADIAN.

The devotion of the Forty Hours Adoration will be held at St. Mary's Church, commencing at High Mass on Sunday next, March 8th, and finishing on Wednesday following. Sermons will be preached each evening at vespers, which will be sung at 7 o'clock.

Rev. Father McBrady, C. S. B. of St. Michael's College preached a charity sermon on Sunday evening last at St. Helen's Church in aid of St. Vincent de Paul Society of that parish. About \$85.00 was realized.

Rev. Father McInerney C. S. S. R., of St. Patrick's Church of this city, will preach a retreat to the women of St. Ann's Church, Montreal, next week.

Hon. Frank Smith who has been in the wholesale trade in Toronto since 1849, has, it is said, completed arrangements for the sale of his grocery and liquor interests and the premises in which they are carried on. Senator Smith commenced business in London, Ont., where in 1866 he filled the place of Chief Magistrate. Senator Smith sells his stock and wholesale warehouse to Eby, Blaine & Co. He agrees before June 1st to reduce the stock now valued at \$900,000 to \$50,000. The liquor stock has been sold to Adams and Burns, of Toronto, for \$35,000. Senator Smith's reason for retiring from the wholesale trade is that his other business interests have become enormous. His public duties in the senate and the Government will in the future receive more of his time.

Correspondence of THE REVIEW.

A distinguished visitor, the Berlin Court pianist and composer, Herr Xaver Schawenka entertained the ladies and pupils of the Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ontario, on Friday afternoon, February 27th. Herr Schawenka accompanied by Mr. Land, director of the Buffalo Orchestra; Mr. Fred Lutz, manager of the Central Music Hall, Buffalo, and Mr. Carlos Hucke, of Valparaiso, Chili, honoured the Academy by selecting this magnificent spot as the scene of his first performance on Canadian soil.

The visit was delightfully informal in its character and eminently interesting every balcony and even the cupola was mounted so that the distinguished visitor might enjoy the unrivalled winter scenery surrounding the central figure, the mighty cataract, nature herself seemed to conspire to render the day memorable, the extensive snow-fields glistening in the sun, like summer's fairest beauty. "Mimiced in fairy masonry by the elfin builders of the frost," over-arched by the glorious rainbow which seemed to smile its welcome, formed a picture which words cannot depict, but which elicited universal enthusiasm and admiration. After the visitors had enjoyed this banquet which nature had so lavishly spread they descended to the Study Hall where the bright, expectant faces of the numerous pupils from nearly every state in the neighbouring Republic beamed an eloquent welcome that words were inadequate to express, for in anticipation they had appreciated the musical treat which awaited them.

The buzz of expectancy was followed by an almost reverential hush as that most poetic of modern composers approached the piano and performed in a superbly artistic manner several of his own compositions, amongst them the much played "Polish Dance" in E flat minor which, by the way, he gave in a much slower tempo than is usually rendered on this side of the Atlantic. When he ended the first two

numbers a pretty little maiden advanced and gracefully presented an exquisite floral tribute, after which he made a request to hear one of the pupils play; one will admit, that to comply, in such critical company, required great nerve on the part of a school-girl. It nevertheless was responded to by, and in the simplicity of the convent pupil, a characteristic ever observable. As a delicate compliment to the composer, knowing as Emerson says, "our gifts for the most part are cold and barbarous because they do not represent ourselves," Miss Florence Marion of San Francisco, California, complied by repeating his own "Polish Dance" on which he congratulated and cordially shook hands with her.

At the conclusion of the performance, Herr Schawenka made a graceful speech in German expressive of the pleasure it afforded him to perform before his youthful admirers, and said that he would have liked to have had his own two little daughters, who are in far off Germany, studying at this institution of which he would carry away with him such pleasing recollections.

The Capuchin Fathers have entered their new monastery on Richmond road, Ottawa. The new monastery was formally opened on Sunday last, when His Grace Archbishop Duhamel was present and officiated at the service. The Capuchin Fathers will have a retreat in the monastery shortly.

Archbishop Duhamel preached a sermon at St. Patrick's on Sunday evening.

On Monday evening a large and enthusiastic meeting of St. Patrick's Society was held in St. Patrick's hall, Kingston, for the purpose of electing officers and making arrangements for the celebration of St. Patrick's Day. Several speeches were made, after which the Society elected the following officers for 1891: President, R. J. Bowes; 1st Vice-President, M. Meagher; 2nd Vice-President, Dr. Ryan; Recording Secretary, F. Cicolari; Financial Secretary, T. Ronan; Treasurer, L. O'Brien; Marshalls, P. McLaughlin and T. Ronan; Curator, Hy. O'Hara. It was determined that, as heretofore, they walk in procession to the Cathedral on St. Patrick's Day, and then walked through the principal streets to the City Hall where the procession will be dismissed.

Father Maisonneuve, a veteran missionary of the North-West, is on a visit to Montreal. He left France in 1848, at the age of 24, the day after his consecration, for the North-West. He proceeded to Chicago, going by the lakes, and ascended the Mississippi to St. Paul, Minn. There were three houses there then and only one on the other side of the river, now Minneapolis. From there to Winnipeg the trip was done in a wheeled vehicle drawn by steers. His guide was an old French-Canadian named Repentigny, who had guided Mgr. Demers as far as Vancouver. The trip from St. Paul to Winnipeg occupied seventeen days. He remained two years with Mgr. Provencher, and in 1850 was sent seven hundred miles further to Isle a Lacrosse, and founded on the Island the parish of St. Norbert. In 1855 he went to Lake Labiche, and remained there 13 years. Besides having to look after the spiritual wants of the Cree Indians, he worked as a blacksmith, mason, and carpenter. He was the first to introduce cattle, stoves, and wagons in that country. When he first reached there he dug a hole under his camp bed in which to place his provisions to prevent them from freezing. It was he who opened the two roads from Lake Labiche to Fort Pitt, 200 miles in length. He is now procurator of the North-West missions. The Rev. Father is completely deaf, as a result of the hardships which he endured.

The Montreal correspondent of the New

York Herald a few days ago sent the following sensational statement to his paper, in which it appeared on Saturday morning:—

"It is said in ecclesiastical circles that two Canadian bishops are about to be disciplined by the Pope for exercising undue influence in the present campaign. There is no doubt that the Roman Catholic clergy have entered into the electoral campaign with as much political bias and vituperation as the laity. The hierarchy is being divided into two distinct camps, the Cardinal at the Quebec Laval University and his followers being opposed to Sir John, while the Monseigneurs of Three Rivers, Montreal and other dioceses are actively supporting him. Archbishop Fabre's recent pastoral in favour of British connection and denouncing unrestricted reciprocity as a road to annexation has raised the ire of the Quebec Liberal clergy. It is said on the authority of one of the professors of the Formal school at Quebec that this pastoral, as well as Archbishop O'Brien's letter, in which he espoused the cause of Sir John Thompson in Nova Scotia, is now on the way to Rome to be submitted to the Propaganda. The same authority says that numerous bishops and priests have been severely disciplined by the Cardinal for using undue influence in the campaign."

A Gazette reporter called at the archbishop's palace on Sunday evening and was informed that there was not the slightest truth in the report. "No such thing has occurred," said His Grace. "In fact it could not, for the bishops have not interfered in the elections. You may state that you have authority to deny the statement."

GENERAL.

The John Boyle O'Reilly fund now amounts to \$181,000.

Prince Jerome Napoleon is lying at Rome at the point of death. Cardinal Mermillod has administered the sacrament of Extreme Unction to the dying prince.

The Rev. M. Lafortune cure of La Chenete and formerly vicar of St. Jean Baptiste, Montreal, has been appointed cure of St. Jerome, in the place of the late Monseigneur Labelle.

Archbishop Ireland has pronounced in favor of closing the World's Fair in Chicago on Sundays, because to do otherwise would "be almost an official declaration that the American Sunday has passed into oblivion."

Cardinal Lavigerie has received a splendid offering for the promotion of his good work. The Marquise de Brives, a lady of 98 years, who is without heirs, has, after providing for old domestics and poor friends, settled £840,000 on his Eminence in return for an annuity of £1,000.

The Right Rev. Dr. Shanley, Bishop of North Dakota, in whose diocese the late Indian war took place, has issued an appeal to the Catholics of America asking them to send him the means of reorganising and pushing vigorously forward the work of the Catholic missions among these poor people.

The ladies of Paris are embroidering a magnificent carpet for the Basilica of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre. It is worth about 100,000 francs. In the centre is a view of Montmartre, above the arms of the city of Paris and on each side are those of Jeanne d'Arc and Henri IV., whose armies once encamped near the hill. The names of the donors are embroidered on the border.

Some time ago eight convicts in the Ohio Penitentiary were baptized by the Catholic chaplain, Father Logan. A few Sundays later they made their first Communion, and after Easter they will receive Confirmation. The

Board of managers of the institution recently manifested their appreciation of the good being done by Father Logan by appropriating several hundred dollars to purchase vestments, adornments for the altar and other things necessary for Catholic worship.

His Lordship, the Most Rev. Dr. McCarthy, Bishop of Cloyne, has made the following changes in his diocese:—Rev. Peter O'Leary, C.C., Doneraile, to be P.P. of Castlelyons, in succession to the late Rev. Thos. Ferris, P.P.; Rev. M. Madden, C.C., Coachford, to be C.C., Doneraile; Rev. F. Murphy, C.C., Clondrohid, to be C.C., Coachford; Rev. Philip Murphy, from the English Mission, to be C.C., Clondrohid; Rev. T. O'Donoghue, chaplain Macroom Workhouse, to be C.C., Newmarket; and the Rev. M. Lane to be chaplain to the Macroom Workhouse.

The Pope on March 2nd received congratulations on the occasion of his 81st birthday. He was born March 2, 1810, and was elected to the Papacy upon the death of Pope Pius IX., being crowned Pope March 3, 1878. Upon receiving the visit of the sacred college of cardinals His Holiness compared the position and difficulties of the church in the present time with the position of the church in the date of Pope Gregory. The Pope said he was gratified at the progress of the faith in England. He also said, if God spared him until his episcopal jubilee, he would devote part of the offering he might receive to the suppression of slavery.

The yearly funeral Mass for the repose of the soul of Pius IX was celebrated in the Sixtine Chapel on Saturday, Feb. 14. Cardinal Hohenlohe sang the Mass and His Holiness gave the absolution from the throne. There were present at it all the Cardinals present in Curia, the diplomatic corps accredited to the Vatican, the Knights of Malta, and the other members of the Pontifical Court. Among others who were granted an audience of His Holiness during the week was Mgr. Grimes, Bishop of Christchurch, New Zealand. In a second audience, which the Bishop will have probably soon, he will present to His Holiness a magnificent album containing addresses from the clergy and the sisterhoods of New Zealand, together with a considerable sum of Peter's Pence.

Mr. Davitt presided on Tuesday, Feb. 17th, at the Sixth Annual meeting of the Irish Woollen Manufacturing and Export Company, Limited, and stated that, owing to the McKinley Tariff, there was a falling off in the export trade of the Company, but he thought the Americans would before long perceive that they had proceeded too far in the direction of protection, and whenever a reaction set in this Company would share in the benefits. Meanwhile the directors had turned their attention successfully to the Home markets, the result being to more than compensate them for the loss of the American trade. The director's report was adopted, and a 6 per cent. dividend declared.

The Italian Prime Minister, Signor Crispi, was suddenly defeated, and resigned, mainly because of unpopularity arising from the enormous taxation in Italy, amounting, it is stated to ninety dollars for every inhabitant, and due to the maintenance of an immense military armament. One thing at least, is clear, if in an age to which war is incontestably more and more repugnant, any great power may wisely refrain from the enormous cost of maintaining a vast system of military and naval offence and defence, it is the United States. There is no doubt that as civilization advances not only the duel and the practice of carrying weapons by individuals disappears, but the policy of maintaining vast national armaments by a crushing taxation, or the old axiom, in time of peace prepare for war, is also growing obsolete.

THE ABBE OF THE BIRDS.

From the Catholic World.

III.

It was his turn to shiver now. He looked at me a moment sadly: "You know I no longer have a cage," he said.

"Have you so completely renounced your winged temptations? That is heroic."

"Monsieur le Courtet, who succeeded my good Bishop Thibault, admonished me often; but it was an accident which finally forced me to give all my birds up. Shall I tell you about it while Angeline prepares dinner?"

"Certainly."

"The year that took our young men away to the war was the coldest ever known in the mountains. Wolves preyed upon the outlying farms and carried away lambs and kids. Great black eagles, furnished with hunger, came down from the mountains, and between them the farm-yards were ravaged. At last they even attacked man. One poor three-year-old darling was snatched away from its own doorstep in Ginestet and torn to pieces in the bushes. To add to our troubles snow fell day and night. Only the old men and children were left to care for the herds, so the evil grew and grew. It was but rarely one could get near enough to shoot the marauders, and then at best they were only wounded." One day Guillaume Targan hit an immense eagle and made him drop his prey, but did not check his flight to the mountains. The next Sunday a shepherd reported to me that he had passed a great bird, 'black as my soutane,' on his way to Mass, struggling in a ditch by the roadside. When the last psalm was sung at vespers I went to the spot with him and found, as I expected, the eagle. A leg and wing had been broken, and he beat savagely with the other as I attempted to raise him. Justin Valros raised his crook to beat out his brains, but I stopped him; and in the end we got him rolled into my wadded cape like a great bundle."

"What a novel sort of trap."

"One must use what is at hand. Well, I mended the broken bones, and kept him while they healed in an old hen-coop, strengthened by wooden bars and iron hoops, which I had brought into my room. Day after day I went among the farm-houses to get the fresh meat we so seldom tasted ourselves for my protegee; and I cannot express my joy when he first began to move those beautiful, fearful wings and show signs of healing. One day, after he was quite sound again, another eagle appeared above my roof. It gave a shriek that cut through the air, and made the hundred and sixty-four little birds I had then in the house fall from their perches. An answering cry rang from the coop—terrible, strong, piercing—from the creature who through all his confinement had been voiceless. Must I confess it? While my poor little pets trembled, while my housekeeper fled crying, I was filled with a sort of pride to hear the defiant roar of my awful prisoner. I began to doubt whether it was right to keep this glorious creature from freedom. Prompt to obey my weak head, my hand undid the bar from the gate, and with a bound he shook himself free. He seemed to fill my little room. Twice I was thrown down; his gaint wings struck the walls, the ceiling. My only engraving, Christ raising Lazarus, was shattered and torn; and it was then, tired of hurrying against the bed, the buffet, the chimney, he rested for a moment on the back of my chair that I thought of opening the window. As I passed him he raised his right wing, the one I had healed—and—O the foolishness! the weakness! I could not forbear to lay my hand upon the plumage, now so rich and shining. The next instant he turned, buried his iron beak in my left eye, and nearly tore it from its socket."

"Horrible!"

"The blood stifled me, but I managed to reach the window and fling it wide open. With another cry the creature darted forward, and"—

At this tragic instant Angeline Bourel appeared at the door of the room, and in a calm voice announced:

"Monsieur, dinner is ready."

IV

The little table, drawn up before the fire, was resplendent in a snowy cloth, a service of coarse crockery with big blue and red flowers, and a steaming tureen of pea-soup, yellow as the golden comb of our honey-bees of the Cevennes.

"What a pity your first visit should chance upon a fast day," said my friend, as his spoon travelled from plate to lip with the energy that marked his every movement. "You remember we are at the vigil of a feast. But you come under the dispensation for travellers, and Angeline shall dip into her stores for to-morrow."

"Really, I am embarrassed. This pea-soup of your house-keeper is so good that, to use the country phrase, one could lick one's fingers after it."

"Don't tell her so. Vanity is the one weak point in her estimable character."

"I suppose she was not sorry to be rid of the eagle?"

"She is lifted up by angels since my birds, big and little, were sent out of the house."

"And you? Are you lifted up by angels, according to your picturesque phrase?"

"Here is an omelette," said the abbe, reddening like a child surprised in mischief. "It is Angeline's masterpiece."

"Thanks. I will accept the omelette, which looks delicious, when you answer me. Are you lifted up by angels?"

"No! no!" he murmured in a broken voice. "Then quickly: 'I cannot become resigned. The loss of my eye made a scandal in the diocese. No one pitied me among our clergy, I had been so long insubordinate. At last the bishop himself came and gave me his sentence. There were twenty-six large cages at the time, all overflowing; one by one I had to let my little creatures go—all, all—even to a blackbird which had been taught to speak my name, and who called 'Cou-pi-ac! Cou-pi-ac!' whenever he wanted food. He flew slowly away; then came back and rested for a moment on that thorn-bush outside the window. 'Cou-pi-ac! Cou-pi-ac!' he said, and vanished after the others. My dear birds. It was still cold. I was trembling when it was over, and the bishop did not go away too soon. Before his carriage had entered the village street I was crying like a child."

"Monsieur le Cure told me to call him when the first bell rang," said Angeline, entering. "It has just sounded."

"Take the costumes into the sacristy. When Jeanne comes let me know. Go on with your dinner, dear friend. When the beasts begin to leave their stables I will tell you."

"The beasts! What beasts?"

"In the Black Espinonze all the animals which belong to us take part in our Christmas. They come to rejoice that a Child is born unto us. You remember the introit, *Parvulus natus est nobis*—and his wrinkled face became suddenly bright as he chanted the passage in his "wren" voice. He drew me after him to a small terrace outside the window. The bitter wind had dropped into perfect calm. The moon shed a faint transparent light into the valley beneath us, and lit the snowy peaks above with silvery radiance until they shone like mystic torches. A few stray gleams shone here and there through the shadows about the farm-houses, and a mountain brook shot like a silver arrow through the pines.

"I must be off. You will excuse me. I hope our simple festival to-night will be more beautiful than ever."

The belted little man gave me a final embrace as he hurried away, and I turned again to the prospect. A confused sound began to creep through the night silence. The distant twinkling lights began to move towards certain directions, and then, massing together, threw certain spots into brilliant relief. Human voices made themselves occasionally heard, and the soft-muffled tumult sped back from the precipice walls like whispers heard in a dream. It was like some strange sighing prelude to a stranger scene. The lines of lights began to move towards the height upon which I was, which held the village church upon its summit. Soon I could discern, along the narrow roads on each side of the stream, a long file of farm animals with shepherd dogs running hither and thither to keep them in order. In front moved the oxen, headed by rams with magnificent curling horns, and the goats led by patriarchs of the flocks. The illumination growing more intense at each step, fell upon a splendid confusion of glancing horns, shining skins, and gleaming moist noses, as the herds and keepers came on to assist at "The Great Birthday," in the pretty Cevennes dialect. Under the midnight sky it made a scene of incomparable harmony, like all that nature does when left to its own simplicity.

At length the abbe's step sounded behind me. "What are you to do with this unusual congregation?" he asked. "Do they come to the Mass?"

"Certainly, but not inside the church. We gather them in the great court-yard outside. The doors are not closed; they can hear the hymns and canticles, and warm with their breath the spot where the infant Saviour rests. They will make the rest of their part known to you themselves by the mouths of their cowherds and shepherds."

"Monsieur," said a little old man appearing on the terrace, "my daughter and son-in-law are ready if you wish to begin."

"We will follow you at once, Targan," said the abbe; and with the gesture of a boy dragging a comrade he loves, he hurried me after him.

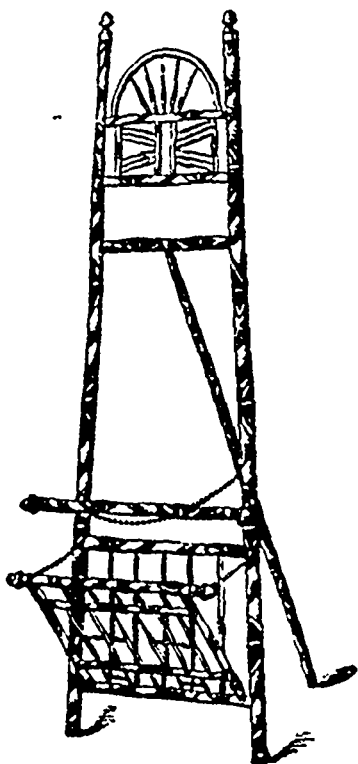
To be Continued.

Will those ignorant Catholic educators never cease disturbing the tranquility of our loyal anti-papal fanatics? Their latest "malicious mischief" in this line has been to instruct one of their pupils to capture, from ninety-three competitors, one of those rare distinctions in the United States Navy known as "Star Cadetships," of which there are only six for the whole country. The culprit in this case, Mr. Maurice Pengnet, educated at St. Augustine's school, Ramsgate, England, seems to have even exceeded his instructions; for the result show that his examination surpassed in brilliancy all those previously recorded.—*Catholic Home*.

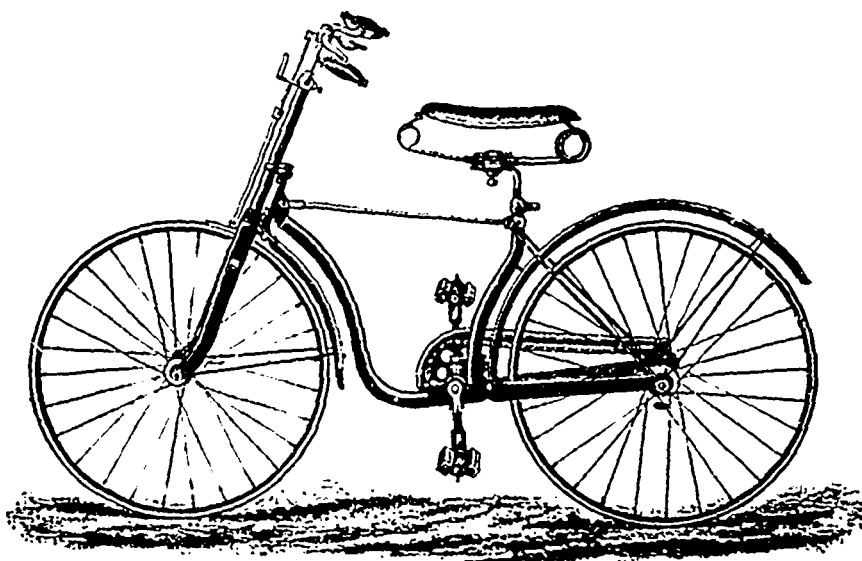
These Illustrations represent a portion of our Premiums which we offer for the getting up subscription clubs,

THE REVIEW, with its increased size and the new features about to be introduced, is now in the front of Canadian journalism. We take this opportunity of thanking the many friends who have sent us in lists of subscribers, and as a still further incentive, for efforts on our behalf, we have determined to donate the following premiums to those sending in to us the number of prepaid subscribers as designated below. All these goods are of the best quality, manufactured by the well known firm of the Gendron Manufacturing Co., 7 and 9 Wellington St., Toronto,

and 1910 Notre Dame St., Montreal, and can be seen at their warerooms at either of these two cities. We ship them prepaid to any destination in Canada or the United States. We have no hesitation in saying that this is an unprecedented offer, and our reputation, we think, is sufficient to warrant the prompt fulfilment of obligations, and a guarantee that goods are as represented. We wish to double our circulation during the next six months, and take this as the most effective way of so doing, at the same time remunerating those who work on our behalf.

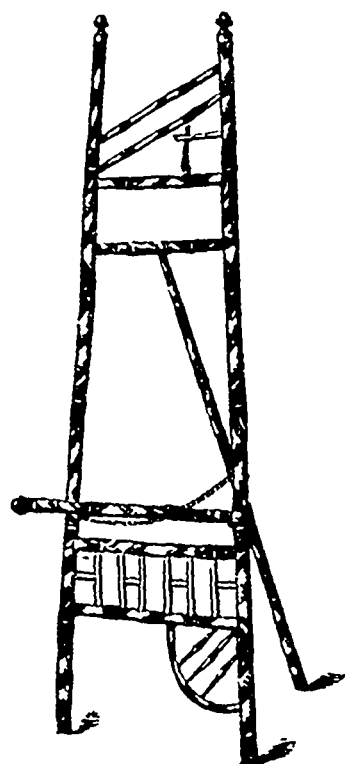


Portfolio Easel, worth \$5.50
5½ feet high (Bamboo)
Given with 7 subscribers

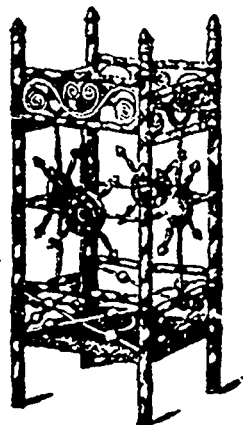


The frame is made of imported weldless steel tubing; the front and rear forks of special steel, concave; the handle upright and bar, as also the spade handles; the swivel head and its brackets; the double rail bottom bracket; the sprocket shaft, cranks and pedal pins; the front and rear axles are all made of steel dropped forgings—the only absolutely reliable material.

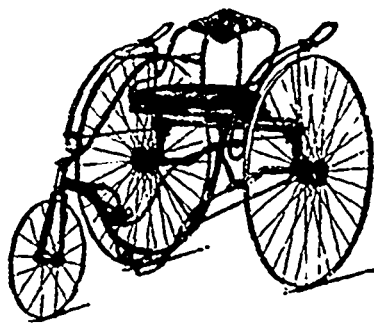
No. 2 Safety Bicycle, worth \$85.00 given for 90 subscribers
No. 3 “ “ \$100.00 “ 120 “



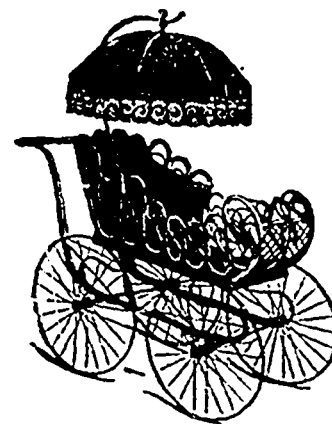
Fancy Bamboo Easel
5½ feet high worth \$9.00
given with 5 subscribers



Fancy Umbrella stand
worth \$6.50 Given with 10 subscribers



Girl's Tricycle
worth \$10 Given with 15 subscriber



To any subscriber sending us 12 paid subscriptions we will send a full size reed baby carriage, upholstered in cretonne, has oil cloth carpet, canopy top, steel wire wheels, S. springs, wood handle. The wheels, springs, axles, and cross reach are C. plated.

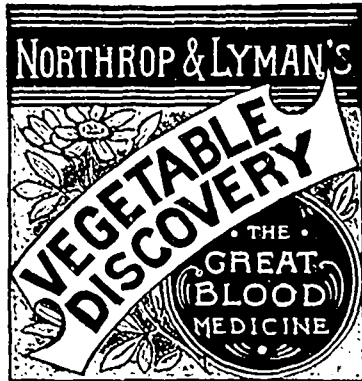
St. Basil's Hymnal,
With Music and Words Given with two subscribers.

What do the Jesuits Teach.
By Rev. Father Egan Given away with 1 subscriber

A MAN'S LIFE SAVED

I WOULD not be doing justice to the afflicted if I withheld a statement of my experience with Jaundice, and how I was completely cured by using Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. No one can tell what I suffered for nine weeks, one-third of which I was confined to my bed, with the best medical skill I could obtain in the city trying to remove my affliction, but without even giving me temporary relief. My body was so sore that it was painful for me to walk. I could not bear my clothes tight around me, my bowels only operated when taking purgative medicines, my appetite was gone, nothing would remain on my stomach, and my eyes and body were as yellow as a galleon. When I ventured on the street I was stared at or turned from with a repulsive feeling by the passer-by. The doctors said there was no cure for me. I made up my mind to die, as LIFE HAD LOST ALL ITS CHARMS. One day a friend called to see me and advised me to try Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. I thought if the doctors could not cure me, what is the use of trying the Discovery, but after deliberating for a time I concluded to give it a trial, so I procured a bottle and commenced taking it three times a day. JUDGMENT OR MY SURPRISE at the expiration of the third day to find my appetite returning. Despair gave place to Hope, and I persevered in following the directions and taking Hot Baths two or three times a week until I had used the fifth bottle. I then had no further need for

the medicine that had SAVED MY LIFE—that had restored me to health—as I was radically cured. The natural color had replaced the dingy yellow, I could eat three meals a day, in fact the trouble was to get



enough to eat. When I commenced taking the Discovery my weight was only 123 lbs, when I finished the fifth bottle it was 173 lbs, or an increase of about half a pound per day, and I never felt better in my life. No one can tell how thankful I am for what this wonderful medicine has done for me. It has rooted

out of my system every vestige of the worst type of Jaundice, and I don't believe there is a case of Jaundice, Liver Complaint or Dyspepsia that it will not cure.

(Signed) W. LEE, Toronto.

WHAT IS IT ?

This celebrated medicine is a compound extracted from the richest medicinal barks, roots and herbs. It is the production of many years' study, research and investigation. It possesses properties purely vegetable, chemically and scientifically combined. It is Nature's Remedy. It is perfectly harmless and free from any bad effect upon the system. It is nourishing and strengthening; it acts directly upon the blood, and every part throughout the entire body. It quiets the nervous system; it gives you good, sweet sleep at night. It is a great panacea for our aged fathers and mothers, for it gives them strength, quiets their nerves, and gives them Nature's sweet sleep, as has been proved by many an aged person. It is the Great Blood Purifier. It is a soothing remedy for our children. It relieves and cures all diseases of the blood. Give it a fair trial for your complaint, and then you will say to your friends, neighbors and acquaintances: "Try it; it has cured me."

The Province of Quebec Lottery

AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE

For pious purposes such as Educational Establishment and large Hall for the St. John Baptist Society of Montreal.

MONTHLY DRAWINGS FOR THE YEAR 1891

January 14, February 11, March 11, April 8, May 13, June 10, July 8, August 12, September 9, October 14, November 11, December 9.

EIGHTH MONTHLY DRAWING FEBRUARY 14, 1891

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

Ask for circulars.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1	Prize worth \$15,000	\$15,000
1	" "	5,000
1	" "	2,500
1	" "	1,250
2	Prizes "	1,000
25	" "	1,250
50	" "	1,250
100	" "	2,500
250	" "	3,000
500	" "	5,000
Approximation Prizes.		
100	" "	2,500
100	" "	1,500
100	" "	1,000
999	" "	4.95
999	" "	4.95

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A FEW EXAMPLES.

St. Johnsbury Church of Notre Dame, Vermont, U. S. Church of the Rev. Le Grand Hantry, N. G., Milwaukee. (Also endorsed by His Lordship the Rt. Rev. Bishop Otto Jarrett, St. Cloud, Minn.) Chapel of the Sacred Heart Convent, Montreal. St. Bridget's Church, Ottawa, Ont.

TESTIMONIAL.

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To say that you have "no leisure," instead of that you have no desire, for mental or moral improvement.

To tell everybody what a bright boy your "Jonny" or "Tommy" is and repeat his, 'dreadfully smart' sayings.

To say after every notable event—"I knew"—or, "I strongly suspect, ed—that it was going to take place."

To visit a friend when you are half dead with ennue, and expect him to enjoy, or to be thankful for, a visit which he owes solely to your being tired of yourself.

To think that the great difficulty in life is to find opportunity for your talents, and not talents for the opportunity.

To read a startling article in a daily news paper, and be surprised to find it concluding with a puff of a patent medicine, — Boston Daily Traveller.

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	Close	Due
G. T. R. East	a.m. p.m. 6.00 7.35	a.m. p.m. 7.45 10.30
O. and Q. Railway	7.30 8.15	8.00 9.20
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	11.10 9.00
Midland	6.30 3.35	12.30 9.30
C. V. R.	6.00 3.20	11.55 10.15
G. W. R.	a.m. p.m. 2.00 9.00	a.m. p.m. 2.00 9.00
	6.00 4.00	10.30 8.20
	11.30 9.30	
U. S. N. Y.	a.m. p.m. 6.00 4.00	a.m. p.m. 9.00 5.45
	11.30 9.30	10.30 11.00
U. S. West States	6.00 9.30	9.00 7.20
	12.00	

English mails will be closed during March as follows: Jan., 2, 5, 9, 12, 16, 19, 23, 26, 30.

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